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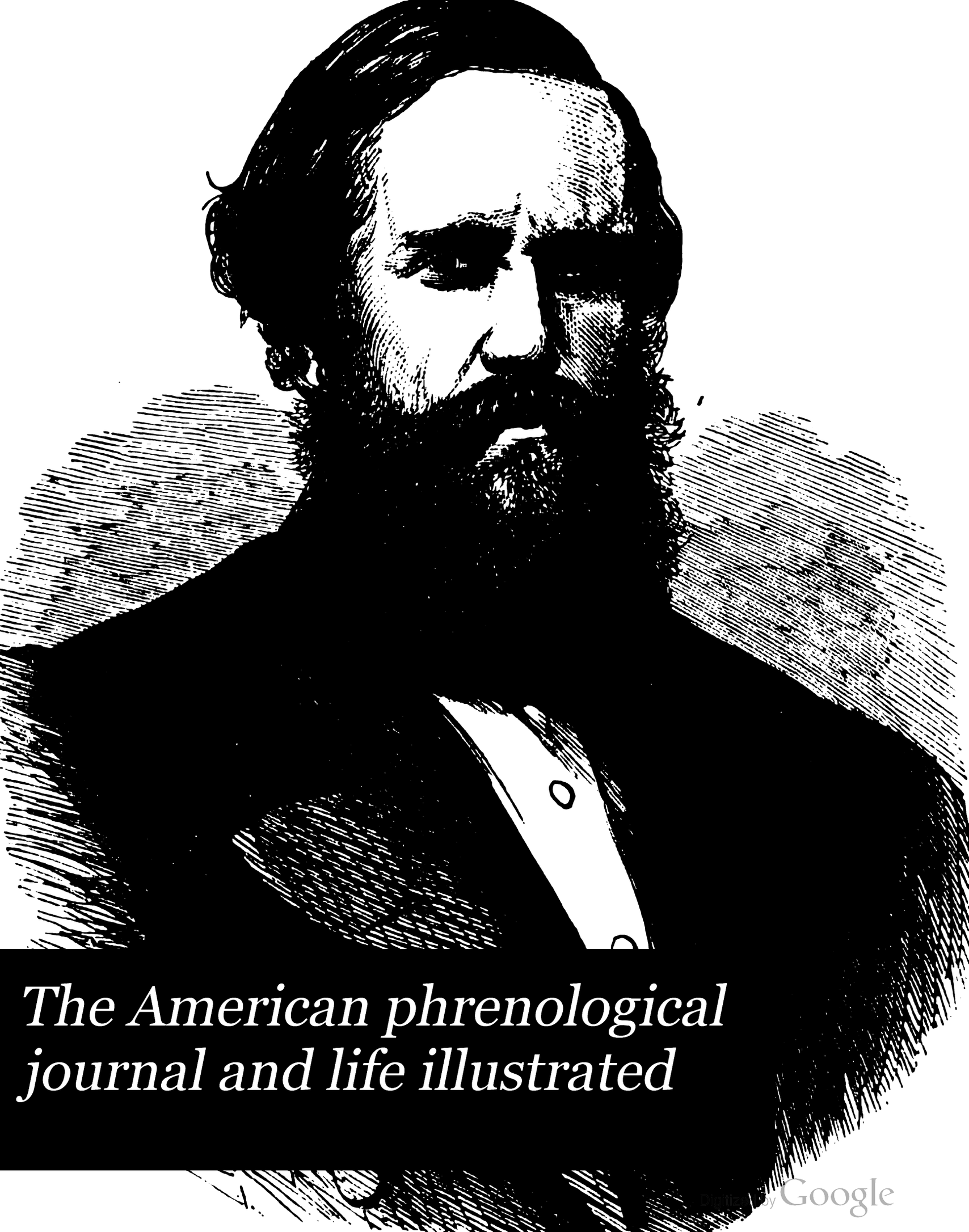

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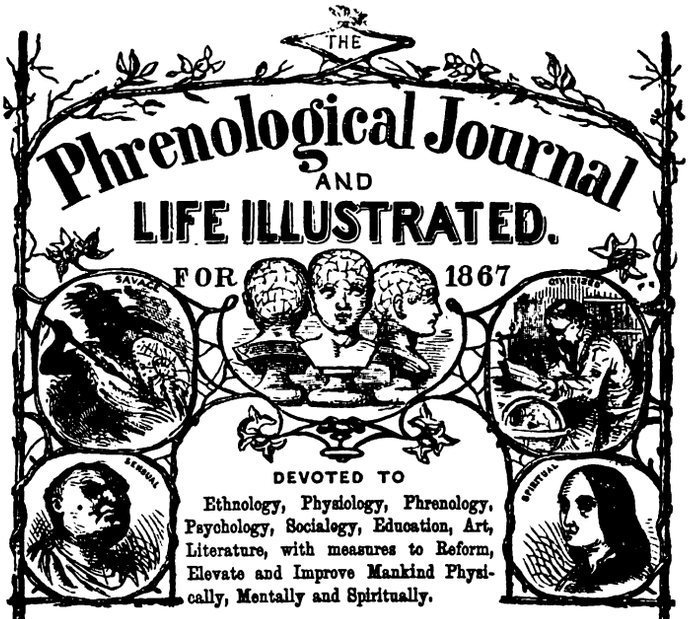

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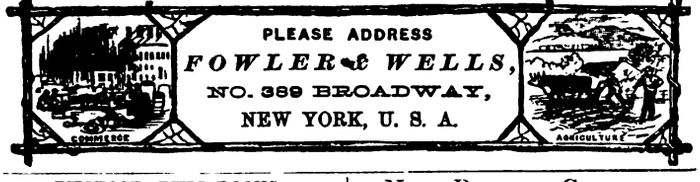

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—*Young.*

JOHN BRIGHT.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

PORTRAIT OF JOHN BRIGHT.

JOHN BRIGHT is stoutly built, with a broad, deep chest, large lungs, large heart, and all the vital organs fully developed. Though stocky, and with something of the lymphatic in his temperament, he has also the nervous system strongly represented. Observe the prominence and pointedness of his nose and his expressive features, backed up by a large, broad brain, indicative of activity and propelling power! The head is considerably above the average in size, exceeding twenty-three inches, and is high, long, and broad. There is a large cerebellum, indicating both procreative and recuperative power. Among the largest organs in his brain are those of Combativeness, Destructiveness, Firmness, Conscientiousness, and Benevolence. The social group is also decidedly large, exerting a marked influence on his character. Of the intellect, all the organs, or nearly all, are large or full. Causality and Comparison, and the perceptive faculties are prominent; while Language, indicated by a large and full eye, is well developed. The complexion is light; eyes blue; hair brown and silky; skin fine and ruddy; lips full, but not voluptuous; and the whole face expressive of a clear and comprehensive mind, good judgment, settled convictions, and a *will* to execute.

Though naturally a jovial, mirthful, and almost a rollicking nature, fond of fun, and overflowing with youthful feeling and spirit, he has, under the weight of cares and responsibilities, acquired a more subdued and sedate expression.

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Constructiveness, Ideality, Sublimity, and Imitation are large. Hence he has inventive, mechanical, and artistic abilities, with powers and capabilities adapting him to any industrial interest or pursuit. He is tasteful, but not fastidious; imitative, but no mimic; mirthful and even witty, but not given to making fun. His religion consists in devotion, regard for sacred subjects, kindness, sympathy for all, integrity, and an active sense of justice, with a good degree of faith, hope, and trust in Providence. He is the opposite of both the cold skeptic and the blind bigot, but will worship intelligently and in accordance with the true Christian spirit. He is not haughty, though confident and self-relying, and is firm and decided, with great perseverance, love of liberty, fixedness of purpose, and tenacity of will, yet not obstinate. He is sensitive in matters of honor and integrity, though he cares comparatively little for praise or blame, and will play the sycophant to no earthly power. His accountability is to his Maker rather than to men. Cautious, watchful, guarded; prudent, but not timid or irresolute, he is frank, candid, open, and free from concealment. He is a comprehensive and compact thinker; logical and analytical rather than abstract, and a capital critic. He reads character well, and can readily judge the motives of men. He is more definite, direct, and even blunt than bland or persuasive. He drives the matter home in a sledge-hammer style, impressing all with his sincerity, if he does not convince. He will not compromise and dally where principles are involved. He has high business capabilities—would excel in mercantile life, in law, in authorship, art, mechanism, agriculture, or in statesmanship.

BIOGRAPHY.

John Bright, the distinguished commoner, and eminent for his philanthropic views and measures, was born in the year 1811 at Greenbank, near Rochdale, in Lancashire, England. His father, Mr. John Bright, a cotton spinner and manufacturer in that place, and being also a man of some standing and means in the community, gave his son John a liberal education.

Subsequently to an extended course of study he went into the manufacturing business with his brothers, under the firm name of John Bright & Brothers, continuing in the same line with his father. He first came into public notice as a lecturer on Temperance about 1836. Indulgence in ardent spirits was very common at that time among the operatives of the manufacturing districts of England, especially in Lancashire, where cotton and woolen mills are most numerous. Mr. Bright, anxious to improve the moral condition of his own workmen and others, vigorously took in hand the Temperance reform, and pushed it forward with considerable success. In 1838, during the agitation in reference to the "Corn Laws," he took a bold stand as an advocate of the free importation of bread-stuffs. He joined the Anti-Corn-Law League, and both as a speaker and writer assisted in vindicating the principles upon which it was founded. In this League he soon became eminent, and was considered one of its most efficient members—indeed, second only to Mr. Cobden, with whom his name was usually associated in all measures for ameliorating the condition of the English working classes. He assisted materially in organizing the bazaars where food was dispensed to the poor in Manchester and London; for the utmost distress prevailed in consequence of the high price of provisions, incident upon the violent agitation of the anti-corn-law movement. In April, 1843, he, as an independent candidate, contested the representation of the city of Durham in Parliament. The result of the election was unfavorable, but a vacancy occurring in the following July, he was elected. In Parliament he took part, with energy and eloquence, in the exciting discussions on free trade, which mainly occupied the attention of that body from 1843 to 1845, and he divides with C. P. Villiers, Richard Cobden, and Gen. Thompson the honor of having converted Sir Robert Peel over to the free-trade party, and bringing about the memorable repeal of the heavy duties on the importation of corn, to which the royal assent was given June 26, 1846. His election contests at Durham involved him in heavy expenditures, which are said to have been paid by the League, through the influence of which in 1847, and again in 1852, he was elected to represent the city of Manchester.

Being a member of the Society of Friends, and one in good standing, his voice was for peace, when in 1853 the policy of the government was declared to be for war with Russia. He strenuously opposed all warlike measures, and in 1854, as a leading member of the Peace Society which had been organized, sanctioned the sending of the deputation which waited on the Emperor Nicholas at St. Petersburg for the purpose of dissuading him from the war. In this matter, however, Mr. Bright's views differed from those of many of his Manchester constituents, although in most other respects he was approved by them. Ill health compelled him to be absent from Parliament during the early session of 1857, and when in March of that year the administration of Viscount Palmerston was defeated by the adoption of a motion offered by Mr. Cobden condemning the war with China, a general election was determined upon. His Manchester friends made him their candidate again, but his opinion on the China question lost him his seat. He was badly defeated where in years past he felt sure of victory. Subsequently, however, he was returned for a vacancy in Birmingham, and took part in the protracted discussions relative to the Chinese imbroglio, which resulted so disastrously to China, and in the overthrow of the Palmerston cabinet.

The peace views of Mr. Bright, though generally adverse to the policy of the government, have invariably found warm response in the hearts of the common people of England. For their benefit he has labored, striving to elevate and improve their moral and intellectual condition by all available means.

A warm friend of the United States, during our late civil struggle, in Parliament and before the public, he advocated such measures as would have tended to encourge the United States Government in its efforts to suppress rebellion. The name of John Bright, like that of Richard Cobden, stirs the heart of the American patriot. In him is exemplified that greatness of soul which is not biased by selfish considerations, nor regards only the growth of a single institution, but is earnest in its desire that all men, everywhere, should enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty. He has always evinced an ardent interest in the affairs of our nation, and in the very outset of the late war his sympathy and political efforts were openly and unmistakably in favor of the Union.

Being a manufacturer of cotton goods, he of course, like many others, suffered loss from the scarcity of the staple in 1862 and 1863; but notwithstanding that, his friendship for the United States remained unimpaired, and his activity in providing for the relief of the thousands of Lancashire operatives who were thrown out of employment by the suspension of the mills, commands our highest commendation. He is emphatically the workingman's advocate in England.

SNOBBERY REBUKED.

ONCE, at a social party, Madam K.
(A foreign actress of especial note
For reading well what other people wrote,
And writing ill what few can truly say
They ever read at all) said, with a sneer,
When C. was praised—a famous art-san—
"What! a mechanic and a gentleman!
Pray, tell me, sir, are such things common here?"
"Why, no," replied the wittiest of men—
Looking, the while, serenely in her face—
"Perhaps 'tis not a very common case,
And yet such things do happen now and then,
Just as in your trade one may chance to be
An actress and a lady—don't you see?"

SYMPATHY.—A little two-year-old girl fell, the other day, and striking her head, cried at the top of her voice. In the midst of her tears she chanced to see from the window a poor old horse with drooping head. Instantly checking her sobs, she asked in the kindest tones, "What'ee matter, hossy? Bump 'oo head?"

A PROMINENT bachelor politician on the Kennebec remarked to a lady that soapstone was excellent to keep the feet warm in bed. "Yes," said the young lady, who had been an attentive listener; "but some gentleman have an improvement on that which you know nothing about." The bachelor turned pale, and maintained a wistful silence.

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Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Cabanis.*

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Hosea* iv. 6.

DRESS AS A CAUSE OF DISEASE.

In this age, when dress occupies so much of the attention of society, the influence of costume on the bodily condition becomes an important matter of inquiry.

Improper modes of dress, whether excessive or inadequate, are fertile sources of disease, and also aggravate an abnormal state of the system by whatever cause produced. If in our desire to keep the body warm we overload it with layers of thick, closely-woven fabric, and thus promote an undue heat at the surface, the effect is to suppress the action of the excretory glands and prevent a free perspiration. The vitiated matter which is thus retained is reabsorbed by the skin and carried back into the system, rendering the blood impure and deranging the delicate mechanism of the glandular structure. Air and light are absolutely necessary for the healthy activity of the vesicles of the skin, and those articles of clothing which prevent the admission of these two great vital agents are entirely unfit for use.

As a free circulation of the blood to all parts of the human body is requisite to the enjoyment of perfect health, so no part of the body should be dressed in such a manner as in the least to obstruct or retard its flow. Tight boots, shoes, or gloves are therefore detrimental. Cold extremities, painful humors, swellings and calosities are generally the results of such ligatures.

Insufficient clothing is much worse than too much. The effect of exposure to cold is the immediate contraction of the skin, which suspends the operation of the secretory and excretory organs, and the matter which should be discharged from the system is thrown back into the throat, lungs, or bowels, occasioning those forms of disease which are commonly called "cold," "headache," "catarrh," "diarrhea," etc.

A change of dress from thick to thin is not beneficial unless accompanied by a corresponding change in climate or temperature. A fashionable lady after wearing a thick high-necked dress all day, will sometimes array herself in some light low-necked attire for an evening party. Such an imprudent change has frequently been followed by a sudden death. Head-coverings at the present day are evidently worn by ladies for display, and not for comfort; and we are not surprised when we hear this or that one complain of "such distress in the head" or "neuralgia." A hat, to afford real protection to the head, should be large enough to cover the greater part of it, and at the same time be comfortably warm, but not so heavy as to fatigue the wearer after half an hour's use.

But the most serious feature in the dress of American ladies is tight lacing, a practice most unnatural and therefore most dangerous to health. Does any one doubt the prevalence of this custom, let him consult the fashion plates in any popular ladies' magazine. How many women, servilely obedient to the suggestions of their dressmaker, or else grossly ignorant of the first principles of health, have squeezed themselves to death, the great day of account only will disclose! The record must be appalling, and yet the suicidal work goes on. The compression of the waist hinders, if it does not altogether suspend, the action of the diaphragm, and weakens the muscles of respiration and the power of digestion. The heart, liver, lungs, spleen, and stomach being forced into a space much too small for the proper performance of their respective functions are weakened, and if the compression is continued, become diseased; consumption ensues, and the mistaken devotee of a barbarous fashion sinks swiftly into an early grave.

Oh, ye who sigh for the deformity of a waspish shape, consider the faultless contour of that chef-d'œuvre of sculpture, the Venus de Medicis, and strive to develop your attenuated bodies into the beautiful proportions of the well-grown woman.

Of course the entire dress should be adapted to the climate and season of the year. In climates like that of New York city, where there are sometimes sudden transitions from heat to cold, and from wet to dry, it is hardly safe to dress in a slight manner, except it be in midsummer, when atmospheric changes are least frequent. The most prevailing complaint among people of all classes is rheumatism, a disorder which in every instance is the consequence of exposure to a sudden chill. No clothing of any kind should be worn in a moist state, especially while the person is inactive; and care should be taken that the feet are properly shod, not with "snugly-fitting" boots or shoes of a kid-glove consistency, but enveloped with those that are thick-soled, substantial, and amply large, so that the blood can circulate to the very toe tips, and a comfortably thick stocking can be worn without any sensation of constraint.

A custom very much in vogue, if not universal among ladies is, when calling on acquaintances or attending church service, to sit an hour or two in a close room, without laying aside a single article of their out-door clothing. This custom is a most unhealthful one, especially in cold weather. Gentlemen upon going in out of the cold usually lay aside their hats and overcoats, but delicate females will sit in a stifling atmosphere, perspiring beneath furs, mufflers, cloaks, and hats for an hour and a half; and when they go out into the sharp frosty air, it strikes a chill through their heated and semi-humid garments. A sense of propriety or a regard for one's health should prevail over the false and sickly whims of usage, and women should wear such over-garments as can be easily laid aside when going from a cold into a warm atmosphere.

The fashion of "high-heeled shoes" is one to be deprecated, because when the heel is raised above the level of the ball of the foot, complete derangement takes place in the muscles of locomotion; the natural balance of the body is thus lost, and the motion and power of the limbs impaired. Besides, the foot is pushed forward into the narrow part of the shoe, rendering the owner liable to the excruciating grievance of corns and other more serious sympathetic affections. "Keep the feet warm and the head cool" is a homely precept, but one which, if judiciously observed, would greatly promote health. Of course we should not infer from this maxim that the head is to be wantonly exposed, but that one should refrain from unduly exciting the brain and nervous system.

In the matter of dress, more attention should be given to *comfort* than to *style*, and it will be usually found that they who dress neatly, and in conformity with nature's laws are the best dressed, and certainly the most sensibly.

TEMPERAMENT FOR THE SOUTH.

We find the following paragraph afloat as from an army correspondent.

"In the army, and among returned soldiers, I have noted one fact somewhat at variance with the usual theories. It is that light-haired men of the same type stand campaigns better than black-haired men. Look at a new regiment on its way to the field, and you will find one half of its members to be of black hair, dark skin, and bilious type. See them when they return, and you will find that the black-haired element has melted away and three fourths of the regiment are represented by brown or flaxen hair."

This is accounted for by the fact that the light-haired men are more likely to have an active state of the liver and digestive system; their circulation is freer, and with these conditions they are better adapted to endure the bilious and malarious influences of the Southern climate. Moreover, the food in the army is calculated to promote, first, constipation, then diarrhea. There is a lack of fruits and vegetables, and men of bilious habit sooner break down, not because they have less strength and hardihood, but because the digestive system and liver, by the influence of the circumstances, fail.

Southern people expected that when the Northern army got into New Orleans or into the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., the yellow fever would mow them down by the thousand, and to-day express surprise that that did not occur.

A Northern man, with fair skin, reddish whiskers, and light hair, could go to New Orleans and stand it a year or two without being very liable to the yellow fever even when it prevailed; and when such men contract the disease, three out of four of them would get well, while of Northern men with dark complexions three out of four would be likely to die.

People are often surprised when we tell them that they can not safely eat oily food—that they should ignore it altogether. They live in a family or neighborhood where everybody else makes free use of it, apparently without serious detriment.

Men of the bilious type and torpid liver should eat much fruit to keep the liver active, and but little oily matter, since that tends to produce a bilious and torpid condition of the liver.

It may be a question if all men would not be better for a general course of living such as a man of dark complexion could endure and thrive on; in other words, if an article of diet is calculated to promote ill health in any vigorous and well-organized human being, would it not be better for *all* to avoid it?

Some men can smoke and chew tobacco, and drink alcoholic liquors, and not suffer half so severely as the average of other men; but we do not think that this, therefore, gives them a license to use these things. If men *generally* are better without them, *all* doubtless would be.

It may be asked, How happens it that the negro, who is of extremely dark complexion, can stand the malaria of the Southern climate? The only reply necessary to this is, that he is a *native* of a hot climate full of malaria and bilious diseases, and he is organized to endure it. Moreover, the dark complexion of the negro is not of the same character which pertains to white men of bilious temperaments, for some of the blackest negroes have slender frames, and are very active and nervous, the coloring matter being quite independent of the bilious temperament.

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On Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—Spurzheim.

HATS AND HEADS.

PROFESSOR WILSON, of the Canadian Institute, Toronto, C. W., has lately made trade subservient to science in a somewhat new and very interesting way. Having observed that the hatter in the daily experience of his business transactions necessarily tests the prevalent form and proportions of the human head, especially in its relative length, breadth, and horizontal circumference, and where two or more distinct types abound in his locality he can not fail to become cognizant of the fact, he has availed himself of this circumstance to elicit some valuable ethnological statistics. We copy the more important of them as we find them reported in the Toronto *Leader:*

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH HEADS.

One extensive hat manufacturer in Edinburgh states that "the Scottish head is decidedly longer, but not so high as the English. In comparison with it the German head appears almost round." But comparing his scale of sizes most in demand, with others furnished to me from Messrs. Christie, the largest hat makers in England, the results indicate the prevalent Scottish size to be 22⅝ inches; four of this being required for every two of the next larger and smaller sizes; whereas, in assorting three dozen for the English trade, Messrs. Christie furnish four of 21½, nine of 21¾, ten of 22, and eight of 22⅛ in.

HEADS OF THE CANADIANS.

Mr. Rogers, of Toronto, in assorting three dozen, distributes them in the ratio of five, seven, nine, and five to the same predominant sizes, and allows four for the head of 23 inches in circumference, the remainder being in both cases distributed in ones and twos between the largest and smallest sizes, ranging from 23¾ to 20¾ inches.

BOSTON HATS AND HEADS.

The summary of inquiries among the principal hatters of Boston is as follows: "Larger hats are required for New England than for the Southern States. To New Orleans we send 20⅝ to 22⅞; and to New Hampshire 21⅝ to 23 inches." One extensive New England manufacturer adds: "New England heads are long and high; longer and higher than any European heads. British heads are longer than Continental. German and Italian heads are round. Spanish and Italian very small."

We copy under another head some remarks from the same report on the various types of the Canadian head, which will be found worthy of the attention of the ethnologist.

UPPER CANADA.

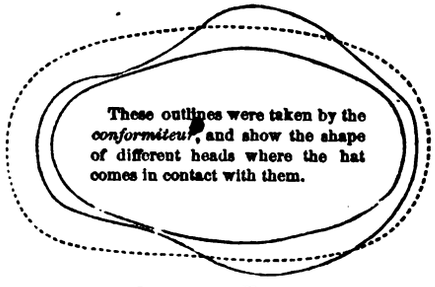
Upper Canada is settled by colonists from all parts of the British Islands. In some districts Highland. Irish, German, and "Colored" settlements perpetuate distinct ethnical peculiarities, and preserve to some extent the habits and usages, and even the languages of their original homes. But throughout the more densely settled districts and in most of the towns the population presents much the same character as that of the larger towns of England or Scotland, and the surnames form in most cases the only guide to their ethnical classification.

LOWER CANADA.

In Lower Canada the great mass of the population is of French origin, but derived from different departments of the parent country; of which Quebec is the center of a migration from Normandy, while the district around Montreal was chiefly settled by colonists from Brittany. The French language, laws, religion and customs prevail, preserving many traits of the mother country and its population as they existed remote from the capital of the *Grande Monarque*, and before the first French revolution. The establishment of the seat of the Provincial government at different times in Montreal and Quebec, and the facilities of intercourse between the two cities, must have helped to mingle the Norman and Breton population in both. Nevertheless, the results of my investigations tend to show that a striking difference is still recognizable in the predominant French head-forms of the two cities.

HEADS CLASSIFIED.

My first observations, with special reference to the present inquiry, were made at Quebec, in 1863, when, in co-operation with my friend Mr. John Langton, I tested the action of the *conformiteur** on heads of various forms, and had an opportunity of examining and comparing nearly four hundred head-patterns of the French and English population. As each of the patterns had the name of the original written upon it, a ready clew was thereby furnished for determining their nationality. Since then, in following out the observations thus instituted, I have carefully examined and classified eleven hundred and four head-shapes; including those of two of the principal hatters in Montreal, and of one in Toronto. In



OUTLINES OF HEADS.

testing their various differentiæ, I have arranged them by correspondence in form; by common origin, as indicated by French, English, Welsh, Highland, Irish, and foreign names; and by predominant malformations in those markedly unsymmetrical.

LONG HEADS AND ROUND HEADS.

The first noticeable fact in comparing the head-forms of the Quebec population was that they were divisible into two very dissimilar types: a long ovoid, and a short, nearly cylindrical one. This is so obvious as to strike the eye at a glance. I accordingly arranged the whole into two groups, determined solely by their forms, without reference to the names; and on applying the latter as a test, the result showed that they had been very nearly classified into French and English. In all, out of nearly a hundred head-forms marked with French names, only nine were not of the short, nearly round form; and no single example of this short type occurred in one hundred and forty-seven head-forms bearing English names.

FRENCH TYPES.

A more recent examination of patterns from Montreal led to a very different result. There, where out of the first fifty English head-forms I examined, one example of the short, globular type occurred; out of seventy French head-forms (classified by names) only eleven presented the most prevalent French head-type of Quebec. But the French head of the Montreal district, though long, is not the same as the English type. It is shorter, and wider at the parietal protuberances, and with a greater comparative frontal breadth, than what appears to be the Celtic sub-type of the English head, though also including some long heads of the latter form. So far, therefore, it would seem a legitimate inference from the evidence, that the brachycephalic and nearly globular head of the Quebec district is the Franco-Norman type; while the longer French head of the Montreal district is that of Brittany, where the Celtic element predominates.

ENGLISH TYPES.

But again, amid considerable diversity in minute characteristics, the English heads appear to be divisible into two classes, of which one, characterized by great length, and slight excess of breadth in the parietal as compared with the frontal region, appears to be the Anglo-Saxon head: the other, also long, but marked by a sudden tapering in front of the parietal protuberances, and a narrow, prolonged frontal region, is the insular Celtic type.

RESULTS ARRIVED AT.

Apart, however, from all theory or inductive reasoning, the following facts appear to be indicated in reference to the colonists of Lower Canada: 1st. That the French Canadian head-forms are, as a rule, shorter and relatively broader than the British; 2d. That the former are divisible into two classes, of which the short globular or brachycephalic head occurs chiefly in the Quebec district, settled from Normandy, while the longer type of head predominates in the Montreal district, originally colonized by a population chiefly derived from Brittany and the Department of Charente Inferieure. The mode of investigation thus indicated yields certain definite results, and admits of wide application.

A NEW ENGLAND TYPE.

Indications of the development of a New England type, or variety of the Anglo-Saxon colonist, have long been noted with interest, and minute data relative to the cranial type of the pure descendants of the earliest settlers would be of great value in their bearing on this subject. So far, however, the diverse forms, still clearly distinguishing the French colonists of the Quebec and Montreal districts of Lower Canada, rather indicate the permanency of the cranial race-forms, and their consequent value as a clew even to minute subdivisions of the same nation, though severed for centuries from the parent stock.

* An ingenious instrument brought into use in Paris about twenty years since, and now employed by many hatters, on both sides of the Atlantic, for the purpose of determining the form and proportions of the human head, so far as required by them.

VULGARISMS.—Among the latest vulgar abuses of language is that of the French word *canard*, instead of the English word *hoax*. We now read regularly that the story, say, of General Jackboots having surprised a party of contrabands and massacred them, is a "canard." Hoax would be English, and, therefore, is not used. If this sort of stuff and nonsense continue, we shall soon be informed by telegraph, for example, that President Johnson mounted his cheval to voir the soldats of the ligne, and was received with cries very eclatants. We ought to know, at least, what language we write. In nineteen cases out of twenty we learn that the rebellion has been crushed *out*. Why *out*, any more than *in?* If you put your foot on a cockroach, you crush him simply, neither out nor in. Crush out is nonsense. "I am free to confess," said the President to the Italian envoy, the other day. Common expression this. What does it mean? "Free to confess?" "Happened in"—vulgar. "Reliable"—a new word, utterly indefensible. *Rely* is neuter or impassive, and requires *on* or *upon* to complete it. *Relionable* or *reliuponable* would be logical; but we have *trustworthy*, *veracious*, *credible*, and need no such word as *reliable*.

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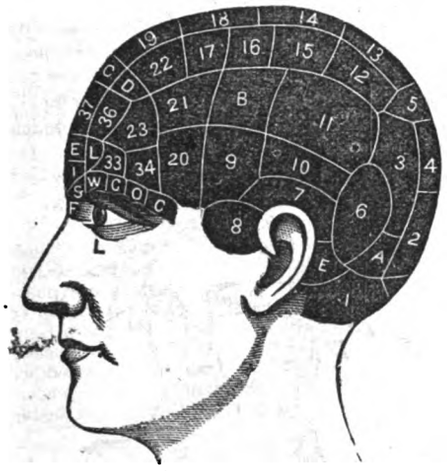

FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM.

"Signs of Character."

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—*Spenser.*

OUR NEW DICTIONARY
OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY.

IDEALITY (21)—Fr. *Idéalité.*—A lively imagination, united to a love of the beautiful, forming, in its higher exercises, one of the chief constituents of creative genius in poetry and the fine arts; capacity or disposition to form ideals of beauty or perfection.—*Webster.*

Dr. Gall called it (Ideality) the organ of Poetry, but Spurzheim saw that poetry is the result of various organs, and is in fact very different in kind. This organ gives to poetry or to prose a certain quality of beauty, elegance, or perfection. He therefore called it Ideality.—*Combe.*

LOCATION.—The organ of Ideality is situated nearly along the temporal ridge of the frontal bone (21, fig. 1), between Mirthfulness and Sublimity, and directly above Constructiveness. It is here that the last fibers of the temporal muscle are inserted.

FIG. 2.—BERANGER.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL SIGN.—We know no well established facial sign of Ideality. Its full development, however, gives a peculiar form to the outline of the head as seen in the front view—a magnificent breadth of the superior anterior part of the side head, as shown in the accompanying portrait of the poet Beranger (fig. 2). The heads of all true poets and artists exhibit this configuration.

FUNCTION.—"This faculty," Mr. Combe says, "produces the desire for exquisiteness or perfection, and delighted with what the French call '*Le beau idéal.*' It gives *inspiration* to the poet. The knowing faculties perceive qualities as they exist in nature; but this faculty desires, for its gratification, something more exquisitely perfect than the scenes of reality. It desires to elevate and endow with a splendid excellence every object presented to the mind. It stimulates the faculties which form ideas to create scenes in which every object is invested with the perfection which it delights to contemplate. It is particularly valuable to man as a progressive being. It inspires him with a ceaseless love of improvement, and prompts him to form and realize splendid conceptions. When predominant, it gives a manner of feeling and of thinking befitting the regions of fancy rather than the abodes of men. Hence those only on whom it is largely bestowed can possibly be poets; and hence the proverb, '*Poëta nascitur, non fit.*'"

DEFICIENCY.—There are persons who can perceive no excellence in poetry, painting, or sculpture, and who value nothing merely for its beauty. Such persons declaim against ornament in dress, furniture, architecture, etc., and deem the solid and the useful (in its restricted sense) as alone worthy of the attention of rational, immortal beings. For such persons the varied loveliness of hill and dale, of sun and shade, of bird and flower is displayed in vain. Wordsworth speaks of one of this sort when he says—

A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

Contrast the portrait of Elias Hicks, the Quaker (fig. 4), with that of Beranger, the poet.

ABUSE.—"Like all other faculties, Ideality may be abused. When permitted to take the ascendency over the other powers, and to seek its own gratification to the neglect of the serious duties of life—or when cultivated to so great an excess as to produce a finical and sickly refinement—it becomes a source of great evils. It appears to have reached this state of diseased excitement in Rousseau. 'The impossibility of finding actual beings [worthy of himself] threw me,' says he, 'into the regions of fancy; and seeing that no existing object was worthy of my delirium, I nourished it in an ideal world, which my creative imagination soon peopled to my heart's desire.'"

COMBINATIONS.—This faculty joined with Approbativeness, Form, Color, and other knowing faculties, and making use of Constructiveness, produces all the ornaments of dress and architecture, and is the source of painting, sculpture, landscape gardening, etc. The relish for poetry and the fine arts is generally in proportion to the development of this faculty. Temperament, however, modifies the effects of this as well as all other organs.

ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES.—"Those who experience a difficulty," Mr. Combe says, "in conceiving what the faculty is, may compare the character of Blount with that of Raleigh, in *Kenilworth*: 'But what manner of animal art

FIG. 3.—NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN

thou thyself, Raleigh,' said Tressilian, 'that thou holdest us all so lightly?' 'Who, I?' replied Raleigh. 'An eagle am I, that never will think of dull earth while there is a heaven to soar in and a sun to gaze upon.' Or they may compare the poetry of Swift with that of Milton; the metaphysical writings of Dr. Reid with those of Dr. Thomas Brown; the poetry of Crabbe with that of Byron; or Dean Swift's prose with that of Dr. Chalmers."

"In Paris, Dr. Gall molded the head of Legouve after his death, and found this organ large. He and Dr. Spurzheim opened the head of the late Delille, and pointed out to several physicians who were present the full development of the convolutions placed under the external prominences at this part; these convolutions projected beyond all the others. Dr Gall preserved a cast of one of the hemispheres of the

FIG. 4.—ELIAS HICKS.

brain; so that this statement may still be verified. In a pretty numerous assemblage, Dr. Gall was asked what he thought of a little man who

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sat at a considerable distance from him? As it was rather dark, he said, that, in truth, he could not see him very distinctly, but that he nevertheless observed the organ of poetry to be greatly developed. He was then informed that this was

FIG. 5.—RICHTER.

the famous poet François, generally named *Cordonnier*, from his having been bred a shoemaker.* 'If we pass in review,' says Dr. Gall, 'the portraits and busts of the poets of all ages, we shall find this configuration of head common to them all; as in Pindar, Euripides, Sophocles, Heraclides, Plautus, Terence, Virgil, Tibullus, Ovid, Horace, Juvenal, Boccacio, Ariosto, Aretin, Tasso, Milton, Boileau, J. B. Rousseau, Pope, Young, Gorsset, Voltaire, Goethe, Klopstock, Wieland,' Richter, etc. Dr. Bailly, in a letter, dated Rome, 30th May, 1822, addressed to Dr. Brayer, says: 'You may tell Dr. Gall that I have a mask of Tasso, taken from nature, and that although part of the organ of poetry be cut off, nevertheless the lateral breadth of the cranium in this direction is enormous.'"

Ideality is deficient in all savage, rude, and barbarous tribes, and large in nations that have made the greatest advances in civilization. Our North American Indians have it very small, as the accompanying portrait (fig. 3) will show. It is also almost always small in criminals of all kinds, and especially murderers.

IDIOCY.—The condition of being an idiot, or idiotic natural absence, or marked deficiency of sense and intelligence.—*Webster.*

I will undertake to convict a man of idiocy if he can not see the proof that three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Without the aid of Phrenology, it seems to be impossible, satisfactorily, to define either idiocy or insanity. Webster's definition applies to one class of idiots alone, and Robertson's idiot may be merely mathematically idiotic. Even the best edition of the best of dictionaries needs revision by a phrenologist.

IDIOTS CLASSIFIED.—There are two distinct classes of idiots. In the first, which may be called natural idiots, there is a deficiency in the size of the brain, indicated by the external development of the head; while in the second, idiocy results from disease, and is generally not distinguishable by form or size. In the last case, however, anatomy shows that the texture of the brain (as well as of the hair, the skin, the muscle, and the bone) is unlike that of a person of sound mind. Sometimes it appears to have wasted away or to have been absorbed. Esquirol mentions a case in which nearly all the gray cortical substance of both hemispheres of the brain was found wanting. In the place of the usual convolutions were small irregular granulations.

NATURAL IDIOTS.—In natural idiots (figs. 9 and 10) the brain is sometimes found to be very small, even when the external appearance of the head is not bad. Dr. Brigham mentions the case of an idiot boy whose skull was *three fourths of an inch in thickness*, which is not far from three times that of an ordinary skull. Sometimes the anterior and upper parts of the brain are not formed. M. Payen, of the Hospital des Enfans in Paris, in 1825, found in the head of an idiot only the lower convolutions of the brain. Sometimes the deficiency is limited to one region of the brain and one department of the mind, or even to a single faculty and its organ. In some idiots, for example, the frontal region of the head is low and compressed, and consequently the intellectual faculties extremely

FIG. 6.—LOUIS XVIII.

limited, while the organs of the sentiments and the propensities being pretty well developed, considerable tact and correctness of feeling and acting in simple matters may be observed. The

FIG. 7.—CHAUCER.

deficiency becomes obvious only when the individual is thrown into situations requiring the exercise of intellect.

PARTIAL IDIOCY.—In the same way, but a single organ may be defective or deficient, as that of Time, Tune, Color, or Calculation. One may have love for home, but no affection for the opposite sex; or Benevolence, but no Veneration; or Constructiveness, but no Causality—in which

FIG. 8.—TASSO.

case he would, perhaps, attempt to make a perpetual motion. There are, however, very few persons, otherwise well organized, but what have *all* the organs and faculties common to man, in a greater or less degree of development. Where a faculty is totally wanting, however, be it Time, Tune, Order, or Number, the person will be idiotic to that extent, and on that point. When, therefore, a person informs you that he can not distinguish one tune from another, he simply tells you that he is, to this extent, at least, idiotic.

In total idiocy there is a complete eclipse of all the mental faculties. In such a case there is not enough mind to enable the person to feed himself. He is even lower than the brutes, who have all the animal instincts, if not reason, to guide them.

SIGNS OF IDIOCY.—In cases of natural idiocy, the size and shape of the head generally furnish a sure index of its degree and kind, though we must make allowance for a greater thickness of skull than in persons of ordinary mental endowment. The character of such heads as figs. 9 and 10 can not be mistaken. Idiocy alone is possible with cerebral conformations like these.

The most obvious physiognomical traits of the natural idiot are a low, retreating forehead, a receding chin, and projecting jaws, which configuration gives an unmistakable look of animalism to the face. The nose and mouth generally approach each other (like those of the lower animals), and the former, though sometimes well shaped, is often deformed and always thrown into a line approximating more or less closely to the horizontal (fig. 10). A lack of expression in the features, and a wandering, vacant, meaningless stare complete the picture.

Fig. 11 represents a case of idiocy from hydrocephalus, or dropsy of the head, in which, it will be observed, the cranium is unnaturally expanded.

In fig. 12 we have an imbecile whose mental status is evident enough from his countenance, but who has brain enough, were it of the proper texture and in a healthy condition to give him a respectable standing in society. Cases like this

* A cast of the head of this individual is in the Phrenological Society's collection, Edinburgh. The organ in question is large.

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are characterized by a general weakness of the mind involving all the faculties equally. The condition is technically called *dementia*.*

IMAGINATION.—The power to reconstruct or recombine the materials furnished by experience or direct apprehensio .he plastic or creative power.—*Webster.*

See IDEALITY.

IMITATION (22)—Fr. *Mimique.*—The act of imitating.—*Webster.*

This faculty produces the talent for imitation, and enables its possessor to enter into the spirit of those whom it represents.—*Combe.*

FIG. 9.—NATURAL IDIOT.

LOCATION.—The organ of this faculty is situated on the side of the top-head, between Ideality and Benevolence (22, fig. 1).

PHYSIOGNOMICAL SIGN.—The size of this organ effects the outline of the head as seen from the front. When it is large, and Benevolence is only moderate, the anterior part of the top-head is nearly level; with Imitation and Benevolence both large, we have the handsomely curved outline shown in fig. 13; and when Benevolence is large and Imitation small, the form is like that represented in fig. 14.

FIG. 10.—NATURAL IDIOT.

FUNCTION.—Imitation enables us to copy what we see and hear—to become, for the time being, somebody else rather than our own proper self. It is essential to actors, orators, painters, sculptors, designers. If it be not well developed in them, their representations will be imperfect.

ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES.—"It is told of Garrick," Dr. Gall says, "that he possessed such an extraordinary talent for mimicry, that, at the court of Louis XV., having seen for a moment the king, the Duke D'Aumont, the Duke D'Orleans, Messrs. D'Aumont, Brissac, and Richelieu, Prince Soubise, and others, he carried off the manner of each of them in his recollection. He invited to supper some friends who had accompanied him to court, and said, 'I have seen the court only for an instant, but I shall show you the correctness of my powers of observation and the extent of my memory;' and placing his friends in two files, he retired from the room, and, on his immediately returning, his friends exclaimed, 'Ah! here is the king, Louis XV., to the life!' He imitated in succession all the other personages of the court, who were instantly recognized He imitated not only their walk, gait, and figure, but also the expression of their countenances. Dr. Gall, therefore, easily understood how greatly the faculty of Imitation would assist in the formation of a talent for acting; and he examined the heads of the best performers at that time on the stage of Vienna. In all of them he found the organ large."

FIG. 11.—HYDROCEPHALUS.

FIG. 12.—DEMENTIA.

"In children, Imitation is more active than in adults. Young persons are very apt to copy the behavior of those with whom they associate; and hence the necessity of setting a good example before them, even from the earliest years."

IN ANIMALS.—This organ is possessed by some of the lower animals, such as parrots, monkeys, mocking-birds, starlings, etc., which imitate the actions and voices of men as well as of other animals.

FIG. 13.

FIG. 14.

* See our "New Illustrated Physiognomy" for further remarks and illustrations

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"APPROPRIATIVENESS."—*Gentlemen:* I did not receive the August number of the JOURNAL. It seems that "Appropriativeness" must be rather excessively developed in the heads of some of our postmasters. I do not know what else could account for it. No doubt the temptation is very strong, and if anything is worth stealing, I am sure it must be the A. P. J.; for "who steals my purse steals trash," but he who steals the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL secures "something good."

I hope the thief has read it carefully, and repented his "wicked ways." And if, in addition, it should have induced him to subscribe and pay for the JOURNAL in future—to read it carefully, and to obey its precepts, why, then, the good will counterbalance the evil, and I hope you may pardon him. A. W. S.

"WHAT is the reason that your wife and you always disagree?" asked one Irishman of another. "Because we are both of one mind. She wants to be master, and so do I."

DOUBLE CHIN—ECONOMY.—*Mr. Editor:* In the October number of your JOURNAL, in "Signs of Character," you say that a double chin may be a sign of a "disposition to save." Now I have a double chin, not very large, for I am not fat. I have wondered what it indicated, for I suppose that every peculiarity of feature indicates some peculiarity of character. I remember an old lady once told me that my double chin was a sign that I should be rich. Of course I regarded that as a silly superstition. On reading in your paper the observation to which I have referred, I was struck with the idea that it might be correct, for I am very economical. It may be of some interest and use to you to know about me. I am very *saving*, I never waste anything. I am always finding out easy ways to do things—*labor-saving* ways. I am saving of my clothes and of my time. I contrive often to study and work at the same time; and yet I am not stingy or close. I never enjoy any pleasure unless those with me can share it. I give willingly, gladly. I think I have not any love of money for itself. I care only for the power it gives. I never feel any—not the least—reluctance to part with it when I need to spend it for myself or for others. And this is not because I like to gratify my own selfish desires *better* than I like money, for I find more satisfaction in denying myself that I may give to others than I do in having things myself. Indeed, the self-denial would be greater in *not* giving. I do not claim any merit for this—it is my nature. I do not speak of it to you boastingly, but that you may know enough of me to judge about the "sign" in yours, truly,

MARY E.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF HOGS.—Some years ago I butchered a lot of hogs, concerning which I made these observations: During the summer and fall, while feeding and otherwise attending them, preparatory to slaughter, I observed that a part of them were almost always making ferocious attacks upon some of the others—chasing them, biting them, and otherwise ill-treating them to such an extent that I feared I should be obliged to separate them before any success could be had in fattening. Having been often obliged to witness their unfriendly manifestations toward each other, and sometimes to render "substantial aid" to the weaker in order that they might obtain their share of the food and drink given, I began to know the malevolent ones at sight.

When butchered, I observed that those hogs which had been the particular objects of abuse, almost constantly inflicted by the others, were marked by deep, strong, and irreducible perpendicular wrinkles on the forehead. The skin of their foreheads seemed to be gathered in tight and hard between their eyes, and wrinkled as above stated. But the fighting porkers were all marked either with wrinkleless foreheads or with foreheads wrinkled horizontally. But I must not forget to add, that to my mind the abusing hogs did not appear to be prompted by any merely *combative* propensity, such as we see exemplified among cocks, but to be moved by feelings of hatred or aversion. J. W. M.

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PORTRAIT OF RUFUS CHOATE.

PORTRAIT OF JOHN MARSHALL.

THE ADVOCATE AND THE JUDGE.

RUFUS CHOATE AND JOHN MARSHALL.

In a previous article the readers of the JOURNAL had their attention called to the remarkable and striking contrast between the faces of Washington and Cæsar. They lived in ages and countries widely remote from each other, and were preceded and followed by trains of circumstances totally different. The two faces at the head of this article are of men who were nearly cotemporaneous, who were citizens of the same republic and members of the same profession, whose minds had been subjected to the same mental discipline, trained in the same school of logic; they were both renowned in their profession, both actors in the same great arena, both of sound, deep, and extensive attainment, and both left behind them lasting memorials of their greatness and their fame. And yet the intellectual contrast between these two great faces is as striking and as strongly marked as is the moral contrast between the faces of Cæsar and Washington.

And here we may very properly remark upon the breadth of the arena furnished by the law as compared with the other professions. In the language of the pious Hooker, in that sentence which has been pronounced by an eminent critic the finest in the English language: "Of Law, no less can be said, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."

This may seem to be claiming a great deal for the legal profession, whose province is law as applied to the administration of justice among men; but no man ever has or ever can arrive at permanent and noble eminence in this profession without careful study and some just understanding of the great principles which constitute the foundations of universal law and are the basis of all just human enactments.

In the clerical profession we need spiritual men, whose one object and business is to bring men to Christ, to aid in reconciling the world to God; to bring all moral, all religious, all spiritual influences and considerations to bear upon the hearts and consciences of their hearers. To attain eminence in this profession, the minister must be a man of one idea, resolved to "know nothing among men but Jesus Christ, and him crucified." His weapons are not "carnal, but spiritual," and drawn from one armory, the "Word of God."

In medicine, men of scientific knowledge and good judges of disease, men of social tact and accurate information are needed, and there is hardly room for persons of widely dissimilar gifts to reach the highest success and distinction.

But the legal profession reaches all the interests of human society, and brings the lawyer in contact with every class and trade and all the professions. By legal enactments the minister is sustained in the undisturbed exercise of his clerical functions, and religious societies are secured in the possession of church property. By them the physician is protected in the exercise of his profession, and the public is assured of the skill and capacity of the physician. Every class and trade look to the lawyer and the judge for redress and protection in their industries and their enjoyments.

It also finds employment for all classes and grades of talent. The dry, patient plodder may work quietly and constantly a lifetime in one corner of this great vineyard, adjusting the conflicting interests and redressing the private wrongs of a small community. The glowing enthusiast, in the breadth of its generalities, in the depth of the principles which lie at its foundation, finds ample food for his enthusiasm. He will seek these "fountains of justice whence all civil laws are derived but as streams;" to him "the science of jurisprudence is the pride of the human intellect, which with all its defects, redundancies, and errors, is the collected reason of ages, combining the principles of original justice with the infinite variety of human concerns." Such did the legal profession seem to Rufus Choate.

There is also room for the man of calm, truth-loving, balanced power, the natural judge, who can see the claims of both sides and the merits of opposite views, and soberly hold the balance of impartial reason, and calmly pronounce the irreversible judgment. Such a man was John Marshall.

The fact of this diversity of gifts all finding scope in the law is very aptly illustrated by the two characters whose portraits head this article; the one was a great advocate, the other a great judge.

The difference in their appearance as to apparent health is the most prominent thing that arrests the attention. The calmness, soundness, and health in Marshall; the weary, worn, haggard, yet elastic and irrepressible look in Choate. Yet both had strong constitutions, both were incessant workers, and though one did as much work as the other during life, Marshall has left far more copious and more enduring records of his power than Choate. Both were *solid* in their legal attainments, both were men of strong sense and tough mental fiber. How comes it, then, that one has the air of an impassioned Italian poet, and the other of an intelligent Virginia farmer? It is to be found in the wide difference of the *mental excitability* of these great lawyers. The central fires in one revealed their power in grand coruscations and brilliant flashes of light, in a perpetual and

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glorious display of intellectual fireworks, like Stromboli from afar, illuminating the whole heavens and gleaming on the tip of every dancing wave of the Mediterranean. In the other there was no shining eloquence, no flashing repartee, no brilliant imagery, but interfused with all the superincumbent mass of his vast legal attainment was the fine gold of just thinking and the silver veins of perennial truth.

Where in these two faces is this difference indicated?

1st, In the general shape of the head. Marshall's forehead is square; Choate's dome-shaped. In one, the faculties on each side of median line are the most active—Conscientiousness, Acquisitiveness, Caution, Justice. In the other, the faculties on the median line, and also those at the outer angle of the eyebrow.

2d, The contrast in the shape and size of the nose. Choate's is large and wide at the base, indicating fullness and volume of mental impulse, yet based on solid attainment and fact. Marshall's is small in comparison with the size and activity of his brain. This indicates the subordination of impelling power to guiding power.

It may be counted as an infallible sign, that a nose which covers a large area of the face in proportion to its size and length, or, in other words, rests upon a broad base, like a pyramid, indicates enthusiasm or zeal of some sort. What the quality and objects of that zeal may be depends upon other characteristics of the head and face. With a finely developed top-head, as in Jonathan Edwards, it will signify a zeal for the honor and glory of God, an enthusiasm for excellence of every kind, a passion for doing good, a love of humanity, and a desire to make earth like heaven. With large animal and selfish propensities such a nose is swift to do evil—devoted to lust, sensuality, and crime. When connected with such a brain as we see in Choate, with Wit, Language, Human Nature, Mirthfulness, Color, and Tune all finely developed and mounted upon a temperament so arterial, bounding, elastic, enthusiastic as was his, we may look for just those qualities which characterized the great Advocate—a lifelong, burning, glowing, irrepressible, inextinguishable enthusiasm in oratory. We have never had on this continent a man whose love for the law, the excitements, the contests, the triumphs and the renown of forensic eloquence was so deep and constant. From the time when he came to the bar in 1823, with a weary and jaded, yet ardent expression, as of one fresh from the depths of midnight studies, down to his last passionate, glowing, eloquent, and exhaustive appeal to a Boston audience in the summer of 1859, and a few weeks before his death, a long and radiant career of thirty-six years, he moved before the American public the very embodiment of professional enthusiasm. Early and late, in season and out of season, in health and in sickness, his devotion to his profession ran parallel with his life, and ceased only with the throbbings of his passionate heart. To excel in all the branches of his profession, in land law, in criminal law, in patent law, in constitutional law—to be grave, potent, and solid in his addresses to the court—to be brilliant, flashing, fascinating, irresistible before a jury—to be master of all sorts of rhetoric,—to speak with all the tongues of eloquence on all the subjects that interest the human mind or ever come within the purview of courts of justice, this was the large measure of his boundless aspiration. For this he was careless of wealth, careless of political honors, careless of health, indifferent to all the pleasures of the senses, deaf to all the wooings of pleasure; for this he was willing to spend and be spent, for the accomplishment of this he wore out his vital powers and sank exhausted into a premature grave.

Turn now to the picture of the great Judge. We can not imagine this face ever glowing with high enthusiasm or contorted by the passion of the orator. On these features "deliberation sits and public care." Here is perpetual, serene, and sunny calm. We see this in the large, well-developed side-head, in the full and rather massive chin and lower jaw, and in the regular shape of the nose, and its smallness when compared with the ample development and full volume of the brain.

In one respect these two great men resembled each other—in their lack of personal ambition. Both rather yielded to than molded the men and the circumstances by which they were surrounded; and though men of great ability, neither of them used their talents in advancing their own private interests or promoting their own aggrandizement. Neither of them were self-seekers. Although Marshall presided with such distinguished ability over the Supreme Court for a long series of years, and was by nature and by culture eminently fitted to adorn that high sphere, it was only after the most urgent solicitations of Washington and his strong personal influence that Marshall was induced to assume the responsibilities of the judicial ermine, which "when it descended upon his shoulders touched nothing less pure than itself."

At several times in the life of Choate political honors were conferred upon him. He was in both houses of Congress. A foreign ministry was within his reach at any time during the last fifteen years of his life, and the Attorney-Generalship of the United States could have been secured by a few strokes of political management. But honors thus won were for him empty baubles. In him we have a happy illustration of the difference between ambition and aspiration. He would spend days and nights of strenuous labor to win a case at the bar or to pronounce a splendid lecture, but he would not turn the corner of a street in Boston to win the tie-vote of a legislature; he would not cross the street to secure the political friendship of a man whose influence might secure him the most glittering prize in politics. For him true glory was in being, not in seeming to be. Like the great Pinckney, his splendid predecessor in the leadership of the American bar, he rejoiced that in courts of justice there is no possibility of winning superior position but by superior merit; that pre-eminence there means genuine and well earned reputation.

So also it was with Marshall. He had no natural love for public life. If he had felt it right to consult his preferences and his own modest estimate of himself, he would have remained all his life the quiet Virginia farmer that he always seemed to be, even when moving on the high places of the world. The discussions in a country court-house, consultations with old acquaintances about lines and titles, the presiding at a country fair, the worship in the rustic church, to turn the ancestral sods with a plow guided by his own hands, drawn by oxen of his own raising, and finally to sink to the long sleep beneath the shadows of the oaks he always loved—*this* to the calm and elevated spirit of John Marshall was worth all the plaudits of a noisy world; *this* for him was better than to sit at meat with kings or live with the rulers of the earth. Nothing but an overmastering sense of duty, and that brought home to him by the earnest, personal solicitations of the Father of his Country, could avail to draw him away from the life that he loved and induce him to assume what appeared to him the gravest of all human responsibilities. But this very unwillingness to assume responsibility made him the most upright and blameless as well as the most laborious of judges when once in position. To the investigation of every case submitted to him he brought a vision singularly clear and penetrating, an impartiality incapable of bias, a judicial sagacity in determining the precise issue upon which a case turns, which is unrivaled in the annals of American jurisprudence and unsurpassed by Lord Mansfield himself. His eloquence was that of reason and genuine conviction, and in the course of a long public life, though he rendered more than a hundred immovable and immortal decisions, he made but one great speech, and that was on a question almost purely legal.

The difference in the results of these contrasted lives is as great as in their faces. Both lives were long, brilliant, and laborious; both, in separate departments, reached the summit of professional distinction; and both were content with the honors and splendors of the law without aspiring to political distinction. At first view it seems, particularly to the youthful aspirant, that the career of the great Advocate was almost as useful as that of the Judge and far more brilliant; but let us look at the subject calmly and compare the results. Choate was by far the most copious orator and the most magnificent rhetorician since William Pinckney that the country has ever produced. Day after day, week after week, for more than thirty years of crowded and brilliant professional life, he continued to pour out metaphor and trope, simile and hyperbole, law, logic, wit, splendor, poetry. Every little address that he made, of not more than fifteen minutes in length, flashed and glittered with the gems of rhetoric like the jeweled fingers of an Indian queen. But where are now those clouds of winged words, those floods of blazing rhetoric, and all the scintillations of that fervid genius? His speeches have been collected and published in two octavo volumes, which have met with a very moderate demand from the public by whom he was so much admired in his prime. Though full of splendid words, they can not be said to be rich in the most valuable thinking, and twenty years hence the reputation of Mr. Choate is likely to depend prin-

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cipally upon the traditionary accounts of those who saw him in the height of his oratorical fame. He wrought no changes in the science of law; he argued very few great and memorable questions; the greater part of his speeches were passionate harangues to juries, of which even the line of argument has utterly failed to rescue them from oblivion; and yet, while he lived, there was no man in America who could dispute his right to be ranked at the head of the jury-lawyers of this continent.

Turn we now to the great monuments that the Judge left behind him. During the thirty-four years of his judicial career, nearly all the great questions of the American system of government passed in review before the court over which he presided, and by uniform consent of all the court, the weightier Constitutional questions were turned over to the Rhadamanthine judgment of the Chief-Justice. However the court might differ in their private discussions, recorded dissents from the judgments of Marshall are hardly to be found. And what volumes of judicial wisdom are there in these celebrated decisions. What a storehouse for the law student and the statesman where they may find the soundest principles established by the most perfect logic. A careful study and frequent reading of Chief-Justice Marshall's decisions is the best of all discipline for the acquisition of the most thorough and invincible logic. He was a genius in the field of purely legal investigation; his reasoning is not only strong and admirable, but in many cases it is impossible to conceive of a more perfect line of argument.

Choate's name will be preserved in the roll of fame among the brightest examples of legal attainment and forensic eloquence. He stands in the past like a beautiful edifice, polished, symmetrical, towering toward the sky. Marshall, on the other hand, reminds us of the Alleghanies of his native State, and his fame and his deeds are a part and parcel of American history as these mountains are a part of the American continent. He laid great blocks of granite, vast, immovable, at the foundation of American jurisprudence, which shall remain there while our civilization endures.

It is important, in contemplating these contrasted characters, that our readers, and especially earnest young men who are looking among celebrated lawyers for the best models, should make a wise selection here. When the great Advocate was in the height of his fame, his advent at a county-seat could be traced months after in wild-looking and pale-faced young men, with disheveled hair and midnight in their faces, making gestures like a galvanized manikin, and yoking not less than six adjectives to every noun substantive which they used. The fame as well as the magnetism of the orator had bewitched them.

Let it be borne in mind, that while not one young lawyer in a thousand has, or can ever acquire, the peculiar talents of Choate, almost every person of strong natural sense, vigorous understanding, and honest purpose can learn to think and to reason like John Marshall, and leave behind him, to those who shall come after, monuments more useful and more enduring, though less ornate and marvelous, than the bright but perishable memorial of the great Advocate.

It can not be too frequently repeated, that wisdom will always outlive splendor, and logic will withstand the shocks of time which batter down and sweep away the beautiful but fragile creations of rhetoric. The style of the "twelve tables," which comprised the fundamental principles of the Roman law, is bold and rugged, but they have done far more for the world than any of the orations of Cicero with all the resplendency of their unequaled rhetoric, for "Justice," says one, who was at once the deepest thinker and the supreme writer of the age in which he lived, "Justice is itself the great standing policy of civil society, and any eminent departure from it, under any circumstances, lies under the suspicion of being no policy at all." L. E. L.

HANDWRITING.

The more I compare the different handwritings which pass under my observation, the more I am confirmed in the idea that they are so many expressions—so many emanations from the mind of the writer, by which you can judge of it.—*Chateaubriand.*

SEVERAL correspondents have inquired if we can tell a person's character by examining his handwriting—if, in other words, chirography affords trustworthy indications of mental qualities. Such a question can not be satisfactorily answered by a yes or a no; and, as we deem the subject one of general interest, we will now give the reader the results of our observation, reading, and thinking with reference to it.

Mind precedes, fashions, and directs the physical organization. It determines the shape of the head, the contours of the body, the expression of the countenance, the tones and modulations of the voice, the manner of walking, the mode of shaking hands, the gestures—in short, the appearance and movements of the individual generally, including the shape of the fingers and their motions in forming the characters used in writing. It follows that the latter must differ in the handwriting of different persons, and be in some manner and degree signs of character. This general proposition will, we presume, be almost universally admitted. We, at least, shall not seek to avoid a conclusion so naturally and directly reached. Every general rule, however, has its exceptions—or, more correctly, there are minor laws which modify the action of all general laws, in some cases practically nullifying them. These minor laws or modifying conditions must be understood and applied. The admission that there are indications of character in chirography does not involve a claim to be able in all cases to discover and read them; and the physiognomist who should set up such a claim, in the present state of our knowledge on this subject, would soon find himself involved in inextricable difficulties.

In order that the reader may get a clear idea of the real value of handwriting as an index of character, it will be necessary to consider—

1st. The principal styles of caligraphy in connection with the mental and bodily characteristics on which they depend, and which they, therefore, normally indicate;

2d. The accidental conditions which often modify or render nugatory the action of the general laws involved; and,

3d. Various illustrative examples.

STYLES OF HANDWRITING.

The various styles of handwriting, so far as they are affected by the mental organization and may be taken as indicative of character, may be thus classified:

1. The Fine and Regular;
2. The Irregular and Unsightly;
3. The Rounded and Measured;
4. The Angular and Pointed;
5. The Large and Bold;
6. The Small and Cramped or Weak;
7. The Formal and Precise;
8. The Ornate;
9. The Plain and Legible; and
10. The Dashing and Illegible.

1. THE FINE AND REGULAR.—Large Constructiveness, Form, and Order with a good degree of Ideality, and a calm, cool, equable temper are favorable to the formation of this style of handwriting; and in a person habitually making use of it, we should look for good sense, industry, self-control, taste, neatness, and a mild, patient, even disposition, with little imagination or originality, and moderate executiveness. We shall seek in vain for perfect examples of this style among really great men.

2 THE IRREGULAR AND UNSIGHTLY.—In this style the letters are badly shaped, lack completeness, and manifest general disorder. The lines are usually as irregular as the letters and words, being jumbled together, and seldom keeping the proper horizontal direction. We infer from it a lack of Constructiveness and Order, and a want of harmony in the action of the various faculties. There must be either abstraction and inattention, or indecision and unsteadiness, and perhaps all of them. There may be talent and energy, but we should expect much aimless effort and little perseverance.

3. THE ROUNDED AND MEASURED.—Here, as in the first class, large Constructiveness and large Order are indicated, but with more strength and deliberation. The individual to whom this hand is natural should possess clearness, coolness, steadiness, perseverance, patience, and mechanical skill. In disposition he is likely to be calm, resolute, and equable.

4. THE ANGULAR AND POINTED.—The characters in this style seem to be formed, as it were, by sudden jerks, and possess more force than grace. It may be more or less regular and beautiful, depending for these qualities upon the greater or less development of Constructiveness, Order, and Ideality, but it always has definiteness and directness. It indicates talent and energy. The writer may be rough and uncultivated, but he will be found to have great mental vigor and originality, and a strong will. He is likely to be impatient of restraint, independent, self-reliant, courageous, and steadfast. You can rely on such a one as a friend, but may well beware of him as an enemy.

5. THE LARGE AND BOLD.—This style is generally, but not always regular, and legible as well as strong. It indicates a mind more manly, broad, and strong than delicate or penetrating; a spirit firm, resolute, and determined, taking hold, with-

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out hesitation and without calculation, and forming many resolutions which are frequently more rash than wise; an independent, daring, courageous, but benevolent, philanthropic, and generous disposition; free without ostentation in prosperity, and patient, spirited, and inflexible in adversity. A person thus characterized is capable of undertaking very difficult, severe, and dangerous enterprises, seldom lacking the necessary power and will to execute them, if there be sufficient talent or genius for their conception.

6. The Small and Cramped.—In this style the letters appear to have been commenced with hesitation, as if there were doubts in the writer's mind of his ability, through a lack of strength or of resolution, to complete them. It seems to indicate weakness either of body or of mind, if not of both. Fearful instincts control a will without power to resist and neutralize their depressing influence—a spirit without intrinsic power, without resolution, and without ability, easily disconcerted and discouraged if hindered in the performance of anything, and even fearful in doing that which it has the power to begin. The disposition is reckless, though not bold, lazy, timid, shy, and irritable; seeing everywhere traps, ambushes, and nameless dangers. There is large Cautiousness, combined with small Hope and little executiveness.

7. The Formal and Precise.—Here the letters are formed and arranged as if by measurement. It is mechanically methodical. Constructiveness and Order are indicated, but there is no exhibition of Ideality. We infer that the mind of the writer is conventional, narrow, precise to a fault, and lacking in taste and imagination as well as in warmth and sensibility. The spirit is positive and exact, but usually contracted, and the tastes, customs, and inclinations few and circumscribed; yet there is a tendency to egotism, and too little susceptibility to the finer feelings and social relationships.

8. The Ornate.—This is written with excessive strokes and superfluous ornaments. This style is frequently seen among young writing-masters of bad taste, who are given to brilliant and extravagant flourishes. Such writing, when not professional or a mere matter of education or imitation, denotes a full development of Constructiveness, Form, and Ideality, with less reflective intellect, and a light-hearted, buoyant, enterprising, and adventurous disposition. The individual to whom such a style of writing is natural, will be found to possess great activity of body and mind, to be impatient of inaction, always occupied, but often without results, beginning many things and finishing few. He will have more energy than persistence, and more hopefulness than foresight.

9. The Plain and Legible.—This style, though it may not always present the qualities of good writing, is nevertheless traced by a sure, calm, and careful hand, so that he who writes thus, cares more for clearness than for embellishment. It denotes reflective intellect, a firm will, prudence, and a serious, steadfast disposition. We should look to the writer of such a hand for well-directed and profitable labor in any sphere in which he might be placed. He would live for usefulness rather than for show, and if not brilliant or original, will be likely to benefit the world quite as much as many a more aspiring and highly gifted, but less industrious and painstaking person.

10. The Dashing and Illegible.—In this kind of writing the words seem to be thrown upon the paper with so much hastiness that the letters are scarcely formed, and indicate an intellect generally well developed, sometimes even illuminated by genius, but in every case under the control of a lively and fertile imagination. The spirit is turbulent, carried away by the force of an inspiration, often too exuberant, while the hand, striving to keep pace with the thought, finds itself incapable of expressing the ideas and sentiments with corresponding rapidity. The character is often lively, impatient, ambitious, violent, incapable of bearing contradiction, and hot in controversy, and in matters of affection, devotion, charity, and philanthropy it exhibits a like fervor and enthusiasm.*

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

We claim nothing like absolute correctness on every point for the foregoing remarks on the indications of the various kinds of handwriting. We believe that they will be found in the main theoretically sound—in other words, that supposing a person to trace his letters and words freely, untrammeled by educational bias and uncontrolled by a too active organ of Imitation, he will express something of his character in them, and that its indications are as we have stated them. It does not follow that we (and much less the inexperienced reader) can tell every man's character by inspecting his handwriting. Various incidental conditions modifying our general rules, some of which have already been hinted at, must now be taken into consideration.

1. Education.—Some persons continue to write through life substantially the hand they originally acquired by imitating the copies set before them by their teacher. If such handwriting express any character, it must be that of the teacher rather than the pupil. It tells us one thing of the latter, however, that is, that he has little character of his own to exhibit—at least, little originality, independence, or self-reliance. Most persons who write much soon lose or greatly modify their school-boy caligraphy, though it may have a greater or less influence in the formation of the individual's distinctive handwriting, and must be taken into the account in our estimate of its value as a sign of character

As a matter of education as well as of original differences of character, each nation has its peculiar general style of caligraphy, so that an experienced observer can tell a person's nationality by his style of penmanship, irrespective of any difference in their alphabet or language. The Englishman's handwriting is different from that of the American; and the Frenchman's, the German's, the Italian's, the Spaniard's, etc., differ widely from both and from each other.

Professional Handwriting.—In all our cities and towns there is a large class of persons, including reporters, book-keepers, clerks, and copyists, who write in a style that may be called professional, and which, though it does not entirely exclude variety and originality, tends to create a degree of sameness, and to constantly repress all eccentricities. Such writing can be at best only partially characteristic of the individual. It is rather an index of his business or profession than of his personal traits.

Handwriting of Women.—In general, women adhere more closely than men to prescribed models, and there is great similiarity in the style of the great mass of feminine writers. The remarks we have made in reference to the preceding classes will apply with still greater force to them. Such remarks, of course, are general, and many exceptions may be pointed out. Strong traits of character, whether in man or woman, will break over conventional rules.

Imitation Large.—In some individuals Imitation is so large and active, that is seems easier for them to be "somebody else" than themselves. They assume any character they choose, or any one that is presented for them to copy. Their handwriting is hardly twice alike. If they admire any particular style they at once copy it, but soon abandon it for a new fancy, or in imitation of that of a letter which they may be answering. Of course the chirography of such persons is of no value in physiognomy beyond its use as a sign of dominant Imitation.

Combinations of Styles.—Leaving out of view the large classes of exceptional cases which we have named, we have still subjects enough on which to exercise our skill. Here, though we shall meet with many difficulties, we shall be rewarded in the end with satisfactory results; but we must first learn to distinguish the different styles of handwriting and their indications, then we must study them in their combinations (for we seldom find them pure) and give to each element its due weight in our estimates of character. Observation and study will elicit new facts and principles, and in time, perhaps, we may have a science, or at least a system, founded on handwriting, and called Graphomancy.

ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES.

From several hundred autographs of noted men and women now before us, we select a few with which to illustrate the foregoing remarks. We attempt no classification, and leave the reader to draw his own inferences.

Benjamin Franklin expressed in his handwriting the vigor, the breadth, the liberality, the independence, and the practical tendencies of his mind. His signature shows a combination of the qualities of our fifth and ninth classes. It is round, bold, plain, and legible.

George Washington's signature is large, bold, and round, the strokes being heavier and more dashing than those of Franklin. Its main characteristics are those of the fifth class, but it has some of the qualities of the fourth and the tenth.

Andrew Jackson wrote a strong, bold, angular hand, in every stroke of which may be traced his indomitable will and directness of purpose. His signature is underscored with a heavy straight line, drawn by a firm, steady hand.

Zachary Taylor's autograph is similar to that of Jackson, but somewhat less free and flowing. In striking contrast with both is that of

* In the preparation of this section we have availed ourselves, so far as we deem them correct and appropriate, of the interesting remarks of Lepelletier de la Sarthe in his *Traité Complet de Physiognomonie*. They have been so greatly modified, however, that anything more than this general acknowledgment is impracticable.

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FRANK PIERCE, which is elegant, ornate, and dashing.

JOHN RANDOLPH wrote in the angular and pointed style, as did THOMAS JEFFERSON and PATRICK HENRY.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW furnishes us with an elegant autograph, free, rounded, backward sloping, and somewhat dashing, but very legible.

LORD BYRON wrote an angular, dashing, irregular, illegible hand, indicative at the same time of genius and want of mental symmetry and self-control.

MADAME OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT writes an elegant, regular Italian hand, somewhat ornate, but very beautiful.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S signature shows a good example of the plain, legible, open style, with an approach to the angular.

HENRY WARD BEECHER signs his name in a free, dashing, independent style, in which vigor, boldness, and originality are manifest.

HORACE GREELEY, as is generally known, writes a most irregular and illegible hand. Contrast it with the handsome, round, bold, regular, and legible caligraphy of

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Both are men of great talent, but their minds differ as widely as their handwriting.

EDWARD EVERETT wrote in an elegant, regular, measured style.

EDGAR A. POE'S signature is bold, dashing, irregular, and full of originality.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT'S handwriting is plain and angular; that of GENERAL SHERMAN, angular and dashing; and that of GENERAL MCCLELLAN, angular, but small and slightly cramped.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S signature indicates the plain and legible style.

JOHN G. WHITTIER writes in a bold, dashing, but irregular and uneven style.

LORD PALMERSTON'S autograph shows a combination of styles, which makes it difficult to analyze, but it certainly has angularity and irregularity. It would, perhaps, be dashing, were it not a little constrained.

WASHINGTON IRVING wrote in a small but rather heavy, angular, but legible style.

ABBOTT LAWRENCE signed his name in a handsome, round, bold, business-like style.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S handwriting was bold, strong, and legible; and GEORGE BANCROFT'S has similar characteristics, but, in his signature at least, is more dashing.

P. B. SHILLABER (Mrs. Partington) writes in a facile and legible, but irregular style, the letters sloping both ways.

PAULINE CUSHMAN'S handwriting is large, bold, round, and masculine.

FITZ GREENE HALLECK'S autograph is small, elegant, and delicate, but pointed.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S chirography is strong, as eccentric, and as nervous as his style, and as difficult to describe.

THOMAS MOORE'S signature is small, round, and graceful; THACKERAY'S is also small and handsome, but more dashing; while TUPPER'S is elegant and measured, if not formal.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN writes as he speaks, in a bold, free, "spread-eagle" style.

N. P. WILLIS writes in a small, but rather heavy, angular, even, firm style.

GEORGE CRUICKSHANK'S autograph is, perhaps, the most singular one before us. It occupies almost half a common-sized page, and defies all analysis. It seems as full of fun as the man himself.

These examples might be extended indefinitely, but these will serve our purpose.

Reader, please favor us with a specimen of your undisguised handwriting—in the shape of a subscription to the JOURNAL.

QUEEN HORTENSE.*

TO BE SET TO MUSIC.

HER fate is changed—her face is pale—
The smile is gone she wore;
The loveliest flower that gemmed the vale
Shall cheer the eye no more!

That voice is mute that, long divine,
Awoke the minstrel tone;
Yet still it clings round many a shrine
And makes her griefs our own.

'Twas not for us her raptures came—
To thrones she turned, and high
The crested warrior shrined her name,
And answered to her sigh.

Yet far unseen her mem'ries bring
Their passing sweet control,
Give grief to every breathing string,
And fervor to the soul.

And were they true that moved with thee
In glory's golden hour,
Who proud, yet meekly bent the knee
Beneath thy beauty's power?

As fades from morn the crimson streak,
So fades the worldly vow;
The roseate light hath left thy cheek—
The pearls have left thy brow.

Her fate is changed—her face is pale—
The smile is gone she wore;
The loveliest flower that gemmed the vale
Shall cheer the eye no more!

CHATHAM, C. W. THOMAS FENTON.

OLD MEN'S CHILDREN.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I observe that a good many distinguished men were born when their parents had attained considerable age. Lord Chatham, Alexander Von Humboldt, Lord Bacon, Mahomet, Louis Napoleon, Andrew Jackson, Stonewall Jackson, General Lee, were all, I believe, youngest sons. William Pitt was born when his father was fifty-one years old. Henry Clay was the fifth of seven children. Benjamin Franklin, the fifteenth of seventeen. John C. Calhoun, the fourth of five. Do you think there is anything in it? or are these merely exceptional cases?

"I observe, also, that many eminent men are tall; is that frequently the case? and if so, how do you account for it?

"Many great men have feeble bodies. Does the brain consume the nutriment which should go to the body if the brain were not so large and active?"

These are good facts and sensible questions, and it gives us pleasure to discuss them. We have scores of questions that ought to be answered in the very asking. The list our friend gives of eminent men, the offspring of matured parents, might be greatly enlarged, but he has given enough to illustrate the point. Youthful parents more frequently transmit emotional life, bodily vigor, and animal feeling.

As parents ripen in constitution, become solid and strong in body, and well developed in brain, and fully matured in culture, their younger children are likely to take the benefit of these improvements in the parents.

We remember a case in Virginia, while lecturing there some twenty-five years ago. We became acquainted with a couple, the proprietors of a hotel where we were stopping, who had a singular family. The father and mother were noble specimens of humanity—large, handsome, plump, and rosy. They had eight or nine children; the first, a boy, was slim and short, stoop-shouldered, with a narrow chest; his cheeks were fallen in, his eye lacked luster, and his head was small, and though by no means idiotic, he had to be cared for by his father. He had learned his father's trade, and worked with him, so that he might be helped over the rough spots. The second child was an improvement on the first, and so each succeeding child was superior to the preceding; but they did not have a child worthy of themselves till the sixth or seventh, and the youngest was the best of the lot. Besides, the oldest son looked almost as old as the father; he was wrinkled and rusty, and his father fair and ruddy, and they often passed for brothers.

During our stay we ascertained that the father was fifteen and the mother thirteen when they were married, and they had no children "worth mentioning," though they had them rapidly till they were of mature age themselves.

Many eminent men are tall; and we think largeness—tallness being one of the measurements—is favorable to greatness. We think any deliberative body of men, such for instance as the American Congress, the British or French Parliaments, the men will be found to be taller than the average.

In 1841, we remember that Mr. Stanley, of North Carolina, was regarded as the smallest man in Congress—that is, the shortest and slightest built; he certainly looked the shortest on the floor. Happening to be in the East Room of the President's House, Mr. Stanley and others came in; and in order to test the matter we stood alongside of him, to allow our friend to compare the relative height of Mr. Stanley with the writer. He was about five feet and eight or nine inches in height, which is a little above the medium height.

It will generally be found that eminent men have large chests, and those who can do the most work and last the longest are those who have a good-sized chest and abdomen.

Some of our eminent men, besides, may be mentioned as being stout. Benton, Silas Wright, Lewis Cass, Daniel Webster, Berrien, the two Adamses, Dr. Franklin, and Dixon H. Lewis were all eminently working men, tough, strong, and earnest.

Mr. Calhoun was slim; he occasionally made a speech, but did not keep the crank turning like Benton and the rest of them. Jackson was slim; he was impulsive, not continuous in labor.

While we recognize the majority of eminent men as being above the usual tallness, we think it will be found that they are more likely to be large than merely tall. Small men who are well proportioned, wiry, and wide-awake, like Fremont, Dr. Kane, and many others, accomplish a great deal through the mental clearness and activity of their natures. But if we had a wide swath to be mowed, give us the broad-shouldered, round-chested, brawny Benton. If we had a mental battle to wage, give us such a man to hammer at the foe rather than the light, small man to pierce with sharp sayings and scathe with occasional scintillations of wit or genius.

We do not approve of very early marriages, nor would we do anything to prevent the fullest bodily growth of every human being.

* "I left her pale and sad, by the lake of Constance—I left her as if parting from a desert of flowers which I never expected to see again."—*French Author (quoted in the "Life of Napoleon the Third," by Smucker, LL.D.).*

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THE TWO PATHS.*

The following contrasts, illustrative of the effects of a right or a wrong course of life upon an individual, are submitted to our readers. They tell their own story. In the one case we see a child, as it were, develop into true manhood; in the other, into the miserable inebriate or the raving maniac.

Two boys (figs. 1 and 2) start out in life with fair advantages and buoyant hopes. With them it remains to choose in what direction they shall steer their barks. Fig. 3 represents the first as having chosen the way of righteousness — the upward path. He lives temperately, forms worthy associations, attends the Sunday-school, strives to improve his mind with useful knowledge, and is regarded in the community as a young man of excellent character and promise.

In fig. 4, on the contrary, the boy is represented as having unwisely chosen the downward course, thinking he will enjoy himself and not submit to what he considers the strait jacket of moral discipline. He becomes coarse and rough in feature and slovenly in dress; he smokes and chews, drinks, gambles, attends the race-course, spends his nights at the play-house or the tavern, disregards all parental authority and admonition, and develops into the full-grown rowdy, and as such he sets at naught all domestic ties and obligations, leaving his wife and children to beg, starve, or eke out a wretched subsistence by the most exhausting and inadequately compensated toil. Fig. 5 represents the playfellow of his childhood pursuing the straight course, in the full maturity of his faculties and powers, and is constantly rising in the scale of honorable manhood. His habits are regulated by his judgment, and his body and brain are in full vigor and in a high state of development. His features are comely, fresh, and open. Integrity is stamped upon his head and face. He is a loving, cherishing husband, a kind father, an obliging neighbor, a faithful friend, and an esteemed citizen, eligible to any office of trust and honor, and capable of filling any post in civil life with dignity and credit. With increasing years (fig. 7) honors thicken upon him. Beautiful in age, surrounded with appreciative friends, revered by the young, respected and loved by all, he at length, like a shock of corn fully ripe, calmly yields up his spirit to be

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

garnered in among the immortal blessed. The other, persisting in the course as we last saw him in fig. 6, growing more and more negligent of

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

the laws of propriety and order, develops at length into the character exhibited in fig. 8, and his career terminates in a frenzied self-murder, or

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

in a drunken fracas, or in an asylum or prison. Hooted at and derided, an incubus upon society, a terror to the weak and delicate, his death

Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

affords gratification, for "'tis a nuisance abated"—a "good riddance."

Young man, which of these paths are you treading now? Are you advancing in that which constitutes the true man? or are you retrograding, and descending below even the level of the brute? Your course is either upward or downward. There is no middle by-way, and you will become what your habits and conduct make you. Be warned in time; consider these views; take counsel of the good and true; follow your own interior convictions of duty and propriety and your career can not but be honorable. Your features, which are now comely and well formed, may, by boldly pursuing the way of righteousness, become more and more beautiful as you ripen into the glories of Christian manhood, and others, beholding your inflexible integrity and attractive grace, will say, in the words of Pope—behold,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

* From "Physiognomy, or Signs of Character," Part III. Price for the work complete, $4. Address Fowler and Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

HOPE.

Hope, heavenly Hope is all serene,
Her light springs from the Great Unseen,
We see her radiant beams afar,
She is the wand'rer's guiding star.

She cheers the heart, relieves our pain,
No lines of care her fair front stain,
But blithe and free; drops from her wings
A balm to solace all life's stings.

There's music in her dimpled smile
Which will the tongue of grief beguile,
Light up with joy e'en hearts oppress,
And lull the wearied soul to rest.

The dew of youth, the rose of health,
Do sparkle more than sordid wealth,
And they are his without duress,
Whose life is fanned by cheerfulness.

Cheer up, sad heart! Away, dull care!
Let's live to God, His blessings share;
Life hath for man, of joy, his fill,
Joy we can have, say but we will. H. S. D.

Holding Back the Shoulders.—For a great number of years, it has been the custom in France to give to young females of the earliest age the habit of holding back the shoulders, and thus expanding the chest. From the observation of anatomists, lately made, it appears that the clavicle, or collar bone, is actually longer in females of the French nation than those of the English. As the two nations are of the Caucasian race, as there is no other remarkable difference in their bones, and this is peculiar to the sex, it may be attributed to the habit above mentioned, which, by the extension of the arms, has gradually produced a national elongation of this bone. Thus we see that habit may be employed to alter and improve the solid bones. The French have succeeded in the development of a part that adds to health and beauty.

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SIGNIFICANCE OF SHAKING HANDS.

THERE is a significance in the different modes of shaking hands which indicates, so far as a single act can do, the character of the person. The reader who has observed may recall the peculiarities of different persons with whom he has shaken hands, and thus note how characteristic was this simple act.

How much do we learn of a man or a woman by the shake of the hand? Who would expect to get a handsome donation—or a donation at all—from one who puts out two fingers to be shaken, and keeps the others bent, as upon an "itching palm?" (Fig 6.) The hand coldly held out to be shaken, and drawn away again as soon as it decently may be, indicates a cold, if not a selfish and heartless character; while the hand which seeks yours and unwillingly relinquishes its warm, hearty clasp, belongs to a person with a genial disposition and a ready sympathy with his fellow-men.

In a momentary squeeze of the hand how much of the heart often oozes through the fingers! Who, that ever experienced it, has ever forgotten the feeling conveyed by the eloquent pressure of the hand of a dying friend, when the tongue has ceased to speak!

A right hearty grasp of the hand (fig. 1) indicates warmth, ardor, executiveness, and strength of character; while a soft, lax touch, without the grasp (fig. 2), indicates the opposite characteristics. In the grasp of persons with large-hearted, generous minds, there is a kind of "whole-soul expression, most refreshing and acceptable to kindred spirits.

Fig. 1.

But when Miss Weakness presents you with a few cold, clammy, lifeless fingers (fig. 4) for *you* to shake, you will naturally think of a hospital, an infirmary, or the tomb. There are foolish persons who think it pretty to have soft, wet, cold hands, when the fact is, it is only an evidence that they are sick; or that, inasmuch as the circulation of the blood is partial and feeble, they are not well; and unless they bring about a change, and induce warm hands and warm feet, by the necessary bodily exercises, they are on the road to the grave; cold hands, cold feet, and a hot head are indications of anything but health.

Fig. 2.

Action is life; inaction is death. Life, in the human body, is warm. Death is cold. Vigorous bodily action causes the blood to circulate throughout every part of the body. The want of action causes it, so to speak, to stand still. The blood goes most freely to those parts of the body or brain most exercised. If we swing the sledge-hammer like the blacksmith, or climb the ropes, like the sailor, we get large and strong arms and hands. If we row a boat or swing a scythe, it is the same. But if we use the brain chiefly to the exclusion of the muscles, we may have more active minds but weaker bodies. The better condition in which the entire being—body and brain—is symmetrically developed, requires the harmonious exercise of all the parts, in which case there will be a happy equilibrium, with no excess, no deficiency—no hot headache, no cold feet. Headache is usually caused by a foul stomach, or a pressure of blood on the brain; cold feet by a limited circulation of blood in those extremities.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

There is an old adage which says: "Keep the feet warm and the head cool," which was, no doubt, intended to counteract a tendency the other way. Certain it is that those who suffer with hot heads usually have cold feet and hands.

Fig. 5.

Time was, in the old country, when aristocracy deigned to extend a single finger, or at most, two, to be shaken by humble democracy. Even now we hear of instances in which "my noble lady" repeats the offense when saluted by a more humble individual. This is an indignity which no true man or woman will either offer or receive. Refinement and true gentility give the whole hand (fig. 5), and respond cordially, if at all. This is equivalent to saying, "You are welcome;" or, when parting, "Adieu! God be with you."

Fig. 6.

There is a habit, among a rude class, growing out of an over-ardent temperament on the part of those who are more strong and vigorous than delicate or refined, who give your hand a crushing grasp, which is often most painful. In these cases there may be great kindness and "strong" affection, but it is as crude as it is hearty.

Another gives you a cold, flabby hand, with no energy or warmth in it, and you feel chilled or repelled by the negative influence imparted, and you are expected to shake the inanimate appendage of a spiritless body.

Is the grasp warm, ardent, and vigorous? so is the disposition. Is it cool, formal, and without emotion? so is the character. Is it magnetic, electrical, and animating? the disposition is the same. As we shake hands, so we feel, and so we are. Much of our true character is revealed in shaking hands.

WHY DO WE SHAKE HANDS?

But why do we shake hands at all? It is a very old-fashioned way of indicating friendship. We read in the Book of books that Jehu said to Jehonadab: "Is thine heart right as my heart is with thy heart? If it be, give me thine hand." And it is not merely an old-fashioned custom. It is a *natural* one as well. It is the contact of sensitive and magnetic surfaces through which there is, in something more than merely a figurative sense, an interchange of feeling. The same principle is illustrated in another of our modes of greeting. When we wish to reciprocate the warmer feelings, we are not content with the contact of the hands—we bring the lips into service. A shake of the hands suffices for friendship, among undemonstrative Anglo-Saxons at least, but a kiss is a token of a more tender affection.—"*From Physiognomy.*"

A PLEA FOR REUNION.

TO D. R., OF AUGUSTA, GA.

LEAVE in its grave the buried past;
Let by-gones by-gones be;
I, o'er them all, dear friend of mine,
Stretch forth a hand to thee—
A hand as warm as e'er of yore
(The heart beats in its clasp);
I know thou wilt not spurn the pledge,
But meet its friendly grasp.

And, here though mad fanatics rave,
And there hot-headed knaves
Would still the hateful strife prolong,
Above our sacred graves,
The millions of the Northland now
Reach out their hands with me,
And greet their brothers of the South,
As I, my friend, greet thee.

On many a late ensanguined field
Lie, peaceful, side by side,
The Northern and the Southern born,
Where swept war's lurid tide;
Let us, as peaceful, till the soil
Enriched at such a cost,
Nor break their rest by fighting o'er
Their battles won or lost.

Yes, let us join with hearty will
To dig those bastions down
Whereon, in days now haply past,
Great guns were wont to frown.
Our only "earthworks" now should be
The corn-rows on the plain,
And vineyard trenches on the hills—
Our "lines" the waving grain.

God bless the sunny Southern land!
And thee, good friend, and thine!
Give me thy hand with hearty grasp,
As I here offer mine;
And, whether near or far apart,
Bright be the links between;
Nor smoke of battle evermore,
Or "pickets" intervene.

D. H. JACQUES.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SOONER OR LATER.

BY HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.

SOONER or later the storms shall beat
Over my slumber from head to feet;
Sooner or later the winds shall rave
In the long green grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie,
Nothing their sound shall signify,
Nothing the headstone's fret of rain,
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine
Tenderly on that mound of mine;
Sooner or later, in summer air,
Clover and violet blossom there.

I shall not feel, in that deep-laid rest,
The sheeted light fall over my breast,
Nor ever note in those hidden hours
The fragrance of the tossing flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows
Shall add their hush to my mute repose;
Sooner or later shall slant and shift,
And heap my bed with their dazzling drift.

Chill though that frozen pall shall seem,
Its touch no colder can make the dream
That recks not the sweet and sacred dread
Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later the bee shall come
And fill the noon with his golden hum;
Sooner or later on half-paused wing
The blue-bird's warble about me ring—

Ring and chirrup and whistle with glee—
Nothing his music means to me;
None of these beautiful things shall know
How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,
The stars shall over me wing their flight;
Sooner or later my darkling dews
Catch the white spark in their silent ooze.

Never a ray shall part the gloom
That wraps me round in the kindly tomb;
Peace shall be perfect for lip and brow,
Sooner or later—oh, why not now?

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On Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight;
Lovely, but solemn it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

Dr. Doddridge was on terms of very intimate friendship with Dr. Samuel Clarke, and in religious conversation they spent many happy hours together. Among other matters, a very favorite topic was the intermediate state of the soul, and the probability that at the instant of dissolution it was introduced into the presence of all the heavenly hosts, and the splendors around the throne of God. One evening, after a conversation of this nature, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest, and "in the visions of the night" his ideas were shaped into the following beautiful form.

He dreamed that he was at the house of a friend, when he was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to grow worse, and at last to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he had exchanged the prison-house and sufferings of mortality for a state of liberty and happiness. Embodied in a slender, aerial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but not a glittering city or a village, the forest or the sea were visible. There was naught to be seen below save the melancholy group of his friends, weeping around his lifeless remains. Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his happy change, but by some mysterious power, utterance was denied; and as he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon the air, their forms became more and more indistinct, and gradually melted away from his sight. Reposing upon golden clouds, he found himself swiftly mounting the skies, with a venerable figure at his side, guiding his mysterious movements, and in whose countenance he discovered the lineaments of youth and age blended together, with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness.

They traveled together through a vast region of empty space, until, at length, the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance, and as its form rose brilliant and distinct among the far-off shadows that flitted athwart their path, the guide informed him that the palace he beheld was, for the present, to be his mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendor, he replied that while on earth he had often heard that eye had not seen, nor ear heard, nor could the heart of man conceive, the things which God hath prepared for those who love him; but notwithstanding, the building to which they were rapidly approaching was superior to anything he had before beheld, yet its grandeur had not exceeded the conceptions he had formed. The guide made no reply—they were already at the door, and entered. The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table, covered with a snow-white cloth, a golden cup, and a cluster of grapes, and then said that he must leave him, but that *he* must remain, for in a short time he would receive a visit from the lord of the mansion, and that during the interval before his arrival, the apartment would furnish him sufficient entertainment and instruction. The guide vanished, and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he perceived, to his astonishment, that they formed a complete biography of his own life. Here he saw depicted, that angels, though unseen, had ever been his familiar attendants; and sent by God they had sometimes preserved him from imminent peril. He beheld himself first represented as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angel gently breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection, and unfolded many things which he had never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uneasiness. Among others he was particularly impressed with a picture in which he was represented as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable had not an angel received him in his arms and broken the force of his descent. These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he surveyed in them all an exhibition of goodness and mercy far beyond all that he had imagined.

Suddenly his attention was arrested by a knock at the door. The lord of the mansion had arrived—the door opened and he entered. So powerful and overwhelming, and withal of such singular beauty was his appearance, that he sank down at his feet, completely overcome by his majestic presence. His lord gently raised him from the ground, and taking his hand led him forward to the table. He pressed with his fingers the juice of the grapes into the golden cup, and after having himself drank, he presented it to him, saying, "This is the new wine in my Father's kingdom." No sooner had he partaken than all uneasy sensations vanished, perfect love had now cast out fear, and he conversed with the Saviour as an intimate friend. Like the silver rippling of a summer sea he heard fall from his lips the grateful approbation: "Thy labors are finished, thy work is approved; rich and glorious is the reward." Thrilled with an unspeakable bliss, that pervaded the very depths of his soul, he suddenly saw glories upon glories bursting upon his view. The Doctor awoke. Tears of rapture from this joyful interview were rolling down his cheeks. Long did the lively impression of this charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak of it without emotions of joy, and with tender and grateful remembrance.

What is Astrakan?—Many woman are weering astrakan without thinking what it is. Astrakan, as its name indicates, is an Asiatic invention. They couple a black ewe with a black ram. Before the dam has given birth to the young, she is killed and the lambs are taken from her womb. Their wool is jet black and of an extreme fineness. It costs very dear; there are Persians whose astrakan bonnets are worth 500 francs ($100) apiece. This statement is worthy of notice by ladies who have false astrakan—astrakan the wool of which is long and dyed.

INFLUENCE OF MIND OVER BODY.

An ex-army surgeon sends us some items gleaned from his experience, in illustration of the influence of the mind upon the body for life or death.

A soldier, during the retreat which followed the second battle at Bull Run, lost both feet from a shell. As it was dark when he fell, the poor fellow was overlooked, but, with admirable fortitude and presence of mind, he immediately set about binding up the bleeding stumps, using his shirt for bandages and his tent-cord for ligatures, and succeeded in staunching the hemorrhage until he was properly cared for by a surgeon three days afterward.

Such was his buoyancy and hopefulness that he recovered rapidly, and in less than a year was "on his legs again," though footless. Another soldier, at the battle of Antietam, received a slight wound in an arm, and although surgical aid was speedily administered, yet he lost all hope and self-sustaining power, and sank so rapidly as to die within a week.

A lieutenant of the Pennsylvania Reserves, in the battle of the Wilderness, sustained a flesh-wound in the arm, but neglecting to wash it occasionally to keep down the inflammation before he reached the hospital, mortification had set in, which caused his death in a few days.

In the first instance we have a striking illustration of the preponderating influence of those organs which impart strength, endurance, executiveness, fondness for existence, and hopefulness. These were sufficient to buoy him up and enable him to triumph over a terrible wound.

In the two other cases submitted, the phrenological organs at the base of the brain were evidently small, and the body lacking the stimulus which a large basilar development affords, sank under wounds comparatively trifling.

Testing Us.—A correspondent writes: Formerly I did not believe much in Phrenology, but when I was in New York a year ago I went to your rooms just to gratify a curiosity; I had to hear what you would say; I got a written character and a large chart, and in comparing them and marking the combinations, I was much struck with the correctness of your *observation*, or *science*, or *good guessing*, especially in a great many little things, traits, and tastes which I had considered were generally unnoticed. To test you still further, I persuaded my brother to go and see you. I made him a present of one of your large charts. I wished him to enter on the study of medicine, and thought I would hear what you would say (of course *he* had no faith in it); well, you told him he would make a good surgeon; that he was eminently fitted for it, and could become a good physician, also, if he would. Well, he entered on his studies, and has succeeded beyond all his peers—beyond our most sanguine expectations. Although he has studied but a year, the professors of the college have assured him he was as fit to graduate as nine tenths of those who got diplomas after four years' study. This spring I got my husband to send you his picture and get a written character on that, and I must say the one you sent was astonishingly correct—a good, sound business man, thorough and persevering, with great go-ahead and firmness, and strong social feelings—and this, too, only from his picture. MRS. M. E. W.

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SIR MATTHEW HALE.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCE.

A GENTLEMAN of considerable fortune in England had two sons, one of whom caused him much anxiety from his dissipated character and conduct. The elder brother at length asked permission of his father to visit some foreign clime, which was readily granted.

It was not long after he left home before the ship he sailed in was captured by an Algerine corsair, and was taken prisoner and conveyed to Algiers, where he remained a number of years without an opportunity of sending to or hearing from home. At length he effected his escape, and returned to his native land very destitute; when he arrived at the place where he was born, he was shocked to hear that his father had been dead several years, and his younger brother was in full possession of his estates. On this information he proceeded immediately to his brother's house, where on his arrival he stated who he was, and recounted his misfortunes.

He was at first received with evident tokens of surprise; but what was his astonishment, after his brother had recovered himself, to find that he (the younger brother) was determined to treat him as an impostor, and ordered him to quit his house, for he had a number of witnesses to prove the death of his elder brother abroad.

Being thus received, he returned to the village, but met with no better success, as those who would be likely to give him assistance were either dead or had gone away. In this predicament he succeeded in finding an attorney, to whom he related the circumstances exactly as they stood, and requested his advice.

The attorney, seeing the desperate state in which the affair stood, observed that as his brother was in possession, he would be likely to have recourse to very unjust means, by suborning witnesses, etc.; but that he would undertake to advocate the cause on condition that if he proved successful he should receive a thousand pounds ($5,000); "if the contrary," said the attorney, "as you have nothing to give, I shall demand nothing." To this proposal the eldest brother agreed. It should be remarked, that at this time bribery and corruption were at such a pitch that it was no uncommon thing for judge, jury, and the whole court to be perverted; and the lawyer naturally concluded, this being the case, that the elder brother stood but a very indifferent chance, although he himself had no doubt of the validity of his claim. In this dilemma, he resolved to take a journey to London, and lay the case before Sir Matthew Hale, then Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench—a character no less conspicuous for his abilities than for his unshaken integrity and strict impartiality.

Sir Matthew heard the relation of the circumstances with patience, as likewise the attorney's suspicions of the means that would be adopted to deprive the elder brother of his right. He (Sir Matthew) desired him to go on with the regular process of the law, and leave the rest to him.

Thus matters stood till the day of trial came on—a few days previous to which Sir Matthew left home and traveled until he came within a short distance of the town where the matter was

PORTRAIT OF SIR MATTHEW HALE.

to be decided; when passing a miller's house, he directed the coachman to stop, while he alighted from his carriage and went into the house. After saluting the miller, he told him that he had a request to make which he hoped would be complied with, which was to exchange clothes with him and allow him to leave his carriage there until he should return (in a day or two).

The miller at first supposed that Sir Matthew was joking, but on being convinced to the contrary, he would fain have brought his best suit; but no, the chief justice, equipped with the miller's clothes, hat, and wig, proceeded on foot the following morning.

Understanding the trial between the brothers was to take place that day, he went early to the court hall, without having communication with any one on the subject. By mixing in the crowd, he had soon an opportunity of having the elder brother pointed out to him.

He soon accosted him with, "Well, my friend, how is your case likely to go on?" "I do not know," replied he, "but I am afraid but badly, for I have reason to believe that both judge and jury are deeply bribed; and for myself, having nothing but the justice of the cause to depend on, unsupported by the property which my brother can command, I have but faint hope of succeeding."

He then recounted to the supposed miller the whole of his tale, and finished by informing him of the agreement which had taken place between himself and the lawyer; although Sir Matthew was in possession of the principal part of the circumstances, yet the ingenuous relation he now heard left no doubt in his mind of his being the lawful heir to the estate in question.

Sir Matthew being determined to act accordingly, he, with this view, begged the eldest brother not to be discouraged; "for," says he, "perhaps it may be in my power to be of service to you. I don't know that I can, being as you see but a poor miller; but I will do what I can, if you will follow my advice; it can do you no harm, and may be of some use to you."

The elder brother readily caught at anything that might afford the least prospect of success, and eagerly promised to adopt any reasonable plan he might propose.

"Well, then," said the pretended miller, "when the names of the jury are called over, do you object to one of them, no matter which; the judge will perhaps ask you for your objections; let your reply be, 'I object to him by the rights of an Englishman,' without giving reasons why; you will then perhaps be asked whom you would wish to have in the room of the one you have objected to; should that be the case, I'll take care to be in the way; you can look round carelessly and mention me. If I am impanneled, though I can not promise, yet I entertain great hopes of being useful to you."

The elder brother agreed to follow his directions, and shortly after the trial came on. When the names of the jury were being called over, the elder brother, as he had been instructed, objected to one of them. "And pray," says the judge, in an authoritative tone, "why do you object to that gentleman as a juryman?" "I object to him, my lord, by the rights of an Englishman, without giving my reasons why." "And whom," says the judge, "do you wish to have in the room of that gentleman?" "I wish to have an honest man, my lord, no matter who;" and looking round, "suppose yon miller should be called." "Very well," said his lordship; "let the miller be sworn."

He was accordingly called down from the gallery, where he had been standing in view of the elder brother, and impanneled with the rest of the jury. He had not been long in the box, when he observed a little man very busy with the jury; and presently he came to him and slipped five guineas into his hand, intimating that it was a present from the younger brother; and after his departure the miller discovered, on inquiry of his neighbors, that each of them had received double that sum.

He now turned his whole attention to the trial, which appeared to lean decidedly in favor of the younger brother, the witnesses having sworn point-blank to the death and burial of the elder brother. His lordship proceeded to sum up the evidences, without taking notice of several contradictions which had taken place between the younger brother and his witnesses.

After having perfidiously expatiated in favor of the younger brother, he concluded; and the jury after being questioned in the usual manner whether they were all agreed, the foreman was about to reply, when the miller stepped forward, calling out, "No, my lord, we are not all agreed!" "And pray," says his lordship, "what objections have you, old dusty wig?"

"I have many objections, my lord; in the first place, all these gentlemen of the jury have received ten broad pieces of gold from the younger brother, and I have received but five!" He then proceeded to point out the contradictory evidence which had been adduced, in such a strain of eloquence that the court was lost in astonishment. The judge, unable longer to contain himself, called out with vehemence, "Who are you? where do you come from? what is your name?"

To which interrogatories the miller replied, "I come from Westminster Hall; my name is Matthew Hale; I am Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench; and feeling as I do a conviction of your unworthiness to hold so high a judicial station from having observed your iniquitous and partial proceedings this day, I command you to come down from that tribunal you have so much disgraced, and I will try this cause myself."

Sir Matthew then ascended the bench in the miller's wig, etc., had a new jury impanneled, re-examined all the witnesses, proved them to have been suborned; and the circumstances being completely changed, the verdict was unhesitatingly given in favor of the elder brother.

[Honesty is not only the best policy, but it is immeasurably above and superior to dishonesty. The cunning of Secretiveness and the avarice of Acquisitiveness may be easily outwitted by Causality and Conscientiousness, and these selfish sentiments *should* be subordinated to the moral and intellectual faculties. Sir Matthew Hale had a superior head, a good face, and was governed by his spiritual intuitions. He was something of a seer. At another time we will give a personal description of this remarkable man.]

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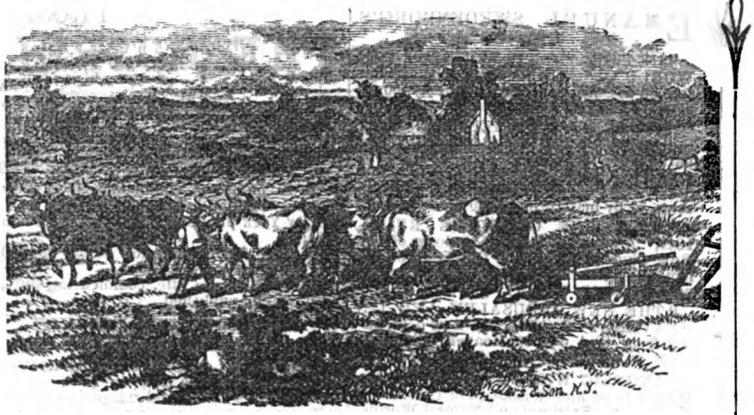

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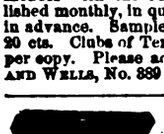

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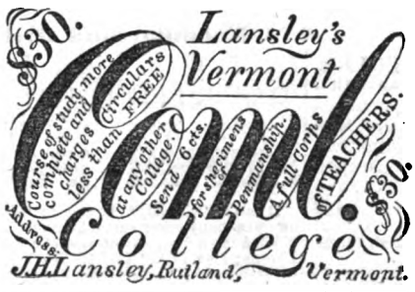

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Religious Department.

"The Phrenologist has the right to examine whether Christianity is adapted to the nature of man, and he is delighted in seeing it in perfect harmony with human nature."—*Spurzheim.*

THE GOLDEN RULE.

How plain, simple, and comprehensive are the laws of God! and how adapted to the universal understanding of the whole world! Let us consider what would be the state of society if the law of which we write was in all cases obeyed.

"Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." How much meaning there is in these few words! And how happy we should *all* be if we would make them our guide through life! What *better* law do we want to guide us, and where could we *get* a better? How different it is from those laws which men make for the guidance of mankind (which have *so* many words) is this simple golden rule! And if we only *try*, how easily we can obey and follow it, and make it the rule of our lives!

Behold the condition of the world as it now is! (and what a difference the following of the precepts of the golden rule would produce!) The watch-dog would have no need of slowly pacing our yards, with the ear ready to catch the slightest sound, for we could lay our heads upon our pillows and sleep in peace; the locks upon our doors would be needless; we could grasp the hand of our brother man in confidence and suspect no treachery there; the court-rooms of our land would be transformed into school-rooms; the grates and bolted doors of the prisons would have no convict to keep from the free and pure air of heaven; the judge would not sit upon the bench, and the occupation of the lawyer would be gone. There would be no drunkards, for man could not raise the fiery drink to his lips to take away his reason, and render himself so low that his mind, that noble gift of God, could not act through that body; and we should not see that being, made in the image of Him who has formed us all, rolling and wallowing like the swine in the mud and filth of our streets, and sending dread and dismay, wretchedness, hunger, and unhappiness, into his home and family.

The golden rule! obey it; and as the dew vanishes from the petals of flowers before the rays of the morning sun, so would crime vanish from the face of this beautiful world if we would but let this ray of light from the Book of Life fall upon us, purifying and raising us all to that perfected state of manhood and womanhood that it should be the desire of us all to attain.

Reader, with this state of happiness before us, will not *you* try and do *your* share in following this simple law of God? If you do not help others, you will certainly help yourself, for you will feel much more joyful and happy. It is the Christian's duty to obey God's laws; and as we journey along through this world, let us strive so to live that we *may* obey them, and among them let us keep this one ever by us, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Reader, will *you?* J. I. D. B.

PRAYER.

VENERATION.

BY MRS. CLARA LEARNED MEACHAM.

GREAT God! thy mighty power we own,
And humbly bow the knee;
With faith we approach Thy heavenly throne—
Like children come to thee.

We read Thy power o'er sea and land,
As we in silence bow,
And mark the impress of Thy hand
Upon the mountain's brow.

We see Thee in the trembling leaf,
And in the tiny flower;
Thy bounty in the golden sheaf—
Each grain bespeaks thy power.

Thy hand hath arched the azure sky,
And tinged the clouds above,
Hung out the stars like lamps on high,
To tell us of Thy love.

We hear Thy voice when thunders wake
The stillness of the night;
Call thee Father when lightnings break,
Lurid upon the sight.

When angry waves rise mountain high,
And swells the mighty sea,
We know that thou, great God, art nigh,
And trembling, come to Thee.

When storm on storm toss life's frail bark,
Sailing the sea of time,
We reach our hand, midst tempests dark,
To thee and a brighter clime.

LEIPSIC, OHIO.

PROFANITY.—A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.—One of the professors in the St. Louis Medical College was delivering a clinical lecture recently, and in telling an anecdote illustrative of some point he used profane language, not his own, but a quotation from some of our city physicians. A few days after, he was delivering his regular lecture at the college, and, after he was nearly through, said, in substance: "Gentlemen, I used profane language in illustrating an anecdote to the class the other day. I regret it very much, and for fear that my example might be construed as a justification of the habit of profane swearing, I take the occasion to say that I am exceedingly opposed to the practice; I think that I erred in making use of such language in any form, and I apologize to the class for my offense." His apology was heard with profound attention, and when the doctor concluded, the students applauded him enthusiastically, and expressed afterward their admiration of a man who had the courage to act so conscientiously and morally.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

[Precisely as it should be. If parents and teachers use only *proper* language, children and students will be very likely to do the same. But when men fail to regulate themselves and their language, how can we expect children and youth to do so? Profanity is simply an evidence of a vulgar mind, sadly perverted, whose influence must *inevitably* be *bad*. We pity and loathe the weak mind which falls into a habit so silly, so impotent, and so foolish.

COMING TO CHRIST.—That Christ does not hold men to proper and unselfish motives when they come to him for healing, we may see by the cleansing of the nine selfish and ungrateful lepers. He knew their dispositions and motives as well before as after he had granted their prayer. God allows men to cry out to him from selfish fear, and he never refuses to attend to any earnest cry. If He did not attend to such cries, or receive such persons, whom would he receive? Dare any man lift up his face and say, "When I cried unto God I cried worthily, from pure and disinterested motives?" The conditions are not, "Come with pure hearts and motives unto me;" they are, "Come, and afterward your motives shall be made right." A true conversion will do that work. Nothing else will. If you are awake to your danger, if you see at last that your only hope is *in* Jesus, don't stop to examine your motives, or his willingness to receive you just as you are. Rush to his feet this moment. All that you can not do, he can and will do. All that you have to do is heartily to come. Drop every hope and every dependence but Christ, and give your whole life and soul into his keeping.—*Beecher.*

SILENT INFLUENCES.—The Rev. Albert Barnes says:

It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along, day and night, by the farm-house that is useful rather than the swollen flood or warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there as he "pours it from the hollow of his hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent or the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently-flowing rivulets, that water every farm, and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every day and night with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done, but by the daily and quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends.

[In other words, it is not any single act, but the oft-repeated acts of charity, love, and kindness which make and mark the character. It is the slow but regular processes of spiritual and physical growth which make the Christian and the useful citizen. The Astors and Girards may bequeath fortunes to endow splendid institutions bearing their names; though the men were—for want of the right spirit and culture—incapable of realizing the greater blessing of giving while living. It is the yearly, monthly, weekly, and daily contributions which "tell," rather than those occasional great things of which but few ever see or hear.]

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Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

LOVE AND LOVERS.

(THE WORLD'S VERDICT.)

MEN and women are imitative animals—they believe altogether too much in the world's verdict. They are too apt to see through other peoples' spectacles, and hear through other peoples' ears—and the consequences, disastrous and deplorable though they may be, can't very well be shifted on to the irresponsible shoulders of "other people!" No, you have got to bear them yourself, and bear them with the best grace you may! Other people like very well to build up the leaning tower with their petty contribution of wordy mortar and verbose stones, but when the tower comes down with a crash, "great being the fall thereof," they scatter away in all directions, and view your bruises and humiliation from afar off! It is no business of theirs, and they only wonder you should have the assurance to expect any sympathy from them!

So, in the important business of choosing a mate for life, we don't believe in pinning our faith too implicitly on the world's sleeve. "Stand aside, Mr. World," we should say, "this is emphatically none of your business. It is a matter entirely between ourselves and our own hearts—a session 'with closed doors!' Up to a certain degree we are willing to follow your advice. We consider you an unexceptionable counselor as far as the collars we wear are concerned, or the the books we read, or even the houses we live in, and the pattern of our china dinner services. But when it comes to the great life-interests—the pivots on which our destiny is to revolve—we want no outside interference. We are quite capable of settling our own love affairs, without reference to your serene mightiness, good World!"

Oh, if the young people of this age would only make up their minds boldly to carry the Fourth-of-July spirit into their daily lives, how much trouble, and misapprehension, and misery would be obviated. Theoretically, we are a race of republicans, but in real life what a miserable despotism we struggle under!

"What will the world say?" It will criticise, discuss, condemn, ridicule. Well, let it. If you love any one truly and sincerely, with the consciousness that your love is returned, you can afford to set the world and all its myrmidoms at defiance. Shut out the world—live within the sunshine of your own happy home and heart. The world looks merely at outside life—you are privileged to take an inner view. The world judges only by appearances—you are to weigh faults and failings against noble qualities and generous virtues, and strike a balance for yourself. After all, what does the world's judgment amount to when once you pass the limits of outside polish and empty exterior graces? Do we marry a man simply because he waltzes well, talks half a dozen different languages, and dresses after the newest French fashion-plates? Or does a young woman make any the better wife because she has Thalberg's fantasies at her finger-ends, and draws in crayons, and sits a saddle-horse to perfection? No, there is an inside life as distinct and different from the idle foam called "society," as light from darkness, and it is to this inside life that we are to look for all that makes existence endurable—a life that the world no more knows of than if it did not exist. What right, then, has it to pronounce judgment and decree? Should we not be double-distilled idiots to attach any importance to the empty breath of "they say?" Lovers, remember all these things. Be as yielding as you please in mere forms—follow the dictates of fashion in transitory customs—give due weight to all old-style conservatisms where trifles are involved; but when you decide in the one ruling matter of your life, do it on your own responsibility. Stand up boldly and alone, and look out on the future through your own eyes. Depend on your own individuality. Are you one of those shrinking souls patterned after the barnacle nature, who have scarce any identity of their own? Then brace up your faltering courage by remembering that the great autocratic Public is, after all, nothing more than a congregation of units, and that you, insignificant item of creation though you may imagine yourself, have the sublime honor of being one of those units. You don't pause shudderingly to conjecture what the world's possible opinion may be when you buy a parlor carpet or a fall overcoat. Provided your carpet has tolerably pretty colors, and your coat is like most other coats, you think any further details are no affair of the world's. So it ought to be with wives and husbands. If the individuals in question have two feet and two hands, and the average amount of features, and you are pleased with the arrangement of the aforesaid features, what earthly business is it of other people's? You marry to suit yourself, not to gratify their various tastes.

But, alas! how much easier is it to read these suggestions, sagely nodding your head and saying "Very right—very true!" than it is to put them in practice, with ten thousand invisible threads of habit and association pulling your footsteps back from the path of independence. It is hard enough for an iron-willed, adamant-headed, stubborn *man* to decide for himself when others desire to decide for him—for a woman it is well-nigh impossible.

"Suit yourself!" Ah! philosophers do not always know how much harder it is to suit one's-self than outwardly appears. "Going through the woods and taking up with a crooked stick" isn't altogether an allegorical business. My poor little girl, standing appalled on the brink of old maidenhood, *you* would have been very well satisfied years ago with John Jones. But the world shook its head and said John Jones wasn't good enough for you, and you were silly enough to take it for granted that the world knew more than you did. Very obliging of public opinion to take so much interest in you and your affairs, but we do not see that it has provided any substitute for the above-mentioned John, or troubles itself at all about your present forlorn condition. You certainly are not happy now; whereas as Mrs. John Jones you would undoubtedly have reaped your fair share of solid, sensible comfort! Don't you think, on the whole, that you have made a mistake? And you, my friend with the crowsfeet under your eyes and the discontented wrinkles round your mouth, what conclusion have you come to? There was a time when you were quite disposed to fancy Ruth Primrose's blue eyes and cherry cheeks, but the officious old world stepped in and took away your toy, just as a wise grandmamma takes the dangerous knife away from a two-year-old baby. "She wasn't at all suitable for a young man of your prospects—you could do so much better." Well, you were just sufficient of a fool to be swayed by your grandmamma, the world, and set aside all the instincts of your nature and the promptings of your heart. Have you "done better?" No—a thousand times no! Ruth was the right one for you—and your present wife is unmistakably the wrong one, as you have bitter cause to know every day of your miserable life! Ay, you may smart away—the world is too busy meddling in other people's affairs to put any plasters on your ranking wounds!

Nevertheless, we do not wish to be understood as openly defying the opinion of others. At times it may be of incalculable value, and it is never quite safe to rebel against established rules and customs. Only we distinctly announce that when a human being's happiness is to be made or marred by a certain combination of circumstances, feelings, and impulses, that person alone is the right and fitting judge of his own sensation—the true arbiter of his own destiny. You must act for yourself, and then meet the consequences, whatever they may be, like a man or woman—not like a disappointed child. What if you can only see one step of your pathway at a time? God's watchful eye is over you, and God's hand is leading you. And while you remember this, you have no need to be discouraged,

Get married, we say to one and all of our young friends, if you can suit yourselves—if not, let it alone. But don't get married because people think it's time you did; and don't marry the person picked out for you by your friends, unless your own heart has been beforehand with that sage committee of dictators!

If ever the day comes in which that great aggregate criminal, the world, is arranged before a bar of judgment to answer for its manifold sins of omission and commission, not the least in the gigantic array will be this senseless, heartless, useless intermeddling between people whom God intended to make each other happy! And what punishment in all the code is stringent enough to meet the exigency? We know of none sufficiently severe!

We sometimes wonder if the talking conclave who represent the public are aware of the mischief they are doing. Let us charitably hope not. And while we strive to be charitable, let us not forget to be prompt, decided, and energetic. We can not select our own fate, or fortune, or even the color of our own eyes, but we can at least choose our own companion matrimonial! And if we don't do it, why, then, we have nobody to thank but ourselves!

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

THE youth that stole a kiss has been discharged on condition that he will not embrace another opportunity.

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ENGINEERING.

In our daily professional examinations we meet with many aspiring young men who wish to become engineers. They know that Ericsson and other eminent men are engineers, and that the profession, in the hands of men who have the talent to make it respectable, will secure position and pecuniary success. Very few, we imagine, who look wistfully to that profession for position and success, are well advised as to what is required to be able to occupy such a post. There are several kinds of engineering. Some require one set of faculties, others a different set in combination with the first. It may be said that an engineer, in the widest interpretation of the word, requires a first-class temperament, and a first-class development of all the phrenological organs. Engineering includes architecture, chemistry, mathematics, and construction.

To be an engineer one must have the talent to plan structures, must understand enough of chemistry to comprehend the nature of the materials he uses, and must be versed in mathematics so as to determine the laws of gravity, force, and resistance. Civil engineering is only a branch of the subject, and refers chiefly to matters of a fixed and permanent character, such as railways, canals, lighthouses, tunnels, sewers, break-waters, etc. Mechanical engineering refers to machinery, steam-engines, mill-work, machine-tools, etc. Engineering is further divided into steam engineering, hydraulic engineering, agricultural engineering, topographical engineering, and military engineering. To do all this work, and do it well, requires, first and last, nearly all there is of a man.

Constructiveness may be regarded as the central faculty of engineering. One may have mathematical talent and not be an engineer, though he can not be an engineer without this. He may be a thinker, a reasoner, having large Causality and Comparison, and yet not be an engineer; but one becomes a better engineer for having these organs large. One may have large Form, which enables him to draw and sketch, and not be an engineer; but with Constructiveness and Ideality, the faculties which lie at the foundation of mechanical invention, one will naturally seek the means to work out his creative thought. Calculation, Form, Size, Weight, Order, Causality, and Comparison are employed in mathematics. Geometry must be employed in architecture. Every ship, bridge, dry-dock, mill-dam, aqueduct, or important machine must have geometric calculations. Mathematics as applied to surveying, and surveying as an art, employing of course the perceptive faculties and Constructiveness, are required. Moreover, an engineer should have the historical faculties, Eventuality and Time, for the remembering of all the details and facts connected with engineering work. He should have as good a recollection as is required by a physician or lawyer. A working engineer may not need large Language, unless he is required to write or teach, and though dumb, he may pursue his calling; but even here, Language would be useful.

We make this array of difficulties which interpose between ignorant boyhood and engineering triumph, in part to dissuade those who have not the talents and the resolution to apply themselves to the study of the requisite principles; and also to inspire those who aim to occupy it with honor, with a due sense of this important field of effort, and to show them how much they need to learn. It seems to be the object of many persons to derive the greatest possible remuneration from the smallest possible outlay of time, talent, and labor; and if this plain statement will serve as a wet blanket for such sordidly ambitious persons, it will leave the field for those who are fit to occupy it.

Of course an engineer should be a man of force and energy. He should possess dignity and manliness in order to command the respect of the talented and honorable as well as of the plain and rough. He should have prudence, not to build a bridge seven times stronger than is necessary and then be afraid to cross it himself, but to see that his material is of good quality, and his plans well devised for the attainment of success. He needs Firmness, to give him stability and perseverance; and he needs Acquisitiveness, to comprehend the value of money and not waste thousands of dollars on public works, as some have been known to do. It is proverbial that most engineers' estimates are far below the actual necessity of the work, showing that engineers generally are not very good financiers. An engineer should have Conscientiousness, to make him trustworthy and reliable. In short, he should have all the moral sentiments, so that his intercourse with men may be favorable to morality and honor.

The sphere of the engineer is one of the broadest and most useful among the departments of human occupation. The names of Watt, Smeaton, Fulton, Stephenson, Franklin, Brunel, Ericsson, and others, will ever be mentioned with honor. Every revolution of the steam-engine, every gleam from Eddystone Lighthouse, every foaming furrow of the steamship, every flash of electricity, every thought in admiration of the Thames Tunnel, and every remembrance of the wonderful influence exerted in naval affairs by the "Monitors," will bring vividly to mind those illustrious names "which were not born to die." Their fame is written in their great benefactions to mankind; and not their descendants merely, nor even their countrymen, but the whole human race claim an affinity to them, a common brotherhood.

One of the chief agencies by which the world is to be civilized, set ahead, and improved is through the labors of our engineers. We commend the pursuit to those fitted for it by organization, as at once the most useful, the most profitable, and among the most honorable.

LOVE WITHOUT A REASON.

I love you, lady, not because
You are the fairest of the fair,
Nor claim the world's entire applause;
But true undying *love* is there,
And that is all the soul can think,
The heart would wish, or tongue should tell,
And forms the brightest, dearest link
In that strong chain which binds us well
To that pure world where all is light,
Sweet, chanceless Love, and endless joy;
Where pain, nor death, nor sorrow's night
Can harm our peace—our bliss destroy.

O. M. M.

PRAISE.

Father of earth and heaven! we raise
To Thee the meed of grateful praise;
Accept the lowly hearts we bring,
Accept our humble worshiping.

We praise Thee with uplifted eyes,
For beauty poured o'er earth and skies,
And that with living beauty rife
We all may weave the web of life.

We praise Thee that our souls may rise
On wings of prayer beyond the skies;
And from the fountains of Thy grace
Drink everlasting joy and peace.

That all the problems of our life,
Its grief and joy, its toil and strife—
The mysteries of the world to be
All, all are solved by faith in Thee.

We praise Thee that our lives may be
Spent in Thy service constantly;
And that when all our work is done
On earth, we have with Thee a home.

R. L. Douthit.

DIARIES.

A correspondent asks: "Should a diary constitute a chain of thoughts, each day representing a link, or should it be merely a condensed record of incidents, regardless of to-day or to-morrow?"

A diary should be a record of facts and dates as well as of thoughts, whether those thoughts grow out of the facts or come from meditation. We kept a diary for many years, and a journey, a funeral, the first robin in the year, the first snow-storm, the "last rose of summer," a marriage, a group of frolicsome children, poverty begging by the wayside, wealth rolling in splendor, anything which goes to make life worth living for, we thought a fit theme for a line or a page. A diary is a convenient place for recording one's thoughts; and not a few times, when some subject for this Journal has been demanded, have we remembered, ten or twenty years agone, having at a particular time and place noted down some interesting matter—and writing in a diary serves to fix the memory of time, and place, and circumstances as nothing else will—and have turned back to where we discussed that particular subject and perhaps written better than we now could, being in just the mood for it, inspired by some condition of the mind induced by concurrent events. From such choice opportunities have we produced paragraphs which we have afterward transferred to the body of a solid article, or, perchance, a chapter in a book. The difference between writing down the facts and letting them go at random, is almost equivalent to the difference between a man who should follow a clew and leave it stretched on the ground behind him, and a man who should wind up the thread or clew as he followed it and carry it with him. That which a man records he is very apt to remember; that which he looks upon and allows to pass unrecorded, will pass from the memory to a great extent. Moreover, while one records passing events, he learns how to put his thoughts on paper; and when he shall have kept a diary for a year, he will write a much better letter or essay at the close of the year than he could have done at the beginning. Let a young man commence writing in a diary at the age of seventeen, and if he write four lines a day on an average for ten years, he will acquire a facility of expression, a compactness of thought, and a vigor of statement which will be recognized wherever he goes, in common conversation, and especially if he attempts to use the pen.

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NEW YORK,
JANUARY, 1866.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Foe.*

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SALUTATORY.

IN the swiftly flowing tide of Time another wave has been added to the great Ocean of the past! The Old Year disappears, and we are called upon to hail the advent of its successor. We again change the final figure of our date, and write 1866 on the virgin page which is to receive the records of the New Year. Dear reader — cordially, earnestly we wish it—may it be to you, in all respects, a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

In the retrospect of the year 1865, how swells the patriotic heart with pride and joy! We recall event after event, not like those of the four sad years prior to the last, pregnant with sorrow to the nation, but replete with triumph and hope; for they developed into peace and indicated approaching reunion. They put to rest the fell spirit which had so long been rampant in the land, spreading desolation and ruin over the hills and plains of the sunny South.

In our "Salutatory" of January, 1864, we predicted the success of the Government in suppressing the rebellion, making use of the following language: "As sure as the thunder-storm purifies the atmosphere, so surely will this struggle of the right against the wrong, of justice against injustice, of reason against passion, at last prevail, and we shall come out of the crucible purified as by fire. Let us patiently, hopefully, and prayerfully trust in God, do our duty, and abide without fear the results." Now it becomes our grateful task to record that the struggle is ended and the Union preserved.

The termination of the war in the surrenders of Lee and Johnston became an accomplished fact; and with marvelous celerity busy hands and minds are at work erasing the stains of war, and ere long those fertile valleys and dewy meadows, which smoked and trembled under the tread of ruthless armies, will again blossom, with even more than pristine loveliness. Slavery abolished, the stigma removed from noble manly toil, and the barriers to free emigration southward broken down, new settlements will spring up like tropical flowers, and North and South with interlacing and mutual interests, and joined in one common country, will advance, with longer strides than ever before, in trade, in education, in religion, and in everything which constitutes true national greatness.

But our joy is not untinged with sadness. In the death of our late beloved President, by the hand of an assassin, we lament a national calamity. In Abraham Lincoln the country lost one whose virtues, whose steady purpose, and whose untiring zeal for the good of his native land endeared him to every patriot and every admirer of true manliness. He was indeed an honest, honorable, benevolent man. The agent of Heaven in America's trying hour, he faithfully executed his appointed work in delivering us from sore travail. He finished his course, and had Phæton and his fiery steeds been deputed for his translation, he could scarcely have departed amid a brighter blaze of glory. High on the tablet of fame his name is inscribed, among those of Leonidas, Phocion, Tell, Washington, and other "immortal names which were not born to die." While we deplore his loss, let us not be wanting in loyalty to his successor, and aid in holding up his hands to sustain the integrity of the Union.

Although the memories of the last few years are sad, let us not treasure up in our hearts feelings of bitterness and enmity, but with the laying aside of the sword let us also relieve ourselves of that rancor toward our Southern brethren which active warfare has tended to nourish, but which is incompatible with a lasting, beneficent peace. The South has suffered, terribly suffered—she has fallen from her high estate; but if the giant North will extend a helping hand, she will soon be more than re-established; and, disenthralled from that "peculiar institution," which was in reality hampering her energies and clogging her progress, although she believed it not, she will arise to a new and better life, and the two sections, hand-in-hand, will go swiftly onward to peace, prosperity, power, and glory. That wonderful Being, who

"——moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,"

has wrought out the great problem which has vexed our nation so many years, and in His own good time we are blessed with a restoration of peace—a peace which, if properly appreciated, will doubtless be permanent and happy.

The confused rumors which have more or less prevailed of impending struggle between jealous European nations have subsided, and comparative tranquillity appears to prevail.

In Mexico, the bloody contest between the minions of Louis Napoleon and the republicans still goes on. Maximilian's monarchy is unsteady, and his authority scarcely more than nominal; and could he withdraw from his position in Mexican affairs without offending his imperious master, "the elect of seven millions," we think he would gladly do so.

As our JOURNAL enters upon a new year, and with this number opens a new volume, we can only point to the past—to what we have performed heretofore—as an earnest of the future. In our conflict with error—scientific and religious—we are determined to "fight it out on this line," relying upon the sure promises of Heaven. Faith will reflect light and joy on our path, and aid us in surmounting all obstacles. We uprear our standard, the pure banner of truth, and we entreat all, great and small, learned and unlearned, rich and poor, to enroll themselves under it. Taking the "Source of all truth"—"the Sun of Righteousness," for our guide and arbiter, can we fail in presenting for the consideration of our readers subjects worthy of their attention?

But the path we have chosen is no easy one to tread, and should here and there a misstep occur in our progress, we would only ask that allowance which will at all times be accorded when it is remembered that man in his best estate "is weak and prone to err."

Lend us your aid, dear readers, in the performance of our duty, hold up our hands, and then will our work—your work—be carried forward through the year boldly and successfully.

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THAT is the popular phrase, we believe; but we have lately come to the conclusion that rather too much importance is attached to popular phrases. A thing may be very popular and very delusive, and we are not at all certain that the New Year will be a happy one. It will probably assume just such an aspect as people choose to give it.

Will it be happy to the Wall-Street speculator, rocked hither and thither on a sea of hopes and fears? Happy! it will be feverish, excited, breathless, possibly successful, but not happy. The merchant, bowed down and anxious, with his heart going out on the great deep after the richly freighted ships that carry his wealth under their white wings? it will be to him only twelve months of hazard, and barter, and money-getting; fifty-two weeks more toward callousing his soul and blunting his sensibilities—that is all. The lawyer who trades on other people's troubles; the minister who preaches fifty-two more dull sermons; the mother who weeps beside little graves that were not dug one year ago; the invalid who counts the days until the golden gates shall be opened, how do *they* look upon the coming footsteps of the New Year?

It will be a New Year in time—it ought to be a New Year in truth and in fact. New faith, new hope, new charity are sorely lacking in our midst. Wake up, idle drones in the great hive of humanity. Don't sit there with your hands folded, waiting for fortune to come to you, but get up and go to fortune! Let the bells of the New Year ring something like enterprise and energy into your listless brain. How many more years do you suppose you have got to spend in this idle way? And you, poor, weak-souled victims of your own morbid appetites, celebrate the New Year by going resolutely past the green baize doors of yonder trap of iniquity.—Begin by ruling yourself, and you may possibly end somewhere else than in the poor-house! Friend with the nicotine odor about your garments, suppose you leave the tobacco among the forgotten relics of old 1865. Try one year without it and see if you are not richer, cleaner, and considerably healthier to boot, when the twelve months have expired! Sleek-haired Pharisee, on your way to evening service, turn back and give a penny to yonder blue-fingered child who is following at your heels with her pitiful tale of poverty. Practice some of the Bible phrases that rise so glibly to your lips. Husbands, leave off grumbling at your wives—wives, leave off retorting sharply, and the year will be so new that nobody will know it! We all have our little pet fault that we coax and encourage, and make allowances for, until, all of a sudden, it rises up in our souls like a giant and asserts its mastery over us. It is astonishing how these things grow. We are like currant bushes, we want vigorous pruning, and the dawn of a new year is the best possible time to inspect ourselves and lop off all superfluous growth and one-sided shoots.

Begin with a firm resolve to do some good, not only to yourself, but to your neighbors and your country. How? In a score of ways. Carry out the idea that was in our Saviour's mind when he said "Love thy neighbor as thyself." He did not mean that you should leave a card once in three months, and spend the interim in total oblivion of their existence—he means that you should think for them, care for them, make charitable allowances for their faults. Let all rancors, and enmities, and bitter feelings die out with the dying twilight of 1865, and commence the new year, as all God's years should be commenced, in peace and good-will to man.

"But how can I help my country?" says the overburdened woman, "I am not a man to go out into the field and fight her battles, neither am I a capitalist to advance money toward the payment of the national debt?"

No, but you are a woman and an American, and it is in your power to help the American government more than you suspect. Let foreign manufactures alone, buy domestic shirtings and domestic calicoes, trim your bonnet with American-made flowers, and make up your mind to do without that velvet cloak that was imported from Paris. If there is any money to be paid, let it be paid into the treasuries of the United States, not into the overflowing exchequers of foreign countries. Look at the snow-covered graves at Gettysburg, the desolated field of Manassas, the dreary loneliness of a thousand bereaved homes, and say whether any sacrifice you could make would weigh in the balance against such patriotism? Do you fancy that your individual efforts would not be much? True; but if every woman would enter into the spirit of national pride, the result would be such a country as the sun never shone on! Just make the experiment during one year!

Are you cramped for money? "troubled," in common parlance, "to make both ends meet?" Then establish during this year a reserve fund for yourself. We don't mean to advise you to go to the Idaho gold mines, or buy oil land in Pennsylvania—our scheme has nothing to do with companies and prospectuses. Lay aside every cent that is not absolutely needed for daily comfort; let billiards, worsted patterns, glasses of ale, and seductively cheap "bargains" severely alone. Don't consider a three-cent "postage-currency" stamp too petty a contribution, and look well after the "loose change." Then when 1867 comes round, as it probably will do, if you live long enough, open your savings bank, and see if it don't amount to something!

If you once begin to save, there is no doubt but that you will go on; the trouble is in making a start!

Remember, reader, that there are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year that lies before you; try and see if you can not inscribe on each one of them the golden characters of a good deed, or a cheering word, or a helping hand outstretched for the aid of some one who is ready to perish! Remember the trusts God has given you, and be faithful! Grow, if you can, mentally and spiritually; but above all do not retrograde, "set a watch upon the door of your lips," check the faults that would undermine your nature, for just one year, and mark the result.

We can all have a Happy New Year if we will only take it in the free, generous, loving spirit in which God gives it to us, rendering thanks for our blessings and making the best of our trials. Is not the winter earth around us full of grandeur and glory? Do we not breathe in vitality with every draught of oxygen that fills our lungs? Ought not our lives to be a perpetual Te Deum? We can not help feeling that our New Year is to be a happy one, if we only read a lesson in the cheering influence of the sunshine and fresh air that belt the globe with gladness. Moreover, we can make the New Year happy to others, at a very trifling outlay of time, and care, and thought, remembering, the while, that every Christ-like deed and charitable thought makes a shining stone in the pathway leading to our home!

And so, once again, we bid our readers, one and all, a Happy New Year!

OUR CLAIMS ON ENGLAND.

WHEN British sympathizers built and let loose a fleet of pirates to prey on our commerce and to burn and destroy our merchant vessels on the high seas, we told them plainly that a day of reckoning would come. They did not "see it," but supposed that the *Confederacy* (by their aid) would triumph, that *we* should be conquered and rendered helpless; then there would be no *power* to hold them to an account. They now begin to see their mistake. But when the war was raging in our country, did they not, through their newspapers and members of Parliament, predict and glory in the prospect of our defeat? Did not their unscrupulous ship-builders fit out fast steamers to run the blockade and do all they could to weaken us and damage our interests? Did they not make haste to grant belligerent rights to rebels? Why should we not now grant the same rights to the Fenians, who are seeking to liberate Ireland? And why should we not furnish them with a fleet of Alabamas, Shenandoahs, Floridas, etc.? Did not England set the example? But we will not be hasty; we will simply make out and present our claims for damages, demand payment *in full* for every ship and for all the property thus destroyed, which satisfaction will be forthcoming in good time. Then we shall demand the surrender of the Bermuda Islands, including New Providence, which by geographical position rightfully fall within our jurisdiction. These islands have been used greatly to our disadvantage, and they must now be given up to us. As for the North American provinces, including the Canadas, we have only to wait their own time to come under our flag; there is no good reason why they should be held under British rule against the inclination of their inhabitants. When they propose to join us, we shall probably be happy to receive them. But we would not in this case apply force; but in regard to the Bermudas we shall *demand* that they be handed over to "Uncle Sam." The British may push their civilization as far as they like into the East, and we will not oppose; but they must forego and adandon the possession of any territory in the vicinity of our house and home which can by any possibility during war be turned to account against us.

We therefore advise our English cousins to get ready and count out the coppers at their earliest convenience, and make out title-deeds of the little islands referred to, lying under our lee. Then, with a promise on their part for future good behavior, we will permit them to enjoy their possessions undisturbed. The Fenians, like ourselves, will probably work out their own salvation; and until they ask assistance, it is not at all likely that it will be urged upon them by our people, who have hitherto much preferred to mind their own business.

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Communications.

FORE-SEEING AND GHOST-SEEING.

EDITOR OF THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—An article in the November number of your JOURNAL has excited in me a desire for more light. I refer to the letter from Mr. Charles E. Townsend, whose capacity for compact and lucid reasoning you praise so highly. The writer discusses in his letter two distinct subjects—namely, the gift of discerning spirits and the gift of prophecy—both of them of great importance, and both of them little understood, and he disposes of both subjects in an equally summary manner.

In combating the very common belief in ghosts he sets up two distinct lines of argument. "The existence of ghosts," he tells us, "*are* only creations of the mental vision." I would just remark, in passing, that Mr. Townsend, throughout his letter, treats with supreme contempt the simplest laws of grammar. Less profound thinkers may consider grammatical correctness as of some importance. But our philosopher regards these things as quite beneath his notice. Perhaps they are incompatible with compactness and lucidity of reasoning. "Ghosts," to return again to the subject in hand, "are only creations of the mental vision." Why? "Because the spiritual idea of a ghost is inadequate to make an impression on the real eye." Now I would like to ask, is the "spiritual idea" of a cow likely to make any impression on the real eye? And if not, does it not clearly follow that cows are only "creations of the mental vision." "All rational people must therefore discard" cows "from further serious entertainment." Evidently there is some link wanting in Mr. Townsend's chain of reasoning. One wishes he had been a little less compact and a little more lucid.

Again, he founds an argument against ghosts on the supposed absurdity of such things wearing clothes. The idea of an unclothed ghost is bad enough, but the idea of one arrayed in appropriate ghostly habiliments is altogether too much for him to swallow. He fails to show, however, why it is absurd for a ghost to wear clothes. "And so we prefer to end this analysis" of an argument which consists only "of airy nothings."

Proceeding to the second topic discussed, we find his doctrine, and the reasons for it, set forth in a paragraph which is a marvel for compactness and lucidity of statement. It is such a gem that I can not resist the temptation to quote it in full. Here it is: "The undeveloped future (except visible or other tangibly repeated causes with their observed attendant phenomena) is, necessarily, unknown to finite minds, because, being non-operative, is wanting in expression, and therefore can neither have a definite cause or effect to our comprehension, and so, retrospectively, can not have expression in the present; hence fore-knowing is simply ideal." There you have a masterly specimen of logical induction. The future is unknown to us because it is unknown to us, and therefore we can't know anything about it, and so a knowledge of the future is impossible; hence, fore-knowing is simply moonshine. This appears to be the meaning of the passage when translated into the vernacular. And if it is not perfectly conclusive, it ought to be.

Evidently Mr. Townsend is a philosopher, but I am afraid he belongs to that class of philosophers, only too numerous at the present time, who denounce everything as absurd which does not square with their narrow conceptions of things. The first characteristic of the true philosopher is humility. He is at all times conscious of his own ignorance. He feels that his knowledge is only the light of a small taper glimmering amid surrounding darkness. And he knows that in that darkness are many mysterious things for which his philosophy can furnish no explanation. Ghosts may be among these. He may doubt the existence of ghosts, but he does not dogmatically assert that such existence is impossible; for he knows not what wonderful things there may be in this wonderful universe which we inhabit.

As regards the question of fore-knowledge, it is perfectly true that we have no *exact* knowledge of future events. Nobody denies this. But does it therefore follow that we never have any intimation whatever concerning things to come? I think not. We are endowed with a faculty called Hope, which inspires us with the desire and expectation of future good; and with a faculty called Cautiousness, which fills us with the dread of future evil. Does not the fitness of things require that there should also be a faculty which can teach us how to secure the good the future has in store for us, and how to avoid the evil? And is it not perfectly proper to call this faculty fore-sight or fore-knowledge, even although, like everything else that is human, it is imperfect—

> "The soul, the mother of deep fears,
> Of high hopes infinite,
> Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears,
> Of sleepless inner sight,"

is able by that inner sight to read, as in an open book, much that is still in the undeveloped future, even in that future which it reaches beyond the boundaries of time away into the illimitable ages of eternity.

Knowing what we do of the wonderful resources of the human soul, how can we doubt that there is sometimes given intuitive insight into the future? Knowing what we do of the weakness of the human understanding, how can we deny the possibility even of such unexplained things as ghosts? These are subjects which deserve to be treated much more thoroughly and much less dogmatically than has been done by your correspondent.

I remain yours truly, HUGH BLACK.

FORE-KNOWING.

MR. EDITOR—As you consider the question still open, I desire to present for your columns a solution of it from the standpoint of an extensive personal experience.

Before making the proposed statement, will you allow me to relate one of many similar occurrences which have transpired in my experience, as a sample by which the correctness of my views may be judged?

Some years since, while living on a farm in New Jersey, when my infirm father had been a cripple for some years (a part of the time not able to get about even on crutches), I had the following vision:

One cloudless day, after the noon repast, while sitting within doors, reading a book, it suddenly appeared to me that I was sitting outside the door, in the open porch, reading a newspaper, and that having a glimpse of some one, I looked, and seeing father coming from the wagon-house without his crutches, I said, "Father, where are your crutches?" and that, answering, he said, "Samuel, I have forgotten them, and I left them at the wagon-house—I will go back and get them;" and it appeared that he did so.

At that time my father was in New York city. When there a few days afterward, I told the vision to him and others, and predicted from it that he would recover from his lameness; for with the vision came the impression that he would recover; and so strong was this impression, that I would without hesitation have risked my life on it; and I repeatedly asserted that he certainly would recover and go about without his crutches before he died. To this he replied, "Don't say it again, it is impossible. Here I am, an old man, ready to step into my grave, and have been a cripple for more than nine years. It seems like blasphemy for you to talk so."

In less than a month after the vision occurred, he came to my house for a few months' stay, and before he had passed a month there, the vision was fulfilled in every particular, even to the words spoken, and he soon ceased entirely and forever to use his crutches.

My solution of the problem presented by the phenomena in question can now be given in a few words.

Unseen, ever-watchful intelligences, in their kind providence, planned the cure, and knowing their ability to perform it, made known the coming event by a psychological impression of the event on my brain, without the media of the external organs of sight or hearing; and so it is with all visions of this class—all ghost-seeing and similar appearances.

The lady mentioned in the previous communication could not have "psychologized" herself with what she did not know; the father of the little boy could not have done it, even once, unwittingly; it could not have been simple clairvoyance, for what she saw could have existed only in thought, and that thought being orderly and thrice repeated must have been uttered by a designing conscious intelligence. This intelligence may not have been the deceased mother; but there is not even the shadow of a reason to assume that it was not.

Wise and provident intelligences, whether clothed with flesh or not, may, by the observance of law and correct data, not only anticipate and have a prevision of coming events, but they may also fore-know and fore-ordain them. (Fore-telling is an evidence of fore-knowledge.)

And now may I inquire of Mr. Townsend, how the results of strongly excited "Ideality," "sharply pictured on the imagination," can "produce by fancy" a prophetic vision so exact? "how memory or Ideality" can so "depict" it? or how "Ideality or mental derangement" can so explicitly "retroject the future into the present," and that, too, without the slightest "expectance on the subject?" And will he also explain how "ghosts are created by mental" or any other "vision" (sight), and how "nothings" are created of "air" and then "analyzed?"

S. T. FOWLER.

GHOSTS AND PROPHETS.

IN the November number of the JOURNAL, p. 142, Mr. Townsend has presented a forcible argument against the possibility of seeing a ghost or spirit, or of gaining knowledge of a future event save by the process of induction. He says: "The spiritual idea of a ghost would be wholly inadequate to make an impression upon the real eye, which materiality alone can do." This is true, if by the real eye is meant the natural eye; but if it be conceded that within man's natural body there is a spiritual body, the difficulty suggested no longer exists, for the spiritual body may, under favorable conditions, take cognizance of spiritual forms. The allusion to the "ghost of old clothes" presents no additional difficulty. It is no more absurd than the idea of a ghost of flesh and blood. The one is the inner and the other the outer garment worn by the real man, that is, the immortal spirit.

With regard to fore-knowledge, Mr. Townsend says: "The undeveloped future (except effects inferred from visible or other tangibly repeated causes, with their observed attendant phenomena) is, necessarily, unknown to finite minds, because being non-inoperative is wanting in expression, and therefore can neither have a definite cause or effect to our comprehension, and so, retrospectively, can not have expression in the present; hence fore-knowing is simply ideal."

I am not prepared to refute this argument, but this method of reasoning upon assumed facts and denying their existence as the result of logical deduction is to be received with extreme caution. It was upon this basis that the philosophers of the middle ages founded their physical sciences. They did not collect facts and build upon nature, but they first established their theories from abstract reasoning, and then accepted or denied the phenomena of nature according as it agreed or not with their speculations. Many persons experience truthful premonitions of the future which they accept without pretending to understand—the reality of which, like the fact of existence, no logic can overthrow. The true philosopher must recognize the phenomena and shape his theories accordingly.

R. F. B.

A SCRIPTURAL VIEW.

SINCE the foregoing articles were in type, we have received from another correspondent a brief communication on the same subject. We have only room for an extract from it. Referring to the article of Mr. Townsend in our November number, the writer says:

First, It is claimed that all visions are illusions or hallucinations. If all this be true, then, were the Prophets and Apostles, to say nothing of others, either impostors, or, to say the least of it, badly deluded men; and what makes the matter worse is the fact that Christ encouraged and helped to keep in existence this imposture or delusion. *Secondly*, It is claimed that all ghosts are purely ideal; and, *Thirdly*, that if they were to approach us, we could not see them, for the reason that they are pure spirits. Now facts are stubborn things, and when a man's theory gets in their way, the sooner he gets it out of the way the better for his credit. To say nothing of Old Testament times, to which we might successfully refer, I will only add that Moses and Elias appeared to Christ and some of his Apostles, and that at the time Christ gave up the ghost, many of the dead came from the tombs and appeared to many, and that the people then saw them. Now the logical conclusion is, that if Moses, Elias, and others were to reappear (being so far as materiality or immateriality is concerned just what they were when they did appear), they could be seen by those to whom they would seek to show themselves.

P. P. MILLS.

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PHRENOLOGY AND SCRIPTURE.

ARE THEY AT VARIANCE?

The above inquiry was brought upon my mind by reading an article which appeared in the January number of the Journal of 1864, written by a lady, headed, "A Woman's Experience," in which she intimated that she was a lover of the beautiful; and stated that at one time her husband commanded her to divest herself of every ornament, even to a plain collar, and to draw back her curls, brush the waves from her hair, etc.

Now I am as much a lover of the beautiful as most persons, but if we indulge in such things to our heart's desire, then what becomes of the precepts of divine inspiration? For St. John says: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world."—1 John ii. 15, 16.

"In like manner, also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works."—1 Tim. ii. 9, 10.

"Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."—1 Peter iii. 3, 4.

Thus spake holy men, who wrote not of themselves, but with their pens dipped in the fire of inspiration, penned these sacred words by the will of God.

Now if the science of Phrenology teaches us to approve of a legitimate and uniform action of all the faculties of the mind, will it tolerate the customs and fashions of the day, practiced by the majority of professors of religion, in open disregard and violation of the Word of God, the learned clergy not excepted? for we never hear them speak of these things in the pulpit, nor show an example such as is described by inspired writers. Will some clergyman who understands Phrenology please explain?

INQUIRER.

THAT HOLE THROUGH THE EARTH.

Mr. B. F. F. sends us the following brief rejoinder to the remarks of "F. D. L." in regard to the former's theory of the tubular globe:

In regard to the criticism of "F. D. L.," I would say (not with the idea, however, of creating a discussion) that his assumptions are wrong; that his conclusions are evidently hasty; and that his *whole* argument amounts to nothing. I did say that the original *plastic* matter receded from the earth's axis, through centrifugal force, thereby leaving an opening or aperture through the same. And I did say that "there is no centrifugal force at the axis" (which is true). But "F. D. L." should know that the true definition of axis is *an imaginary line passing perpendicularly through the center of motion;* he would then see that centrifugal force could begin to be exerted at less than a hair's-breadth from the said very fine line. And then let him experiment by whirling a bucketful of water around in the air, and he will soon perceive a hole in the fluid, by its receding from its axis. Let any one visit the Smithsonian Institute and behold the tube-like structure of the great aerolite on exhibition there, which once acted the part of a minute planet, and he will be convinced that my whole theory is sustained by natural facts. And further, the opinions of Herschel, La Place, Le Verrier should rank with those of the "best philosophers."

B. F. FRIES.

Immortality.—In the October number of the Journal I find some of my crude thoughts and obscure phraseology criticised. You ask me to excuse your criticism on the phraseology. Most certainly you are welcome so to do if in any sense your readers may be profited thereby. As for my own benefit, I could not think of thus trespassing upon your time. I am too much your admirer as a mighty worker in the cause of *a* truth which is second only in importance to *the* Truth (the Gospel), to be offended at any use you may make of my questions or remarks. Please, then, if your time permits, take notice, that I doubt the obscurity of the phrase you have criticised; it may appear so from the point whence you look at it, but not so from mine. I have mislaid the copy of that letter, and it is possible my language was at fault, but my thought was this: if the brain does not of itself, in consequence of its own organism, produce thought and give consciousness of existence, then these powers proceed from an existence which is independent of the brain, and which merely uses it as an instrument. Now, does it not reasonably follow, from the last position stated, inasmuch as animals have brain, nerves, and the senses, as we have, that there must be a spirit to act upon their brains; and if so, is it not also as reasonable to conclude that their spirits are as immortal as ours?

Now, Mr. Editor, I have, in the questions asked on this interesting, and to my mind very important, theme, but one object, and that is, the development of truth for the good of the race. I once occupied the position in regard to this subject which you now do, but my investigations compelled me to give it up. It surely is reasonable to conclude, that if our spirits are a part of the Divine essence, then the final purification, salvation, and happiness of all men can not be doubted, for we can not suppose that God would subject any part of himself to endless torment.

Again; seeing that God has said that man was dust, and in consequence of sin must return to dust—and we see it verified every day—is it not reasonable to conclude that he is dust? Again; man desires health and happiness—and, possessing these, he would live forever if he could; he shrinks from death; his soul longs after immortality. And now, to conclude, is it not reasonable to suppose, that if the wise men of our race had always taught us that we were mortal, subject to sorrow, sickness, and death here, and torment and eternal death hereafter, that millions more would have become disciples to that Wisdom from above which gives us health and happiness here and immortality and eternal joy hereafter?

WM. C. IRWIN.

THE EMPIRE OF MEXICO.

We think this farce of empire-making has been played long enough in this continent. Americans are getting heartily tired of it. If the French usurper and the Austrian sycophant can't find anything else to do, we advise them to drop their ambitious schemes and try their hands at personal improvement and reforms at home. Of ignorance, poverty, and wretchedness there is enough in France and in Austria for them to work at, and we do not see any prospect of the condition of our Mexican neighbors being improved by these upstarts. As outsiders or mere lookers-on, we make quite free to advise them to pack up their traps and go home. If they go voluntarily, and soon, they may get off with whole hides; but if they delay it too long, we will not answer for any sore heads or punctured skins, which a too long delay may cause. It has been suggested, in prominent circles, that America was the field in which republican institutions were to be tried. The tree was planted by a handful of liberty-loving pioneers, and it has taken root and grown to respectable dimensions, is bearing fruit, and promises well for the future. Most of our people are inclined to permit its branches to extend over the American continent. When it shall cease to bear good fruits, even better than are produced on any monarchical tree, we shall approve the experiment of grafting. Should the tree become withered and cease to be productive, it shall be hewn down and cast into the fire. Dead limbs will doubtless appear from time to time, and they must be trimmed out, as was the case with that great black parasite slavery, when new and more vigorous shoots will take their place. Let it not be supposed that we are blind to the faults of Mexicans, nor that we would disapprove any plan having for its object the bettering of our neighbor's condition. On the contrary, we would hold up both hands for his good. But we are satisfied that these experiments at empire-making in America are not based on moral principles. They are off-shoots of the American rebellion, the emanations of selfish ambition, and we will no more permit the one than the other to go on without something more pointed than a verbal protest. Mr. Louis Napoleon must recall his hired assassins, who are commanded to put to death those found in arms against his agent, the usurper. And Mr. Maximilian must come down from that pretty purple-curtained eminence, called a "throne," and make tracks for Austria. The Mexicans will no doubt be happy to excuse him from further service, and *when* they want him they will send for him.

General Items.

The Five Points House of Industry.—In 1851, the Five Points House of Industry was established by Rev. L. M. Pease. In 1854, it became an incorporated institution, governed by a Board of Trustees elected annually by the incorporators, and is not sectarian. It is doing a good work—a truly Christian—in various forms, as a mission, as a reformatory asylum, as a day-school, as a home for friendless women, as a method of finding homes for children, etc. It needs and should have liberal aid from the public. Address S. B. Halliday, Superintendent, 155 Worth Street, New York.

Obscene Publications.—Why are our authorities so remiss in putting a stop to the sale of "bawdy books," "fancy pictures," and flash papers? Low, vulgar, and corrupt newsvenders send, through express and post-office, quantities of this moral poison, by which our youth are perverted, the gates of licentiousness opened, and all who look on the filthy productions are contaminated.

If it was a good thing to break up the "mock auctions" of New York, wherein many strangers were cheated, swindled, and robbed of their money, it would be still more useful to break up those places where are manufactured and sold that which pollutes the mind, saps the constitution, and ruins body and soul. There is no punishment too severe for the miscreants who deal in this damnation. A law should be passed making the penalty for such offense imprisonment for life. Parents! the virtue of your children is at stake. Your son or your daughter *may* fall a victim to this insidious destroyer. Will you not help to break up the evil?

Mr. Donald McKay may be a good boat-builder, but he is neither an American nor a patriot. He is simply an Inverness Scot, and like the rest would do a very mean act for money. Did he not set up his obstinate will against building monitors, which served us so well? and did he not then seek a job to build one or more of the same? Did he not learn from our Government important secrets in relation to the torpedoes, which had been perfected as a means of defense? and did he not go straightway, with this invention, and sell it to our friends and rivals, the British nation? What was his object? We have the story of the wretch and the twenty pieces of silver, of which this is at least a reminder. We hope the selfish creature will have his reward.

A Fact.—An elegant pocket time-piece, warranted to denote correct time, gold appendages, gilt case, etc., included. Price one shilling; parceled free to any part for fourteen stamps.—*English paper.*

This thing is advertised here as the European time-keeper, and is sold for a dollar! In England for a shilling! It is simply a little pasteboard sun-dial—that's all.

Quacks—Beware!—At the Croydon (England) assizes, lately, two verdicts—one for one hundred pounds ($500), and the other for seventy pounds ($350), were given against a quack doctor named Lowe, the proprietor of an anatomical museum in London, for improper medical treatment to men who had gone to him for professional advice.

[How would it do to try on the same thing with the quacks connected with anatomical museums in America? Are they not equally culpable? It will be perfectly safe to give them a trial at law, or a wide berth.]

Wanted.—Any person having a copy of "The Heart of Mabel Ware," a novel, will find a purchaser for it by applying to D. H. Jacques, at the office of this Journal.

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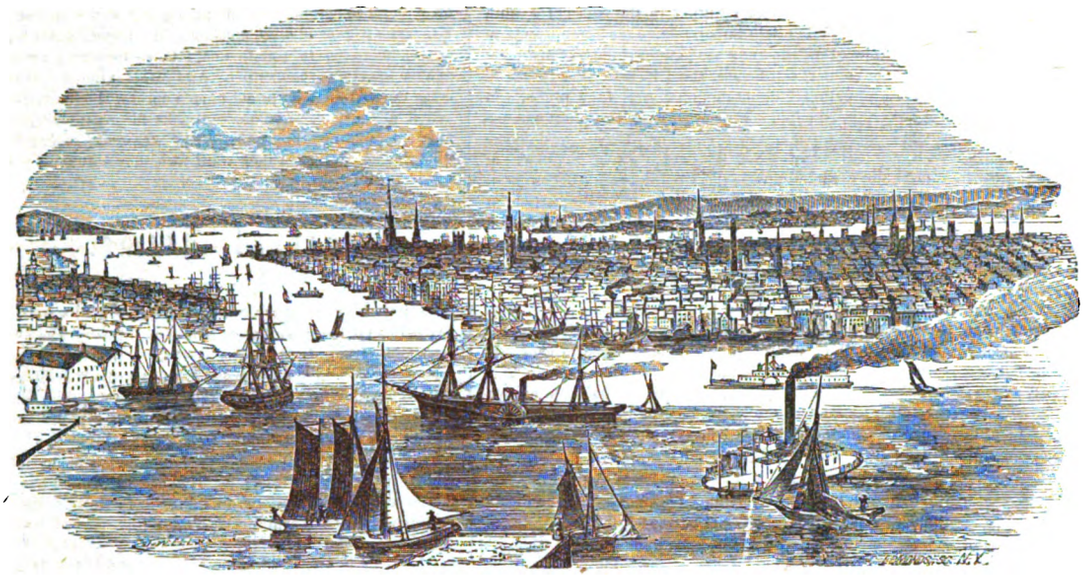

VIEW OF NEW YORK CITY FROM WILLIAMSBURG.*

NEW YORK CITY.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

THE island of Manhattan is about fourteen miles long, and about two and a half miles wide for nine miles from the Battery, and the upper or north end is about one and a quarter miles wide. The whole contains about 16,800 acres, or about 218,400 lots of 25 feet x 100 feet, and is irregular in shape, as will be seen by referring to a map showing the whole form of the city and county.

About one half of the surface is now built up, and contains, as nearly as can be ascertained, 1,003,250 persons—an increase of nearly 200,000 since 1860, when the total was 813,669. The average growth of population for five years, therefore, in round numbers, is about 40,000 a year. We count here only those within the present city limits; but if we include the suburbs, as is the case in Philadelphia, London, etc., taking in Brooklyn, Jersey City, etc., we should considerably exceed two millions. And all these rightfully belong to and are parts of the great American metropolis. The whole, or city proper, when built up, will accommodate about 2.000,000 of people, at from eight to ten persons to each lot.

The lower wards are declining in population; the First ward having lost 1,000 in five years, the Second 500, the Third 750, the Fourth 1,000, and the Fifth 2,000. Up town the increase is greater than in any former period; the Sixteenth ward having gained 10,000 in five years, the Seventeenth 20,000, the Nineteenth 25,000, and the Twenty-second 8,000. The Seventeenth ward now has the enormous population of 93,000—a city in itself—the Twentieth has 83,000, the Twenty-first 71,500, and the Twenty-second 80,000.

PARKS, ETC.

The city of New York has in it twenty-one parks or squares, or places called by these names, as follows, according to Mr. JAMES E. SERRELL:

	A.	R.	P.	FT.
Battery (not extended)	10	2	22	239
Bowling Green		2	9	258
City Hall Park	10	3	14	000
Duane Park			21	66
Five Points Park			24	198
Hudson Square—St. John's Park,	4	0	18	188
Do. West Broadway			11	85
Washington Square	9	2	39	216
Tompkins Square	10	2	1	112
Abingdon Square			33	39
Union Place, Fourteenth Street	3	1	34	258
Gramercy Park	1	2	30	217
Madison Square	6	3	19	47
Reservoir and Park, Forty-second St.	10	0	00	000
Bloomingdale Square	18	0	9	186
Hamilton Square	15	0	00	000
Observatory Place	25	3	2	160
Manhattan Square	19	0	8	180
Mount Morris	20	0	27	114
Central Park, including both Croton Reservoirs, is over two and a half miles long and half a mile wide	1,000	0	00	000
Total, in parks	1,180	0	3	110

PIERS.

The number of piers for the accommodation of shipping are as follows: North River, about 54; East River, about 75.

STREETS.

In the early days of the city, all the streets were below or south of Wall Street; and as it progressed, streets were made as the wants of the inhabitants required or the owners of large tracts of land laid them out, selling their lots fronting on the new streets. This progressed until the acts of the Legislature in 1807, to lay out the city of New York north of North Street, now Houston Street, according to the present plan, which was completed about 1820 by Mr. John Randall, Jun., surveyor; but streets had been laid out through farms north of Houston Street, on "Kip's Bay" property, and other streets; the Middle Road, now Fifth Avenue, from Forty-first Street to Ninetieth Street, and cross streets similar to those now existing.

BROADWAY.

This world-renowned street opens at the Battery, on the extreme southern point of the island. and extends to Manhattanville (One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street), a distance of about seven miles. From Trinity Church to Grace Church, a distance of two miles, it is perfectly straight, and the eye takes it in at a single glance. It is undoubtedly the finest business street in the world, and New Yorkers are justly proud of it. Most of the buildings are either of marble, brown stone, or iron, and many of them very handsome. Our illustration will give the reader an imperfect idea of the street and the crowds which throng it.

PRICES OF CITY LOTS.

The prices at which land has been and is sold for in the city of New York are very variable. In certain localities, lots which once sold for $20 per lot, are now worth $12,000 per lot. Lots on Fifth Avenue, only twenty years ago, sold for $1,000 per lot, which are now $25,000 per lot.

The records show prices as follows:

Corner of Pearl and Elm Street—4 Lots 25 x 100 ft.	$60,000
House and Lot on Amity Street, near Wooster	11,500
House and Lot on Lafayette Place	35,000
Broadway, near Waverly Place, House and Store	49,100
Corner of Duane and Elm streets	32,000
Bleecker Street, near Wooster, House & Lot, 25 x 100	12,300
Twenty-fourth Street, S. C., between Fifth and Sixth avenues, Lot, 24 x 98.9—House, 66 x 24	30,000
Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, 25.5 x 100 Lot	19,000

GENERAL INFORMATION.

CHURCHES.—There are 281 churches in New York, of which thirty are Baptist, four Congregationalist, twenty-one Reformed Dutch, nine Lutheran, thirty-seven Methodist Episcopal, forty-three Presbyterian, six United Presbyterian, five Reformed Presbyterian, fifty-eight Protestant Episcopal, thirty-two Roman Catholic, three Unitarian, four Universalist, and twenty-four miscellaneous, besides twenty-four Jewish synagogues and three Friends' meeting-houses.

CENTRAL PARK, located between Fifth and Eighth avenues, and Fifty-ninth and One Hundred and Tenth streets, comprises over 1,000

* The engraving presented shows the city of New York for a distance of about three miles from its extreme southern point. The reader will understand himself to be in the city of Williamsburg, east of the business portion of New York, the East River separating Williamsburg from New York. On the left, in the foreground, may be seen the Navy Yard buildings, and, beyond them, a part of the city of Brooklyn. Beyond Brooklyn, in the distance, will be seen an elevation or hill, which is Staten Island, the Staten Island Sound running to the west of it, while the main ship channel to the sea runs on the east side of the island, or the side next to the observer. The little island observed below the lower parts of New York, covered with poplar trees, is Governor's Island, Castle William, a fortification, being seen on the extreme right of the island. Beyond Governor's Island will be noticed two smaller islands. The larger of the two is Bedloe's Island, owned by the United States, on which is a fortification. On the remote side of the city of New York, the Hudson River will be seen, which separates New York city from the State of New Jersey. Jersey City and Hoboken may be seen on the west shore of the Hudson River. It will be seen that New York runs to a point on the left. The first spire from the foot of Broadway, at the point, or Battery, is Trinity Church. Our picture is on a small scale, but very intelligible to those who are familiar with New York and its surroundings.

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acres, and is, although still incomplete, one of the chief attractions of the city. It is reached by any of the street cars west of Broadway.

Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art—Eighth Street, between Third and Fourth avenues, contains a Gallery of Paintings by the old masters, and a Reading Room for males and females. Open day and evening. Admission free.

Railroad Dépôts—Hudson River, corner of Chamber and Hudson streets. Harlem, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street. New Haven (connecting with all roads East), corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street. Erie, foot of Chambers Street. Morris and Essex, foot of Barclay Street. Roads to Philadelphia and Washington, foot of Cortland Street. To the West, connecting with Pennsylvania Central at Harrisburg, Pier No. 2, North River. New line to Philadelphia, *via* Delaware Bay and Raritan R.R., foot of Atlantic Street, Brooklyn. Long I. R.R., foot of James Street.

Hotels.—There are more than a hundred hotels in New York, among the best of which are the Fifth Avenue, Metropolitan, St. Nicholas, St. James, St. Denis, Hoffman, Brevoort, Astor House, The Everett, New York, etc. The prices at present are from two to five dollars a day.

Ferries.—New York is connected with Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Hoboken by twenty ferries. Boats also run at short intervals to Staten Island, Elizabethport, Harlem, Bull's Ferry, Fort Lee, and Weehawken.

Post Office—Corner of Nassau and Cedar streets. Letters deposited in the lamp-post boxes (585 in number) are collected six times a day in all parts of the city.

Academy of Music—Corner of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, between Third and Fourth avenues.

American Institute, Cooper Union Building, Eighth Street, between Third and Fourth avenues.

National Academy of Design—Fourth Avenue, corner of Twenty-third Street.

Mercantile Library—Clinton Hall, Astor Place, for clerks. Open day and evening.

Astor Library—Lafayette Place, near Astor Place. Open daily. Admission free.

American Bible House, between Third and Fourth avenues, and Eighth and Ninth streets.

Odd Fellows' Hall—Corner of Center and Grand streets.

Custom House—Wall, corner William Street.

Coney Island—a favorite place of resort in the summer for sea bathing, is a low, sandy island on the southern part of Long Island, just outside the Narrows, and distant about twelve miles from New York. It is reached by cars from Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, or in the bathing season by boat from New York. In a sail down the beautiful harbor you pass Governor Island, Fort Wood on Bedloe's Island, Forts Lafayette, Hamilton, and Wadsworth, and in full view of the fortifications adjoining.

The Navy Yard, Brooklyn, is reached by cars from Fulton Ferry. The ferries from New York that land passengers most convenient are—Jackson, Bridge Street, Catharine, and Fulton, in this order.

Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn—Cars leave every five minutes from Fulton, Atlantic, and Hamilton Avenue ferries, Brooklyn.

High Bridge, near Harlem, *via* Second and Third Avenue cars, or boat, to Harlem, thence by steamboat.

United States Assay Office, and Assistant United States Treasurer's Office—corner of Wall and Nassau streets.

The City Prison—known as the Tombs, from its semi-Egyptian style of architecture, is situated on Center Street, between Franklin and Leonard.

Steamboats.—*Albany* night boats, foot of Canal Street; day boats, foot of Desbrosses Street. *Yonkers*, *Poughkeepsie*, *Newburgh*, etc., foot of Harrison Street. *Providence* and *Boston*, Stonington Line, foot of Cortland Street; Norwich Line, foot of Vestry Street; Fall River Line, pier 3 N. R. *Bridgeport*, *Hartford*, foot of Peck Slip. *Philadelphia*, Coastwise Steamship Line, daily, pier 9 N. R.

Ocean Steamers.—*Baltimore*, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, pier 11 N. R. *Savannah* and *Charleston*, semi-weekly. *Mobile* and *New Orleans*, weekly. *California*, semi-monthly. *Havana*, weekly. *Rio Janeiro*, monthly. From three to four steamers leave this port weekly for Liverpool, London, Havre, and Bremen. For *London* via *Liverpool*, Wednesdays and Saturdays. *Havre*, semi-monthly. *Bremen*, weekly. *Glasgow*, weekly.

The bay or harbor of New York, which very seldom freezes, is said to be sufficiently capacious to accommodate in safety all the shipping in the world. It is formed by the junction of the North and the East rivers.

ADVICE TO A STUDENT.

A young man asks our advice on sundry matters, and this is our answer. It may be useful to others.

New York, *December 20th*, 1865.

Dear Sir—You ask us to give you rules and advice relative to habits of living and study during your collegiate course.

We should be happy, were it possible, to prescribe a set of rules that would be applicable to all; but as no two persons are exactly alike, so none require just the same advice, except in generalities.

The End to be Attained.—It was undoubtedly the end and aim of the Creator that each of his creatures should enjoy the highest degree of happiness of which he is capable. Let this, then, be your first rule in life, to so govern yourself that each act shall be such as will, to the greatest extent possible, produce this result, not only in the great unknown future, but in the present life and present time, which is the school for eternity. But do not so far err as to mistake mere *pleasure* for *happiness*.

Know Thyself.—To accomplish this end it is absolutely necessary for you to know yourself—your real desires, your capacity, your faults, and your failings—and this knowledge can only be obtained by a strict examination of yourself in accordance with the teachings of Phrenology, which is the only true mental philosophy.

Exercise.—Next to this comes the care of your physical condition; or rather we might well say, this is of equal importance, and one of the first duties and necessities to happiness. During your term of study you should take sufficient exercise in the open air, and by *exercise* we mean something more than a morning walk, taken because you think you must. A little *work* will be well—not exhaustive, but sufficient to set your blood bounding through your veins—not so laborious as to tire you so far as to unfit you for study, but sufficient to create an action on the nitrogenized tissues of other portions of your system than your brain—enough to make "good digestion wait on appetite." Indigestion is a mortal foe to study or other mental labor.

Sleep.—The rule of eight hours for sleep is a general one, based on an average. We know one man who needs but four out of the twenty-four. We know others for whom eight is not sufficient. For you, we can give no better rule than that you retire in good season, not later than ten o'clock, and arise when you first awake in the morning. These morning dozes between sleeping and waking, however pleasant they may be, are not necessary, and are only a waste of time that may be better employed.

Diet.—Let your food be *plain*, *coarse*, nutritious, well prepared. Avoid condiments. A little self-denial may be necessary at first, but you will soon find that spices, pepper, and vinegar are not necessary to make your food palatable. Three meals a day are entirely sufficient, and beware of lunches. Eat fruit plentifully, but at your meals, of which it should form part. Don't eat too much. As a general thing, the American people eat about twice as much as they need. If the stomach is overworked, the brain can not do good service. As none claim that tea and coffee are essential to health, while many hold that they are detrimental, you will err on the safe side, if at all, by abstaining from their use.

Baths.—One great obstacle to health is a skin through the pores of which the effete matter which should be thrown off by insensible perspiration can not pass. Strict attention, then, should be paid to bathing, in both warm and cold water, with and without soap, sufficiently often to keep the skin in good condition. In addition to these, full baths for purification; daily morning hand baths, to give action to the electrical currents in the system, should not be neglected.

If you pay attention to these rules of health you will find your mind clear, and that you are not so "hard to learn" as you suppose. There is scarcely a limit to the amount of study you can do if you are, physically, in good condition.

Studies.—We have but little to say relative to your studies. Whatever you undertake to learn, understand. If there is a rule in your arithmetic that you do not understand sufficiently to explain all the whys and wherefores, ask your teacher, and if he can't explain, as very likely he can not—don't give up, but try to find out for yourself. In your grammar, practice what you learn, and let your common conversation be grammatical. In geography, depend not only on your lessons; but in reading, when you see a public place named, *know* where it is; and so on through all the branches, *know what you pretend to know*. Get wisdom, but with all your gettings, get understanding. Don't be in a hurry to finish your education. To *finish!* Education is never completed. The school and the college are places in which you should learn *how* to learn, places where the *learn-power* is set in motion with, it should be, accelerated velocity.

Choice of Pursuit.—You should, so early as possible, choose the path in life that you seem best adapted to pursue, and educate yourself with especial reference thereto. No one can attain all knowledge. So, whether you choose one of the professions, a mercantile, mechanical, or commercial life, or that noblest of all pursuits, agriculture, your *special* education should be with reference to those things more particularly connected therewith, while your general education, to be learned from seeing, observing, and conversation, as well as from reading, should be as extensive as possible; and fail not to study the great book of nature, in which you will find, as nowhere else, that which will lead you from its study into closer communion with that Power which ordained, constituted, and controls all things.

Reward of Economical Industry.—The St. Albans (Vt.) *Daily Messenger* says that a Franklin County boy, engaged by the month in a large shipping-house in Boston, profiting by the maxim, "A penny saved is a penny clear," carefully extracted the nails from the old boxes which had "served their time." In four weeks he had collected in the course of his business two or three kegs of good nails. His employer, noticing the accumulation, after consulting the scales, handed the young man $16 as the immediate proceeds of his economy; and has honored this invaluable business trait, in connection with a sterling character in other respects, by an offer of partnership.

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WHAT THEY SAY.

It is always gratifying to receive words of approval from the intelligent and the sincere. They serve to strengthen and to encourage. It is a fault with some editors who are more jealous than generous, to selfishly withhold from their readers any mention of others who are at work in the same field. Others, who are more generous than just, when they praise, pile on the compliments so thickly, that the reader doubts both their judgment and the truth of what they write. We would avoid every extreme, and keep, nearly as possible, on the exact line of truth.

Our readers will judge for themselves whether or not the following statements will bear criticism.

The Trenton *Weekly Monitor*, one of our best literary journals, in noticing the December number of the A. P. J., says:

It is just received—an admirable number of a periodical which, more, perhaps, than any other publication in the world, is calculated to do good to its readers: to promote their physical, moral, and intellectual health; to point out the dangers and temptations of life, and indicate the remedy for any evils they may already have entailed. Alive, progressive, shrewd, practical, fully up to, if not in advance of, the times in every respect, this monthly is working incalculable good, exerting its influence even upon those unaware of its existence. The December number, completing the forty-second volume, contains Ethnology, Physiology, Phrenology, Physiognomy, and Psychology, less formidable in reading than their sound would indicate. The low price of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—$2 per year—ought to place it in every family, and once having gained a foothold its maintenance of it is sure.

The Mansfield (Ohio) *Herald*, says:

Any work calculated to teach man a knowledge of himself, meets a hearty welcome with us. Certainly nine tenths of the wretchedness and misery in this sin-cursed world is owing to that want of self-knowledge which characterizes our race so much. Read the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL carefully, attentively, and retentively, and our word for it, you will be a wiser, and we may hope, a better man.

The *Methodist*, one of our best religious journals, though declining fully to indorse Phrenology, candidly says:

We can cheerfully testify our belief that its conductors are earnestly striving in their way, and according to their views, to do good. Many of the practical teachings of the JOURNAL are of the highest value in the promotion of physical development and health, and *all aim* at moral improvement.

From our Canadian neighbors we get many cordial commendations. The Toronto (Canada) *Evening Journal* thus speaks of the JOURNAL:

It has long been admitted that as a household visitor this is one of the best, and we can most confidently recommend it to our patrons as containing reading matter of the highest order, and as calculated to elevate and improve the mind of every individual reader.

AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—We are in receipt of this journal of science and art, of philosophy and fact. We have for many years been a reader of the JOURNAL, and have been much benefited by its perusal. We never believed all its teachings—nor do we now—but because there is chaff mixed with it we are not willing to throw away the wheat, and therefore we continue to read and prize it.—*Keithsburg Observer.*

[Good! Every nut has a worthless shell, and every kernel of wheat a covering of chaff. Truth and error are often mixed. We disclaim perfection; and doubt not the editor of the Keithsburg *Observer* has the frailties common to human nature. We are glad he reads and *likes* the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. When its contents shall have been winnowed through his mental fanning-mill and pronounced "clean," we presume the same will be "marketable."

NOT YET.—*Messrs. Editors A. P. J.:* I have been quite an attentive reader of your PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and have been deeply interested in your publications of the characters of sundry distinguished citizens. A great many of your readers would be glad to see your own heads and characters done up in black and white. Could you not gratify them in your next edition? J. L. S.

[Wait till we shall have earned such distinction; or, failing, never let it be asked, "why are they here?" but, rather, why are they not?]

THE JOURNAL IN GEORGIA.—*Editor:* I am very much pleased with the contents of the number of the JOURNAL I lately received. To the professional man, the teacher, the mechanic, the farmer, and all grades, it is an invaluable *vade mecum*. Every student should read it regularly. The extensive and varied instruction it contains is worth ten times the subscription price. I hope it may have an extensive circulation in Georgia. Very truly, PHILIP L. HAMPTON.

STONE MOUNTAIN, GA.

Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.*]

LIFE AND LETTERS OF FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A., Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1847-53. Edited by Stopford Brooke, M.A. In two vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. Price $8.

The thousands on both sides of the Atlantic who have learned to love and revere the memory of the late lamented Frederick W. Robertson, but who know him only through his Sermons, Lectures, and Addresses, will be glad to have presented to them the means of a more intimate acquaintance. We have here an intimate memorial of him. We see him not only as the Christian teacher, but as the man, the son, the brother, the husband, and the friend. It will be seen what a truthful life he lived and what a courageous battle he fought, and these can not fail to have an influence as real and as helpful as his sermons. His letters are full of tender human thought, of subtile and delicate feeling, and of much tried and suggestive experience.

A SUMMER IN SKYE. By Alexander Smith, Author of "Alfred Hagart's Household," "A Life Drama," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. Price $1 50.

This is such a book as only a poet could have written, and shows Mr. Alexander Smith as perfect a master of prose as of verse. It contains some of the finest descriptions of scenery and society that we have lately seen, interspersed with historical allusions and legends in prose and verse. A more attractive volume to the lover of the beautiful, the wild, the weird, and the romantic can hardly be found.

WAR-LYRICS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Henry Howard Brownell. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. Price $1 50.

The poems of the war, which make up the larger portion of the volume, were first printed in the papers during the first years of the rebellion, and republished in book form under the title of "Lyrics of a Day, by a Volunteer in the U. S. Service." They have considerable merit, and were timely and most commendable when thus thrown off, but we hardly see the propriety of reprinting them now. Enough of this—in God's name, enough! Give us now, O! poets, "Hymns of Peace" and "Songs of Reunion."

THE FREEDMEN'S BOOK. By L. Maria Child. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. Price $1 50.

Mrs. Child says, in a brief preface addressed to the freedmen, "I have prepared this book expressly for you, with the hope that those of you who can read will read it aloud to others, and that you all will derive fresh strength and courage from this true record of what colored men have accomplished under great disadvantages." It contains brief biographies, sketches, poems, etc., by various authors, and all relating to the colored race. The book is to be sold to the freedmen at cost.

PHYSIOGNOMY; OR, SIGNS OF CHARACTER, based on Ethnology, Physiology, and Phrenology. Illustrated with more than a Thousand Portraits and other Engravings. In four Parts. New York: Fowler and Wells. Price, $1 for each Part.

Parts I., II., and III. of this important work are now ready, and Part IV. is rapidly advancing toward completion. The scope of the work is very broad, and the treatment of the subject thorough, and, so far as possible, exhaustive. Among the topics discussed in the parts before us are: "General Principles of Physiognomy;" "The Temperaments;" "General Forms" (of Face and Figure), as Indicative of Character; Signs of Character in the Features—the Chin, the Lips, the Nose, the Eyes, the Cheeks, the Ears, the Neck, etc.; "The Hands and Feet;" "Signs of Character in Action;" The Walk, the Voice, the Laugh, Shaking Hands, the style of dress, etc. "Insanity," "Idiocy;" "Effects of Climate;" "Ethnology;" "National Types;" "Physiognomy of Classes" (with grouped portraits); "Transmitted Physiognomies;" "Love Signs," etc. Part IV. will contain, "Grades of Intelligence;" "Comparative Physiognomy;" "Personal Improvement, or How to be Beautiful;" "Handwriting;" "Studies from Lavater;" "Physiognomy Applied;" Physiognomical Anecdotes, etc.

NOTES ON BEAUTY, VIGOR, AND DEVELOPMENT; or, How to Acquire Plumpness of Form, Solidity of Muscle, Strength of Limb, and Clearness and Beauty of Complexion, by a course of Exercise, Diet, and Bathing. By William Milo, London. Slightly altered, with Notes and Illustrations by Handsome Charles, The Magnet. Price 10 cts. Fowler and Wells.

Few books contain so much that is really of value in so small a space and for so low a price. As health and beauty are among the most coveted of earthly blessings, we can safely assume that everybody will be glad to have the way to gain and retain them pointed out, as it is in this handsome little illustrated manual.

COMMON SCHOOL GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By Simon Kerl, A.M., author of "First Lessons in Grammar," "Comprehensive Grammar," etc. New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. 1866. Price $1.

This is a simple, thorough, and practical text-book, and is not excelled in these particulars by any work with which we are acquainted. We would particularly commend it for the clearness and brevity of its definitions.

ROBERT MERRY'S THIRD BOOK OF PUZZLES. New York: J. N. Stearns. 1865. Price 35 cts.

The puzzles have pictures to match, and are sure to please the little folks, as all Uncle Merry's books and magazines always do.

"THE SPIRIT OF HARPER'S FERRY" is "a Poem" (of John Brown) "for the Times," by Wm. W. H. McCurdy, published by Bland, Myers & Woodbury, Indianapolis. The admirers of the sturdy old hero, whose spirit is said to be "marching on," will doubtless read it with interest. Price 25 cents.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable or interesting:

THE PARABLES READ IN THE LIGHT OF THE PRESENT DAY. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 12mo. pp. 278. Cloth, $2.

POEMS BY GERALD. 16mo. pp. xxxi., 428. Cloth, $1 75.

PRECIOUS THOUGHTS, MORAL AND RELIGIOUS. Gathered from the Works of John Ruskin, A.M. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. 12mo. pp. x., 349. Cloth, $2.

UNITED STATES ALMANAC for 1866. 12mo. $1 25.

HAND-BOOK OF THE STEAM-ENGINE, containing all the Rules required for the right construction and management of Engines of every class, with the easy Arithmetical Solution of those Rules, constituting a Key to the "Catechism of the Steam-Engine." By John Bourne, C.E., etc. 12mo. pp. xii., 474. Cloth, $2.

THE YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND; containing Admonitions for the Erring, Counsel for the Tempted, Encouragement for the Desponding, and Hope for the Fallen. By Daniel C. Eddy, D.D. New Series. 16mo. pp. 268. Cloth, $1 50.

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RURAL AFFAIRS.—The number of the ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS for 1866 contains quite as great a variety of interesting and valuable matter as any of its predecessors. It is illustrated as usual with about 130 Engravings.

No resident of the country can well do without this most valuable little annual. It is full of timely hints for not only the *country gentleman* (which every farmer *should be*), but also for the country *lady* (which we assume that every farmer's wife *is*), and both will read it with equal pleasure and profit. Price, post-paid by mail, only 35 cents. Fowler and Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

OUR ANNUAL.—The showy gift-books of the season may be more attractive to the eye than our little "Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy for 1866;" but in real utility and intrinsic interest many a costly volume will fall far behind it. It contains a sketch of President Johnson, with a portrait; Julius Cæsar; Character in the Walk (illustrated); The Mother of John Wesley, with a portrait; the Eyes (poetry); Stammering and Stutt-ring—the Cause and Cure; the Red Man and the Black Man (illustrated); Heads of the Leading Clergy, with grouped portraits; Heads of Notorious Boxers, with grouped portraits; Fate of the Apostles, with a likeness of St. Paul; Cornelius Vanderbilt, with a portrait; Language of the Eyes (illustrated); Brigham Young, with a portrait; Richard Cobden and John Bright, with portraits; General Wm. T. Sherman, with a portrait, etc. [Price, prepaid by mail, 12 cents.]

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER.—This is one of the best family agricultural papers published in this country. When the editor was elected mayor of Rochester, we feared *The Rural* would lose something of its spirit, but we find it "all alive" to the best interests of the farmer and the family as before. We intend to watch our opportunity to "show up" this time-honored editor and model mayor in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. But the best way to study his character is to read his paper. *The Rural New-Yorker* is published weekly at $3 per year, by D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, N. Y.

DE HOLLENDER says: Ook hebben wij ontvangen het jaarboekje voor Schedelleer en Physiognomy van S. R. Wells, de redacteur van het "Phrenological Journal and Life Illustrated," dat vele wetenswaardige bijzonderheden bevat. Dit jaarboekje bevat de portretten van Andrew Johnson, Abraham Lincoln, de moeder Van Wesley, Gen. Grant, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Gen. Sherman en anderen met karakterkundige beschrijvingen; is te verkrijgen te New York bij Fowler en Wells, 389 Broadway. Prijs, 12 cents.

POPULAR NEW MUSIC.—Horace Waters, the well-known music publisher of No. 441 Broadway, has lately issued "Too Late to Marry," words by W. H. Bellamy, music by R. Sidney Pratten; "The Martyr of Liberty," by James G. Clark; "Give Me Honest Friends and True," a song by Henry Tucker; and "A Maiden for Sale," a comic song, by A. Dispecker.

A CAPITAL WORK for young orators is that containing the SPEECHES OF JOHN BRIGHT, M. P., on the American Question. With an introduction by Frank Moore. Price, $2 50. May be had, prepaid by post, at this office.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson, Boston, has lately published "The Mountain Boy," a song by S. O. Spencer; "Waterfall Schottisch," by F. A. Pease, and "The Maid of Lamoille," by L. B. Whitney.

SKATING.—The following witty and graceful note was sent to one of "our girls," with an elegant pair of skates.

NEW YORK, *December*, 1865.—S. W. B. begs to present his compliments to Miss S——, and requests her acceptance of the accompanying pair of skates, believing that these will afford more scope to her graceful and rapid movements than even a telescope, and be of vastly more service in astronomical observations, as she will doubtless see stars during her early experiments, and come in contact with forcible proofs of the laws of gravity and levity combined, even in isolated instances. It will only be necessary to "go it," to bring a "come it" into the field of vision of the order known to astronomers as the "spread eagle." For her encouragement he would respectfully suggest that only the wicked *stand* in slippery places.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your* "BEST THOUGHTS" *solicited.*

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, *etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department*—TO CORRESPONDENTS—*and communications for the Editor, must be written on* SEPARATE *slips.*

THE NEGRO SKULL.—"Is it a fact that the skull of the negro is thicker than that of the white man? and is it destitute of sutures or seams as in the head of the white?" *Ans.* The skull of the negro as he exists among us to-day is thicker than that of the white man; that is to say, take a hundred negroes and a hundred white men, just as we meet them, and the skulls of the negroes would average thicker—so of the bony structure throughout. We have seen negro skulls that were very thin; we have seen white men's skulls that were very thick. The thickness of the skull depends a great deal on the temperament, and especially on the natural activity and excitability of the system. The skulls of negroes vary in thickness; so also do the skulls of white men vary in thickness, perhaps quite as much as the skulls of the African. The bones of both man and animal in Africa are large. Those of the lion, the tiger, the elephant are examples; the bones of the two former are very fine, very compact, and very strong. It is generally supposed that negroes have better teeth than other people; but we have inclined to suppose that that opinion was based on the fact that the negro's teeth look whiter, because the contrast between them and the skin is so much greater. The second branch of inquiry, as to the sutures or seams, we now repeat for, perhaps, the fiftieth time. There is a current opinion among those unacquainted with anatomy, that the African skull has no sutures or seams dividing the different parts of the head. Not long since, a man came to us saying that a doctor told him that such was the fact. Let it be understood, then, once and forever, that the negro's skull has just as many parts and seams as that of any other man; and, let us say further, that we know of no skull of beast or bird that has not seams or sutures. The skull is not a bony box to incase the brain like an egg-shell, not to be expanded; but the skull is formed in parts and united at the seams by a kind of saw-teeth or dove-tailed interlocking. The human skull, the seams of which appear almost to have become consolidated, as they do in the aged after the brain has ceased growing, may be filled with dry beans or grain and put in water, and the swelling of the beans or grain will separate the skull in its various seams. Even those that seem to have grown solid, come apart. While the brain is growing, the skull is constantly expanding. There is a great convenience in having the skull in parts so that it can easily give room for the growth of the brain. We may add that the bones of the face are all in pieces, joined at particular places; and this serves a very important purpose in another sense: a blow upon one part of the head or face, which might cause a fracture, would do far less injury than if the skull were one solid bone. The fracture will run to one of the seams in the head, and will there be likely to stop; besides, any severe concussion of the head would produce far less damage to it in consequence of its having joints and seams. As a crockery crate yields, and thereby produces less damage to the contents than if it were packed into a box made of boards, so the skull being in parts yields to shocks and pressure. We hope this reply will be disseminated among all those who try to make out on anatomical and ethnological principles that the negro is not a human being. It is a mean bigotry, begotten of a cowardly prejudice that ought to be dispelled, for the very swine, and dog, and pole-cat have sutures in the skull, like those in the white, the red man, and the black.

ASKING QUESTIONS.—1. I am always wanting to know the "why and the wherefores," so much so that I am continually joked about it. Now what organ is it that predominates in my cranium? *Ans.* Causality asks questions; Individuality wants to see. 2. What large developments of organs constitute cowardice—excessive caution? *Ans.* Very large Cautiousness, and small Self-Esteem, Combativeness, Destructiveness, and deficient moral sense. 3. Is there any such thing as a "ghost?" I suppose you will laugh at that question; but there is the Brooklyn Ghost; and I know of another house that *is haunted*, for I have a brother that is not afraid of anything, and he undertook to stay in the house one night, and had to give it up, as there was a woman and child murdered in the house some two years ago, and no one has been able to live in it since! *Ans.* If we believe in the Scriptures we must believe in ghosts, in apparitions; but the ghosts usually said to frequent haunted houses, we conceive to be creations of the imagination. If we understand by ghost, the spirit of one who has departed this life, we must admit, on the authority of the Bible, that such things *have been* seen. But like many other things spoken of in the Bible, as the ax that floated on the water—the water that was troubled by the angel—the manna that was rained down for food, we have no repetitions of them at the present time; at least it has never been our fate or fortune to see a ghost, although we have whistled past grave-yards in dark nights, visited old ruins, and been in haunted houses without number. Our correspondent fails to notice the late ghost in a church in Jersey City, which after having engaged the attention not only of the people in the vicinity, but the Common Council, who by their "resolutions" duly offered, and a sufficient police force, finally overcame it, and found it to be only a dog.

GRAVEL WALLS FOR HOUSES.—In reply to frequent questions put to us as to the economy and utility of this mode of building, we may state that the more we know of it the better we like it. For cellar walls it is better to use field-stones, or the coarsest kind of gravel. As a foundation, after digging the cellar, there should be a blind drain directly beneath the wall, which will carry off all the water; otherwise, the moisture would tend to cause the concrete to crumble before becoming thoroughly hardened. But if suitably drained, the wall may be built as above suggested. While gravel will answer, we consider field-stones better for the foundation.

FRENCH AND ITALIAN.—1. Is it best to learn one first, or take lessons in each at the same time? *Ans.* Devote yourself to one till you have pretty well mastered it, then take up the other, but read enough in the first to keep it fresh in the memory. 2. How long will it take to learn French for conversation by studying two hours daily? *Ans.* That will depend entirely on how much talent you have for learning. Some would learn it thus in six months, others would require a year.

RETREATING FOREHEADS.—How do you reconcile the very retreating forehead of Lavater with his acknowledged talents? *Ans.* Foreheads often are retreating in consequence, not of defective reflective organs, but of extra large perceptive organs. If the brow be built out half an inch or an inch it will give an inferior look to the upper part of the forehead without detracting from or lessening that part of the brain. Lavater's head was long from the opening of the ears to the root of the nose, and his perceptive organs were very large, and all his writings evince superior observing but not very strong reasoning power. He gathered facts but did not build them up into a system. His work on "Physiognomy" is more like piles of brick, lime, sand, beams, boards, lath, and shingles, than like a house. A larger upper forehead would have put his many facts and observations into an edifice or system.

BRIEF MENTION.—Brooklyn. Should we publish the person you name and tell the truth, we should be liable to prosecution for libel. He is a great "blower," is very selfish, with streaks of benevolence when it will "pay." Is almost destitute of Conscientiousness, and has no more regard for the truth than has the idiot he exhibits. He has just enough Veneration to incline him to patronize the church, but even this is in subordination to his cupidity. He passes for a "good fellow" with those who don't know him, and for a very bad man with those who *do* know him. We would not trust him, nor believe him under oath. We can not publish him except to expose, which, we repeat, would be libelous. Wait a little, and he will "fetch up" where his perverted nature inclines him to go.

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EASTERLY STORMS.—Why do storms originate in the east? *Ans.* They do not in all places. In the North-western States the great snow-storms come from the west and northwest. In other places the great rain-storms come from the south. On the Atlantic coast, where north-easterly storms prevail, the cold winds from the region of icebergs come sweeping down over the warm northerly currents of the Gulf Stream, thus becoming loaded with moisture. When these winds, driving southward and westward, meet contrary currents they become condensed to such a degree that the moisture becomes rain or snow. This explains why a northeast storm begins to rain or snow at Washington two hours before it does at Philadelphia, and there several hours before it does at New York, Boston, Portland, and "down east." Such storms are often raging at Boston and Bangor several hours after they are spent and cleared off at Philadelphia.

TALKING IN A CROWD.—I have large Language, and can converse with ease with one or two persons either acquaintances or strangers; while in a large company composed of friends, acquaintances, and strangers I am not inclined to talk. I am not bashful. I am puzzled to understand this. *Ans.* When in promiscuous company you feel the responsibility of the public position, and this appalls you. Some men can argue loudly and ably with one or more men in presence of fifty men; but call the meeting to order by placing one man in the chair and let the rest be seated, and your clamorous debater is silent, is obliged to sit and be scored by others, and see his favorite opinions rudely put down. So soon as the meeting is closed, however, and the order, dignity, and responsibility are set aside, he grapples his opponents in debate, and the whole crowd listen to his earnest and well-put statements. It is not the fifty men, singly, in groups, or as a whole, that deter him from talking, but it is the solemnity and apparent responsibility which the *organization* produces which frighten him. Practice would enable him to overcome this. The same will help you out.

THE JOURNAL is usually printed in time to reach subscribers in the Atlantic States about the first of each month.

ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.—"Lambert's Third Book on Anatomy and Physiology" is a very excellent one. We can furnish a copy, postage paid, for $1 75.

SCULPTURE.—1. What developments are necessary for a great sculptor? *Ans.* All the intellectual, all the mechanical, all the artistic faculties, all the elements of force and ambition with all the moral and social organs. A person needs all these to be great in anything. As a sculptor or orator, a man wants all the organs. A person needs especially for a sculptor the intellectual, mechanical, and artistic faculties, and is the better for having everything strong. Hiram Powers stands very high as a sculptor. We do not understand making molds of gelatine for plaster casts. 2. Is genius a natural inheritance? *Ans.* Yes, and so is talent.

PHRENOLOGISTS.—What organs must be strongly developed in order to become a good phrenologist? *Ans.* The most essential are the intellectual, but a man can not be a first-class phrenologist without a good development of all the organs, especially the moral.

ATTRACTION.—REPULSION.—Why are we attracted to one and repelled by another, when we meet for the first time? *Ans.* The best reply we can make is the child's answer, namely, 'Because we are." When we learn *why* the magnet points north and south; or the cause of vital heat; or what is life, then we may be able to account for human "attraction and repulsion." That "like likes like" is self-evident. But why? We readily affiliate with congenial spirits which are adapted to us, and are repelled, almost *poisoned*, by the very atmosphere of others. A horse and a mule may be made to work together, but the horse sickens, it is said, by breathing the breath of the mule, and soon breaks down. So it is between persons of widely different temperaments, and they do not "become one."

BLOOD.—To increase and purify it can only be done by right living. Good food, pure air, exercise, etc., are among the essentials. Bread from unbolted flour is adapted to constant use. Fresh sweet butter in very moderate quantities may be used by those in health.

D. McD.—The confusion or disturbance of the organ of Sociality produces in persons the loss of their "point of compass," or makes them feel "turned around." Friendship or Adhesiveness leads to affection among kindred, and it is extended to others outside of these ties; very small Self-Esteem and large Approbativeness or the reverse can co-exist precisely as a man can be a good mechanic and not a poet, or a good talker and a poor reasoner, or have good eyes and poor ears.

SELF-ESTEEM.—To cultivate this organ, use it; assume place and position, stand erect, put on dignity, walk and talk with self-appreciation, do not let yourself down, say no trifling things, and you will soon establish a feeling of dignity, and the organ will become larger. A timid girl going among strangers and teaching a school for six months, receiving obedience from the pupils and respect from the parents, will return to her friends womanly and self-poised. Her Self-Esteem has been strengthened by use and culture.

WILLIAM WILMS.—1. Is it safe or advisable in all cases to drink nothing but cold water? *Ans.* We believe pure water to be all that is necessary for drink. 2. What is the cause of *dandruff* on a person's head, and is there any prevention or cure for the same? *Ans.* Dandruff is the result or removing of insensible perspiration. Wash the head occasionally with water that has a little borax in it. 3. What is the cause of occasional canker sores in a person's mouth who enjoys excellent health otherwise, and what is its prevention? *Ans.* Cause, impurities of the system; prevention, hygienic living.

HON. J. W. HARRIS, noticed in our July number, instead of going to Europe, went to St. Paul and performed some very remarkable mental gymnastics, which have been duly reported in the papers—among other things, deserting his beautiful wife, and running away with money not his own. We are asked to explain how it is that one so well organized should become so wicked? It is easily answered. He is simply a *perverted* man. Phrenology does not pretend to decide what man has done, *will* do, nor what he will *not* do; it simply points out his *natural* tendencies, capabilities, and deficiencies. The *Hon.* J. W. H. is intelligent above the average of men; he is good-looking, nay, handsome; nor is he specially deficient in faculties. But he "got off the track," and was morally obtuse. He is a fallen man, though capable of repentance and a better life. *All* are liable to stumble and to fall, as angels are said to have done.

WHOM NOT TO MARRY.—*Dear Journal:* Faithful friend and adviser, I am having a struggle between principle and selfish pleasure, you may think. I once loved and was loved in return, but parents separated us and we have not met for several years; lost to each other in one sense of the word forever. I now have another opportunity of changing my position in life. Another has come and partially fills the place in my heart of the lost love of years ago. I know he loves me, and I can give my hand and as much of my heart as to any one. *I love him*, but not like my first love. I hear that he is a *gambler;* must I give him up on that account, or take him and try to influence him to a better life; he has no other habits that are bad; a kind, loving disposition, and many other qualities that help to make him good. I know my influence is great over friends, and I sometimes think I may be the means of changing his course of life; he has a good occupation, and otherwise good morals. Now please tell me what is my duty—what must I do? *Ans.* You must not marry him until he proves himself worthy to become a husband and father. He must not only stop gambling, but he must reform; but he must put himself in the way to grow in grace—in short, to become a Christian. Until then, you will not be safe to marry him. The best men are none too good to become husbands and fathers, and many are totally unfit to enter into these sacred relations. Our advice to a sister or a daughter would be, to marry only an honest Christian gentleman.

WHAT IS TACHYGRAPHY?—*Ans.* The meaning of this word is "fast writing." *Phonography*, which means "writing according to sound;" this also is "fast writing," besides having a philosophy based on the sound of words.

TOBACCO AND THE TEETH.—Does chewing tobacco preserve the teeth? *Ans.* We think not. Many persons say so and think so. We have tried to give men the credit of truthfulness and sincerity who make the statement. If those who chew tobacco have better teeth than others, it is probably caused by the fact that the process of chewing tobacco may tend to keep the teeth clean from particles of food which, without care, might be allowed to remain, thus promoting decay. The teeth should be carefully cleaned, not with acids and powders, but with water and a brush, after each meal. The following seems in place: "As the period generally occupied by sleep is calculated to be about six or eight hours out of the twenty-four, it would greatly promote the healthful maintenance of the priceless pearls whose loss or decay so greatly influences our appearance and our comfort, if we were to establish a habit of carefully cleansing them with a soft brush before going to bed. The small particles of food clogging the gums impede circulation, generate tartar and caries, and affect the breath. Think of an amalgamation of cheese, flesh, sweetmeats, fruit, etc., in a state of decomposition, remaining wedged between our teeth for six or seven hours; yet how few ever take the trouble to attend to this most certain cause of toothache, discoloration, and decay, entailing the miseries of scaling, plugging, extraction, and false teeth."

PATENTS.—F. A. C. The law requires that every patented article, or bag or package containing the same, should be stamped Patented, and the date of the patent. See "How to Get a Patent" (price 10 cents), for the law, and valuable information.

GRADUATION.—No rule can be laid down which will apply to all cases. It is better to graduate at the age of twenty-five, with an unimpaired constitution, than to break down in an attempt to get through a course of study earlier.

TWIGS, NOT TREES, ARE BENDABLE.—Can a person whose physical development has, through disobedience to Nature's laws, been retarded from early youth to a few years after maturity (say from thirteen to twenty-seven) acquire, by strict obedience thereafter, the same development and muscular power as though he had never transgressed? *Ans.* No. He may improve, but never become what he could have been without the transgression; and it is equally true in regard to moral delinquency.

A pebble in the streamlet scant
Hath turned the course of many a river;
A footfall on the tiny plant
Hath warped the giant oak forever.

THE BUST.—The cost of our Phrenological Bust boxed for transportation is $1 75. The cost of transportation by express can be ascertained by asking an express agent at the place where it is to be received. The box is about twelve inches long and eight inches wide.

BALDNESS.—We know of no certain means of preventing the hair from falling off. Cold water and friction are the best local applications; but the difficulty generally depends upon some peculiar state of the system not well understood. We should use cold water and a good brush, avoid hot air-tight hats, and try to improve the general health.

MINISTER.—A clergyman needs a full development of all the moral sentiments, a good intellect, and sufficient Destructiveness and Combativeness to give him energy and courage to fight the good fight of faith.

MARRIAGE OF COUSINS.—We have given our views on this subject several times during the present year in this department, and must beg our correspondent to look over his back numbers of the JOURNAL.

DEBATER.—The price of McElligott's "American Debater" is $2, post-paid.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.—A papulous skin consists of small acuminated elevations of the cuticle, not containing a fluid nor tending to suppuration, commonly terminating in scurf. There are several varieties of the disease: *gum rash*, common to infancy; in *lichenous rash* there are little red pimples, the eruption diffuse, attended with a pricking or tingling sensation; *purpinous rash* causes great itching; the *millet rash* consists of little, hard, milk-white pimples usually confined to the face, caused by impure blood generated by bad living. The best treatment of all these and other skin diseases is the Turkish Bath. Where this can not be had, other modes of bathing should be resorted to to purify the system. Washing the face with warm or tepid water, and applying cold water with friction to the chest, arms, and other

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parts of the body, may transfer the pimples to some less inconvenient locality. Washing the face with cold water, while the other parts of the body are neglected, draws the blood, and the bad humors which it contains, to the surface there.

MOTHS.—Will moths eat paper or books as well as cloth? *Ans.* No.

MOON.—Why is it that there is on the face of the moon the image of a person leaning over a cloudy heap? *Ans.* It's all in your eye. There are shadows of mountains, but no image.

SUPERSTITION.—1. Are there such persons, or were there ever such persons, as witches, wizards, and conjurers? *Ans.* There were persons different in some respects from others to which these names were applied. 2. What does the term Macbeth's witches mean? *Ans.* See *Shakspeare.*

Z.—1. Why is the letter z called zed or izzard, in the alphabet of the United States Spelling Book, Part I., page 9? *Ans.* For no good reason. 2. Could a person spell a word in which z belongs by calling it zed or izzard? *Ans.* It could be called thus in spelling as well as anything else—the name has nothing to do with the sound giving the character it designates.

DOUBLE LETTERS.—1. Which is the correct way to pronounce the double letters æ and œ—is æ pronounced a or e? *Ans.* E. 2. Is œ pronounced o or e? *Ans.* E.

FLATTERY.—Yes, there are indiscreet, nay, dishonest phrenologists, the burden of whose song is silly laudation. They know better, but will not do it. Instead of making their examinations useful, they simply try to amuse the subject, and to entertain lookers-on. This is degrading, and may be classed with other Barnumizing tricks, which can only result in lowering Phrenology in the eyes of the world. Persons must discriminate between the mountebank and the gentleman, the quack and the scholar.

HOW MUCH CAN I MAKE.—Some phrenologists make from $10,000 to $12,000 a year—by lecturing, examining, and in the sale of books. Others make less, from $2,000 to $5,000, depending on capability. It *should* pay quite as well as the practice of medicine, the law, or any other profession, and it *will*, when the same qualifications are brought to bear.

HANDWRITING, ETC.—1st. Does flannel cause irritation when worn next to the skin? *Ans.* Coarse flannel does in some cases. 2d. Is cold bathing more conducive to health than warm? *Ans.* Yes, in general; but in some cases warm bathing is best. 3d. Can the negro, by cleanliness, get rid of that odor for which he is noted? *Ans.* Not entirely. 4th. What is my character judging by my handwriting? *Ans.* Bad enough, if not better than your caligraphy. 5th. Why don't you show us your ugly profile through the A. P. J.? *Ans.* As our profile is not ugly, but quite the contrary, we can't endure the jealousy it would excite.

THE NOSE.—We have published in the JOURNAL, and in our "new Physiognomy," all needful information in regard to the Signs of Character in the nose, and refer inquirers to back numbers, and to the book.

MECHANICAL.—Prof. ———, in an examination of my phrenological organ, said, "Mechanical ingenuity is your predominant characteristic—are A. No. One in mechanical work of all kinds." Being a believer in the principles of Phrenology, and yet very clumsy in the use of tools, I can not reconcile the observation with my experience. Will you oblige by answering the following question? Can there be mechanical ingenuity in an eminent degree unaccompanied by a natural skill in the use of tools? *Ans.* The statement was inconsiderate, and not justified by Phrenology. Had the examiner said your Constructiveness was large, and that you *might become* an expert mechanic by practice, it would, we presume, have been true. An organ may be large, but latent—as, for example, some Quakers have large Tune, but seldom or never exercise it in the way of making music. So of other organs which are possessed by nearly all; but not being trained by education and use, they lie dormant through life, and, like gold ore in the mountains, may, or may *never* be brought to light.

MATRIMONY, ETC.—"A Subscriber's" questions are not of "general interest." Send us your address on a prepaid envelope, and we will reply.

TEMPERAMENT, QUALITY, etc.—Can a person have a predominant mental temperament, with low, organic quality? *Ans.* Yes. Is the bony or osseous system increased in size by exercise? *Ans.* Yes. Why does a person sometimes choose a pursuit not adapted to his organism or phrenological character? *Ans.* Because he knows no better.

PHRENOLOGISTS.—Can a person become a good phrenologist without understanding the anatomy of the human system? *Ans.* One can be a good delineator of character without a knowledge of minute anatomy, but he would be a better teacher, probably a better practitioner of Phrenology, by having a thorough knowledge of anatomy and physiology.

A "Constant Reader" asks us questions which, if answered in the JOURNAL, would open a door for fifty letters a day, and would absorb half the room in the JOURNAL to answer them. Give us your name with your questions, and we will answer you privately. Such questions as yours are not suitable for publication.

MERCHANT.—What organization, temperament, etc., are essential in a young man to be a successful merchant. *Ans.* Merchants require Acquisitiveness, to impart a desire and tact for business; large Hope, to promote enterprise; full Cautiousness, to render them safe; large Perceptives, to give quick and correct judgment of the qualities of goods; good Calculation, to impart rapidity and correctness in casting accounts; large Approbativeness, to render them courteous and affable; and full Adhesiveness, to enable them to make friends of customers, and integrity to retain them. A merchant should have a well-balanced temperament, to give health, strength, and endurance, and clearness and force of mind. Why is *one* young man a better salesman than another? and why is one better worth a salary twice or thrice the amount than another? Phrenology answers this by pointing out the constitutional differences, and showing who is, and who is not, adapted to mercantile life.

ITCHING FEET.—The difficulty is probably of the nature of a chilblain. Avoid exposing the feet to extremes of heat and cold; wear cooling wet bandages during the night, if the feet itch or are painful, and attend strictly to the general health of the system.

STAMMERING.—You will find the information you seek in "Our New Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy" for 1866. [Price, by mail, 12 cents.]

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—Find some one in your neighborhood who will consent to teach you English grammar. Do not be bashful about it. Every good grammarian in your neighborhood knows your defining, and will respect you all the more for endeavoring to cure it.

HAGGERTY—VERNET.—Who were Haggerty and Horace Vernet, whose likenesses appear in the November number of the JOURNAL, page 187? *Ans.* Haggerty murdered a whole family in Lancaster County, Pa., and was executed about the year 1840. Horace Vernet is a French painter of eminence, who was born in Paris in 1789.

TO MAKE THE HAIR CURL.—"A new subscriber" desires us to give a recipe to make the hair curl. We believe the barbers use a hot iron, with some kind of greasy substance; others wet the hair in water, and do it up at night in little bits of paper, in which it is kept till morning and is *then* dressed for the day. But the *best* plan is to apply the treatment *inside*, from whence the hair grows, and the substance *we* use is mush and milk, and fried pudding with or without treacle—otherwise molasses. We like maple syrup best. It may be taken in a spoon, or with a fork, depending on the state of liquidity in which it is served up. If taken say about once in six hours, it will, in time, produce the desired effect. Try it, and if approved, recommend it to your neighbors. The thing is neither patented nor copy-righted, but is free to all who live in a corn country.

TEMPERAMENT.—What is meant by a well-balanced temperament? *Ans.* A temperament in which the different temperamental conditions are harmoniously blended. The other questions of Giovanne are too indefinite. A man's place in the business world does not depend upon half a dozen artistic faculties; the disposition, the courage and fortitude, and the moral sentiments have something to do in giving a man a place.

Publishers' Department.

NOT FOR *our* SAKES.—We would not rudely *decline* the kind offices even of a child, but would accept the generous expression for the gratification it would afford the giver; and this is the way we feel toward those who tender their services to us in the way of aiding the good work of disseminating Phrenology. But though we rejoice at every kind expression, and at every effort put forth in the interest of the science, we can not accept it as a *personal favor* to *us*. *We* are only *helpers* in the same work, only agents of people who use us for this purpose. A gentleman correspondent puts this matter on the right ground when he says, "I send you a club of subscribers obtained at the cost of the best part of three days' time, and I do this, *not* for any advantage *you* may derive from it, but for the advantage of my friends and neighbors, whom I wish to have the benefit of the JOURNAL." For *them* rather than for *us*. Still, our warmest thanks go out instinctively to those who take sufficient interest in the good cause to get up clubs, sell books, or even *talk* up Phrenology. But please remember, it is not for *us* you work—it is for the CAUSE and your friends.

DOUBLE NUMBERS.—Instead of twenty-four pages, the usual number, we published *thirty-two full quarto pages in each number of the* JOURNAL *for* 1865, making for the year *ninety-six pages* more than we promised; and gave besides a handsome cover to every number. We did this at a large cost for paper and printing. How it may be during the year 1866 will depend on circumstances; the price of paper, the number of subscribers we receive, the value of our currency, and so forth. But we will give to every subscriber the full value of his money, and something more.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.—During the year 1865, we published in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL some THREE HUNDRED illustrative engravings, most of which were portraits. We have no doubt the number for the present year will exceed those of the last, and all for $2 a year. Verily, this *is* the cheapest *illustrated* periodical now published.

L. E. L.—These initials should have been appended to the article on Washington and Cæsar, in our December number. They were accidentally omitted. But *who* is L. E. L.? Ah, that is a secret. We may state, however, that the *English* L. E. L. is not *our* AMERICAN L. E. L. The first contribution published from the pen of this writer was in the October number, under the title of THE TWO PORTRAITS, and we now have sketches of Marshall and Choate from the same pen. We predict a brilliant career for this racy writer.

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLIS will continue her "talk" about "Love and Lovers," "Work for Women," "Domestic Life," the "Training of Children," "Selection and Treatment of Servants;" with such "Hints to Gentlemen" as may serve to put them on their very best behavior. Mrs. Wyllis is not a "great talker," but *when* she speaks, the whole house must give ear. For is she not an oracle? We may publish her portrait in a future number.

WRITE ON SEPARATE SLIPS.—It would facilitate matters if correspondents would write their different orders on separate slips. If writing for books and the JOURNAL, let each be separate; and if for publication, or for answer in Correspondents' Department, *each* should be on a separate slip of paper, otherwise matters *may* "get mixed" and delayed.

BIND THE JOURNAL.—Covers, made of embossed muslin, and lettered on the back suitable for binding last year's JOURNAL, for 1865, may be had at this office, or prepaid by post, for $1. They are very convenient.

POSTAGE.—Subscribers must pay the postage on the JOURNAL at their respective post-offices. We can not prepay, except on papers sent to foreign countries, in which case the subscriber remits the amount required for such pre-payment with his subscription.

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ÆSOP'S FABLES.

ILLUSTRATED.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

A LION was sleeping in his lair, when a Mouse, not knowing where he was going, ran over the mighty beast's nose and awakened him. The Lion clapped his paw upon the frightened little creature, and was about to make an end of him in a moment, when the Mouse, in pitiable tone, besought him to spare one who had so unconsciously offended, and not stain his honorable paws with so insignificant a prey. The Lion, smiling at his little prisoner's fright, generously let him go. Now it happened no long time after, that the Lion, while ranging the woods for his prey, fell into the toils of the hunters: and finding himself entangled without hope of escape, set up a roar that filled the whole forest with its echo. The Mouse, recognizing the voice of his former preserver, ran to the spot, and without more ado set to work to nibble the knot in the cord that bound the Lion, and in a short time set the noble beast at liberty; thus convincing him that kindness is seldom thrown away, and that there is no creature so much below another but that he may have it in his power to return a good office.

THE BIRDS, THE BEASTS, AND THE BAT.

ONCE upon a time there was a fierce war waged between the Birds and the Beasts. For a long while the issue of the battle was uncertain, and the Bat, taking advantage of his ambiguous nature, kept aloof and remained neutral. At length when the Beasts seemed to prevail, the Bat joined their forces and appeared active in the fight; but a rally being made by the Birds, which proved successful, he was found at the end of the day among the ranks of the winning party. A peace being speedily concluded, the Bat's conduct was condemned alike by both parties, and being acknowledged by neither, and so excluded from the terms of the truce, he was obliged to skulk off as best he could, and has ever since lived in holes and corners, never daring to show his face except in the duskiness of twilight.

THE CREAKING WHEELS.

AS some Oxen were dragging a wagon along a heavy road, the Wheels set up a tremendous creaking. "Brute!" cried the driver to the wagon; "why do you groan, when they who are drawing all the weight are silent?"

Those who cry loudest are not always the most hurt.

THE FATHER AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS.

A MAN who had two daughters married one to a Gardener, the other to a Potter. After awhile he paid a visit to the Gardener's, and asked his daughter how she was, and how it fared with her. "Excellently well," said she; "we have everything that we want; I have but one prayer, that we may have a heavy storm of rain to water our plants." Off he set to the Potter's, and asked his other daughter how matters went with her. "There is not a thing we want," she replied; "and I only hope this fine weather and hot sun may continue, to bake our tiles." "Alack," said the Father, "if you wish for fine weather, and your sister for rain, which am I to pray for myself?"

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

THE FALCONER AND THE PARTRIDGE.

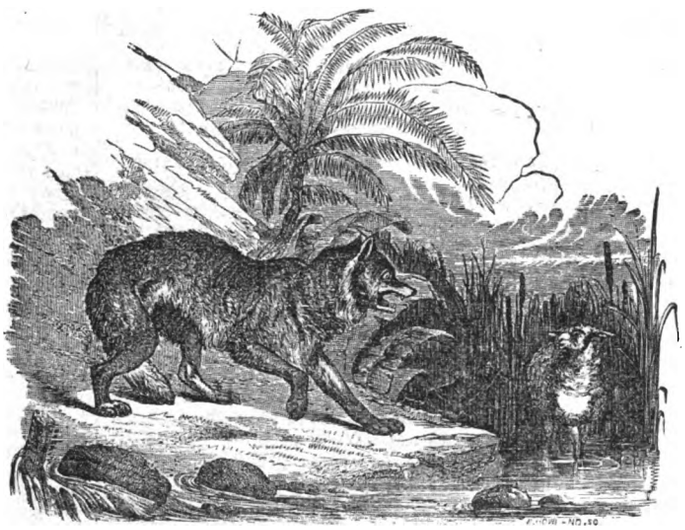
A FALCONER having taken a Partridge in his net, the bird cried out sorrowfully, "Let me go, good Master Falconer, and I promise you I will decoy other Partridges into your net." "No," said the man, "whatever I might have done, I am determined now not to spare you; for there is no death too bad for him who is ready to betray his friends."

THE BELLY AND THE MEMBERS.

IN former days, when all a man's limbs did not work together as amicably as they do now, but each had a will and way of its own, the Members generally began to find fault with the Belly for spending an idle luxurious life, while they were wholly occupied in laboring for its support, and ministering to its wants and pleasures; so they entered into a conspiracy to cut off its supplies for the future. The Hands were no longer to carry food to the Mouth, nor the Mouth to receive the food, nor the Teeth to chew it. They had not long persisted in this course of starving the Belly into subjection, ere they all began, one by one, to fail and flag, and the whole body to pine away. Then the Members were convinced that the Belly also, cumbersome and useless as it seemed, had an important function of its own; that they could no more do without it than it could do without them; and that if they would have the constitution of the body in a healthy state, they must work together, each in his proper sphere, for the common good of all.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

AS a Wolf was lapping at the head of a running brook, he spied a stray Lamb paddling, at some distance, down the stream. Having made up his mind to seize her, he bethought himself how he might justify his violence. "Villain!" said he, running up to her, "how dare you muddle the water that I am drinking?" "Indeed," said the Lamb humbly, "I do not see how I can disturb the water, since it runs from you to me, not from me to you." "Be that as it may," replied the Wolf, "it was but a year ago that you called me many ill names." "Oh, Sir!" said the Lamb, trembling, "a year ago I was not born." "Well," replied the Wolf, "if it was not you, it was your father, and that is all the same; but it is no use trying to argue me out of my supper;"—and without another word he fell upon the poor helpless Lamb and tore her to pieces.



THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

A tyrant never wants a plea. And they have little chance of resisting the injustice of the powerful whose only weapons are innocence and reason.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

A WOLF had got a bone stuck in his throat, and in the greatest agony ran up and down, beseeching every animal he met to relieve him; at the same time hinting at a very handsome reward to the successful operator. A Crane, moved by his entreaties and promises, ventured her long neck down the Wolf's throat, and drew out the bone. She then modestly asked for the promised reward. To which, the Wolf, grinning and showing his teeth, replied with seeming indignation, "Ungrateful creature! to ask for any other reward than that you have put your head into a Wolf's jaws, and brought it safe out again!"

Those who are charitable only in the hope of a return, must not be surprised if, in their dealings with evil men, they meet with more jeers than thanks.

THE WIDOW AND THE HEN.

A WIDOW woman kept a Hen that laid an egg every morning. Thought the woman to herself, "If I double my Hen's allowance of barley, she will lay twice a-day." So she tried her plan, and the Hen became so fat and sleek that she left off laying at all.

Figures are not always facts.

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

ON a cold frosty day an Ant was dragging out some of the corn which he had laid up in summer time, to dry it. A Grasshopper, half-perished with hunger, besought the Ant to give him a morsel of it to preserve his life. "What were you doing," said the Ant, "this last summer?" "Oh," said the Grasshopper, "I was not idle. I kept singing all the summer long." Said the Ant, laughing and shutting up his granary, "Since you could sing all summer, you may dance all winter."

Winter finds out what summer lays by.

THE CRAB AND HER MOTHER.

SAID an old Crab to a young one, "Why do you walk so crooked, child? walk straight!" "Mother," said the young Crab, "show me the way, will you? and when I see you taking a straight course, I will try and follow."

Example is better than precept.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE WHELP.

A BLIND Man was wont, on any animal being put into his hands, to say what it was. Once they brought to him a Wolf's whelp. He felt it all over, and being in doubt, said, "I know not whether thy father was a Dog or a Wolf; but this I know, that I would not trust thee among a flock of sheep."

Evil dispositions are early shown.

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THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A DOG made his bed in a Manger, and lay snarling and growling to keep the horses from their provender. "See," said one of them, "what a miserable cur! who neither can eat corn himself, nor will allow those to eat it who can."

THE HARE AND THE HOUND.

A HOUND having put up a Hare from a bush, chased her from some distance, but the Hare had the best of it, and got off. A Goatherd who was coming by jeered at the Hound, saying that Puss was the better runner of the two. "You forget," replied the Hound, "that it is one thing to be running for your dinner, and another for your life."

THE MICE IN COUNCIL.

ONCE upon a time, the Mice being sadly distressed by the persecution of the Cat, resolved to call a meeting, to decide upon the best means of getting rid of this continual annoyance. Many plans were discussed and rejected; at last a young Mouse got up and proposed that a Bell should be hung round the Cat's neck, that they might for the future always have notice of her coming, and so be able to escape. This proposition was hailed with the greatest applause, and was agreed to at once unanimously. Upon which an old Mouse, who had sat silent all the while, got up and said that he considered the contrivance most ingenious, and that it would, no doubt, be quite successful; but he had only one short question to put, namely, which of them it was who would Bell the Cat?

It is one thing to propose, another to execute.

THE WOLF AND THE SHEEP.

A WOLF that had been bitten by a dog, and was in a very sad case, being unable to move, called to a Sheep, that was passing by, and begged her to fetch him some water from the neighboring stream. "For if you," said he, "will bring me drink, I will find meat myself." "Yes," said the Sheep, "I make no doubt of it; for, if I come near enough to give you the drink, you will soon make mince-meat of *me*."

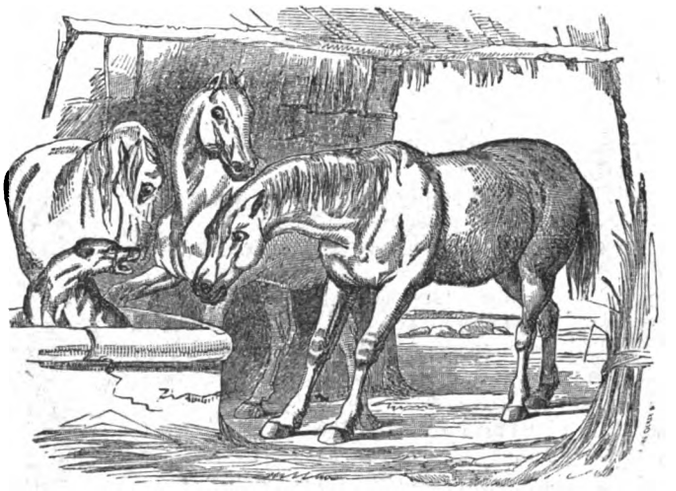
THE DOG AND HIS MASTER.

A CERTAIN Man was setting out on a journey, when, seeing his Dog standing at the door, he cried out to him, "What are you gaping about? Get ready to come with me." The Dog, wagging his tail, said, "I am all right, Master; it is you who have to pack up."

THE EAGLE AND THE FOX.

AN Eagle and a Fox had long lived together as good neighbors; the Eagle at the summit of a high tree, the Fox in a hole at the foot of it. One day, however, while the Fox was abroad, the Eagle made a swoop at the Fox's cub, and carried it off to her nest, thinking that her lofty dwelling would secure her from the Fox's revenge. The Fox, on her return home, upbraided the Eagle for this breach of friendship, and begged earnestly to have her young one again; but finding that her entreaties were of no avail, she snatched a torch from an altar-fire that had been lighted hard by, and involving the whole tree in flame and smoke, soon made the Eagle restore, through fear for herself and her own young ones, the cub which she had just now denied to her most earnest prayers.

The tyrant, though he may despise the tears of the oppressed, is never safe from their vengeance.



THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

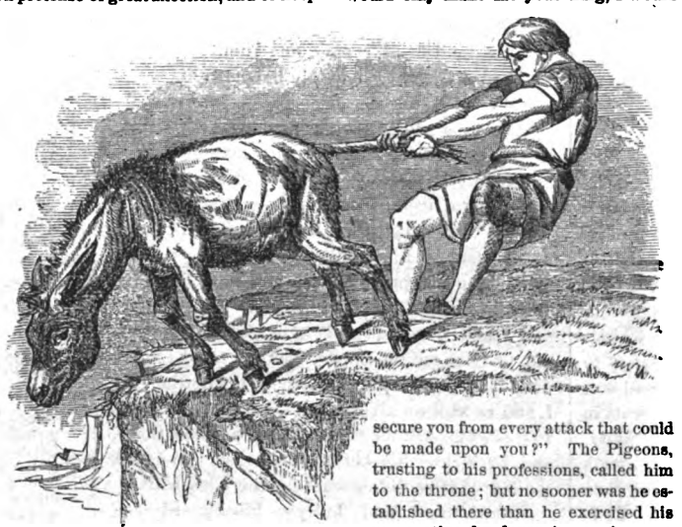
THE ASS AND HIS DRIVER.

AN Ass that was being driven along the road by his Master, started on ahead, and, leaving the beaten track, made as fast as he could for the edge of a precipice. When he was just on the point of falling over, his Master ran up, and seizing him by the tail, endeavored to pull him back; but the Ass resisting and pulling the contrary way, the man let go his hold, saying, "Well, Jack, if you will be master, I can not help it. A willful beast must go his own way."

THE MOUSE AND THE FROG.

A MOUSE in an evil day made acquaintance with a Frog, and they set off on their travels together. The Frog, on pretense of great affection, and of keeping his companion out of harm's way, tied the Mouse's fore-foot to his own hind-leg, and thus they proceeded for some distance by land. Presently they came to some water, and the Frog, bidding the Mouse have good courage, began to swim across. They had scarcely, however, arrived midway, when the Frog took a sudden plunge to the bottom, dragging the unfortunate Mouse after him. But the struggling and floundering of the Mouse made so great commotion in the water that it attracted the attention of a Kite, who, pouncing down, and bearing off the Mouse, carried away the Frog at the same time in his train.

Inconsiderate and ill-matched alliances generally end in ruin; and the man who compasses the destruction of his neighbor, is often caught in his own snare.



THE ASS AND HIS DRIVER.

THE KITE AND THE PIGEONS.

SOME Pigeons had long lived in fear of a Kite, but by being always on the alert, and keeping near their dove-cote, they had contrived hitherto to escape the attacks of the enemy. Finding his sallies unsuccessful, the Kite betook himself to craft: "Why," said he, "do you prefer this life of continual anxiety, when if you would only make me your king, I would secure you from every attack that could be made upon you?" The Pigeons, trusting to his professions, called him to the throne; but no sooner was he established there than he exercised his prerogative by devouring a pigeon a day. Whereupon one that yet awaited his turn, said no more than "It serves us right."

They who voluntarily put power into the hand of a tyrant or an enemy, must not wonder if it be at last turned against themselves.

THE FIR-TREE AND THE BRAMBLE.

A FIR-TREE was one day boasting itself to a Bramble. "You are of no use at all; but how could barns and houses be built without me?" "Good sir," said the Bramble, "when the woodmen come here with their axes and saws, what would you give to be a Bramble and not a Fir?"

A humble lot in security is better than the dangers that encompass the high and haughty.

THE DOG, THE COCK, AND THE FOX.

A DOG and a Cock having struck up an acquaintance, went out on their travels together. Nightfall found them in a forest; so the Cock, flying up on a tree, perched among the branches, while the Dog dozed below at the foot. As the night passed away and the day dawned, the Cock, according to his custom, set up a shrill crowing. A Fox hearing him, and thinking to make a meal of him, came and stood under the tree, and thus addressed him: "Thou are a good little bird, and most useful to thy fellow-creatures. Come down, then, that we may sing our matins and rejoice together." The Cock replied, "Go, my good friend, to the foot of the tree, and call the sacristan to toll the bell." But as the Fox went to call him, the Dog jumped out in a moment, and seized the Fox and made an end of him.

They who lay traps for others are often caught by their own bait.

THE ASS AND HIS MASTERS.

AN Ass, that belonged to a Gardener, and had little to eat and much to do, besought Jupiter to release him from the Gardener's service, and give him another master. Jupiter, angry at his discontent, made him over to a Potter. He had now heavier burdens to carry than before, and again appealed to Jupiter to relieve him, who accordingly contrived that he should be sold to a Tanner. The Ass having now fallen into worse hands than ever, and daily observing how his master was employed, exclaimed with a groan, "Alas, wretch that I am! it had been better for me to have remained content with my former masters, for now I see that my present owner not only works me harder while living, but will not even spare my hide when I am dead!"

He that is discontented in one place will seldom be happy in another.

THE TREES AND THE AXE.

A WOODMAN came into the forest to ask the Trees to give him a handle for his Axe. It seemed so modest a request that the principal Trees at once agreed to it, and it was settled among them that the plain homely Ash should furnish what was wanted. No sooner had the Woodman fitted the staff to his purpose, than he began laying about him on all sides, felling the noblest Trees in the wood. The Oak now seeing the whole matter too late, whispered to the Cedar, "The first concession has lost all; if we had not sacrificed our humble neighbor, we might have yet stood for ages ourselves."

When the rich surrender the rights of the poor, they give a handle to be used against their own privileges.

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WOMAN OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.

FLAT-HEADS.

THE foregoing cuts represent natives of Vancouver Island. In explanation of the strange custom of flattening the skull, as shown in the engraving of the Indian girl, the author of "Four Years in British Columbia" writes: "The Indians of Vancouver Island all have their heads flattened more or less. Those who have only seen certain tribes may be inclined to think the sketch of this girl exaggerated; but it was really drawn from measurement, and she was found to have eighteen inches of flesh from her eyes to the top of her head. The process is effected while they are infants, and it does not seem to [destroy, or to] interfere with their intellectual capacities."

PATRICK O'ROUKE AND THE FROGS.

A COLD-WATER STORY.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

SAINT PATRICK did a vast deal of good in his day; he not only drove the snakes out of Ireland, but he also drove away the frogs—at least I judge so from the fact that Patrick O'Rouke was unfamiliar with the voices of these noisy hydropaths. Pat had been visiting at the house of a friend, and he had unfortunately imbibed more whisky than ordinary mortals can absorb with safety to their persons. On his home return the road was too narrow, and he performed wonderful feats in his endeavors to maintain the center of gravity. Now he seemed to exert his best efforts to walk on both sides of the road at the same time; then he would fall and feel upward for the ground; then he would slowly pick himself up, and the ground would rise and hit him square in the face. By the time he reached the meadow-lands, located about half-way betwixt his home and the shanty of his friend, he was somewhat sobered by the ups and downs he had experienced on the way.

Hearing strange voices, he stopped suddenly to ascertain if possible the purport of their language. Judge his astonishment when he heard his own name distinctly called, "Patrick O'Rouke—Patrick O'Rouke."

"Faith, that's my name, sure."

"Patrick O'Rouke—Patrick—O'Rouke—Rouke—Rouke."

"What do ye want o' the likes o' me?" he inquired.

"When did ye come over—come over—come—over?"

"It is jest tree months ago to the minute, and a bad time we had, sure, for we wur all say-sick, and the passage lasted six long wakes."

"What will you do—do—do? What will ye do—do—do?"

"I have nothing to do at all at all; but then I can do anything: I can dig; I can tind mason; and I can hould office, if I can git it."

"You are drunk—you are drunk—drunk—drunk—drunk—drunk."

"By my sowl that's a lie."

"You are drunk—dead drunk—drunk—drunk."

"Repate that same if ye dare and I will take me shilaly to ye."

"You are drunk—dead drunk—drunk—drunk."

"Jist come out here now and stip on the tail o' my coat, like a man," exclaimed Pat in high dudgeon, pulling off his coat and trailing it upon the ground.

"Strike him—strike him—strike—strike—strike."

"Come on wid ye, and the divil take the hindmost; I am a broth of a boy—come on."

"Knock him down—down—down."

"I will take any one in the crowd, and if Mike Mulligan was here we wud take all of yees at onct."

"Kill him—kill him—kill him."

"Och, murther! sure ye wud not be after murdering me—I was not oncivil to ye. Go back to Pate Dogan's wid me now, and I will trate ivery one of yees."

"We don't drink rum—rum—rum."

"And are ye all Father Mathew men?"

"We are cold watermen—watermen."

"Take me advice now, and put a little whasky in the wather, darlings—it will kape the could out whin yees git wet—and so it will."

"Moderation—moderation—moderation."

"Yis, that's the talk. I wint to Pate Dogan's, down there in Brownville, and says I, 'Will ye stand trate?' says he, 'Faith and I will.' Says I, 'Fill up the glass,' and so he did; 'Fill it again,' said I, and so he did; and 'agin,' said I, and so he did. 'Give me the bottle,' said I, 'And I won't do that same,' said he. 'Give me the bottle,' said I, and he kipt on niver heedin' me at all at all, so I struck him wid me fist rite in his partatee thrap, and he kicked me out of the house, and I took the hint that he didn't want me there, so I lift."

"Blackguard and bully—blackguard and bully."

"Ye wouldn't dare say that to my face in broad day, sure; but ye are a set of futpads and highwaymin, hiding behind the rocks and the trees. Win I onct git to Watertown I will sind Father Fairbanks afther ye, and he will chuck ye into the pond as he did that thafe who stole the public money, and he will hould ye there until ye confess, or he will take yees to the perleese."

"Come on, boys—chase him—chase him."

"Faith and I won't run, but I will jist walk rite along, for if any of me frinds shud find me here in sich company, at this time o' night, they wud think I was thrying for to stale somethin'. Tak me advice, boys, and go home, for it's goin' for to rain, and ye will git wet to the skin if ye kape sich late hours."

"Catch him—catch him—catch him."

"Sure ye'd bether not, for I haven't got a cint wid me or I'd lave it in yer jackets. What's the use of staling all a man has whin he has jist nothing at all at all. Bad luck to ye for bothering me so."

About this time the frog concert was in full tune, and the hoarse chorus so alarmed Pat he took to his heels, for he was now sober enough to run. Reaching his home, two miles distant from the scene of his encounter with the "highwaymin" who held such a long parley with him, he gave a graphic history of his grievance. Soon it was noised about the neighborhood that Patrick O'Rouke had been waylaid and abused by a drunken set of vagabonds, whose headquarters were near a meadow on the banks of the Black River; but the fear of the citizens subsided when they discovered that Pat had been out on a bender and could not distinguish a frog from a friend or an enemy.

GIRL OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.

THE
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S. R. WELLS, EDITOR,

Is devoted to The Science of Man, in all its branches, including PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, SOCIOLOGY, etc. It furnishes a sure guide in Choosing a Pursuit, in selecting a Wife or a Husband, and in judging of the dispositions of those around us, by the external "Signs of Character."

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—*Young.*

SAMUEL P. HEINTZELMAN.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

GENERAL HEINTZELMAN possesses a remarkable temperament, and must have descended from a hardy, tough, and long-lived ancestry. His greatest danger lies in his exalted mental temperament. He is built too much on the high-pressure principle, and is liable to overdo, to go to extremes, and attempt to carry too many guns. If he would slow up a little, take life quietly and passively, his chances for long life would be improved.

We infer that he was to some extent thrown upon his own resources when young, and has developed those qualities which give independence and self-reliance; at all events, the love of liberty and sense of independence form leading traits in his character. To play second, to act in a merely subordinate capacity, is not according to his inclinations. He can conform to circumstances, however, and adapt himself to any condition in which he may be placed, but he would always aspire to lead. He is reasonably cautious, but never timid. The feeling of fear has no abiding-place in his nature. On the contrary, he is resolute and executive. He is kind, considerate, and without malice or revenge. Still, he has that feeling which enables him to break the way, to surmount obstacles, and achieve success. He is quick to resist aggression and resolute to defend himself without that feeling of hesitancy or procrastination which holds back too many men. His Hope is not extravagant; as a general thing, he succeeds better than he anticipates, and accomplishes more than he promises. He is ambi-

PORTRAIT OF MAJOR-GENERAL SAMUEL P. HEINTZELMAN.

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tious, very sensitive in regard to his reputation, and careful to do nothing which would detract from it in the estimation of others. He is dignified, honorable, and honest; no man who knows him well, questions his motives where moral principles are involved.

In religion he is not so observant of forms or ceremonies as he is sympathetic, just, and merciful. He is not inclined to bow down and worship men or images, for he has less humility and less meekness than sympathy, charity, and integrity. To do right and to do good would be his cardinal principles. He is disposed to allow others to form their own judgments and worship God according to their own convictions, and claims for himself the same rights in those respects.

Intellectually, he is both a good observer and a good thinker. He is capable of contriving and devising ways and means to accomplish difficult ends, and is never without resources; failing in one thing, he will try another and another until he succeeds, or is convinced of the futility of his purpose. He would have made a capital engineer, a good explorer, a fair navigator, or railroad man. He can comprehend the geography of a continent as well as that of a State, and remembers faces and places very distinctly.

Socially, he is warm-hearted and even ardent in attachments; love for woman forms a leading feature in his character. A state of celibacy would be disagreeable to him. If suitably mated, he would be pre-eminently happy as a husband and father. In most respects he inherits his mother's sympathies, affection, and sensitiveness, although he may combine the qualities of both parents. He has his mother's intuition, which is indeed a remarkable feature in his character. He reads men intuitively, and seems to know them at a glance. He may almost always rely on his first impressions in regard to the character of strangers. If he is impressed that a certain man is a rogue, he will very likely prove one. By properly exercising his intuitions, he is enabled to get on pleasantly everywhere, knowing whom to trust and whom not to trust. He is polite, affable, and gentlemanly, though he could never play the sycophant to lords or ladies; should he be introduced to kings or queens, he would not lose his own self-respect and identity. Though always manly and dignified, he is not cold or distant, but sufficiently familiar toward all. He considers one man as good as another while he conducts himself as well. Though frank, open, and free, yet he has all the management and policy of judgment and Cautiousness, without the cunning of Secretiveness. In regard to Acquisitiveness, more economy would have been advantageous to his pocket. He has doubtless been more generous to others than just to himself. He is very executive. There is no procrastination on his part; action follows the word instantly. He has considerable versatility of talent—can turn his thoughts quickly from one thing to another, and keep several interests in view at the same time. He has a strong hold on life, and will only let it go when he must; would pass through more trials and privations without breaking down than any one in a hundred men; and if attacked by cholera, yellow fever, or other virulent diseases, he would rally under them sooner than most men. A little rest, with suitable food, enables him to recuperate rapidly when exhausted from overwork. He has taste, refinement, and love for the beautiful in art and the grand and sublime in nature. He is mirthful and even jolly sometimes—always fond of fun and quick at repartee. Under favorable circumstances he would be neat, tidy, and systematic, and would be accurate as an accountant if accustomed to figures. He has a good memory of faces, forms, and objects generally, but it seems not so good with reference to names, dates, and passing events.

With practice he would have made a good speaker, and of the professions the law should have been his first choice; medicine and surgery the second; theology—to which he appears least inclined—third. Had he been educated for the law, he probably would have taken a place somewhere in the State or under Government, and would have preferred that rather than be confined to a mere practice before the courts. If he had chosen the profession of a surgeon, he would have been successful in a hospital or in general practice, but would not have been pleased with the details. He could have filled a chair in some school or college successfully. As a minister, he would have preached on his own account rather than according to any particular method established by others. All things considered, he is capable of accomplishing much, of enjoying much, and of contributing largely to the happiness of others. He has been liberally blessed with intellectual, social, moral, and executive capabilities, and with suitable cultivation there is no reason why he should not have already taken a leading place among leading men.

BIOGRAPHY.

Samuel P. Heintzelman was born at Manheim, Lancaster County, Penn., Sept. 30th, 1805. He is of German descent on the father's side; his ancestors were the first settlers of Manheim as early as 1746. His early education was obtained at the district schools of Manheim and Marietta. In 1822 he received an appointment through Ex-President Buchanan, then a representative in Congress, as cadet to West Point. In the letter inclosing the appointment, Buchanan says: "As I have used all my influence to obtain the warrant for you, I hope your conduct will be such as to reflect honor on your parents and your country, and make me reflect with pleasure that I have been instrumental in procuring your appointment."

His career at West Point was commendable. He graduated the 18th in a class of 42, and entered the army as brevet second lieutenant Third U. S. Regular Infantry. The Indian troubles which engaged the attention of our forces in the West for several years, were participated in by Lieut. Heintzelman. He served most of the time as assistant quartermaster in the Seminole and Creek wars from 1835 to 1842. In the Mexican war he rendered efficient service. At the battle of Huamantha, Oct. 9, 1846, he commanded a battalion of recruits, and was brevetted major for gallant action on the field. When our armies approached the city of Mexico he commanded the Second U. S. Infantry several months. In the spring of 1849 he was placed in command of the southern district of California. In 1850 the Indian tribes of California and Colorado becoming troublesome to the settlers in those regions, Major Heintzelman was ordered to chastise them for their depredations. This he did summarily in two brief campaigns, and the War Department appreciating his services, brevetted him lieutenant-colonel Dec. 19, 1851. In the fall of 1859 he was sent with a detachment of troops to Brownsville, Texas, to suppress the disturbance created by Cortinas and his band of desperadoes. In two engagements he totally defeated Cortinas and completely broke up the organization, capturing artillery, baggage, and war material generally. On his report of the final engagement, which took place at Rio Grande City, Dec. 27, 1859, is this indorsement by Gen. Scott:

"This is the report of a brilliant affair in which Major Heintzelman distinguished himself as he had done often many years before. I beg to ask a brevet for him—in small part to compensate for the outrage done him by the War Department, etc."

When the political relations between the North and South assumed so serious a complexion that war appeared inevitable, he determined to withdraw from the service in Texas, and in Jan., 1861, having obtained leave from Gen. Twiggs, who had command of the Department of Texas he returned to Washington. Here he remained until active hostilities were decided upon by our Government, when he immediately offered his services. In May, 1861, he was appointed acting inspector-general on Gen. Mansfield's staff. Gen. Mansfield being then in command of the Department of Washington.

On the morning of May 24, Heintzelman having been appointed colonel, crossed Long Bridge into Virginia at the head of the first troops that crossed the Potomac, and occupied Arlington Heights. He commanded the right division of the forces engaged in the first battle of Bull Run, and was severely wounded in the sword arm while leading his men into action. Notwithstanding his hurt, with a section of Arnold's Battery and a few companies of regular cavalry he covered the retreat of the right wing of our routed forces.

His intrepidity on this occasion obtained a further promotion to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers, with the command of a division of the Army of the Potomac. His subsequent career as a general of division is honorable. During the peninsular campaign under McClellan at Williamsburg, Bottom's Bridge, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, and Harrison's Landing, General Heintzelman's division ever occupied the hottest positions on the field, and performed the most gallant achievements.

The following dispatch received by him from the War Department shows that his services in this campaign were not of a common order:

"As an acknowledgment by this Department of your gallant and distinguished service to the country, I had the pleasure to send to the President this morning your nomination as brevet brigadier in the regular service, and also as major-general in the volunteer service. Suitable acknowledgments and promotion will be made for the gallantry of all who have distinguished themselves in your corps when official reports are received. EDWIN M. STANTON,
"Secretary of War."

This is the only brevet received during the war. Subsequently General Heintzelman occupied several important posts in the West and East. He has lately taken command of the Seventeenth U. S. Infantry, stationed at Hart's Island, N. Y. Harbor.

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SHAPES OF HEADS.

NOTHING is more common than for persons not acquainted with Phrenology to look upon all human heads as substantially alike.

Persons come to us talking about "*bumps*," as if the head were covered with hills and hollows like an old cornfield. Indeed, the general impression seems to be that there is, comparatively, but little difference in the shape of heads; but when extremes of development are presented, the eye least practiced readily detects the wide differences which exist in the shape of heads. Taking the *eye* and *ear* as basilar points from which to calculate development, heads may differ an inch in width without exhibiting any special bump or protuberance. One head may be an inch and a half higher than another, yet all its proportions may be smoothly rounded and not strike the casual observer as being remarkable.

We herewith present a group of heads, copied from life, which ought to strike the common observer as being very different. Look, for instance, at our central figure composed of one face, with the outline of four heads attached. Number 1 represents that of Pope Alexander VI., whom history charges with some of the foulest crimes that disgrace human records. How low the head in the top, and how it retreats in the forehead! how heavy it is about the ears! how prominent and heavy in the back-head!

THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE BRUTAL KING.

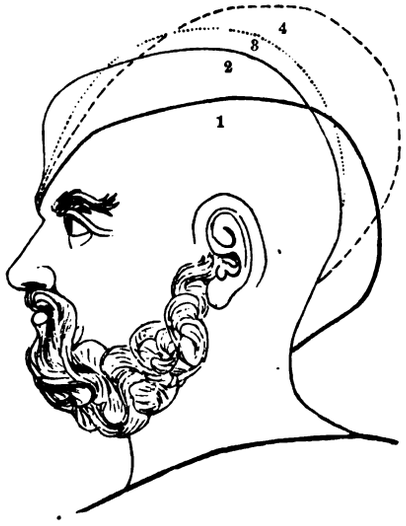
No. 2 Zeno, shows a vertical forehead! it is especially large in the upper or reasoning part of the forehead; it is well-developed in the moral organs, along the middle of the top-head, and not very large in the back-head; the distance from the opening of the ear backward is not great; his moral and intellectual powers were more amply developed than his social and animal. Zeno, the Stoic, was a wise, philosophical, thoughtful moral man. The dotted line No. 3 shows the outline of the head of Father Oberlin, one of the most persevering, practical, and Christian of ministers; he was a kind of apostle to the people in the mountains of Switzerland, to whom he ministered and whom he taught domestic economy, industry, agriculture, and theology. No. 4 shows a long, high head, excessively developed in the region of the crown, thus representing the head of Philip II., king of Spain, a fanatic in religion and a tyrant in government.

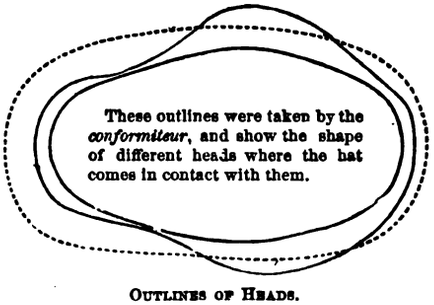
CIVILIZED.

The bottom central figures, showing the horizontal outline of heads, were taken from the hatter's instrument called the *conformiteur*. The dotted line represents the head of Daniel Webster; the forehead is immensely large, the posterior or social region is also large, while the side-head which gives prudence, polish, economy, and propelling power, is not large. The inner line shows a head fuller at the sides, indicating larger Destructiveness, Combativeness, Secretiveness, and Cautiousness than shown in the head of Webster. The intermediate outline shows a head immensely broad at the sides in proportion to its general size and development. Cautiousness, Secretiveness, Destructiveness, Acquisitiveness, Alimentiveness, and Combativeness are excessive. The smaller outline is the best balanced of the three. We see quite as much difference as is here indicated in our every-day professional practice.

THE BISHOP.

THE BULLY.





OUTLINES OF HEADS.

THE OBSERVER.

THE THINKER.

If heads were shaved and presented to the eye as they are, the world would soon make up its mind that heads differ in shape.

Where there are a dozen infants with very little hair or none at all, it is common for the mothers to note the differences in the shape of their heads.

Now let us turn to the other figures. The Bishop with the capacious top-head commands a close scrutiny. It is relatively small around the head above the ears—at least it is not large. In the Bully we see the head is largest just above the ears, the forehead is low and contracted, and the fact that he was a notorious prize-fighter, is in harmony with the shape of his head.

The Philosopher is seen to be extremely large in that part of the head which is upward, and forward of the ears. The reasoning and practical organs are large in him.

The Fool shows for himself, and represents a real individual who lived in Manchester, England, and who never knew enough to dress, or even to feed himself.

The Brutal King, Bomba, has an animal face, a brutal neck, large base of head, and not enough height to raise him above the grade of the bully. Bomba, king of Italy, with a phrenology according to his character, is before us. This was copied exactly from an effigy on one of the coins which he put forth. The Brutal Clown is a cross between the idiot and the bully, low in intellect, powerful in animal feeling, and deficient in moral sentiment.

THE FOOL.

THE BRUTAL CLOWN.

The Civilized man has a narrow head, high forehead, and a high moral development. How different his head from that of the bully, the brutal king, or of the savage opposite him! How contracted the savage top-head! how diminutive the forehead! the perceptives only being well developed, while Firmness, Self-Esteem, Destructiveness, and Secretiveness are very strong.

SAVAGE.

Now look at the Observer; how large the lower part of the forehead, how broad, how prominent, how full! Contrast that forehead with that of the Thinker, his being small across the brows and ample in the upper part of the forehead.

Can any one look at these heads without getting a vivid impression of the great differences that exist in different heads? and when it is remembered that these differences have a meaning, that the character, the talent, the moral sentiment, the ability, the energy, the will, the force, and the affections are manifested in accordance with these forms, it will be palpable that Phrenology has a basis, and that those who understand it can read character from the heads of children or strangers, without liability to serious mistake.

The magistrate, the minister, the master mechanic, the mother who would select a nurse or servant, the merchant who would select clerks, or any person who would select friends or life companions ought to understand enough of Phrenology to determine at a glance, at least, the extremes of character, if not their minuter details.

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On Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight;
Lovely, but solemn it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

IMMORTALITY:

THE ARGUMENT FROM NATURE.

1. SCOPE OF PRESENT DISCUSSION.

For a complete argument in favor of immortality would be required at least the following:

1. Definition of the subject.
2. Consideration of the appropriate methods of reasoning.
3. The argument from embodied human nature.
4. The argument from religion and revelation.
5. The argument from ghosts, phantoms, pre-existence, and spirits.
6. Answers to objections.

The present discussion attempts to deal with only two of these heads, the first and third. It is not intended here to answer objections. The arguments from pre-existence, from ghosts and apparitions, and from spiritism (which its votaries usually call spiritualism) will not be examined. Whatever validity they have is in favor of immortality, and this discussion does not contemplate making out a proof of their validity, but assumes as on its own side the value of that validity without undertaking to measure it. Nor is it intended to state the proofs of natural religion nor of revealed religion. Both of them argue with the whole of their weight in favor of immortality. That whole weight is, for the present purpose, also assumed, without any attempt to state its cogency.

Nor is it necessary to discuss the question of methods of reasoning, nor to define the question, except very briefly. The only thing here attempted is, to state the arguments for immortality from actual embodied human nature. Even the existence of an intelligent supreme being is not necessary to this argument. The idea is used but once, and there only by way of proposing a symmetrical theory. In short, it is attempted to consider the subject by itself, directly and not indirectly; by immediate arguments, and not by such as require to be proved first. We may consider in future the reasonings thus omitted here.

Even that part of the argument which deals with the nature of the soul, leaves out a favorite and famous part of the question, viz., that based on a consideration of what the soul is. One or two of the points presented assume that the soul is immaterial and simple. But the discussion as a whole does not proceed upon any theory of the soul's essence. To do so would require another great preliminary inquiry, of which first of all would come the very important question, Whether we can get at or understand the essential nature of the soul at all? This it is no part of the purpose to discuss. And therefore the soul is dealt with, not as something whose own nature, construction, and modes of interior existence and activity are understood, but, on the contrary, as something which is not understood at all; as something about which we can only conclude to some limited extent from its phenomena from what it does.

Many usual analogies and illustrations are omitted, sometimes because there is no room for them; sometimes because they are not good for anything except in rhetoric.

2. DEFINITION.

Immortality, as here discussed, means the continuation after death of our present embodied life as a conscious individual endless existence.

3. IMMORTALITY IS IN ITSELF DESIRABLE.

It is true that a few persons may be found who assert that annihilation either at death or at some other time would be good. Against them the answer is, even ordinary embodied life is a good. The instances of life or of parts of it, which are misfortunes, are exceptional. On the whole, to the human race at large, life is good, is desirable, is cherished, and preserved. If it were not so, then suicide would be instinctive and general, instead of being unnatural, a perversion, an exception; and in fact the practice of it would promptly exterminate our race, unless the mature judgment of adults should ordain universal murder instead, with suicide for the few remaining executioners. But in fact this love of life is a thoroughly universal instinct among all men, savage or civilized. It is subject to control and modification by powerful passion, by continuous custom, just as every natural trait can be modified. It is, however, a clear and definite trait in the constitution of humanity.

And if the brief, imperfect, undeveloped, distorted, disappointed, unsatisfactory specimen of life which we enjoy in the body is good, then much more is an immortal life good; for the idea of immortality necessarily dismisses the idea of the imperfections and hindrances of a body that grows old and spoils. An immortal life necessarily supposes a mode of life where the soul and mind enjoy a mode of action and expression either susceptible of infinite improvement, or at least, not liable to grow worse.

This love of life can not be proved by any course of argument. All that can be done is to state it, to say that each man has it, and that the human race has it, and so to leave the assertion to be believed or not. A few exceptional instances to the contrary would not weaken the argument.

Lastly. It is true that the fact that immortal life is good does not prove its existence. All that follows is, that it is fair, under the circumstances, seeing that we have souls alive now, and want them to continue alive, to make those persons prove their point who deny the continuance of life. An unwelcome doctrine needs the more proof. And surely, of all teachers he is most unwelcome who comes to convince us that all our living and thinking and knowing and loving must utterly cease at the close of this petty embodied life. As soon would the prisoner in Louis the Eleventh's horrible *oubliette*, where he could neither stand, lie, nor sit, welcome the address of him who should seek to show that the wretch was never to escape into sunlight and liberty. The burden of proof is on the annihilationists. We are immortal unless proved otherwise.

4. INSTINCTIVE BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY.

There are some notions which are believed in by an original faculty given to us on purpose. Before speaking of immortality as one of them, the statement may be well illustrated by another; that is, the idea of right and wrong and of a difference between them. There are to be found a very few persons who assert that there is no such thing; that every action is exactly as wrong or exactly as right as any other. They say that they can perceive no such difference. It is not unlikely that in this they tell the truth. But though they do, that makes no difference about the universal human belief. The existence of a few thorough idiots does not prevent it from being true that man is an intelligent being. We do in fact find that there is and has been a belief that some things are right and some wrong everywhere—in all men always. The standard of judgment has sometimes been high and sometimes low. Things thought right by some have been thought wrong by others. The distinction has sometimes been clear and sometimes obscure. But some such belief belongs to the natural constitution of man's mind.

Now there is and has been an instinctive belief in immortality of the same kind with this about right and wrong. It has varied in clearness, positiveness, and elevation of character as the minds have varied which entertained it. Whole races have lived with a merely rudimentary notion of it; and in some of them no manifestation of the belief may have been discovered. In others, a few of the leading and representative thinkers have attained to some definite or lofty conception on the subject, while the masses of their people have had only dim and unfixed notions. Sometimes the immortality imagined has been such as only brutes or brutal men could enjoy; an eternity of rioting, or murder, or sensuality; and sometimes it has been inexpressibly pure and noble. Sometimes the idea has been limited as if by imperfect development of the believer's mind, unable to grasp the conception of unending existence, just as human beings are said to have been found unable to grasp the idea of numbers beyond six or ten.

Some negroes think that when one dies, the duppy survives. This duppy is a ghost, which finds its occupation in plaguing those who remain in the body. No distinct notions about duration go with this belief. So gross is the notion of spiritual existence among these tribes, that they think they can drown the ghost by throwing the corpse into the water. Such beliefs are found along the Guinea coast and among the South African Bushmen.

The custom has very extensively prevailed among ancient and modern heathens and savages of burning or burying goods, weapons, utensils, money, or property of some kind, or of killing slaves or wives, at the funeral of the dead, especially if he were a person of consideration. This was always for the convenience of the deceased in the future state, and the sacrifice of wealth or affection thus made proves strongly how powerful and sincere was that belief in life beyond death, which caused it.

New Zealanders, Hottentots, Feejeeans, Kamt-

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schadales, Esquimaux, Peruvians, Indians, Siamese, Aztecs, Chinese, Araucanians; the Hindoos of the time of the Vedas, the ancient Greeks, the ancient Egyptians, the ancient Gael of Ireland and Scotland, the ancient Scandinavians, the ancient Celts of the Druidic belief, the ancient Etrurians, the extinct, unknown Scythians, who built the funeral mounds in the steppes of Russia—Pagans, Jews, and Mohammedans, all have had some doctrine or other of a future life.

The fact that this belief in what is invisible and out of reach to living men, in what is contradicted by all that can be seen or experienced by the bodily senses—the fact that such a belief exists and has existed so generally among men, at least tends to prove, if it does not prove, that the belief is true, just as the truth is indicated in the same way about the existence of right and wrong. At any rate, the existence of this universal belief in a future life can not be reasonably accounted for except by an inborn human tendency toward it; an inborn potential belief; a capacity for the belief; a faculty which acquiesces in the idea by natural resistless gravitation of assent as soon as the idea is stated, and which in numerous instances gets at it for itself if it is not presented from without. And if this innate mental faculty exists, there must have existed its corresponding fact for it to believe; just as where beings exist, their means of support, and of comfort, and other proper circumstances, exist along with them. And as was shown before about the intrinsic good of immortality, this universal belief in it at least makes fair to require those who deny it to prove their point. We are conscious of a belief in immortality. We desire it because it is good, and we believe it because we are created with the belief of it in us. And if we are to lose this good, and if this innate consciousness and conviction are innate deceptions, at least the loss and the deceit must be proved before they are to be believed.

5. MAN IS FIT FOR IMMORTALITY.

Man aspires; dogs do not. In this life the mind can never be satisfied. The vastest learning, the profoundest thought are felt to be the merest beginning; as Newton said of them, "pebbles picked up on the shore of the ocean of knowledge." As with the intellect, so is it with the nobler powers with which we love our fellows, and love and worship God. Even less than the intellect can those strong and deep and lofty faculties be filled and satisfied in this life. Words are even almost contemptibly unable to express those feelings. Even the deeds of whole lifetimes are felt to be the small dust of the balance as expressions of them.

Immortality opens the knowledge of a universe, the free powers of a disembodied existence, to the activity of the soul. Man is a little being in this life, and while what he can accomplish within it is sometimes well enough, and comparatively great, it is only the prospect of an infinite progress and attainment which can really make him respectable in his own eyes or in those of others.

There is no conceivable worthy purpose of man which would not be immeasurably better served by an immortal life than by a mortal one. If he is to be a mere animal, and the best life is that in which there is most sensual enjoyment, then it is true, annihilation at death is best. If man is a hog, let him die a hog's death. But if his purpose is to know, to do, to love—to seek what is good and true—to find his own highest happiness in making others happy—to strive after an ideal of goodness or wisdom—then he is not fit to die utterly, but is fit for a life endless, ennobling, and infinite in its prospects of learning, and activity, and usefulness, and kindness, and affection, and love.

Now everywhere else, the life is fitted to its fate. There is nothing in a rock, a plant, an animal which suggests immortality, which can understand it, or desire it, or be fit for it. In man there is such a something. And has he alone been made with so deep and noble a desire and such obvious adaptation, simply for disappointment? That would be the one instance of a wanton, deliberate cruelty among all the ordinances of the created universe, the one senseless exception in a realm where not another thing or thought can be found out of harmony with its destiny. That such a light should be kindled only to be put out—that the sole being of the world who is adapted for immortality and desires it, should be deprived of it—would be a complete proof that the Yezidees and not the Christians are right, and that the devil is the master and creator.

6. THERE IS A PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE FOR IMMORTAL MAN.

If we conceive God as eternal and infinite, and then on the other hand the earth, vegetables, and animals as matter without soul, and therefore incapable of development, there remains between the two a place for man, having a nature that begins but does not end, and is capable of infinite development and advance.

It is true that there is no real proof in a consideration like this. But the symmetry and completeness of the array gives the conception, so to speak, a title to favorable consideration. In this manner astronomers argue that the seventy-six asteroids must be fragments of one large planet that used to swing round between Mars and Jupiter, because there is a place there for one of about their collective weight, in the row of distances of the other planets from the sun; and on the same principle, that there is a planet nearer the sun than Mercury, because there is room for it.

7. THE UNREASONABLENESS OF ANNIHILATION.

The argument in favor of immortality from the unreasonableness of its opposite doctrine is in a certain sense, and partly, an inversion of the reasonings under the two preceding heads.

If we are annihilated at death, self-denial and virtue are almost entirely wasted; for the rule of a happy life would be, not to prepare ourselves for pleasure in another life, but to seek the maximum of enjoyment in this. The cultivation of the mind is almost utterly wasted; for every penetrating intellect would look forward to this speedy end of its efforts. Who would toil in learned research to merely make a beginning under the heavy discouragement of a certainty that after this short life there can be no further attainment?

Lives ruined by injustice or misery, of which there have been many, though a minority, are proofs of actual cruelty and wickedness in the disposition of things, unless we admit an opportunity for reparation of some kind hereafter.

For the human race at large, the idea of a future state is an indispensable ethical necessity. A few minds of elevated character may pursue what is right and good for its own sake; but mankind as a mass absolutely require motives of fear and hope afforded by the belief in a future state. It is the necessary basis of all law and obligation; and the extent of its importance corresponds to the extent of the instinctive belief in it which is implanted in the mind of man.

8. NECESSARY IMMORTALITY OF IMMATERIAL SOUL.

If the soul is an existence and not a mere cotemporaneous result of organic forces, and if it is immaterial and simple in essence, then it follows of necessity, according to the laws of human reason, that it can not experience dissolution, and must be immortal.

Now consciousness of thought and of will, of power and of self-control, and of all the other processes of sentient life, convinces us that our souls are real existences, and not mere effluxes from the elements of the body. And so far as human observation can reach, or human self-investigation can examine, the soul appears to be, not a portion of matter, not even such a thing as the "imponderable"—magnetism, heat, light—but something apart from any material substance whatever—a naked force, a life.

Now, the discontinuance of such an existence as that can not be conceived or intelligently believed, by any mental process or power which we possess. Human thought must contemplate such an existence, not as *dissolving*, for it has no constituents into which to dissolve, but as continuing. The only alternative is, the conception of a direct annihilation of existence.

9. ANNIHILATION INCREDIBLE.

Careful thinking will show that there is no reason for believing in the annihilation of *matter*. In the material universe neither matter nor force is annihilated. Destruction is only a change. What is burned, for instance, is only altered in arrangement and situation of particles. We burn ten pounds of wood. The result is, so much water, so much ashes, so much gas, so much smoke, being the things into which the wood changes, altogether weighing exactly ten pounds. Follow up the water, if you choose, and "destroy" that; you can pull it apart into oxygen and hydrogen, but there you end. You can set those two gases loose into the universe, or absorb them into something, but you can not "destroy" them. They will not be analyzed. How can you attack them? Follow up the smoke. There is carbon in the fine lamp-black of the smoke; and carbonic acid gas having carbon and oxygen. Carbon you can get, oxygen you can get. You can recombine them or let them go, but you can not attack their substance. In like manner the silex, the potassium, the mineral or gaseous matters in the ashes. In like manner is it with everything. In like manner is it with force. Strike a rock with a sledge.

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In your muscles, the force goes into a small portion of waste matter, showing that the muscular fibers have worked, and which floats away in the venous blood, to be carried out of the system, but not destroyed. In the sledge the force is partly preserved in greater compactness of the iron where the stroke came, and in that compactness the force stays. Part of it spread out the surface of the iron, changing its structure, and so remaining. Part of it heated the iron, and the heat dispersed into iron or air, and so remained, part of the sum of all heat. Perhaps a spark appeared; that was a speck of red-hot iron, and in heat or changed structure there was more force. The rock was indented; and there again, in heat or in change of form, the force was invested. None of it was destroyed. Whether the material universe be taken as a totality of matter, or of force, or of both, equally is it true that, humanly speaking, that total remains unchanging in amount, incessantly varying in manifestation and combination. And the further we know, the more closely and keenly we think, the more fully do we realize that the annihilation of matter is a notion which we may think about in an abstract way, but for the occurrence of which there is not the least basis of belief either in fact or theory.

Now as to the soul, which is intangible and simple in substance to a degree far beyond earth and ashes, far beyond water and ether, far beyond the imponderables heat, light, magnetism; far beyond the still more abstruse attractions—as to that soul, which possesses not only ultimateness of substance, if any "substance" but *thought*, and *will*, and *consciousness*—the annihilation of *that* is just as much more unthinkable than the annihilation of dirt, as noble thought and will are above dirt.

9. RECAPITULATION.

The arguments for immortality from nature, as thus given, may be summed in brief thus:

Immortality is good, and therefore if we are not to have it, that negative must be proved.

Immortality is instinctively believed by man, and that this instinct is a blunder is incredible.

Man has natural qualities, such as fit him for immortality, while no other living thing has them; and that in this single instance throughout the universe capacities should be given without the corresponding destiny, is incredible.

Between God already infinite and beings created finite and incapable of infinite development, is a place for man, created capable of infinite development, so that the symmetry of the universe requires his existence as immortal.

The alternative of immortality is annihilation. On this latter theory life is wasted; virtue, self-denial, and labor are wasted; suffering, misfortune, and injustice go uncompensated; human law and obligation have no valid foundation; a devil instead of a God must be imagined in the place of supreme power; all of which is incredible.

The soul is immaterial and simple. As such, dissolution is impossible, because there are no component parts to dissolve.

There is not the least foundation in fact or theory for believing that annihilation of matter or force is possible, and infinitely less can the annihilation of a will, an intelligence be possible.

Thus we have no mental qualities with which to conceive annihilation possible; the conditions of the known universe forbid it; immortality is a keystone to the structure of ethics, society, and human progress; as such, we find the mind of man by natural constitution conceiving, asserting, and believing it, and all the life and experience of man exhibiting qualities that render him capable of it and fitted for it. And even if all these considerations could be believed inconclusive and void, that is not in reason to be required, unless ample and irresistible proof of the negative be made out. The burden of proof is on the deniers. We want immortality, we need it, we believe in it, we are made for it, we have a right to it, we can not conceive with intelligent thought of any other future, and those who deny all this must make out their case. He who comes to deprive me of a jewel which he claims, must prove it his. And what weight of evidence is too tremendous to require from him who would not merely reclaim his own, but would deprive us, without taking to himself, of all that makes existence desirable, or humanity significant, or virtue good, or toil or reflection endurable?

A NOVELTY IN CRIME.

A SWEDISH clergyman lately murdered two of his parishioners by administering poisoned wine at the sacrament. The reason assigned was, they were paupers, and he wished to rid the parish of their support. The first statement of this novel and horrid crime made us discredit the story as a fiction. The clergyman, however, has not only confessed the crime, but has given a curious, grotesque, and horrible revelation of the logical process which determined his mind to the commission of it.

"I comprehended 'the pastor's' duty," he says, "as a father's. I ordered notice to be given me every Sabbath by appointed persons of where any poor sick person was to be found. After such inquiries I went round with food and medicines, and became witness of much misery and hopelessness. When one stands beside an incurably sick and dreadfully pained fellow-creature, one wishes, of all his heart, that he might be released from his heart-rending misery. By those hungry, cold, incurables in Silbodahl I have often stood, moved by the deepest pity, and thought, 'Were I in such a miserable plight, I would bless him who hastened the end of my pain, and God would forgive that merciful one.' With every renewed visit to these poor people I was strengthened in this idea. I prepared separate wine as help in trouble, when this my misdirected charity should urge to do it. I thought, also, what none can deny, that very few human beings pass to the other world in the course of nature, viz., when the powers of soul and body are worn out by age. * * *

"I therefore believed that the merciful God would not condemn me if I shortened the sufferings of a miserable fellow-creature."

We offer two comments on the above strange exhibition of the workings of a human mind.

This Swedish clergyman was not known to his neighbors, nor probably to himself, to be a bad man. If he had ever asked himself in secret whether or not he would ever commit a capital crime, he would doubtless have been horrified at the suggestion How, then, can we account for this unusual freak of evil genius? Was he seized and possessed of the devil? This is a phrase easy to speak and hard to define. The present state of mental science does not fully explain many of the mind's most commonplace functions, to say nothing of its more recondite operations. It is a fact, however, that even what is ordinarily called a well-balanced mind may sometimes have its component parts so disconnected from each other—that is, may have most of its faculties hushed fast asleep, while at the same time some single faculty, having an intent to do mischief, wakes, rises, stealthily walks through all the chambers of the mind, and, before any sentinel conveys an alarm to the moral nature, enacts some startling wrong that despoils the outward good reputation of a lifetime. It is undeniable that the human mind, which is an instrument of numerous faculties, is oftentimes so entirely under the control of a single faculty, or of a combination of two or three to the exclusion of all the rest, that the product of the mind's action in such circumstances shows no sign of any restraining or modifying influence from the whole band of these other faculties, even though these others ordinarily are regnant in the mind. How timely, therefore, how significant, how profound is the injunction, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation!" How psychologically true is that probing saying, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall!"

The other pregnant suggestion from this melancholy occurrence is the wrong idea which this clergyman had of his pastoral functions. We do not quarrel with his statement, that a pastor should be the father of his people, though we prefer to call him their brother. But this Swedish minister's argument shows that he regarded himself the superior, not the equal, of his flock—their governor, not their teacher—their dictator, not their fellow-member. He considered a minister a legal administrator, and his flock an estate to be managed. *He* was to decide for *them*, and not they for themselves. Now, this idea of the relationship between pastor and people is not uncommon among many clergymen, particularly in some of the more hierarchical denominations. But the idea is false and mischief-breeding. It is an affront to God's ordination of a Christian democracy both for church and state. It does not essentially differ from the slave master's argument "My slave," he says, "is poor and ignorant—therefore I will govern him;" whereupon he uses the lash. A minister says, "I am the ruler of the synagogue; my paupers are a burden;" whereupon he kills them out of the way. Both these reasoners think they are philosophers, and are doing God service. The fundamental error lies in the inadequate recognition of the inherent and ineradicable dignity of man simply as man, whether in rags or in purple—whether in a parish or on a plantation. These Swedish victims were miserably poor and wretched—that was their crime in the eyes of a Christian minister! He killed a man because he was a pauper; he should have saved the pauper because he was a man. Now, many other men, and some South-side ministers, are constantly committing

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the same crime—not actually *killing* men for being lowly and despised, but denying their just rights. Both crimes are of one spirit!—*The Independent.*

[This mode of removing suffering is not unlike that practiced by certain tribes of North American Indians. When members become helpless, from accident, disease, or old age, they are put to death—usually by starvation, and with their own consent. They apply the same argument that we do toward a horse with a broken leg. He is no longer capable of self-support, is suffering the agonies of pain, nor capable of enjoyment; therefore it will be a mercy to relieve him of his sufferings. But though it is justifiable to treat a brute in this way, it does not follow that we may apply the same rule to our fellow-men.

A quintuple murder was recently committed in England by a man named Southey, *alias* Forwood, who murdered three children at London, and his wife and daughter at Ramsgate. He declares that he committed the terrible deeds out of kindness to his victims. He wants no efforts to be made on his behalf, as he does not wish his life to be saved. His only desire is that he should be set right with the public. He very earnestly repudiates any notion of his madness, or that his acts have proceeded from any other cause than the great wrong he conceives himself to have suffered. Nevertheless the poor creature was sadly warped in mind, if not insane. *We* think him crazy.

The foregoing analysis of the workings of the faculties of the clergyman, singly and in combination, is so strictly phrenological, that we cheerfully present it to our readers.—Ed. A. P. J.]

Dream of a Quaker Lady.—There is a story told of a pious aged Quaker lady who was addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged in the habit until it had increased so much upon her that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up for this purpose in the night. After one of these nocturnal entertainments, feeling a little guilty, she fell asleep, and dreamed that she died and approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked if her name was written in the book of life. He disappeared, but replied upon returning, that he could not find it. "Oh," said she, "do look again; it must be there." He examined again, but returned with a sorrowful face, saying, "It is not there!" "Oh," she said, in agony, "it must be there! I have the assurance it is there! Do look again!" The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to renew his search. After a long absence he came back, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed: "We have found it, but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it!" The woman upon waking immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.

[Can't we get other smokers to dream similar dreams? It would be a great blessing to the living if both chewers and smokers could be similarly impressed. Some there are, we fear, whose names will become quite obliterated, and they will be lost to themselves, lost to their friends, and lost to the world. There are other kinds of "slavery" and of sin besides negro slavery and drunkenness.]

Blunt and Direct.—"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another who had slipped and fallen down on an ice pavement. "Going to get up," was the blunt reply.

THE REMAINS OF DANTE.

An English writer in the *Athenæum*, who has had access to certain official reports, gives a remarkably interesting and lucid account of the discovery of the remains of Dante. Historians, biographers, commentators, and the writers of epitaphs all concur in the statement that Dante died in Ravenna, Italy, on the 14th of September, 1321, and was honorably interred by Guido Novello da Polenta, near the church of the Frati Minori, in a temporary marble sepulcher, on which was inscribed an epitaph attributed to Giovanni di Virgilio. How long the poet's remains continued in their original resting-place is somewhat doubtful, for although the tomb in which Novello deposited them remained unaltered for a century and a half, there is reason to think it probable that the bones were secretly removed a few years afterward, on the approach of the cardinal legate of Bologna, Bertrand del Poggetto, the creature of Pope John XXII., whose infamous intention it was to have them disinterred, excommunicated, and burnt.

The recent discovery of the remains, at Ravenna, is due to the pious care bestowed upon them by the Padre Antonio Santi, a native of that place, who belonged to the Minor Friars, and became chancellor of the convent where the box containing the bones was found. The date of the concealment of those remains in the wall of the convent is supposed to be the year 1677. The *Athenæum* writer says:

CONDITION OF THE REMAINS.

The examination of the bones showed that they had belonged to a robust adult male, of an advanced stage of manhood. They were of darkish red color, approaching to black, the tint which human skeletons acquire when they have been inclosed for some time in metal, marble, or wood. The substance of the bones was, in general, not obviously altered. Only in some of the round-headed articulations, at the extremities of certain long bones, and in the thin, delicate plates of several of the internal bones of the head, were there any alterations or appearances of injury from time, moisture, or mechanical causes. The grave-worms had spared them. The more important missing bones of the skeleton were: the lower jaw, the atlas vertebra, a spurious rib of the right side, the ulna bone of each forearm, the fibula of the right leg, the styloid process of the right temporal bone, and part of the os coccyx. It was in the bones of the hands and feet that the greatest deficiency occurred. Only the os magnum of each carpus, an unciform bone, and four phalanges of the fingers, were found of all the bones of the two hands, fifty-four in number. Two other phalanges were, however, subsequently found in the marble urn.

Of the bones of the feet there were wanting the astragalus and the three cuneiform bones of the right foot, the two scaphoid bones, five metatarsal bones, as it would appear, and twenty-six phalanges of the toes, one of which was afterward found in the marble urn. The sternum was in two pieces, and the ensiform cartilage had become ossified. The sacrum was found united to the first portion of the coccyx. The upper jaw was toothless. Of this, the Commissioners subsequently make a very remarkable statement, by which it would appear that the poet had only two incisors in the upper jaw instead of four, and that the right last molar tooth, the third, or wisdom tooth, had never been developed

The entire length of the skeleton, the bones being brought together in their natural relations, was one mètre fifty-five centimètres, or 5,0854 English feet, which, allowing for the thickness of the interposed cartilages between the vertebræ and other soft parts, would show that the poet was of medium stature. The weight of the bones, without the head, was, in pounds avoirdupois, 9.153657; the head weighed 1.610 pound.

The two phalanges of the hands, and the one of a foot, found in the marble urn, agreed exactly in form and color with those found in the wooden box, so that there was no manner of doubt about their belonging to the same individual. The mask of Dante, believed to have been taken from his face after death, and which the Marquis Torrigiani bequeathed to the Royal Gallery of Florence, on being applied to the bony skeleton showed a most precise correspondence. The length of the nasal bones was identical, and the protuberances of the frontal bones, more especially the superciliary ridges, agreed exactly, so that there could be no question about the genuineness of these remains.

It was to the cranium, as the receptacle of the organ of thought, that the Commissioners more particularly directed their attention, but to its external surface chiefly. [Which of course corresponds precisely with its internal surface.] The head was finely formed, and as the remains of the poet lay in state, on Sunday the 25th of June, within the glass urn, under the chapel of Braccioforte, previous to their interment on the following day in the marble urn from whence they had been so secretly abstracted, the cranium, which was slightly raised, showed by its ample and exquisite form that it had held the brain of no ordinary man. It was the most intellectually developed head that I ever remember to have seen.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT.

The bumps and lumps on Dante's sacred head were matters of serious consideration to the Commissioners; and, following the theory of Gall, they found in them every characteristic for which the poet was distinguished—love, poetry, music, satire, religion, benevolence, veneration, conscientiousness, desire of independence, self-esteem, pride, fierceness, circumspection, capacity to succeed in the arts of design, and the cultivation of the highest philosophy.

"Men gifted with this organization," they remark, "manifest in an eminent degree the inductive faculty, embrace in their meditations matters of the highest moment, and are capable of discovering the most abstract and distant relations of things. Such is the organization, says the celebrated French phrenologist, of those universal geniuses who have been the real masters and teachers of mankind."

Such was the cerebral organization of that mighty mind which, dazzling the world with the splendor of its poetic genius, laid the foundation more than five hundred years ago of an eternal greatness deep in the universal sympathies of mankind, and gathering facts from the history of the past and the bitter experience of the present, wrought out for the Italian people the first principles of a glorious future, of which he himself became the apostle and symbol.

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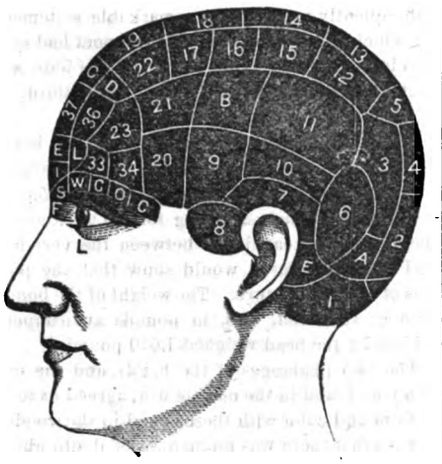

FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM.

"Signs of Character."

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—*Spenser.*

OUR NEW DICTIONARY
OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY.

INDIVIDUALITY (24).—Fr. *Individualité.*—That quality which distinguishes one person or thing from another; distinctive character.—*Webster.*

The faculty of Individuality renders us observant of objects which exist. It gives the notion of substance, and forms the class of ideas represented by substantive nouns when used without an adjective, as *rock, man, horse.*—*Combe.*

LOCATION.—The organ of Individuality is situated in the center of the lower part of the forehead (I, fig. 1) immediately above the top of the nose. When large, it produces breadth, projection, and descent between the eyebrows at that part (fig. 2). When small, the eyebrows approach closely to each other and lie in a nearly horizontal line.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL SIGN.—The faculty is represented facially by the projection and breadth between the eyebrows and the downward curving of the latter at their inner corners, as in fig. 2.

FIG. 2.—JOHN STUART MILL.

FUNCTION.—"The faculty," Mr. Combe says, "gives the desire, accompanied with the ability, to know objects as mere existences, without regard to their modes of action or the purposes to which they may be subservient. Individuals in whom it is large will observe and examine an object with intense delight, without the least consideration to what it may be applied—a quality of mind which is almost incomprehensible to persons in whom this organ is small and Causality large. It prompts to observation, and is a great element in a genius for those sciences which consist in a knowledge of specific existences, such as natural history. It leads to giving a specific form to all the ideas entertained by the mind A student in whom this organ is small and the reflective organs large, may have his mind stored with general principles of science and with abstract ideas, but will experience much difficulty in reducing them into precise and specific forms. Another, in whom this organ is large, will have all his knowledge individualized; if he hear lectures or conversation in which general views chiefly are presented, he will render them specific for himself; but unless his reflecting organs also be large, he will be prone to miss the essential principle, to seize upon the most palpable circumstance attending it, and to embrace this as his conception of it. Such persons are learned, and, owing to the store of facts with which their memories are replenished, the great definiteness and precision of their ideas, and the readiness with which they command them, they often take a lead in public business; but if their reflecting organs be deficient, they show no depth or comprehensiveness of understanding; they do not advance the principles of science, and rarely acquire a permanent reputation."

DEFICIENCY.—When the organ is deficient, the individual fails to observe the things which are around him. He may visit a house and come away without knowing what is in it; or walk through the country and observe nothing. The external senses may be perfect, but owing to the feebleness of Individuality, they may not be called into action for the purpose of obtaining knowledge.

ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES.—Natural history—especially botany—anatomy, mineralogy, and chemistry are departments of knowledge particularly fitted to exercise and develop this faculty.

"To the artist this organ is of great importance. It enables him to give body and substance to the conceptions of his other faculties, and confers on him a capacity for attending to detail. In the pictures of an artist in whose head Individuality is deficient, there is an abstractness of conception and a vagueness of expression that greatly detract from their effect. In the works of an individual in whom these organs are large, every object appears full of substance and reality; and if he paint portraits, the spectator will be so impressed with their individuality, that he will be apt to fancy himself acquainted with the originals.

"Persons who excel at whist generally possess Individuality and Eventuality large. If both of the organs be deficient, eminence will not easily be attained in this game.

"This faculty gives the tendency to personify nations and phenomena, or to ascribe existence to mere abstractions of the mind, such as ignorance, folly, or wisdom.

"The organ was large in Sheridan and Sir Walter Scott. It is small in the Scots in general; it is larger in the English, and still larger in the French and Americans."

INSANITY.—Lat. *insanitas*, Fr. *insanité.*—The state of being insane; unsoundness of mind; derangement of intellect; madness.—*Webster.*

Such definitions as the above need defining quite as much as the word they professedly ex-

FIG. 3.—A MISER.

FIG. 4.—FORSAKEN.

plain. The phrenologist alone can properly tell what insanity is, and no one has done this better than Dr. Spurzheim:

"With respect to the morbid affections of the senses and the errors of the intellectual powers," he says, "we are insane if we can not distinguish the diseased functions, and do consider them as regular; and in the derangement of any feeling we are insane, either if we can not distinguish the disordered feeling—if, for instance, we really think we are an emperor, king, minister, general, etc., or if we distinguish the deranged feeling, but have lost the influence of the will on our actions; for instance, in a morbid activity of the propensity to destroy. Thus, insanity, in my opinion, is an aberration of any sensation or intellectual power from the healthy state, without being able to distinguish the diseased state; and the aberration of any feeling from the state of health, without being able to distinguish it, or without the influence of the will on the actions of the voluntary instruments. In other words, the incapacity of distinguishing the diseased functions of the mind, and the irresistibility of our actions—in short, the loss of moral liberty constitutes insanity."

PHYSIOGNOMICAL SIGNS.—According to the theory of Sir Charles Bell, which, if applied merely to cases of *total* madness, we conceive to be entirely correct, we must, in order to learn the

FIG. 5.—DANGEROUS.

FIG. 6.—LIGHT-HEADED.

character of the countenance when devoid of human expression and reduced to a state of brutality, have recourse to the lower animals and study their looks of timidity, of watchfulness, of excitement, and of ferocity. If these expressions be conveyed to the human face, they will irre-

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sistibly convey the idea of madness, vacancy of mind, and mere animal passion.

CAUSES OF INSANITY.—The proximate cause of insanity is undoubtedly always in the brain. All that disturbs, excites, or weakens the organization, and especially the nervous system, has an influence on the manifestation of mind. Early dissipation, habitual enervating luxury, care and anxiety, intense study, loss of sleep, violent passions, excitement, sickly sensibility, intemperance in food and drink—in short, whatever disturbs the mind or deranges the body may cause insanity. A predisposition to it is often hereditary, and runs in the blood of families for generations.

VARIETIES OF INSANITY.—The varieties of insanity are as numerous, almost, as the individuals manifesting it. They depend upon the organs or groups of organs affected. Some are thoughtful, gloomy, taciturn, austere, morose, and like to be alone; others, anxious, fearful, and terrified by the most alarming apprehensions. Some express their affliction by tears; others sink without a tear into distressing anxiety. Some fear external prosecutions, and the most ridiculous and imaginary things; others think themselves lost to all the comforts of this life, and desire to be buried. Some are also alarmed for the salvation of their souls, or even think themselves abandoned forever by God, and condemned to hell and eternal sufferings. Others are remarkable for good-humor and merriment; they are cheerful, sing from morning till evening, and sometimes express their joy by fits of loud and immoderate laughter. There are others who feel an extraordinary liberality and unbounded generosity. Some are very pious. Dr. Hallaran says: "I have often known maniacs of the worst class, in whom the faculty of thinking correctly on all other subjects had been entirely suspended, still retain the power of addressing the Deity in a consistent and fervent manner, and to attend the call for devotion with the most regular demeanor." Some show the most invincible obstinacy, and nothing could shake their intention, though sometimes they blame the keepers for not securing them sufficiently.

The derangements of the intellectual faculties are not less numerous or singular. Some fancy themselves dead, or to be changed into animals of particular kinds; to be made of glass or wax; to be infected by syphilis, the itch, or other diseases; to be a prey of spirits or devils, or under the influence of magic spells and vows. Sometimes the intellectual faculties are much excited, sometimes diminished or almost suppressed. Sometimes only one intellectual power seems to be under the morbific influence, while the others appear with natural strength. In greater activity, sleeplessness is a common symptom; some see external objects in erroneous forms and colors. A maniac took for a legion of devils every assemblage of people whom he saw.

INSTINCT.—Lat. *instinctus.*—Inward impulse, unconscious, involuntary, or unreasoning prompting to action; specially, the natural unreasoning impulse in an animal by which it is guided to the performance of any action without thought of improvement or method.—*Webster.*

An instinct is a propensity prior to experience and independent of instruction.—*Whateley.*

Phrenologically speaking, instinct results from the action of the organs in the base of the brain, and is of various kinds, in accordance with the various organs exercised. Eating and drinking; sexual love; self-defense; love of offspring; attachment to persons and places; burrowing in the earth and building nests, etc., all result from

FIG. 7.—JEALOUSY.

instinctive impulses. See "Physiognomy" for a full statement of the distinctions existing between instinct and reason.

JEALOUSY.—Fr. *jaloste.*—The quality of being jealous; earnest concern or solicitude; painful apprehension of rivalship in cases nearly affecting one's happiness.—*Webster.*

Jealousy is a selfish feeling which seeks one's own good alone, and is offended at the successes and honors of others in spheres of action in which an individual may himself aspire to success and honor. There are different grades of jealousy, according to the faculties or propensities through which it acts. See PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL of September, 1865, for a full exposition of the whole subject.

FIG. 8.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL SIGN.—Jealousy is indicated by an oblique fullness below the lip, as shown in figs. 7 and 8. It generally accompanies large Self-Esteem and Approbativeness, with manifestions of scorn, contempt, and love of distinction.

JUSTICE.—Lat. *justitia*, from *justus*, just.—The quality of being just; the rendering to every one of his due, right, or desert; practical conformity to the laws and to principles of rectitude in the dealings of men with each other.—*Webster.*

A manifestation of Conscientiousness, which see for further definition.

"DOCTOR," said a lady, "I want you to prescribe for me." "There's nothing the matter, madam," said the doctor, after feeling her pulse; "you only need rest." "Now, doctor, just look at my tongue!" she persisted. "Just look at it—look at it! Now say, what does that need?" "I think that needs rest, too," said the doctor. [Oh, the provoking man! why should he add insult to injury by prescribing such an impossibility? He ought to have his whiskers pulled by forty invalid women.]

Religious Department.

"The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill;
For him the ax be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared;
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite, and lies
Shall desecrate his name,
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run.
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

A SERMON BY REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.—MATTHEW xi. 28, 29, 30.

"COME unto me." This is the blessed invitation of our Lord. How can we accept it? He is everywhere present. Every human being can adopt the language of the Holy Word. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there." If, then, we can not escape from his presence, how can we come into it? Surely not by any change of place. The Lord is equally present in every place—to every being.

THE MODE OF APPROACH.

The Lord has so made us that we become conscious of his presence exactly in proportion to the quality and degree of our reception of his life. At our birth we are placed at an infinite distance from him, with capacities of forever approaching him. Every truth we receive is a light on the path—a revelation of the way, and every genuine spiritual affection we exercise is a step toward the Lord. To come to him, then, is to learn the truth and to live it. It is a spiritual journey. It consists in a change of state of the affections and thoughts. It is an approximation of a spiritual similiarity, becoming his image and likeness in which man was originally created.

NATURE OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

The path of life that leads to the Lord is ever upward—it is an ascent, but so gentle, so surrounded on all sides with beauty and delight, that every step brings its own reward.

LABOR DEFINED.

All the labor of life and all its burdens originate in evil. We never call that labor which we are drawn to by our delights. There is in the idea of labor something forced, unnatural, obstacles to remove, difficulties to overcome. Activity is not labor unless it is attended with opposition and struggle—unless it is in some form compulsory. We often exert more physical and mental power in our pleasures than we do in our duties, but we do not think of it as labor. Nor does it fatigue so much as would the same amount of strength expended upon some task that was irksome to us. It seems necessary to a full understanding of our subject that we clearly distinguish between activity, the performance of

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uses, and labor. Man was made to be active. All his delights and pleasures flow from his activities. He becomes a man just so far as he concentrates all his powers upon some form of use. The Lord is unceasingly active, but he does not abor. There is no pain and exhaustion resultant from his works. Love is the active principle of life; like heat, its nature is to flow forth. But there is no more labor in it than there is in the sun in shining, or in the tree in growing and blossoming. We begin to labor when our love meets with opposition. Then there is struggle and combat.

All our spiritual labors originate in a perverted state of the affections in evil loves. Our natural desires impel us in one direction, and our spiritual affections another, and hence neither of them are left in freedom to move on to their ends, and the consequence is labor and exhausting toil. We make the employments of life painful and slavish because we do not engage in them from right motives, because we do not aim to be useful to others in them, and seek our true happiness in their performance. Our selfish and worldly loves lead us to seek for happiness in our own gratification at the expense of others.

ACTIVITY NATURAL AND DESIRABLE.

There are not many who desire to escape action. The man who considers it the most painful drudgery to work at some useful employment, or who could not be persuaded to walk a mile to do a good act, will shoulder his gun and roam over the country all day, camp out in the woods at night, and undergo many hardships for the sport of killing a few innocent animals. Such do not complain of fatigue, but boast of having a good time.

SPIRITUAL LABOR EXPLAINED.

All spiritual labor has its origin in the same source as natural labor. It consists essentially in struggling against evil desires. We usually attribute the difficulty of doing right to the wrong cause. Men generally speak of it as though there were something in the nature of goodness and a life of unselfish use, or in the divine commands, that renders it almost impossible for us to comply with them. But it is not so. All the power and order of Omnipotence are on the side of every right effort. The labor consists in giving up and opposing what hinders this life—that is, our selfish and worldly loves. It is not hard to do a kind act to any one; but to oppose the selfishness that claims everything for ourselves requires effort. It is not hard to think kindly of others and to acknowledge their good qualities, and love them for them, but to put down an envious and jealous disposition in ourselves. It is not hard to speak the truth, but to keep from lying. It is no labor to pray, to read the Word, to think of spiritual things, to worship the Lord. The labor consists in casting out worldly and sensual thoughts and affections—in putting away all that hinders us from engaging in these duties.

If the intelligence had just been communicated to you that you had become heir to a large estate, would it be very hard work for you to think about it? Is it hard work to look pleasantly, to be cheerful, to speak kindly? It is the easiest thing in the world, if you *feel* pleasantly and kind.

CHRISTIANITY NO HARDSHIP.

Now it is a very general impression that the most difficult thing in the world is to lead a heavenly life. But it is not. On the contrary, it is the easiest thing in the world. It is just as easy as loving. The difficulty lies entirely in our loving the wrong things, in giving up a minor for a greater good. It is because we think ourselves so very rich spiritually, and do not like to give up those riches, that we find it so hard to enter the kingdom of God. If any one will examine himself carefully, he will find that all the labor of living a good life consists in not living a bad one. Whenever you find it hard to perform a duty, as it is called, or to exercise some spiritual affection, if you will scrutinize the workings of your own mind carefully, you will find that the real difficulty consists in giving up something that opposes it. Do we suppose the angels find it a very laborious duty to love the Lord and each other, and to enjoy the unspeakable blessedness of heaven? But we are not angels, you may say, and we are not in heaven. That is doubtless very true; but why are you not? Is it not because you prefer to be something else? What hinders you from entering heaven? Is it not because you have got your hands and heads and hearts so full of this world that heaven can not enter?

The only labor you will find in becoming an angel will be in putting away, in resisting and overcoming those desires which you love better than the blessedness of the angels. It is as easy to become an angel as it is for an acorn to become an oak, or a lily to be fragrant, or a rose to be beautiful, if we will put away all that hinders the orderly influx of the divine nature into our hearts. The labor is all negative, as all labor is. As the farmer does not make his harvests grow, only removes the obstacles to their growing, so we do not create heavenly affections. All we have to do is to get rid of those that are not heavenly. The commandments are, Thou shalt *not*. When you are sick, you regain your health by removing the disease. Health is the normal, orderly state of every human body. So it is with all spiritual diseases. If you can get rid of the evil, you will be made whole. The Lord stands at every gate of the soul, ready and urgent to pour His divine life into it and flood it with joy and light, and mold it into forms of angelic beauty and sweetness. If you will open any one of those gates by removing the evils that keep it barred against him, He will enter. You have no more labor to perform to secure these heavenly treasures.

If there be any who do not believe this, let them try it during the coming week or year, and they will find it true, and will advance nearer heaven than they ever did before. They will catch some glimpses of its glory, and feel some of its blessedness warming and throbbing through their hearts with a new life.

THE CONTEST IS WITH ERROR.

But labor is spoken of specifically in reference to the combat against the false and the acquisition of new truths. The principle, however, is the same. It is much harder to unlearn than it is to learn. The understanding was made to receive truth as the eye is light. When the eye is sound, it does not cost it any labor to see It has but to open, and the light flows in. The great difficulty in our learning the truth consists in our dislike to it. Every one knows how easy it is to learn a truth when he is really interested in it. But when we learn spiritual truth, we immediately make some very unpleasant discoveries about ourselves. It holds up a true mirror to our own deformities. It does not flatter us; it calls us by our genuine name; shows us where we are, and reveals our companions and the consequences of sin. It tells us the life we have been living is spiritual death, and that we must lay down that life, and no one likes to do that. Our natural desires clamor for gratification. We are not willing to see ourselves as we are. We shut our eyes against the truth as some timid people do against danger when it approaches; or we try to persuade ourselves that it is not so. Every one tries to believe what he desires to, and in the end generally succeeds in doing so. The will is always striving to draw the understanding into its service and mold it into its likeness; and all our spiritual labor consists in opposing it, in doing what we know is right, though we love to act differently. In rowing against the current of our natural affections, which flow contrary to the currents of the divine life—and this current is often strong, swift, and impetuous—it taxes all our strength to resist it. If we yield to the force of our natural desires, we are borne smoothly and swiftly along in their stream at first, but the end is inevitable destruction. If we resist and row against them, we may often become exhausted, and drop our oars, and think it useless to try; but if we call on the Lord for help, we will find ourselves borne by some unseen power into a quiet nook where we can rest for a while in peace. With every such struggle the current of our natural and evil desires grows weaker and our spiritual power stronger.

OUR SPIRITUAL BURDENS.

But the invitation of our Lord is not only to those who labor, but also to those who are heavy laden. This refers specifically to the will. All our spiritual burdens are evil affections. I have said that the path of life is upward; it is an ascent toward heaven and the Lord; and this ascent would be as easy as that of the vapor toward the sun, if we did not load ourselves down with burdens. We set our affections on the things of this world, and cling to them with a most desperate tenacity. We take upon ourselves responsibilities and the most grievous burdens of care and anxiety about things that do not concern us in the least. How we shall get along to-morrow or next year, what we shall eat and drink, and wherewith we shall be clothed; whether we shall succeed in our business, or attain our end. These things oppress us. All that is required of us is to do the best we can to-day—the Lord will take care of the morrow. Results are with Him. He asks us to cast our burdens upon Him; but most persons seem to prefer to carry them themselves, though they stagger and sink under them like an overloaded beast. They put their houses and lands, and stores and offices, and business upon their backs, and wear them as they do their clothes; and many even sleep in them. And, strange as it may seem, they are not content with the burdens of the present, but they hang a thousand vain regrets for the irrevocable past like mill-stones about their necks, and try to shoulder the whole future. This all originates in the evil of self-love. Such persons trust more to their own prudence than they do to the Lord's providence.

THE YOKE OF CHRIST.

The Lord's yoke consists of the attractions of his love. It is not bondage, but perfect freedom. How shall I take it upon me, do you ask? I answer, *By learning of Him*. By learning His precepts, and by practice learning to do them. Whoever will do this will find his burdens falling from him, one by one. As he comes nearer to the Lord and honors him, he will put more confidence in him, and then the heavy burdens of care and anxiety which have nearly crushed him will fall from him, and the soul, like a too heavily laden vessel struggling with the tempest and the raging sea, when lightened, will rise up and float buoyantly over the waves.

The whole work is gradual; we must not expect to accomplish it in a moment. We must not be disappointed that we can not; but we need have no fear but that every burden will fall from us if we obey the directions. Take my yoke upon you, upon your necks, upon your heads, upon your hearts. Learn of me. Learn to do as well as know, and ye will find rest for your souls. Rest from the regrets of the past, the labors and care of the present, and the anxiety for the future. Rest from all life's labors. Rest from all evil and falsity. Rest—eternal rest and peace in heaven.

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Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

WORK FOR WOMEN.

(THIRD ARTICLE.)

"My daughters are educated to be ladies."

Foolish and insipid boast! how often we hear it from those who having fought the world in a hand-to-hand struggle themselves, would fain teach their offspring to aspire to higher walks! Educated to be ladies! what meaning can we attach to the idle rattle of sound? Educated to play on the piano, to finger the guitar, to embroider muslin, and waltz. Educated to entertain a holy horror of dish-washing, ironing-day, and gingham aprons, that, we opine, is about the right interpretation of things. We have all read the story of the sentimental damsel of old times who lost her poor wits novel-reading and went insane, waiting for the stereotyped "prince in disguise" to come along and marry her, and we have all laughed over it; but, stop a minute, girls, and just reflect whether you are not some of you doing the very same thing! You have hung out your little fluttering pennons of curls and crochet-work and cheap jewelry, and sit at the second-story window of your castle. You think you are reading, or sewing, or doing fancy work, but you're not—all the time your thoughts are on that "prince in disguise" who is to come along and marry you one of these days. But he will never come, and when it is too late you will probably come to a just appreciation of the very bad investment you have been making of your time and thoughts!

"Educated to be ladies!" We do not want any more ladies—the arena of life is full to overflowing already with these useless articles. We want women—good, strong, sensible women whose brains and bodies work harmoniously together, and who can set headache, weak nerves, and hypochondria at defiance! We want women who are not afraid of work. We want women who take a healthy view of life, and regard their hands as something to toil with, not merely to hang with rings and rub with pearl-powder! "There were giants in old times," says a very ancient and veracious chronicler, and perhaps there were *women*, too. We never read of fine ladies in the Bible. The women of history were women, too; we can trace them along the stream of time into the red battle clouds of revolutionary days. There are very few of them left now, more's the pity!

"But there are two sides to the question." Of course there are. Don't we see it as clearly as anybody? There is no use in trying to ignore the darker reverse of our shield. Most women begin life under terrible disadvantages. Just when their more fortunate brothers were reveling in balls, kites, and glorious out-door exercise, they were studying botany, making patchwork, and nursing dolls. Consequently at the very time when their *physique* should be a strength and reliance and cheering comfort, they have to bear it along with them, like a hideous burden of pain and discomfort. Hercules himself could not have worked cheerfully with a backache, and Humboldt never would have been Humboldt if he had been subject to dyspepsia! Life is, at best, a two-in-hand sort of a journey, and if the horse Body draws against the horse Spirit, what sort of progress can the luckless charioteer expect to make? The best result to be hoped for is a speedy dissolution of partnership!

Moreover, a man at twenty-one has his trade or profession marked out for him. He studies for it, trains for it, bends all the energies of his nature to that particular channel. He exercises some sort of volition in the matter, and works for some end. But a woman! "She'll marry," say the contented parents, blindly trusting in the foreordained doom of girls in general. But perhaps she don't marry—nobody wants her—or perhaps she does marry, to become a widow. Then, what next? It is late to begin on the A B C of life, but the poor soul has no other alternative open to her, and begins awkwardly to con the lessons she should have learned long ago.

Now what is the reason women should not select trades and professions just as men do, and *learn* them, too? Of course we don't expect them to take to blacksmithing, or become stevedores, hack-drivers, or carpenters; but there are plenty of other vocations for them to adopt, if they will only begin patiently at the beginning. Suppose it never becomes necessary to work for a living, does it do a body any harm to know how? Isn't it better than a gold deposit in the bank to have a "bread-winner" always on hand? We must all strike out into the great ocean of daily existence, but it behooves us all to take our life-preservers along! "Women never *have* done so!" No, they never have—they have starved, and suffered, and perished quietly; and let us hope that this black chapter in their history is approaching its end. They never have done so, but it is high time they did. Let them leave off leaning blindly on old-established manners and customs, and lean boldly on their own right hand and cunning brains! People never know just how much they can do until they have tried.

Professional careers for women are by no means as unusual as they once were. We do not mean professional careers *sub rosa*, for do we not know ministers' wives that write their husbands' sermons, and mathematicians' wives that make abstruse calculations, and doctors' wives that have the whole pharmacopeia at their fingers' ends? We simply mean the thing itself. Female professors are beginning to occupy college chairs here and there—females are heard of in coast surveys, and females boldly enter the list of authorship and editor-land, ay, and carry off laurels, too, from under the very nose of wondering Man. Why shouldn't they?

We know of one instance worth particularizing, were it only to cheer up the "weak sisters" who think they can not succeed because they are women—the instance of a bright, enterprising girl who was being educated as a school teacher. But, looking out into her future, she astonished the wiseacres of conservatism by simply saying, "I should like to study medicine." Of course this was rather startling, but we all know the proverb about a "woman's will," and there being no law against female fingers picking up what stray crumbs of intelligence might be gathered in the hall of medicine and surgery, our heroine became in due time as regular a graduate as if she had worn broadcloth instead of merino. Duly provided with all the necessary formalities, she hung out her little sign in a shining village not far from New York, quite undismayed by the spectacled M.D.'s who glanced dubiously at her from their established heights of medical orthodoxy. She was discouraged at nothing, she was resolved to succeed, and she *did* succeed. Ten years of patient waiting and conscientious work wrought their rich reward, and the "little doctor" is now driving round in her carriage, with a professional income not very far from ten thousand dollars a year!

Now, if one woman has done this, why may not many women?

How often we have heard spirited, ambitious girls chafing under the chains of their captivity and vainly crying out, "Oh, if I only were a man I might accomplish some destiny!" Why can they not accomplish some equally satisfactory destiny, being women? Life prizes are offered to man—woman has to step forward and take them for herself. Once let her muster courage for that forward step, and she will stand an equally favorable chance with the lords of creation!

"So unfeminine." Thus say the happily married who nestle safely under the protecting shadow of conjugal wings; thus judges the girl whose pathway lies between golden bulwarks, and who never has known the sharp spur of necessity. It may be unfeminine to struggle for daily bread, but it is very uncomfortable to starve, as you would probably discover, ladies, if you ever tried the experiment. Besides, we have yet to discover that the sweetest womanly softness may not accompany the brain of a Mrs. Somerville or the resolution of a Florence Nightingale. And, moreover, it is a remarkable fact that she who succeeds ceases to incur the obloquy of Mrs. Grundy and her Committee of the Whole. It is only the wretched aspirant who has tried and failed who is hissed off the stage!

"Women can always find enough work to do!" So they can. They can scrub, and mend, and clean, and take in washing, and "finish off" machine sewing, and go out to service at so many dollars, and double the number of snubs per month. There is no kind of danger of their wearing out for lack of something to do! Only there is this thing to be considered. If a woman has got to work for her living, she may as well work for high wages as low. She may as well aim for a fortune as for daily bread, and she stands about as good a chance of winning one as the other. We have no faith in half-way measures where so many interests and necessities are involved, and if we could only get the women of the United States to see it in the same light, we should feel that one step at least was accomplished in the right direction.

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

The bellman of Watertown, announcing a temperance meeting, said it would be addressed by six women, "who had never spoken before."

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NELLIE.

BY G. R. B.

I KNEW a maid, whose face
Glowed with the rosy flush of youth and health;
Whose every act betrayed an inborn grace
Conferred not by the circumstance of place
Or time of birth, nor luxury, nor wealth.

These last she had not; she
From childhood had been taught to lend a hand
To aid her mother, in whose mien you'd see
The same calm air that marked the child to me,
When first I saw her by their cottage stand.

Oft through the garden walks,
When indoor tasks were ended, she would hie;
And flowers, whose gorgeous col'ring only mocks
The painter's copy, bent from breeze-stirred stalks
More queenly yet, because she glided by.

With gentle hand she drew,
With her young, girlish art, their beauties forth.
She loved them; and I thought they fairer grew
Because they loved her, and by instinct knew
Whose hand about their roots had delved the earth.

For years I'd known her, yet
Had never dreamed I cared to call her more
Than valued friend; for all my heart was set
On winning fame—and one fair coronet
Of classic worth I held, for college lore.

And I must strive, and climb
To that fair summit bathed in freshening dew
And sunbeams, which th' all-quenching breath of time
Can quench not,—which th' unfailing vesper chime,
Like morning's note of waking, doth renew.

And I must cross the seas,
And visit lands and holy scenes, that bring
Some mem'ries that o'erwhelm; and I must seize
The fire which Dante, Goethe—such as these
Felt in their souls and could not help but sing.

I told her we must part;—
(I scarcely noted how her color went.)
Some chords I'd learn to touch with magic art—
Chords deep within the complex human heart:—
So pale? Alas! I knew not what it meant.

I went. Months swiftly fled;
I learned from all I saw that God's full hand
Showers blessings not alone where glorious dead
Lie gathered; and fond mem'ry ofter sped
O'er trackless seas to home and native land.

I felt an aching void
That was so strange, because unknown before;
And wondered if, pining for home, I cloyed
Of things all new, and should be overjoyed
When by its hearth I met my friends once more.

At first, I doubted not
'Twould be so, and I strove to calm my thought.
But still the heart's void deepened, and my lot
Naught could have cheered, save that I ne'er forgot
An image that, each day, with some new charm was fraught.

And soon my waking hours
Were filled with visions of that sweet, calm face;
And in my slumbers, hand in hand, through bowers
Fragrant with perfumes of exhaling flowers,
From morn till eve love's pathway we would trace.

I sighed: Oh that one kiss
From those sweet lips had e'er been asked and given!
To know that heart were mine had been such bliss
As were (rare fortune in a world like this)
To know how much on earth there is of heaven.

Strange that my heart must be
By that one simple girl thus wildly swayed!
Strange that, unthinking, I had placed the sea
Between that heart and its own idol,—*thee*,
Thou gentle, tender, guileless-hearted maid.

Sad lines; a letter came:
Disease upon her form had laid its hand.
From day to day its fevered, parching flame
Delirium brought,—and then she spoke my name,
And said she saw me heavy-hearted stand.

And did she love me, then?
God grant, I prayed, that she might live to be
Mine and mine only;—and I sped again
Through cities thronged with crowds of busy men,
And o'er wide wastes of intervening sea.

A mist of living gold,
Purpled and barred, filled all the western air;
While down the heaven the livid day orb rolled,
And light-winged shadows gathered to enfold
Secluded valleys, verdure-vestured, where

I'd strayed in years long fled,
When boyish fancy heard no storm-surf beat
Upon life's shore; when sun and stars o'erhead
From out clear depths joy, hope, and rapture shed,
And no false lights betrayed my trusting feet.

The cottage rose to view—
(The burthen on my soul seemed lightened there,)
My heart responsive thrilled, as if it knew
Whose form it was that, as I nearer drew,
I saw reclining in an easy chair,

So listless. To the door,
Thrown open, I advanced. No one was there
But she. I longed to kiss her o'er and o'er,—
Those lips, that brow so pale, yet ne'er before
So lovely, by that wealth of dark brown hair.

Those calm eyes lifted. Blest,
Yea, and thrice blest, what one brief hour revealed;
When hand to hand and lip to lip were prest,
And wild, sweet thoughts o'erflowed th' enraptured breast,
And holiest love in mutual vows was sealed.

The roses to her cheek
Returned with health; none is more blithe than she;
And Nellie, sitting on my knee, so meek,
Tells how she *knew* I'd love her, and *I* speak
Of how I found I *loved* her, o'er the sea!

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

AMONG the friends of "universal suffrage" there are those ultraists who insist not only in paying no respect to color as a qualification of freemen, but who also would make the privilege universal irrespective of sex. To most persons a serious consideration of such an innovation is deemed evidence of mental unsoundness; and a review of incidents involved in the execution of such a design is not calculated to alter such an opinion.

A general notion of the incapacities of married women is familiar to most readers. The law considers the husband and wife as one person, and that person is the husband. The wife is a nonentity; for when she loses her name she loses her identity in part, and becomes, in a measure, civilly dead. This does not arise merely from a legal fiction, but partakes of the nature of a social truism. She is known no longer as A, but as B.

Upon marriage, her individual responsibilities vest in the husband; he is liable for debts contracted by her not only during coverture, but those contracted prior to it. Suits which were pending before marriage against her can not be maintained unless the husband is entered as defendant; neither can she act as plaintiff subsequently without being joined by him, for she can not hazard, without his consent, his interest in in the property vested in him, or involve him in expense.

She is said to be under *cover*, hence the common law designates her *feme covert*, and him the *covert baron*. Her personal estate vests absolutely in him; her real estate, as long as the marriage contract is unimpaired, is of no value to her but in prospecctive, inasmuch as the rents and emblements go to benefit the husband. Of course she may be indicted alone in criminal proceedings.

The twain, of a verity, become one flesh; the two are one as, perhaps, a corporation is known as one individual under the corporate name. It is expected of the husband to provide for the wants of the family, to accumulate property for its maintenance and support. The wife is expected to attend to the domestic affairs; and this properly is her sphere. By thus speaking I mean no disparagement. Home cares and duties should engage her, and her greatest pleasure be found in this sphere, as the husband's should be in providing against want. Her position by no means need interfere with reasonable aspirations; but there is a world of pleasure in discharging domestic duties, if done in contentment and with a happy purpose—much more pleasure, indeed, than most realize.

Contemplating the wife in her incapacities (not intellectual, but social), we find an insurmountable obstacle to her exercising the elective franchise. The husband having a right to control the household, will direct her how to vote, and may demand obedience. To avoid this subjection, we find a vast revolution must be effected in the social system; a revolution which would entail the greatest calamities upon the human family.

Even if we take away the imperative character of the husband, we find that his persuasions and representations of political questions (assuming that she takes no more interest in informing herself than at present) accomplish the same result as he by law is qualified to demand and empowered to exact.

But allowing the wife masculinity of character enough to vote differently from her *baron*, what is the result? Why, it is the introduction of rancorous party spirit into the family circle; the signal for indescribable discords and broils to begin; it is giving birth to all the feuds which political differences engender—differences which make communities and states implacable foes. What will be the magnitude of the injury which this step will awaken when embosomed in our households? Discontent enlivened; domestic tranquillity destroyed; happiness banished; and its tendency is to destroy the few glimpses of heaven which we now enjoy. Would it have no influence upon the marriage state when divorces follow discontent? when, indeed, few would venture into that contract?

But there are those to whom the above remarks will not apply—unmarried females. As a rule, the unmarried class are *infra ætatem*, minors, and therefore incapable of voting. Single females above that age—especially if property is the prime qualification of freemen, and she holds property, perhaps—should be allowed to vote; at least, no good reason can be given why they

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should *not*, more than one can be given why they *should*.

If property must be represented, there need be little complaint upon that score; the poll-tax that would be required will, if rightly invested (by "rightly" we mean *to the end*), insure its representation.

If all the barriers above enumerated were removed, then the *female education* must be varied from the old regime. Instead of "accomplishments," we must have a practically educated set of amazons who are muscularly trained to take part in mobs, join the rabble, and fight their way to the polls.

Two great reforms must be accomplished, and if those are practicable, the writer will concede the feasibility of female suffrage.

I. The reform of that jurisprudence which is common to all the enlightened nations of the earth, which had its origin in the patriarchal lawgivers who communed directly with the Deity; upon which the sages of all times have exhausted their wisdom; which moral philosophers defend as in accordance with casuistry and conscience.

This reform must leave the male and female portion of community independent of each other; but the bonds of society must be still secure. Marriage must be discarded; love proven imaginary; sentiments of morality be relinquished. In a word, we must return to our primitive state where there is association, but still no organized society.

II. There must be a reform in female education. Reform means *improvement;* perhaps we should say *change*. A fashionable establishment of learning must establish professorships of commercial law and political economy; mathematics take the place of the ornamental branches. The rostrum must be built; political intrigue must be familiar to the accomplished lady. This is but a hobby of those who drop

"buckets into empty wells,
And grow old in drawing nothing up!"

The writer has been actuated by no unfriendly or unappreciative sentiment toward the female; it has been his design to place facts before the proselytes of this creed. Withholding the privilege does not prove her intellectually incapable; it does not compromise her liberties; nor is it a question of her happiness. Family attachments are our chiefest joys, and to them we make all things subservient. JOHN DUNN.

KISSES AND KISSING.

[THE POET, MRS. BROWNING, describes the sensations of kissing in the following graceful lines. Reader, have *you* ever experienced anything of the kind? If not, and you are human, your time will come. May your experience be as exquisite as that of this dear lady.]

First time he kissed me, but he only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write:
And ever since it grew more clear and white,
Slow to the world-greeting, quick with its "O list,"
When the angels speak. *The second* passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on the hair. O, beyond need!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown
With sanctifying sweetness did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said, "My love, my own."

HAPPY AT HOME.

THE little straw of every-day habit, floating slowly and silently down the stream of life, shows very plainly which way the tide sets. And when Mrs. Purple says, with a groan, "My husband never spends his evenings at home," it is natural to inquire within one's self why it is that Mr. Purple finds other resorts so much more attractive than the household altar!

"I don't see why he can't be a little more domestic," says Mrs. Purple.

Well, why is it? There is a reason for everything in the world say philosophers, and there must be a reason for this.

In the first place, Mrs. Purple is one of those unfortunate housekeepers whose work is never done. There is always something dragging—a room to be swept—lamps to be trimmed—fretful babies to be put to sleep, while one eye is on the broiling meat and the other on the muddy footprint unwittingly left by Mr. Purple on the doorstep. "There, Purple, I knew just how it would be. I wonder if you know the use of a scraper or a door-mat. I *should* think after all the time I've spent in cleaning up—"

And Mrs. Purple goes off into a monotonous recapitulation of her troubles and trials that has all the effect of a lullaby upon the baby, however trying it may be to the feelings of the baby's father.

Moreover, Mrs. Purple, with all her "cleaning up," does not understand the elementary principles of keeping a house neat. Things are always "round in the way;" table-covers put on awry; dust and ashes under the grate; curtains torn away from their fastenings and pinned up until Mrs. Purple can "find time" to readjust them. Somehow it looks forlorn, and desolate, and unhomelike when the master of the house comes in at night. Mr. Purple, man-like, can't tell where the defection lies—he don't analyze the chill that comes over his heart as he crosses the threshold—he only knows that "things don't look ship-shape!" And so he takes his hat when his wife's back is turned and sneaks ignominiously off, glad to get away from the dead-alive fire, the dusty room, and Mrs. Purple's tongue. Who can blame the man? Mr. Purple may be "lazy," and "careless," and "selfish," very likely he is—most men have a tendency that way—but nevertheless he don't like to be told of it over and over and over again, in that persistent, illogical sort of way that reminds you of an old hen running from side to side in her coop, and poking her head through the bars in the same place every seven seconds! Mr. Purple naturally wonders why his wife don't occasionally allude to the few good qualities he happens to possess! Mr. Purple has every inclination to be happy at home, if his better half would only give him a chance.

Of all the sweetly-tinted pictures of domestic happiness that we find in the pages of Holy Writ, there is none that suggests more quiet comfort than Abraham sitting in his tent door "in the heat of the day" under the shadow of the palm trees of Mamre. Depend upon it, the good old patriarch never spent his evenings away from home. *He* didn't believe in "just going across the plains to Lot's house," or "running over to Sodom to hear the news." No, Abraham liked to sit quietly by his tent door, and very likely Mrs. Sarah would come and lean over his shoulder and chat with him after the Oriental fashion! We have the very best of testimony for knowing that she was very amiable under the ordeal of "unexpected company," when "the calf tender and good" was dressed, and the "three measures of fine meal" baked on the hearth!

The idea of looking beyond the sphere of home for enjoyment is at the root of many of our modern evils. Home should be the very center and sanctuary of happiness; and when it is not, there is some screw loose in the domestic machinery! If you want to surround a young man with the best possible safeguards, don't overwhelm him with maxims and homilies as to what he is and is not to do, but make his home happy in the evenings. Let him learn that however hard and cruel the outside world may be, he is always sure of sympathy and consideration in *one* place! Woe betide the man, whatever his lot or position, who has in his heart of hearts no memory of a home where the sunshine never faded out and the voices were always sweet. Were he as rich as Rothschild, he is a poor man!

THE HOUSEHOLD PET.

BY REV. EDEN R. LATTA.

WELL hath the poet said that Death,
With his ghastly mien and his chilling breath,
With his icy hand and his heart of stone,
Hath every season for his own.
There's no escape from his poisoned dart;
'Twill pierce in its flight each throbbing heart;
E'en *now* the bow and the string are set,
And the shaft is aimed at the Household Pet.

She struggles now with the monster grim;
Her cheeks grow pale and her eyes grow dim;
Her attenuate form is racked with pain,
And efforts to save seem all in vain;
They are in vain—she is going fast;
Her form is chill—she has breathed her last;
'Tis a solemn fate, but it must be met
E'en by the little Household Pet.

She is gone!—we never shall see her more,
In her childish sports, as oft before;
No more shall look in her sparkling eye,
No more shall list to her sweet bye-bye;
The soul has gone to its rest afar,
Perchance to dwell on some distant star;
Of all she was, naught remaineth yet,
But the dust of the little Household Pet.

She has gone from earth with its pain and care;
She's safe in a realm that is bright and fair;
And 'tis cheering to us who linger here
To know that her way to heaven was clear;
But yet it is hard to give her up,
And the hand is slow to take the cup,
And hearts are bleeding, and eyes are wet,
For the little, playful Household Pet.

Adieu! sweet child! it is thine to go—
And ours to remain awhile below;
Ours to lament that thou art dead,
And strew with flowers thy grassy bed;
But while we grieve, 'twill be sweet to know
That our heavenly Father ordered so;
And that, howe'er deep may be our regret,
It is well with the little Household Pet.

FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHY.—A round of pleasure sometimes renders it difficult to make things square.

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Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—Osbaria.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—Hosea iv. 6.

THE LEARNED BOY.

REV. ALFRED TAYLOR, of Philadelphia, in his excellent little volume of "Sunday-School Photographs," has the following graphic description and sensible and timely advice:

"This young gentleman is twelve years old. At five, he knew by heart the Sermon on the Mount, the first chapter of John, and the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm—all without missing a word. At seven, he did sums in the rule of three, and several other rules. Now he knows by rote the whole book of Isaiah, nearly all the New Testament, and a great many Psalms; also a great variety of addresses, dialogues, and other semi-religious literature. The other children looked upon him as a miracle of wisdom.

"He is pale, lantern-jawed, and stoop-shouldered. His eyes have not the cheerful sparkle that a boy's eyes should have. He does not know how to shout, to run, to spin a top, to swim, or to row a boat. He and his parents regard all such exercises as the portion of rude and naughty boys. In school and in society he conducts himself with great decorum, and is always a perfect gentleman in his manners. He smiles pleasantly, when there is occasion to smile, but you never hear his voice ringing out in a hearty laugh. He sings with gentility, and is master of several very difficult tunes.

"On anniversary occasions (or, as they are generally called now, *exhibitions*), this boy is exhibited as a premium article of scholarship. He makes a speech, or, rather, recites a piece, sometimes a solo, sometimes a dialogue with one or more boys. This exhibition of his mnemonic and oratorical ability gives great pleasure to his relations, but others think it very ridiculous. His parents think that this display of talent at so early an age will certainly make him a professor or a judge when he shall be a man. The superintendent of the Sunday School wishes that the parents would not crowd the boy forward on public occasions, and is certain that their unwise forcing will be the death of him long before he is big enough to fill the chair of the thinnest professor.

"The other boys have but little respect for our precocious friend. Well do they know that their stock of knowledge is inferior to his; but yet there is something about his manner which repels rather than invites their cordial good feeling. They have various nicknames for him, some of which imply their disregard for his attainments. One of them is 'Old Stilts.' These annoy him very much, and he lets them see it. Of course, the more they see he is annoyed, the more they try to vex him. The consequence is, that they become, to a great extent, enemies, and the line between friendship and enmity seems to be drawn as if between learning and ignorance. He gradually acquires the idea that he is better and wiser than the other boys, and that they are a company of shameless scapegraces.

"A word of advice may be in season to this learned boy, his teacher, and the family of which he is a member. The boy is on the road to the sick bed, the insane asylum, or the grave.

"Turn over a new leaf. Enough learning has been pumped into the poor creature to last for several years to come. He wants exercise, recreation, and fresh air. He wants less brain work and more muscle work. Don't take all his books away from him, for that will make him very miserable. But take all except two or three. Take him away from school for a while and put him on a farm. If he can be made to work for his living, so much the better. Make him rise early in the morning, and retire early in the evening, after a good day's work and a light supper. Give him a good straw bed (the best thing a human being can sleep on), and see that the window is so fixed that plenty of fresh air comes into the room. If there is a pony on the premises, teach him how to ride 'bare back.' Make him play as well as work. Make him laugh as well as look solemn. Soon 'Old Stilts' will be like other boys; his cadaverous cheeks will fatten and display a little rosy healthfulness. His step will have a boyish vigor in it. He will forget his accomplishment of a few hard tunes, and go singing all round the farm. He will enjoy his life. Then, when you have made him something like a boy should be, start again. Give him a moderate course of books, combined with a moderate course of exercise. But see that the exercise does not consist in solitary hours of swinging dumb-bells, or climbing a pole in the dark garret. That is a dismal business. Make it cheerful and social, and it will work the desired end.

"What has all this to do with Sunday Schools? Simply this, that if we want to do good to the souls of our children, we must see that the earthly tabernacle in which the soul lives is in such tenantable order that the soul can thrive in it. If professors, judges, and ministers are to be raised up from our Sunday Schools, let us take care to raise up, not lean-fleshed, cadaverous prodigies of stuffed wisdom, but men with healthy bodies and vigorous minds, who shall be a credit to a nation of freemen and to the church of Christ."

HAPPINESS,

AND THE LAWS OF NATURE.

LIFE and death are the order of nature, and sorrow and joy are woven into that order; merriment hath its medicine, but who denies that sorrow hath its refining influences?

It is asserted that man, by obeying the laws of nature (which are different in differently constituted individuals in degree), can be thoroughly happy. I deny the assertion. Man in his best state of obedience can only attain to comparative happiness; and metaphysicians prove that if we never knew pain (mental anxiety) or sorrow, that we would have no knowledge of pleasure; that the distinction heightens the pleasure or the sorrow. Be that as it may (and it is plausible), without antithesis of feeling, I can not see the ecstasy of joy, for without the association and contrast, and also the knowledge of the existence and experience of both the one and the other, pleasure would be a monotony. We must not allude to physical pleasures, for it is a pleasant thing to have a good appetite well gratified; and even here association steps in to heighten the physical enjoyment, and there is ideality and poetry in the art of "laying the table," the arrangement, and the general surroundings. Many people enjoy with a zest still greater that which the limited purses of their neighbors can not obtain from the association or contrast, and from the exclusiveness, as it were.

The above are not bad ideas, as matters of reason; yet there may be as good or perhaps a better set of ideas.

Man obeys the laws of nature; he is first an animal, and improves upward from the animal to the mental and logical. His law as a child is to be selfish, and the question is, what is a law to the child (selfish gratification) must it cease to be a law to the man? Now philoprogenitiveness has within it the very essence of selfishness. To love our children is an animal, selfish tendency. To be near the object of that organ is to feel a pleasure—as the lioness feels it and battles for it (when attacked) in the presence of her young. Combativeness, Adhesiveness, Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Firmness, and Destructiveness in man aid him in the protection of his offspring from assault.

This selfish feeling, aided by the better part of man's nature, is a positive, instituted right—an absolute law of being. It is right in the animal, and the animal is the foundation of the spiritual. "That was not first that was spiritual but that which was natural (animal), and afterward that that was spiritual." Now, injure any part of the body, and other parts will sympathize. What is sympathy—the very deepest?

Obey the laws of your being; love your child, and see that child beaten to death by a ruffian without sorrow or opposition! It can't be done. The law is to fight for it and mourn for it. The organ in question when deprived of the object of its love, exhibits in man's nature a dual tendency—an antithesis—pleasure and pain, which act and react on each other "according to law." It was fated that the objects of our love should be liable to "the ills that flesh is heir to;" and if pleasure be a positive state of man (intended), it is seen that the loss alluded to proves sorrow or mourning to be the negative. Yet, alas! how positive seems the negative, to use a paradox!

Man was made not only to be happy, but to be sorrowful, as occasion requires; and even it is proved that grief and tears are themselves created to ease pain, or to wear themselves away.

Then pain becomes here instead of a negative an absolute positive in power! and besides is a part of nature's grand design, and is therefore a fundamental principle is man's nature—a law of being.

If the eye flash with the light of joy, it is also drowned with weeping; if the organs of laughter (if I may use the term) delight us with their merry sounds, they also startle us with a scream or appall us with a groan. The excess of grief kills, so does the excess of joy; and grief itself is "an institution" for the allaying of its own excess, thereby hastening the return of health and pleasure.

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The nervous system stirs to every pleasure and every pain. The world has its winters and its summers. A young phrenologist (perhaps imitating an old one) asserts that there is nothing in nature made for the purposes of sorrow; but it is a common error.

If deep sorrow, which is active in groans and tears, relieves nature and hastens the return of pleasure, it is made with capacity for such beneficent action precisely; and as for the humanizing, refining, and civilizing effects, such as tenderness sympathy, etc. (and what would we be without such?) they are self-evident, and require no more proof than themselves; for there is no greater proof to prove them by than by themselves existing.

Man may eat an animal and an animal may eat man. The lion devours his prey—let the prey even be a man, and it only obeys its instinct, its law, its first principle; and what if he tears to pieces the child that we love? The beast is right, but the parent must mourn; and even the cow becomes disconsolate for her fatted calf that lies on the rich man's table.

All over nature we see the tendency to rejoice and to mourn. "Blessed are they that mourn," and "Jesus wept," need not be brought in to aid the facts based on a state of nature.

Nature has her balancing powers; the balancing of creation is kept up—deaths and births; some die of old age; some are nipped in the bud; and some, while the delighted eyes of the parents are fixed upon the ideal future, are struck down, leaving hearts disconsolate and eyes "red with weeping."

All excesses of feeling are bad; yet though in some they cause death, in others they are not fatal. A man has been known to fall into a fortune and to die of ecstasy!

Romeo is a true picture of a lover drowned in his own tears from the over-action of amativeness and some other organs. Give him the gratification, and he is another man; deny it, and he seems doomed "to sorrow and disappointment."

Man's organs are doubled; if one be destroyed, the other can be active. This is duality, and even according to this writing, one single organ, losing its object of gratification, exhibits that duality in its action in the loss, and excites some others.

Let the miser lose his money, or take any particular organ—it does not matter—but mark the facts mentioned.

Whatever is in nature hath a cause; causes produce effects, and effects become causes to other actions, or are primal to other effects. A secondary principle is as true as a first principle, and a third, if you choose, is as true as either. Throw nothing aside because it is a secondary principle; this would be silly. Principles radiate from each other, and are all true. Nothing can be added to truth but falsehood, and he who throws away a secondary principle because it is only secondary, may never see the first.

"Man is in harmony with death and desolation," and various death and its consequences are of nature's establishment, and therefore right.

THOMAS FENTON.

CHATHAM, CANADA WEST.

PLEA FOR "SHORT LEGS."

[WE earnestly commend the following verses, which we clip from the *Methodist*, to the prayerful consideration of parents and preachers. Don't make martyrs of the little ones! Have mercy on the "short legs!"]

To Sunday-school I love to go
But not to *church* up stairs,
The *sermons are so very long*,
So very long the prayers.

In Sunday-school the teachers speak
In words so kind and plain,
I never do get tired out,
And love to go again.

But when I sit in gall'ry seat,
I can not quiet be,
For most of what the preacher says
He meaneth not for me.

And so I swing my little feet,
And move my hands about,
And *wish, and wish, and wish again*,
The church would soon be out.

The teacher comes and pulls my ear
And shakes my little head,
And wonders why I don't keep still
Till all the things are said.

And thus the people from below
Look upward with amaze,
Astonished that a little boy
Should have such naughty ways.

The preacher, too, stops still, and says:
"That boy in yonder seat
Disturbs my sermon with the noise
Of drumming with his feet."

Ah, me! I know not what to do,
For if I silence keep,
My eyes, o'ercome with weariness,
Will close at once in sleep.

I often wonder why mamma
To church will make me go;
Sermons are not for boys up stairs,
But grown folks down below.

Besides, you know, my seat is hard,
Nor is it cushioned o'er;
My legs are short, and can not reach
Clear down upon the floor.

Then chide me not, my older friends,
When restless you me see—
With longer legs and softer seat
A better boy I'll be.

A WOMAN'S BEAUTY.

WHERE is it? In what does it consist? And how is it to be attained? Ah, if the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL could only answer these questions, its fortune would be made, now and forever!

Every woman wants to be beautiful, and who blames her for it? Every woman would fain learn the secret of that power which dwells in symmetry of face and form, and if it could only be doled out by the ounce or pound at so many dollars per woman, we should all be a nation of Cleopatras and Mary Stuarts!

"There are no homely women now-a-days," says a modern writer, alluding to the remarkable facility with which dress is made to supply defects or heighten charms. The trouble is, our writer didn't look quite closely enough. There is so very little woman and so much dress when you come to separate the two component parts, that a naturalist would be puzzled to account for the disproportion! Many a face looks exceedingly pretty on Broadway that is made up of bismuth, pearl powder, and rouge, with artificially penciled eyebrows, lips touched with carmine, and eyes whose sparkle is attributable to a bath of cologne or tincture of belladonna. As for hair, why, everybody knows that it can be bought for so much "per switch," and French *centurieres* do the rest.

And is *this* a woman's beauty? By the shades of Venus de Medici and Diana de Poitiers, no!

Travelers all bear united witness that of all women, our American girls, between sixteen and twenty-five, are the most like human flowers, delicate, brilliant, and spirituelle. If they could only be "preserved" like peaches, or put in spirits like rare botanical specimens! But fertile in expedients as the nineteenth century is, it has as yet discovered no such invaluable process. At thirty the flower is faded, at forty it is a broken-down invalid who takes refuge in rocking-chairs, novels, and the study of French fashion plates. "Sic transit gloria mundi." Marius among the ruins of Carthage is nothing to a *passée* belle among the wrecks of her lost loveliness!

So, then, this can not be the real reading of the oft-repeated phrase, "a woman's beauty."

But we have seen women whose faces, albeit cast in no mold of classic perfection, always remind us of the sweet serenity of moonlight—whose lips are always ready to smile in sympathy with your joy—whose words are perfectly attuned to the moods of your heart. We have seen women who are never out of temper—whose hair is always like satin—whose cheeks are always touched with the roses of regular habits and crystal-clear consciences—whose dress, calico or linsey, always seems appropriate! What is the beauty of fabled goddesses worth compared with the sweet, calm glances of such a woman as this. She wears neither diamonds nor pearls, she does not believe in the meretricious glare of imitative jewelry, but for all that she is always "in full dress." She may be sixteen, or forty-six, or sixty, but she is as beautiful at one age as another. The silver tresses that are parted away from a grandmother's forehead are not less lovely than were the golden bandeaux of the bride! *Our* beautiful woman never loses her charm!

In truth and in fact, the secret of a woman's beauty lies deep down in the soul and the heart. We know no better recipe for becoming lovely than the old maxim, "Know Thyself."

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

LACRYMÆ.

She's left thy bosom, mother,
Pray thee do not weep!
Life was all a pleasant day,
Gilded by a golden ray—
Death's a holy sleep.

Sprinkle sweet blossoms o'er her
Low and quiet grave;
She was aye a simple flower—
Do not let the willow bower
O'er her slumbers wave.

Away from earth's cold tempests,
She's joined the angel band;
No more she walks life's desert moors,
She treads the distant, blessed shores—
The shores of the SILENT LAND!

J. W. H.

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PORTRAIT OF THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

AN EMPEROR AND AN EMPRESS.

THESE portraits represent well-developed mental and physical constitutions. The framework and filling up of the Emperor is well-nigh perfect in every part. He possesses an excellent constitution, is symmetrically formed, and although some inches above six feet in height, his well-knit and proportioned figure is indeed magnificent. That is also a fine head, all its faculties appear to be well-developed. It is high in the moral region, conspicuous in the intellectual, and strongly marked in the executive. Of all the intellectual organs that of Language seems to be least conspicuous, but we think our artist has failed in accurately representing that organ. Besides, the strong sunlight of his native land has, doubtless, somewhat contracted the eye. Such, in fact, is the natural effect of the powerful sunbeams of tropical countries upon eyesight. Language is evidently larger than it is here shown. There are large perceptive faculties, enabling him to investigate national affairs for himself, and there are well-marked reflective powers, which assist him in preparing and maturing plans for securing the stability and advancement of the government. Causality, Comparison, Ideality, Constructiveness, and the entire range of organs in the front and side head, are prominent, giving him energy and efficiency in the discharge of the duties belonging to his high station. We are not surprised that he is eminent for his scholastic ability and scientific acquirements. Taken altogether, he is a grand specimen of the genus *homo*.

Of the Empress it may indeed be said that she is an excellent specimen of healthy humanity. In her, the vital temperament predominates. She is evidently out of strong and healthy stock, and her lamp of life is kept full and vigorously burning by the abundant supply of the vital oil. She can hardly be otherwise than amiable, affectionate, and devotional. If it should be inferred that she is somewhat masculine in appearance, it can also be claimed that she is eminently feminine and motherly. There is a very intelligent expression in her countenance, and her moral organs stand out conspicuously, giving an appearance of massiveness to the top-head. Language is large. In this respect, the "Empress of the Brazils" can not be said to differ much from the majority of her kind. She is built, mentally and physically, on a liberal plan, and possesses in a high degree the qualities requisite for usefulness and happiness.

Certain it is, that, taken altogether, she is a noble representative of her sex, and fully equal to the best types of European female organization.

BIOGRAPHY.

Pedro II. de Alcantara, Emperor of Brazil, was born at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, December 2, 1825. His father, Pedro I., in consequence of popular discontent under his government, abdicated the throne in favor of his son, April 7, 1831, and returned to Portugal, his native country. At the age of fourteen Pedro II. was, by an act of the legislature, declared to have attained his majority, and in July, 1841, was formally invested with the imperial authority. Soon after his accession the decisive victory obtained by the royal forces over the insurgents at San Lucia put an end to the distractions which had prevailed in various provinces of the empire from 1826. The administration of Don Pedro has been eminently a prosperous one. Pacific in his foreign policy, he has sought to improve and strengthen his country by judicious legislation and energetic personal action. In solid and elegant accomplishments he is proficient, and takes a deep interest in the mental and moral condition of his people. We are told that he presides at every meeting of the Brazilian "Imperial Geographical and Historical Society," and it has been by his direction that geographical explorations have been made in the province of Ceara, and of the river Purus, one of the largest affluents of the Amazon. He is said to possess some skill as a surveyor and civil engineer, which he has exhibited by his designs for the building of bridges. He is also a chemist and geologist to some extent.

He possesses the favor and affection of his subjects to an enthusiastic degree. He is said to be a splendid specimen of physical development, is six feet three or four inches in height, and very active and temperate in his manner of life.

The Empress is a daughter of Francis I., king of Naples. She was married to the Emperor of Brazil, September 4, 1843. She is a year or two older than Don Pedro. As the wife of the head of a young and growing nation, she is said to be enterprising and industrious, and well allied with one of so much energy as her husband.

Three children were born to this imperial couple, two of whom, the Princess Isabella, heir presumptive, and the Donna Leopoldina, are living.

BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS.

THE Empire of Brazil appears at this day to be but little noticed, yet its claims are by no means inconsiderable. Possessing an extent of territory 68,294 square miles larger than the whole territory of the United States, and a soil and climate in all its varieties unsurpassed by any other country, it affords tremendous space for colonization and development. Such is the magnitude of its internal resources, mineral and vegetable, so far as ascertained, that there is no portion of the globe so available for cultivation and the support of man.

Prior to the accession of the father of the present Emperor the growth of the country in importance was small. Incessant disputes and petty warfare characterized the political aspect of affairs. Religion and morality being at a low point, tended to hinder and render futile efforts at social reform. After the acclamation of Pedro II., the various provinces, each an empire in itself, became consolidated, and under his judicious administration Brazil emerged from her obscurity, and no longer trammeled by Portuguese imposition under a weak show of authority, has taken good rank among the nations of the earth.

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For the last twenty years the progress of Brazil has been onward; and were she regarded and known according to her merits, much of the tide of immigration now flowing in upon us would be diverted to Brazil. Internal improvements on a large scale have been set on foot Railroads, canals, and bridges have been constructed, of superior excellence and of considerable extent. There are eight or ten lines of steamships between Brazil and the various ports of Europe and America. This shows conclusively that Brazil's commercial relations are on a good footing with other nations.

CHARACTER OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The constitution of the empire was drawn up by a council of ten, convened for that purpose, November 26, 1823, under the personal superintendence of Pedro I. Under the provisions of this constitution, which are of an extraordinarily liberal and wise nature, when we consider the time and circumstances under which they were formed, the government is monarchical and hereditary, yet constitutional and representative. The legislative power is included in a general assembly convened in a manner analogous to our National Congress. The Senators are elected for life, and the Representatives for four years. The provinces are immediately administered by presidents appointed by the Emperor; and each province has its own legislative body to prescribe for its internal policy. The provinces choose their senators and representatives for the general assembly through electors, while the members of their respective legislatures are elected by universal suffrage. All denominations of religion are tolerated The press is unshackled, judicial proceedings are public, trial by jury and *habeas corpus* are individual rights, and difference in color does not affect personal privilege.

"The Brazilian Constitution has to a great extent secured equality, justice, and consequently national prosperity. Brazil is to-day governed by the same constitution with which, more than forty years ago, she commenced her full career as a nation. The head of the empire is in the same family and governs under the same constitution that was established in 1824. Her commerce doubles every ten years; she possesses cities lighted by gas, long lines of steamships, and the beginning of railways that are spreading from the sea-coast into the fertile interior; in her borders education and general intelligence are constantly advancing."

EARLY HISTORY.

The early history of Brazil is far from uninteresting, and we deem it worth while in this place to allude slightly to it. The discoverer of South America was Vincent Yanez Pinzon, a companion of Columbus in his first voyage. Pinzon sailed from Palos, Spain, December, 1499, on a voyage of discovery on his own account. On the 26th of January, 1500, he saw the first land looming up in a bold promontory, which he named Cape Consolation, now called Cape St. Augustine, a headland not far below the city of Pernambuco. From thence Pinzon sailed northward, touching at various points, and discovering the mouths of the Amazon and the Orinoco.

PORTRAIT OF THE EMPRESS OF BRAZIL.

Pinzon, like many other adventurers of that eventful period, believed he had found the famed India-beyond-the-Ganges. He took possession of the country in the name of Spain; but a distinguished navigator from Portugal, Pedro Alvares Cabral, having been dispatched by the Portuguese monarch to the East Indies, which Vasco da Gama had brought such glowing accounts of, ran his vessel so far to the westward that he unintentionally discovered the same land which Pinzon had touched at about three months previously; and sending a messenger soon afterward to Portugal, the newly found territory was claimed by the king of Portugal. Pinzon, meanwhile, was slowly pursuing his explorations along the coast of Brazil.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME BRAZIL

The name given to the country by Cabral was Vera Cruz, but this was afterward changed through the instrumentality of that audacious courtier Amerigo Vespucius, who, it is said, accompanied a subsequent expedition and carried back with him some of the well-known dye-wood—which is called *pau brazil* in the Portuguese language, because of its resemblance to *brazas*, "coals of fire." Hence the land was familiarly known as the "land of the brazil-wood;" and ultimately Brazil

Expedition followed expedition until the whole coast had been thoroughly scoured southward as far as the Straits of Magellan. The commander Magellan, who both discovered and gave his name to this dangerous passage in 1519, was in search of a western route to the Indies. He first circumnavigated the globe.

COLONIZATION BY THE FRENCH, AND ITS FAILURE.

The first attempt to establish a colony of any consequence in Brazil was made by Villegagnon, a knight of Malta, under the patronage of Henry II. of France, who furnished three vessels for the purpose. Villegagnon established his headquarters in the Bay of Nitherohy, now called Rio de Janeiro, on the island known by his name. He was well received by the natives, who supposed he had come to defend them from the Portuguese, whose rapacity and avarice scrupled not to resort to the most cruel measures for obtaining that which was the main object of their visits, treasure. The colony, through the bad administration of Villegagnon, did not increase rapidly. Instead of pursuing a liberal policy and encouraging the emigration of those Frenchmen who, persecuted at home on account of their religious belief, were desirous of coming to the new settlement, he followed the example of the French Government in not tolerating "heretics." He even sent back in a starving condition vessel-loads of worthy Huguenots who sought in the

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FIG. 1.—THE BOAT-BILL AND THE VICTORIA REGIA.*

wilds of Brazil a refuge from cruelty at home. Had wisdom dictated his course, France might have established her sway over a large portion of South America.

In 1550, the Portuguese sent an armed expedition under Mem de Sa to extirpate the French. The French, unassisted by the French Government at home, maintained their position against the repeated attacks of the Portuguese until January 20, 1567, St. Sebastian's Day, when a grand onset was made and the defenses carried. Mem de Sa took possession of the town, traced out a new city and called it San Sebastian, the present Rio de Janeiro. After this, colonies were established at various points along the coast, and some places which had been mere trading stations were erected into settlements.

Favored by geographical position, Rio de Janeiro advanced rapidly in importance, and became in 1763 the seat of the government and the residence of the viceroys of Portugal. The impotence of the Portuguese Government and its encroachments upon the native Brazilians at length culminated in their formal declaration of independence on the 7th of September, 1822. Thenceforward Brazil was erected into a separate nation, and Don Pedro I. proclaimed emperor.

BAY AND CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

The bay of Rio de Janeiro is said to be the finest in the world. The common reason assigned for the misnaming of this bay is the tradition that De Souza, who discovered it in January, 1531, imagined he had entered the mouth of a great river like the Amazon, and named it Rio de Janeiro, or River of January The story, however, is not well authenticated. Fletcher says in the elaborate work on "Brazil and the Brazilians:" "On the height of St. Elmo I have drank in as much of beauty from that curvilinear bar of Southern Italy upon whose bosom float the isles of Capri and Ischia, and upon whose margin nestle the gracefully shaped Vesuvius, the long arm of Sorrento, and the proverbially brilliant city of Naples. I have seen very great variety in the blue isle-dotted bay of Panama; and I have beheld in the Alps, and in the western entrance to the Straits of Magellan, where the black, jagged Andes are rent asunder, scenes of wildness and sublimity without parallel; but, all things considered, I have yet to gaze upon a scene which surpasses, in combined beauty, variety, and grandeur, the mountain-engirdled Nitherohy." The city of Rio Janeiro is the largest of South America, and the third in size on the Western Continent, while its antiquity is greater than any city in the United States. Its harbor, the magnificent sheet of water just before described, communicates with the Atlantic by a deep and narrow passage between rocky cliffs. The entrance is so safe that vessels passing in and out may dispense with a pilot. The harbor is about fifteen miles in length and twelve miles in its greatest breadth, affording perfect shelter to the largest fleet that could be gathered together.

At Rio Janeiro dwell the greater part of the Brazilian nobility; and the representatives of the different provinces, for a considerable portion of the year remain there. The Emperor, the tall and talented Don Pedro II,, the beloved of the nation, has his residence there. The city is comparatively well-built, although the streets are generally quite narrow. The houses, none of which exceed four stories in height, are irregularly built with more or less space between them, so that the city occupies more ground than any European town of the same population.

This being the Brazilian mart, the center of commercial activity, there are of course all the appearances of business which are usually seen in sea-ports. The chief part of the hand labor of Rio is performed by negroes, free of course, as slavery is unknown in Brazil. One of the most striking features of Rio are the coffee carriers. They usually go in groups of ten or more, one of whom takes the lead as captain. They are usually the most stalwart negroes who can be found, and while at work seldom wear any other garment than a pair of pantaloons, their shirt being cast off as an incumbrance. Each one takes a bag of coffee weighing about 160 pounds, balances it upon his head, and when all are ready they start off on a measured trot. Some of them carry in one hand a contrivance like a child's rattle-box, which as they run is shaken, all joining with stentorian lungs in some wild negro song.

Pernambuco, Para, and Bahia are maritime cities of considerable importance. Of Cayenne and Montevideo, the latter the extreme southern port of any note, and the other far to the north, the reader has doubtless heard of often enough. These two cities are distant the one from the other by the coast line about 4,000 miles; in a straight line not less than 2,800 miles.

EXTENT OF BRAZIL.

To give an idea of the immense extent of the empire approximately, we would say that, according to the best calculations, it contains 3,004,460 square miles of territory. The distance from its extreme northern to its extreme southern boundary, in a straight line, is greater than the distance from Boston to Liverpool, which is about 2,800 miles, while its breadth from Pernambuco to Peru is greater than the distance from London to Egypt, 1,800 miles. It embraces nearly five degrees of latitude north of the equator, and over thirty-four degrees south of it, penetrating ten degrees into the south temperate zone. It will thus be seen that Brazil must include a great variety of natural advantages and resources, which when fairly availed of and developed will render her a nation of gigantic power. The internal improvements which are being energetically pushed forward by Don Pedro II. are rapidly unfolding the riches of the country. The empire is divided into twenty provinces, each governed as we have already said by a president appointed by the Emperor. Sixteen of these have sea-coast boundary.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

It is in the equatorial regions of northern Brazil that vegetation abounds so luxuriantly in all its storied brilliant hues. Minas-Geraes is the most fertile province. Here grow the jacaranda or rosewood trees, of which large quantities are anually exported to the United States and elsewhere. The color of the rosewood in Brazil varies from a deep violet to a deep rich brown. We are accustomed only to the latter, the violet variety being unfavorably affected by exposure to the air. Coffee is the principal article of the Brazilian foreign trade. The great coffee region is situated in the province of San Paulo, but coffee is also grown to a considerable extent in Minas-Geraes. Nothing can exceed in loveliness the spectacle of a coffee plantation in full fresh blossom. The flowers are pure white, and yield a delightful odor, but only for a brief period. In about twenty-four hours they fall.

Mato Grosso is the largest province, and one of the four interior ones. In area it is greater than the combined territory of the original thirteen States of the Union. Most of this province is in a state of natural wildness, but it has attained a high degree of importance on account of its

* We are indebted to Mr. George W. Childs, publisher, of Philadelphia, for the use of this and the following illustrations.

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diamond and gold mines. Goyaz, an adjacent interior province, is also famed for its diamonds and gold. These precious minerals have hindered the real progress of Mato Grosso and Goyaz by drawing aside the attention of immigrants from that which constitutes the nation's true wealth, agriculture.

Next to coffee, Brazil exports an immense

FIG. 2.—BATACUDA.

quantity of sugar annually. This is raised chiefly in the province of Pernambuco, the capital city of which, also called Pernambuco, is inferior only to Rio de Janeiro in commercial importance. Cotton also is sent to Europe in great quantities from Pernambuco.

THE AMAZON.

We come now to speak of that majestic river, the largest in the world, the Amazon. The extent of this river and its affluents is immense. They comprehend twenty-four degrees of latitude, four north and twenty south. Nearly all the tributaries of the Amazon are navigable for a great distance from their confluence with the main stream. There is at least ten thousand miles of steam navigation, clear of obstructions, afforded by these waters. The quantity of water poured forth by the Amazon through the narrows at Obidos, is estimated by Von Martius to equal 550,000 cubic feet per second, and it rushes with such velocity and impetus into the ocean as to freshen it at the distance of 250 miles. The Amazon proper is navigable for a distance of 3,000 miles. 2 880 miles from its mouth it is 500 yards wide; 35 miles from its mouth it is 10 miles in width; while at its junction with the Atlantic, where a large island divides the current it is 180 miles from bank to bank. The region through which this "king of rivers" flows is the most fertile in the world. Here are presented to the eye of the enraptured explorer the most beautiful productions of the floral kingdom in all their wild magnificence. Birds of the most varied and gorgeous plumage fill the air, and animals and reptiles whose brilliant fur and skin fill us with admiration rather than dread, inhabit the dense and boundless forests. Here abounds the famous Victoria Regia, the leaves of which when grown measure from fifteen to eighteen feet in circumference, and the splendid flower of which so amazed the botanist Haenke, that when he first saw it he fell on his knees and thanked Heaven for the sight.

DERIVATION OF THE WORD AMAZON.

The origin of the term Amazon or Amazonas, the name of the northwestern province of Brazil, is traceable to the fact that the natives, male and female, on the upper waters of the great river and its branches, dress in such a manner as to impress Europeans with the notion that they are all women. Mr. Wallace, an explorer who visited the tribes about the head-waters of the Amazon, says: "The use of ornaments and trinkets of various kinds is almost confined to the men. The women wear a bracelet on the wrists, but no necklace or any comb in the hair. The men, on the other hand, have the hair carefully parted and combed on each side and tied in a queue behind. In the young men it hangs in long locks down their necks, and with the comb, which is invariably carried stuck on the top of the head, gives them a most feminine appearance: this is increased by the large necklaces and bracelets of beads, and the careful extirpation of every symptom of beard." From this statement it is easily seen how the early discoverers may have obtained the idea which became current, that a race of warlike women inhabited northern Brazil.

The aborigines of Brazil were a warlike and ferocious people. Many of the tribes were cannibals, and at this time there are tribes in the far interior who relish human flesh as an article of diet. The Batacudas a small remnant of a once powerful cannibal tribe, now wander upon the banks of the rivers Doce and Bellemonte. Like most of the savages of South America, they wear the most absurd ornaments of wood, which are inserted in slits made in their lips and ears. Some of the Indians have been civilized or developed intellectually far beyond their original barbarism, so that an extensive trade is carried on with them. The Indians capture or shoot most of the large game animals and birds which are sold in the market. Their shooting is done with arrows, which are impelled by a large and powerful bow. When using this bow they lie on their back and bend it with the aid of their feet. So accurately are they in taking aim that they can bring down a bird at an almost incredible distance. The forests of northern Brazil teem with animal life, millions of chattering monkeys crowd the branches, performing all sorts of ludicrous antics. Some species of them, of which we give an illustration, approximate to the human physognomy. Some animals there are of a fiercer type, such as the jaguar or Brazilian tiger, but at the present day they are confined to the far interior. The terrible anaconda is but occasionally to be met with.

GROWTH OF THE EMPIRE.

The population of Brazil, exclusive of the wild Indian tribes, is between nine and ten millions, and is increasing rapidly. When we consider that only forty-five years have elapsed since it started on its career as an independent sovereignty, that in the outset the great mass of her people were imbued with the narrow, illiberal

FIG. 3.—BATACUDA.

views of the degenerate Portuguese, and that the laws, the modes of doing business, of thinking and acting were essentially Portuguese, we can not but commend the Brazilian nation for the advancement made in so short a time from ignoble colonial servitude to an honorable position among the nations.

Her energetic and accomplished Emperor has constantly in hand undertakings for the social and physical improvement of his people. In her school system Brazil is advancing, although unto quite a recent date, 1855, educational matters were not so much a subject of reform as they should have been.* The revenues of the government are chiefly derived from duties on imports and exports. We can not but regard these duties, which are heavy, as contributing much toward hindering the development of the country. The duties upon imports, of course, constitute a direct tax upon home consumption, while the excessive

FIG. 4.—BRAZILIAN MONKEY.

duties imposed upon exports tend to embarrass her trade abroad. A more liberal policy in her commercial relations with foreign powers would enhance her interests by greatly accelerating the tide of immigration thitherward. Millions upon millions of acres of the most productive land in the world are lying idle, which the settler has only to cultivate to make his own. Certainly for the purposes of agriculture the soil of Brazil, especially in the districts of Amazonas, Para, Goyaz, and Minas-Geraes, is unequaled. No adequate idea of the spontaneous luxuriance and beauty of vegetation in the Amazon valley can be obtained from mere description. Here is obtained in abundance that universally appreciated substance caoutchouc or india-rubber, and also that delicious article of diet cacáo or chocolate.

The foreign trade of Brazil in 1862 exceeded $130,000,000, and for the years 1863 and 1864, of which we have no data, it must have greatly exceeded that sum. President Johnson in his late message to Congress made special allusion to Brazil and her growing commerce. The language generally spoken is the Portuguese, a dialect which has been but little noticed as worthy of acquisition by the English or American people. We have the authority of the most eminent philologists of the day for saying that it is even superior to the Spanish in some respects, and as Brazil will be likely to come more and more into notice as a commercial nation, some knowledge of her vernacular will be advantageous to our merchants.

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

Brazil contains all the elements for the growth of a great and influential nation. She is a world in herself, her natural resources in some respec s superior to those of our much beloved and much vaunted Union; and as the "star of empire" has evidently taken its way to these western shores, may we not expect to behold at no very distant period, on the southern continent of America, a mighty nation rivaling the United States in its widespread dominion. With such a future in view for Brazil, it would be well for us to encourage mutual sentiments of respect and cordiality, so that these two great countries of the Western Hemisphere, like twin sisters, may contribute toward each other's advancement and prosperity, and avoid those feelings of jealousy, rancor, and prejudice which would only tend to provoke dissension and entail misery and, perhaps, destruction upon one or the other.

* There are now in successful operation two Schools of Medicine, two Schools of Law, and four or five colleges for classical and general literature.

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NEW YORK,
FEBRUARY, 1866.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Foe.*

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BOUNTY ON MARRIAGE.

WE would at this time submit a proposition to the consideration of our readers and the country at large, which, we are bold enough to think, is demanded by the times, and well calculated to promote the interests of any State adopting it through her legislature. There is ample provision made by several of the States for the education of the masses; the manufacturing interest is cared for; the banking interest has found its friends in State councils; so has the New York householder in the provision for the security of his homestead from levy and sale under execution; all these are wholesome measures, and so manifestly would be an enactment properly framed upon the basis of what we now suggest. The ordinance of marriage has for its object the perpetuity and increase of the race; mankind, in the language of inspiration, is to "replenish the earth and subdue it." In consonance with this truth, nations, ancient and modern, have ever regarded their increase in population as the most striking evidence of growing strength and prosperity; while a decrease in numbers is received universally as an indication of degeneracy.

The ancient history of the Jews furnishes us with a marked illustration of the importance of growth in population. They had stated times for census-taking, and their remarkable advancement in power and importance was only commensurate with their remarkable procreation. Rome in her palmiest days so highly esteemed popular multiplication that she awarded a premium for each child more than two born in one family. In newly settled countries the most imperative need is *population;* wealth and security are obtained through the mutual efforts of well-regulated, populous communities.

The United States have millions of acres of uncultivated land, resources in the soil unspeakably great, awaiting development; and for the reduction of these immense tracts of land we look to the immigrant, the foreigner, who comes to our shores, in the majority of cases, entirely ignorant of our language, our peculiar laws and institutions, and, worst of all, cherishing some inbred principle hostile to the policy of our government, of which, with the throwing off of his old allegiance, he does not altogether divest himself. Yet, after all, we hail in his arrival and settlement among us an addition to our public wealth and strength. But could we encourage in our midst a spontaneous growth of the genuine implanted native-born stock, how much stronger and steadier would be our civil advancement, how much more substantial our increase in radical wealth!

HOW TO DO IT.

There is a large number of worthy young people in every community to whom the relationship of marriage is desirable, but who fear to undertake its responsibilities from the lack of pecuniary means.

Now New York, for instance, through the proper channel, might offer a bounty, say two or three hundred dollars, to indigent persons contemplating marriage; of course attaching to the offer such qualifications in the applicants as are generally considered indispensable in the *good* citizen. A bounty of this kind should have special reference to the poorer class, and should enumerate among its conditions proof that the parties claiming it are of suitable age, of good moral character, of temperate and industrious habits, strong and healthy in physical constitution, and well adapted to each other. Upon the consummation of the marriage the money should be paid, and it would greatly aid them in procuring land or in starting some business or trade for which they might be qualified.

How many thousands of youth there are in every great city who eke out a scanty subsistence from the severest and most protracted labor. In their confined sphere their efforts do not tend to the welfare of society, but the enrichment of a selfish few, to whom the weal of society at large is a slight consideration. Society expects, nay, has a right to demand, that her every member shall to some extent promote her interests, and every measure which will further those interests should be set in efficient operation.

A bounty of the nature we propose would prove most advantageous to these poor young men and women; it would gradually release them from a position of dependence, and in a comparatively short time render some of them far more useful citizens than were ever their former employers.

"But," some frugal economist may say, "it is not necessary to offer a reward to facilitate marriages among the poor, for it is well known that among them those who appear the least able to maintain the conjugal relation successfully are the very persons most likely to enter it. Why increase the burden of the taxpayers who through the thousand-and-one almshouses of our cities support these married mendicants and their half-naked, half-starved children? You should not encourage, but rather discourage, and even forbid, marriage among such people."

In answer to such an outbreak we could assure our frugal friend that a premium offered by State authority with suitable restrictions, to aid *worthy* persons who may wish to unite in the "bonds," would have a positively beneficial effect in stimulating that class, which is generally considered more a burden than an advantage to a community, to improve its moral tone and general intelligence and so bring itself up to the standard raised by the "premium act." The young and robust being particularly the object of such a provision, the tendency would be toward introducing a stronger and more virile element into the middle classes—those classes which constitute the working material, the *backbone* of our country.

It is on record that Napoleon once asked Madame De Stael, "What France needed chiefly to make her more prosperous and more powerful?" Madame De Stael replied, "Good mothers." What our young and growing country needs is the same. Only let parents be vigorous, mature, and virtuous, and their children will become all that can be desired as citizens, as patriots.

We would not be understood as in any way countenancing the Mormon system,

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but we might point to their rapid growth and material prosperity as springing in a great measure from their universal marriages. We think, too, our scheme would tend to diminish Mormonism by preventing from falling into its snare many who would otherwise incline toward it.

We admit that such a scheme as we propose would not in the outset be pecuniarily profitable, but after a few years its beneficial results would become apparent. We can conceive of a young couple starting in life with the two or three hundred dollars given them by the State as an earnest of its confidence in their integrity and industry; perseverance and frugality in process of time develop the few hundreds into thousands, and the persons themselves under the influence of good habits are transformed from little more than mere pensioners on society into respectable and influential citizens. In the way of taxes, they pour back into the exchequer, which generously gave them their lift in life, many times that small sum, while their social influence in the community can, in some cases, be hardly estimated.

Ill-assorted marriages do not so often occur among the poor—there is more freedom of choice than in the higher walks of life. Poverty is essentially democratic and independent. It would be well if some judicious qualifications were annexed to every matrimonial alliance; they would prevent much domestic unhappiness.

We make this suggestion with the honest conviction, that if our readers and the public at large will give it due consideration, they will come to regard it of material importance, and worthy of a trial at least.

HOW TO BREAK A HORSE AND NOT SPOIL HIM.

The Rareys—there are two or three of them—taught the world a most important lesson when they taught it the "power of kindness" and "self-control" in the management of horses, donkeys, zebras, and other animals. There have been famous lion-tamers and horse-breakers who were supposed to possess "special gifts" in the line of their calling, when the "great secret" was simply "*kindness, authority, and self-control.*" If one would control another, he must *first* control *himself*.

If "like begets like" in a bodily sense, so it does in a mental sense. How often do we see incons derate parents fly into a passion and, without reason or religion, thrash the object of their displeasure! So of brutal, heartless drivers, when the "blinded" horse chances to misstep, get off the track, stumble, or in the wrong place. By their actions it would appear that they expected a horse or an ass to reason quite as well as themselves. Employers may not look for the same talent in their apprentices as in their foremen. Teachers may expect every little urchin to be self-regulating and to mind his books; but this it is his duty to *teach* him to do, and he should be all patience, all kindness, affection, perseverance, and a real Christian, if he would produce the *best* results. The same spirit is required to subdue and manage a horse. If you say you are not equal to the task, if you say your child, your horse, or your ox knows *more* than you—is your master—then you are not the one to manage him, and you should resign in favor of one who is superior to child, horse, or ox. A weak man in intellect may indeed be outwitted by a sagacious child or horse.

The *Agriculturalist* has a few sensible remarks on the point as follows:

There is no disguising the fact that viciousness is innate with some horses. [But far more so with some—nay, most—men, from whom they get it.] It is no doubt sometimes hereditary, and follows some of the best strains of blood we have. That viciousness should accompany a highly nervous organization is not to be wondered at. Hence it causes no surprise when we find such dispositions among the finely organized thoroughbreds—animals of a most sensitive and nervous organization—from which the common expression "thin-skinned," as applied to a too sensitive man, is obviously derived. The treatment horses receive, and the *moral* atmosphere in which they are thrown, have a much greater influence than most horsemen are generally inclined to admit. The pinching, tickling, rough, boisterous stable boy who annoys a spirited horse for the sake of enjoying his futile, though almost frantic kicks and leers, is affecting the disposition of the horse and his descendants for generations to come, besides putting in jeopardy the lives and limbs of those who are brought in contact with the horse so tampered with. A horse is surely influenced by the psychological character of the men with whom he associates. A passionate man will have a baulky horse; a slow, plodding brother, one of his own style; and so the nervous, quick, busy man's horse will show the same qualities. So noticeable is this, that we have often remarked that the family horses of our neighbors, as they are changed one for another, very soon fall into the very gait and style of their predecessors in the same stables. Were rules similar to the one which Herbert quotes followed by all English horse-breakers, from the time of Queen Bess down, it would indeed be a wonder if a good-natured horse could be found in the kingdom. This rule of a Norfolk horse-trainer of Queen Elizabeth's time reads as follows:

"If your horse does not stand still, or hesitates, then alrate him with a terrible voyce; and beat him yourself with a good sticke upon the head between the ears; then stick him in the spurring place iii or iiii times together, with one legge after another, as fast as your legges might walk; your legges must go like two bouncing beetles."

[The "terrible voyce" one sometimes hears among cartmen and omnibus drivers here in New York shows how well *that* lesson has been learned. It is only the lowest brutal savagery, and comes from a very bad temper.

This is too much the English and Irish style of horse-breaking. The grooms or horse-trainers get angry and thrash, kick, buffet, and bang a horse till they make him as angry as possible, and soon spoil his temper for life; we have no doubt the bad tempers too common in English horses may be chiefly attributed to this cause. On the continent of Europe there are large numbers of English horses (thoroughbreds) kept and bred pure for the sake of crossing with other heavier breeds, and producing large, but active, graceful, and spirited carriage horses for monarchs, or nobility. Whoever has been through these studs must have noticed how free almost all the horses, even the old stallions, appeared to be from anything like viciousness.

All the splendid cavalry horses in France are uncastrated. They are gentle, docile, and as well behaved as any class of farm horses. They are kindly treated.

The same thing is seen in our Southern States, where thoroughbred horses are much more common than with us at the North. The gentle handling of the negro has wrought a change in the disposition of the horse, while his spirit and pluck, and the strong nervousness of his organization remain marked characteristics of the breed. It is possible by severe treatment, by pain and torture, to break the spirit of a horse, and to rule him by fear, keeping him in subjection by the fear of the rod, yet this will never make him less vicious, but rather will add treachery to vice, in destroying the truly noble and affectionate qualities which are natural to him. If these qualities are assiduously cultivated in colts and young horses, viciousness will much more rarely appear than under other treatment. Sometimes, however, it is necessary to conquer a bad-tempered horse, and if possible to secure a radical conversion or change of character which shall be lasting. No timorous man need undertake this task; he will only make matters worse. A horse-tamer should be calm, cool, brave, and fearless—the horse will know it; he should be quiet, for then the horse will be put off his guard; he should be firm and give the brute no advantage, but crowd him up to doing something, and that, invariably, what the tamer wants him to do. Thus any ordinary horse will soon give up and own man his master. The kindest treatment and even petting must always follow yielding; and if possible to help it, the horse should never be frightened by any treatment, and above all things he should never be angered by petty torture His own contrariness should appear to him to be the cause of all his trouble, and man his best friend. This principle is at the foundation of Rarey's successful practice. [And, strange as it may appear, is equally applicable to men, women, and children, sane or insane, be they sensible or imbecile.]

A patent has recently been taken out in England for a contrivance by which damp, insects, and vermin are effectually shut out of buildings, new or old. In erecting a house or building according to this invention, a sheet of glass, either plate or glass of any suitable size, is fixed by cement or mortar against the interior of the walls running the entire length of the building. In fact, every apartment has a glass wall, which can be ornamented as may be required. In the case of a house already built, the glass is bent and inserted at the top of the room, meeting the glass which is inserted from the room above and overlapping each other. By this means there is no possible entry or escapement either into the apartment or from the apartment.

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INCUBUS.

AWEARY am I of earth,
For it hath no joys for me;
All I see is baleful dearth,
Save the tomb of lovely worth—
Or darkness——no more I see!
So dark! I blunder,
And fear, and wonder—
Darkness to Eternity?
Not another beam of mirth!

On the silent ground I fall,
And am seized with awful dread!
I feel Death's benumbing pall—
He is drenching me with gall!—
Hark! a message from the dead:
"Poor soul, come away,
For man is but clay."
Then, from out my *dream* I call,
"Go 'way, nightmare, from my bed!"

January 1st, 1866.

Communications.

FORESEEING AND FOREKNOWING.

MESSRS. EDITORS—My article with the above title in your November issue seems to have called up the spirits, if not the ghosts, in your January number, and, I fear, in Mr. Hugh Black has aroused a really *bad* spirit, since his ire is excited by your editorial remarks accompanying my article, and the whole tone of his reply (if such he considers it) is *simple* abuse, in the absence of reason. The former I consider unworthy of reply, and his intended to be very smart, triumphant query, "Now I would like to ask, is the spiritual idea of a cow likely to make any impression on the real eye? And if not, does it not clearly follow that cows are only creations of the mental vision," demands this reply for the sake of your readers. In the case supposed clearly so, at such time, since the mental vision of the form of the cow was only reproduced to the mind through the memory of an impression once made upon the eye from a real cow, which is evidence only that a cow did then exist, and that at the time of such mental impression the same representative cow may have long ceased to exist, and thus would your *learned* Mr. Black have inferred that the vision was the ghost of a cow!

The real form of man once impressed upon the eye, the mental vision (so expressed) reproduces that form from memory only; hence a person always blind can have but an inadequate idea of the form of man, therefore his mental impression of such form partakes largely of the ideal or fancied. Thus one always blind would have only his ideal image, as the man of sight has his form of man from memory, for the foundation of ghost-seeing and "ghosts of old clothes," as all must admit that the idea of a spiritual ghost is but an idea, and therefore inadequate to make an impression on the eye; while none but timid or superstitious people consider pictures on the mind, reproduced from memory or formed from ideality, as real objects.

Well may Mr. Black state "that we have no *exact* knowledge of future events," while Hope, Cautiousness, and inner sight he claims "to read, as in an open book, much that is still in the undeveloped future." Now if that future is undeveloped, how can he read it, though he may hope and cautiously prepare to realize his ideal? but that is very far from foreseeing or foreknowing what he admits as undeveloped.

In conclusion, I wish to inform Mr. Black that courtesy is a more elegant study than grammar, and more potent in an argument.

Your second correspondent, Mr. S. T. Fowler, I think, labors under the impression that because in a single instance of guessing, or expressed desire, such proved correct, that therefore he had a foreknowledge; while he probably takes no note of his many failures to foreknow, which all waking hours are heir to, as all credulous dreamers, too, discover to partake in finite dreams, waking or sleeping.

All mental visions of real objects, present or past, are necessarily the reproduced impression which such objects once imprinted on the eye, or else they are exclusively ideal images; in either case are not external objects which are then making such impressions, and therefore mental visions can have no claim to ghost-seeing, if such anomalies existed, which the real eye, ear, or touch must exclusively detect, otherwise they can have no existence cognizable to our faculties.

Your third correspondent, Mr. E. F. B., seems to fancy an inner spiritual body to solve the difficulties of ghost-seeing. Now such is so purely fanciful, that I think it devolves upon him to prove such existence before admitting it in an argument. As it is an axiom among rational thinkers that all our observations of things, external to the seat of the mind in the brain, is exclusively obtained through the senses; so that the supposed "inner spiritual body could give us no knowledge of external doings, ghost-seeing, or any other seeing. Those impressions which come from mental vision (metaphorically expressed), the eye of imagination being furnished by memory and ideality, it would be difficult to imagine any earthly use of an inner spiritual body; hence the improbability of such existence.

Your fourth correspondent, Mr. P. P. Mills, refers to Bible history for proofs of the existence of ghosts. I would remind him that some corroborating testimony (pretty strong too) for such extraordinary occurrences as he cites, is requisite to convince the understanding, though the faith may be satisfied even if it is mystified. Such style of proof, I believe, is not received in court as quoting the words of an author to prove the truth of his declarations. CHAS. B. TOWNSEND.

LOCUST VALLEY, N. Y.

MANNERS—WHAT NOT TO DO.

A VALUED contributor thus shows up some of our American peculiarities. Many may here see themselves as others see them. Read, reflect, and correct your*

UNCOUTH HABITS.—The difference between the gentleman and the clown consists, not so much in breadth of thought and nobleness of nature on the one hand, with the absence of these on the other, as may be supposed, but rather in a thousand little things. Many, who have excellent common sense in some things, and even talent, make themselves unacceptable to their friends on account of uncouth habits. There is no criminality in being awkward, but it is a great inconvenience, at least would be, if the man knew it. In a brief period one may see a great many things that excite his pity or awaken his disgust. We know a person of wealth who goes to church early, and is sure to take out his knife and cut and clean his finger-nails before service commences. We know another, who has a classical education, who in church uses his tooth-pick, not because his teeth need picking, but simply to keep himself occupied, as one would to twirl his watch-key, or as a lady would toy with her fan.

Now, tooth-picking associations are as bad as nail-cleaning. But we would rather see a person clean his nails, even in company, than to see a black streak under each finger-nail on a lady's hand that flashed with diamond rings; but we read in Scripture of the jewel being in an unfit place, and why should they not be in modern times?

Some young men whistle in a ferry-boat or street-car, and we have noticed, nine times in ten, that the fools who practice this are deficient in musical talent, and are not aware that they are chafing the nerves of every listener in two ways—first, with the bad music; second, with the rawness of the practice of perpetrating music on people without an invitation and without their consent.

Drumming with the fingers or with the feet, making unnecessary noise, among some people who are nervous, render the society of persons who thoughtlessly perpetrate these petty rudenesses almost insufferable. We are aware that these habits often originate in diffidence. The person feels nervous, and does not know exactly what to do but to practice this drumming as a kind of outlet or scapegoat to nervousness. Well-bred people may do this, but it is no sign of good-breeding, and is *prima facie* evidence of ill-breeding.

Sprawling the feet and legs in company is another common and very improper practice. It is an American habit, known and observed by the rule of putting the feet as high as the head, or higher. Passing by hotels in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, one sees in a single window perhaps four pairs of feet, and we have seen protruding from a third-story window a pair of feet and a foot of leg attached to each.

It is regarded in England as an offense against good taste to show the bottom of the shoe in company, and therefore Englishmen are not likely to so sit as to exhibit the bottom of the foot, much less rest one foot on the knee; but go into a company of ten or twenty American men, and see what awkward adjustment the men present with their feet and legs, and we ask no severer criticism than that will give on this bad habit.

Another bad practice in company, or anywhere, is to lean back against the wall and hoist the feet up on the round of the chair, if it have one. We have seen many a nice mahogany or rosewood chair broken off at the back, by heavy louts leaning back on the two hind legs—but we beg pardon for having been caught in such company. If the habit were not uncouth, and if the chair did not break, it would mar the wall.

Lounging on sofas, and sitting, as some *gentlemen* do, on the small of the back, is very rude. If a man wishes to recline on the sofa, let him lay himself down and gather up his feet as if he were composing himself to sleep, or as if he were drunk; but this sprawling, lounging, and leaning is execrable.

Picking the nose in company, or using the handkerchief unnecessarily or ostentatiously, and especially looking at it after it has been used, need not be condemned—the very mention of it is enough.

Persons frequently work at the ears "before folks." We remember, when a child, seeing a woman in church put her little finger in her ear, elevate her elbow, and give it one grand shaking, but though it was before the days of daguerreotypes, it was thoroughly daguerreotyped on our memory.

Hawking, spitting, and clearing the throat may sometimes be necessary even in public, but it should be done as quietly as possible, with the handkerchief to the mouth. Yawning, stretching, putting the hands in the pockets, it will do for little boys with their first pockets; but when we see men in the pulpit or on the platform thrust their hands in their trowsers pocket, we can not say it is a sin, but it is an uncouth habit.

Playing with the pocket-knife, jingling keys and loose change, are in very bad taste. Looking at the watch in an open way makes one think a person wishes to make a display of that valuable article. It is considered ill manners to look at one's watch in company, but we now speak of public places, concerts, church, etc., and not private society. One may take a peep at his watch in public places if he does it quietly, not to attract attention, and it is allowable. Loud talking is very rude on the ferry-boat, in a railway-car, at church, in the lecture or concert room before the services commence, and detestable afterward. Little parties should keep their personal conversation to themselves. Nothing, we think, shows good breeding more than a quiet manner, a mellow voice, and that decorousness and gentleness which accompany that style of speech.

One more very common and very annoying habit may be named, and that is, not going when one starts, but standing in the open door. Many a cold has been taken by the patient lady of the house with nothing on for protection, being detained by a gossiping friend, sometimes ten minutes, to hear last words and confidential communications; talking thus in the noise and roar of the street necessitates loud talking, and sometimes the most confidential things are heard all over the house and even across the street.

We remember, in particular, a family that lived next door to us. The young ladies would stand on the steps and talk sometimes ten minutes, and we were obliged to go away from our open parlor windows or hear all their arrangements and confidential conversations, and, forgive us for saying it, we have seen some people make a display on the steps on purpose, as we thought, to attract attention from people across the way—they have talked loudly and laughed heartily on purpose to make a display.

Never stand and talk when you propose to go.

* See also "How to Behave; a Manual of Republican Etiquette," acknowledged to be "the best manners book ever published." (Price 75 cents.)

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We have seen a delicate woman rise to dismiss her company after they had reached the door and "must go right away;" we have seen such a lady stand till she turned pale with fatigue, while the visitor, ruddy, and strong, and jolly, would spin long yarns, and then stop again in the cold hall, and on the steps, and again after reaching the sidewalk. The proper rule is, when you have decided to leave, to be off in sixty seconds. Never keep a person standing in the hall or at the parlor door, but take leave of your friends where they are, and go at once.

[We doubt not our observing correspondent will follow up this subject and give other hints on misbehavior, for the benefit of honest, well-meaning, but uncultured or inconsiderate "rustics." Readers of the A. P. J. are supposed to be intelligent, kindly and obliging, neat and tidy, and every way well behaved. But there are "outsiders" who need these hints.]

MY PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

HOW I LOST IT.

MR. EDITOR, is it not too bad? What shall I do?

Some friend sent me two numbers of the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL (welcome visitor after so many months' absence). I hurriedly distributed the mail (I am postmistress, you see), that I might look through the JOURNALS. Just then duty called me to another part of store, and I threw them upon the counter with other papers and periodicals.

One duty chased up another until my mind became so occupied with business I had almost forgotten my JOURNALS. My attention was finally aroused by a playful inquiry, by a "sprig of the law," saying, "Mrs. ——, could anything be stolen from this establishment?" As I turned I saw mischief in his eye, and he was starting for the door. In a moment he was gone, and I was wondering what was missing. I did not think of money, or money letters, nor dry goods. But I thought of my PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNALS, and sprang to the counter and found the September number gone. How provoking! I dare not follow him, and business hurried me "here and there," almost upon the wing. But in passing a window I saw at a glance on the opposite side of the street the corner of the cover of my JOURNAL, sliding down from beneath a certain gentleman's vest. Like Poe's Raven, I commenced "rapping, tapping" upon the window-pane, until I drew his attention—then I pointed toward my missing JOURNAL. In confusion he tried to conceal it in its hiding-place, nodded provokingly at me and hurried away! Mr. Editor, what would you have done?

Again I turned to my duties, comforting myself that I had "one more" number, and anticipating a rich mental repast when the day's duties were done. I toiled on through the evening hours until a messenger reminded me that a fire was brightly burning in my cottage home, awaiting my return. An inward exclamation of thankfulness almost escaped from my lips that there was a place of quiet, of rest, an inward world shut in from the outer world. There I could dream, could read and write; there my favorite authors—my most intimate friends—were crowding each other, as book nestled against book. There, to-night, methought, "I will read my remaining PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL."

The shutters were closed, the bolts fastened, the fires secured, the money counted, and the amount on hand duly noted. Then I hurried on my shawl, my hat, and gloves, as a lady friend stood awaiting me; and I turned to get my PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. But where was it? It was nowhere to be found—that, too, was gone, *stolen!* yes, stolen! In vain I searched through the office and store. In vain I questioned the clerks—all had seen it, but none knew whence it had flown. Then what would you have done, Mr. Editor?

There lay all the rest of the papers—pamphlets, fashion-plates, and all—nothing missing but that JOURNAL. And *who* had taken that one, I could not imagine. "You had better believe" that there was something like "a tempest in a tea-pot" for a little while. Don't think women are all angels; those who act, toil, strive, think, write, *have tempers.*

But what could I do? how could I replace that JOURNAL? In vain I had sought them heretofore of news-agents and news-boys. Could not get them without sending to New York, and that would take two weeks before they could again reach me. Had there been a telegraph-office—near night as it was—I would have telegraphed you immediately. If news-agents and news-boys knew what was for their interest they would keep PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNALS for sale. [That's our opinion, too.—ED.] Have I not learned, by bitter experience, that they are preferred before other publications?

Well, there was no other way—I was compelled to give up and go home disappointed. And when there, I could not read; and when I sought my couch, for hours I could not sleep; I was too weary, or "the mind had not become as weary as the body," which always prevents sleep, as they should toil in unison. Or, if necessary, a few hours more of mental than manual labor, until mind and body alike become weary, before the pillow is sought, then the sleep will be sweet and refreshing.

But I slept. I dreamed. Dreamed that I saw the figure of a gaunt-looking man, with sunken cheeks, stooped shoulders, and with cat-like tread gliding away with my PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. And when he thought himself alone, he laid it before him and began examining the chart. He would find an organ, then feel for the location on his own head. Thus he went on from organ to organ, until he sought Conscientiousness. "Ah, *sunken*," he cried. The next organ was one prominent upon the head of thieves. "Ah," said he, as he smacked his thin lips, "it is well developed." MRS. C. L. M.

AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL AND STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—This Society, which was favorably noticed in your JOURNAL of December last, seems to require further notice in regard to its inception and early organization.

The following paper was drawn up by Mr. J. Disturnell, proprietor of the Geographical Rooms and Statistical Library, No. 179 Broadway, and signed as follows:

GEOGRAPHICAL AND STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

The undersigned agree to meet at the Geographical Rooms, No. 179 Broadway, for the purpose of organizing in the city of New York a *National Geographical* and *Statistical Society*, the first meeting to be held on the second Thursday of Sept., 1851, at 12 o'clock M., and to be followed by stated monthly meetings. (Signed by)

Charles King, Esq.	Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks.
Henry Grinnell, Esq.	Luther B. Wyman.
John D. Jones, Esq.	Daniel Ullman.
T. B. Satterthwaite, Esq.	Charles Congdon.
Lewis Gregory, Esq.	S. DeWitt Bloodgood.
A. B. Neilson, Esq.	J. Calvin Smith.
A. G. King, Esq.	John Livingston.
Alex. J. Cotheal, Esq.	Freeman Hunt.

The meeting convened Sept. 11, 1851, and was organized by choosing Freeman Hunt, Esq., as Chairman, and S. DeWitt Bloodgood as Secretary.

The Chairman, on motion, appointed Archibald Russell, S. DeWitt Bloodgood, Johnston Livingston, Charles Congdon, and J. McCune Smith a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws for the government of the proposed Society. On motion, Freeman Hunt, Chairman, was added to that committee.

On the 9th of October, following, the Society was organized by the adoption of a constitution and the election of officers, HENRY GRINNELL, Esq., being elected President, and monthly meetings held at 179 Broadway for a period of several months.

In February, 1852, Mr. Grinnell declined the office of President for personal reasons, and it being desirable to effect some other changes, a new election of officers was held on the 21st of Feb., 1852, when GEORGE BANCROFT, Esq., was chosen President, and continued in office from that time to December, 1854.

The Society became incorporated under the general act in May, 1852, but on the 18th of April, 1854, obtained a special charter more in accordance with its wishes and views.

For greater convenience, the place of meeting was changed in 1852 from the original location in Broadway to rooms in the University, Washington Square, since removed to Clinton Hall.

On December 7, 1854, FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D.D., was elected President, which office he held for several years, when HENRY GRINNELL was re-elected and served for two years. At the present time the Hon. CHARLES P. DALY fills the President's chair of this worthy institution, destined, no doubt, to do much good in the field of science, and research in Statistics and Physical Geography. J. D.

General Items.

MR. THOMAS COOK, the excursionist, of whom we wrote in our last October number, has arrived from England, and is now arranging for extensive tours and excursions from America to Europe, and from Europe to America. Mr. Cook has published four pamphlets, which are excellent guide-books, with maps, showing routes through England, Scotland, France, Italy, Switzerland, etc., which sell at a dollar for the set. They may be had at the office of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. In another number we shall be able to give more specific information as to times, terms, etc. Already there are many inquiries from parties contemplating tours through Europe the coming spring. If they consult their interests they will consult Mr. Cook. ——

A REFORM BEGUN.—The New York *Observer*, a large, influential, religious and secular weekly newspaper of the Old School Presbyterian order, will decline in future all patent medicine advertisements. This is a step in the right direction and an excellent example for other religious family journals. Will the *Evangelist* (New School), *Independent* (Congregational), *Christian Intelligencer* (Reformed Dutch), *Christian Advocate and Journal* (Methodist), *Christian Inquirer* (Unitarian), *Ambassador* (Universalist), *Christian Times and Church Journal* (Episcopalian), *Examiner and Chronicle* (Baptist), and the *Methodist* now follow suit? If these otherwise excellent family journals would exclude the "vile trash" from their columns, there would be less disease, less vice, and less crime among their readers! Gentlemen proprietors, we beseech you reject the tempting lucre offered you, and pollute not your pages for pay.

FAIR HAVEN SEMINARY.—This is a new and useful institution of learning pleasantly situated on the shore of Ontario Bay, Cayuga Co., N. Y., at the terminus of the proposed New York Southern Central Railroad, on Lake Ontario. The seminary is under the management of experienced teachers who give practical instruction in all the usual branches. Special attention is given to painting, music, and drawing. We are personally acquainted with the founders, know them to be worthy, and wish them success. For terms, etc., address Rev. B. A. BARTHOLF, Principal, or Miss MATTIE MCCREA, Preceptress, at Fair Haven, N. Y.

THE CHOLERA—A NOVEL PREVENTIVE.—A correspondent thinks he has, by observation, established the fact that the cholera is caused by minute and unseen animal existences, which, under certain conditions and at certain times and places abound in the atmosphere; and he suggests as a defense against them the firing of heavy artillery, or, lacking that, firearms of any description, to cause vibrations in the air which will prove destructive to the aerial animalculæ. Get the big guns ready!

FRUITS AND FRUIT TREES.—It gives us pleasure to call attention to the nursery of Mr. INGRAM GOULD, of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. He has choice varieties of the apple, pear, plum-grape, and of the smaller fruits, including raspberries, gooseberries, currants, etc., adapted to the latitude of the Badger State. Send to him for catalogues, and then give him an order for trees, vines, and plants. He is an honest man.

B. W. KILBOURN, the young vocalist of the West, died at Cherry Creek, N. Y., on the 20th Dec., 1865. He was taken with congestion of the lungs in Minnesota, and soon after his return to New York passed away. Peace be to his spirit!

LECTURERS ON PHRENOLOGY.—Among those now in the field, of whom we hear favorable reports, we may name Messrs. C. S. POWERS and J. H. EVERETT, who are laboring successfully in the great West. These gentlemen make it a point to "plant good seed" where they go, resulting in numerous clubs of subscribers for the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Their good works "do follow them." ——

ARE YOU GOING SOUTH?—It is not every day that a farm with orchards, a good dwelling-house, out-buildings, etc.—all that goes to make a desirable homestead—can be had for $1,000. See advertisement of "Southern Lands for Sale."

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PORTRAIT OF STEPHEN MASSETT.

STEPHEN MASSETT.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

THIS gentleman has a very compact organization, indicating endurance, activity, energy, toughness, and power. He is fine-grained, yet strong; is active, yet enduring. The quality of his organization is good, and his health will be good or bad, according to how he lives. His vitality is ample, creating steam as fast as his machinery can work it off. He has large lungs, a strong voice, and the power of vitalizing the blood amply. This gives to the system freshness, elasticity, density, and recuperation, which enable him to work easily and to prolong his labors without flagging. His motive temperament being highly indicated, lays the foundation for the toughness and endurance of which we have spoken.

His brain is large for the size of the person, measuring as it does 22¾ inches, while his body is less than one hundred and forty pounds; showing that the tendencies are most decidedly toward a life of mentality.

His excitability is great, and he wakes up to whatever he has in hand with an earnestness and intensity really remarkable, and he carries a magnetic battery that makes him exceedingly impressive, and with his strong social nature gives him ready access to the friendly, amicable, and sympathetic feelings of others. He makes friends easily—people are pleased with him without precisely knowing why. Men organized thus, placed in any relation to others, will always secure the cordial sympathy and co-operation of large numbers. If in politics, they get office; if in business, they get patronage; if on the boards, they secure attendance and applause; if at the bar, they convince the jury and carry the public; if in the pulpit, they are popular. He possesses these qualities in such a degree that, though he also has glaring faults, people would palliate, apologize for, and excuse them, and say with the poet,

"With all thy faults I love thee still."

So much for the *personnel* of the man. Looking at him more in detail, we find, by a phrenological examination, that all his social organs are large; that of Adhesiveness is very large—so also is his love for woman. His interest in children is strong, and wherever he meets them, or anything else that can be petted, he instantly makes a friend.

His Inhabitiveness is large. He has a great love for home; is by nature patriotic; and if he were settled, he would consider every inch of his homestead as sacred ground, and would take extreme pleasure in making it attractive. He is very hospitable—likes to entertain people at his own expense. His dinners would be not only food for the physical man, but

"A feast of reason and a flow of soul."

He would be a good liver, and would be called by *bon vivants* "a jolly good fellow."

He is a high-tempered man, quick to resent insult, quick to repress tyranny, but he is not cruel. He has a rather strong disposition to acquire property. Had he devoted himself to pecuniary matters attentively, he would have made a fortune. He is exceedingly frank; expresses his opinions without reserve, and is only anxious not to give offense to any person or do injustice to any subject.

He is cautious, and is more prudent in action than in speech. There is a kind of dash, positiveness, and enthusiasm in his nature which sometimes leads the observer to suspect he does not foresee or appreciate the difficulties in his way.

He is exceedingly sensitive about his reputation, and will do and suffer more for the sake of standing favorably among his friends than he will for almost anything else. It is one of his strongest points, and one through which he can be greatly influenced. He needs more Self-Esteem to modify his Approbativeness and Cautiousness and to give dignity. He has the "pluck" and self-assurance to attempt almost anything, but hardly enough dignity to give weight of character; people like him more than they fear and respect him.

His Firmness is strong; he stands his ground for triumph and success. He is bound to do justice; he loves truth, believes in uprightness and justice, and feels obligated to square his life by the "golden rule."

He looks on the sunny side of the future; has a good degree of Spirituality and moral enthusiasm. He is generous, sympathetical, and even magnanimous when the occasion appeals to that part of his nature.

He has fondness for poetry, beauty, and grandeur. He is a natural artist, and would have excelled as an actor. He imitates with readiness and success; he appreciates wit, and knows how to produce and apply it.

He has a fair development of the perceptive organs; judges well of forms, magnitudes, distances, and countenances. He has a good memory of places, never forgets their outline and bearings. He has a fine taste for music and a splendid development of Language. Anything he knows or feels he is able to express; any whim or caprice he has he can put into words, and paint a picture so that others shall see it as he does, so far as their organization will permit.

He is a good observer and a fair thinker; grasps subjects of importance with strength and analyzes them with clearness. His judgment of human character is rarely surpassed; at a glance he seems to see through and through a person, and knows how to adapt himself to them, whether to be "grave or gay, lively or severe;" and this knowledge of character, power of wit, and adaptation and conformity, this strong desire to please, this capacity to awaken friendship and sympathy in others toward himself, these lay the foundation of his success.

These inferences are drawn from a chart marked without any knowledge of his name or pursuit.

BIOGRAPHY.

This gentleman, well-known as "Jeems Pipes of Pipesville," was born in London, England, and came to this country in 1837 (when quite a youth).

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He remained in New York but a short time, when he wended his way westward to Buffalo, and entered the law office of Millard Fillmore, Hall & Haven. While there he was seized with a desire to go on the stage, and accordingly joined a Thespian Association, and made his *débût* as "Richard III." In the summer of 1839 he returned to New York, and entered a carpet store. In November, 1841, he left for Charleston, S. C., with Mr. Latham, manager of the theater, and made his first appearance before the public as a vocalist, under the assumed name of Stephens, in December, and sang "The Lights of Other Days," and "Oh! Would I Were a Boy Again." He next appeared as McStuart, in "Rob Roy," with success. Matteo, in "Fra Diavolo," was his next part. He remained in Charleston one season, and then returned to New York. The opera of "Amilie" was produced at Mitchell's Olympic, October 2d, 1842, and Mr. Massett was engaged to appear as the Count, and was christened Mr. Raymond by Manager Mitchell. The opera had a run of thirty consecutive nights, and Massett (Raymond) made a hit. After leaving the Olympic he started through the Eastern States, in company with George H. Hill (Yankee Hill), on a lecturing tour. He received from Hill ten dollars per week and traveling expenses, and was "billed' as "Mr. Raymond, the London Vocalist." They first appeared in Boston, at the Melodeon. They then visited the principal Eastern towns, giving their entertainments in the dining-room of the different hotels in each place.

In July, 1843, he took a trip up the Mediterranean. During the trip he visited Malta, Smyrna, and Constantinople. After a pleasant cruise he arrived at Boston, January 4th, 1844. While in Boston, Mr. James G. Maeder was about to produce the opera of "Peri," and "Jeems Pipes" was engaged to appear as Razlecroft, the Wizard. Returning to New York in March, 1844, he was engaged as basso in the choir of St. Thomas' Church. In June, 1845, he once more took to Coke and Blackstone, and entered the law office of Brady & Maurice, where he remained four years. In January, 1849, he sailed from Baltimore in a schooner bound for Vera Cruz, intending to take the overland trip to San Francisco through Mexico; but after a few days out the captain changed his course, and headed his little craft for Chagres, where they arrived in due time. In eight days more he was in Panama. After a very unpleasant passage of ninety-eight days he arrived in San Francisco, and, meeting with an old friend, was duly installed once more in the law. In June, 1849, there not being a place of amusement of any kind open in San Francisco, he gave a concert in a school-room on Monday evening, June 22d, 1849. This is worth recording, for it was the first public entertainment of any sort or kind given on the Pacific coast. Mr. Massett constituted the whole show. The room was crowded to suffocation, the proceeds yielding the vocalist over five hundred dollars. Mr. Massett was then appointed Mayor of the city by the Governor of California. Early in 1850 he visited Sacramento, and, in company with Brewster, opened an auction store. He succeeded very well, until the flood of 1850 swept everything away. This dissolved the partnership by "mutual consent," and he then made tracks for San Francisco, where he met the celebrated pianist Henri Herz, and for a salary of $200 a night sang at concerts in that city for this gentleman. Feeling tired of that country, and having a desire to "drift about" a *leetle* more, he set sail for the Sandwich Islands. Arriving at Honolulu, he was persuaded to give a concert in the theater (the first concert ever given on the island), which proved a decided success. Returned to San Francisco, purchased one half of the Marysville *Herald*, and was duly installed as junior editor of the second paper ever started in California. After "playing editor" to his heart's content, he gave a farewell concert at Marysville in November, 1851, and in April, 1852, once more landed in New York. In February, 1853, he left New York for England, to visit his relations. In April he visited Paris, and traveled all over France. After a stay of five months abroad, he returned to New York in November, and shortly after started on his second trip to California. In January, 1854, he purchased a piece of land on the "Old Mission Road," in San Francisco, for which he paid five thousand dollars. The second edition of the first flood followed, and Mr. Massett barely escaped with his life *on the back of a large cow* that was swimming down the street. By the closing of one of the Montgomery Street banks he was rendered penniless, and from that time determined to make "public entertainments" his future business. After a trip through the northern mines and Oregon, he started for Australia, October 8th, 1856. Arrived in Melbourne, and gave his first concert there December 22d, at the Mechanics' Institute, which was a success. He next visited Bendigo, thence to Adelaide, South Australia, Sidney, Hobart Town, Launceston, Van Dieman's Land, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Suez, and Egypt, giving in each place one or more concerts. Returned to England in February, 1858. After a brief stay in England, he again landed in New York, the home of his adoption, June 10th, 1858. On the 23d of September he gave his entertainment of "Song and Chit-Chat of Travels in Many Lands," at Niblo's Concert Saloon. A crowded house was present, and the entertainment an unequivocal success. After a short concert tour "down East," he again sailed for California, October 5th, 1859. Returned to New York on Christmas eve, after an absence of two months. Since that time he has appeared in many of the principal cities and towns throughout this country as a lecturer, and has always been well received. About a month since he took another trip to California, for the purpose of looking after his property, but returned after a short stay, without accomplishing his object.

He is now on the wing, and unless caged by a strong-minded lady, "we don't know what will become of him."

We conclude our sketch by copying a letter from a New York "critic" to Mr. MASSETT, in reference to his book, "DRIFTING ABOUT."

NEW YORK, *May* 6, 1863.

My Dear Mr. Massett—I have been so much gratified in reading your volume, that it would be ungracious in me not to let you know how much obliged to you I feel for it. It is not often that I read the whole of any book, but I read every word of "Drifting About," and suspended Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea," in which I am greatly interested, to do so. Let me state to you frankly what I think about the work. First, the name, which is by no means an unimportant point in a book, is exactly the one which best expresses its meaning, and is altogether new. The tone is so thoroughly good-natured, gentlemanly, and free alike from affectation and too great familiarity, that I am sure every reader will at once conceive a personal liking to the author. There have been hundreds of similar attempts, but you stand as much by yourself among authors as St. Simon Stylites among anchorites.

And yet I have placed you on a shelf among Robinson Crusoe, The Sentimental Journey, Tom Cringle's Log, Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, etc. I hope you won't quarrel with me for placing you in such company.

In conclusion, let me assure you, in all seriousness, that I have been greatly interested and pleased with your book, which took such a hold on me that I could not let it go until I had read it entire. Very truly yours,

CHARLES F. BRIGGS, "HARRY FRANCO."

CURIOSITIES OF HUMANITY.

SOME author or other wrote himself blind, as we have heard, on the "Curiosities of Literature;" but he certainly would have used up two or three pairs of eyes if he had set himself seriously at work looking out for the curiosities of humanity. We could have mentioned a few to him—and here they are:

The husband that says to his wife on a Monday night, when cook is in revolt, dinner is behindhand, and "stocks down," "My dear, you look tired—let *me* walk up and down with the baby while you rest!"

The wife who expends as much pains upon her toilette on a rainy morning when there is no one but "John" at the breakfast-table, as she does on the evening when her old sweetheart is coming to call!

The husband who reads all the Congressional debates to his wife without meanly skipping every other paragraph, and always keeps her posted in floating politics!

The wife who provides herself with spools of cotton, thimbles, and sewing-work before the reading begins, and don't have to jump up once in five minutes to "fetch something from the other room!"

The man who is consistent, and goes out to chop kindlings for exercise after having recommended bed-making to his wife as a healthful method of expanding the chest!

The woman who tells her husband just exactly how much money she spent in that shopping expedition yesterday!

The man who is always delighted with the domestic puddings and pies, and don't expect a daily bill of fare like unto a French restaurant!

The woman who don't look into all the envelopes in her husband's vest pocket when she mends that garment!

The man who never saw a collar pattern that fits *so* much better than his ever did!

The woman who can't tell the color of her neighbor's new winter bonnet!

The husband who, especially during northeast storms, and during the prevalence of domestic toothaches, makes up his mind that it is a great deal cheaper to be amiable than to scold!

The man who has never subscribed to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and the woman who isn't pleased when her husband brings it home in the evening!

If these are not curiosities, will somebody please favor us with a definition of the word?

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Publishers' Department.

OUR PREMIUMS.—We briefly repeat our propositions which were given in our December number, and which will remain open up to the end of March or the first of April, after which we shall probably "change our base." We find paper, labor, and printing materials advancing. Instead of offering the JOURNAL at $2 a year, we should have fixed the rates at $3 for single subscriptions, and $2 in clubs of ten or more. This would barely defray expenses and admit of such expenditure for engraving illustrations as we intend to make. It will be seen that there are a large number of engravings in each issue, and these are expensive. But the proposition was made, and the terms fixed in good faith, so we shall hold to them, and those who form clubs, or increase the number of subscriptions to those already formed, will be served at the prices fixed upon. After that time we shall probably be obliged to increase the subscription price.

No. 1.—We will send Five Hundred copies of the JOURNAL—the subscription price of which is Two Dollars—to Five Hundred new subscribers a year, and one of STEINWAY & SONS best Rosewood Seven Octave Pianos—manufacturer's price, $625—for One Thousand Dollars. *Premium* $625.

No. 2.—One Hundred copies of JOURNAL to new subscribers, and one of MASON & HAMLIN'S Five Octave Cabinet Organs—price $130—for Two Hundred Dollars. *Premium* $130.

No. 3.—Thirty-five JOURNALS to new subscribers, and either Wheeler & Wilson's, Weed's, Wilcox & Gibbs', or the Empire Sewing Machines, or Dalton's Knitting Machine, as may be preferred, for Seventy Dollars. *Premium* $70.

No. 4.—JOURNALS to Twenty-five new subscribers and Twenty-five Dollars' worth of our publications, at retail prices—see our catalogue—for Fifty Dollars. *Premium* $25.

No. 5.—JOURNALS to Ten new subscribers and a Student's Set, for Twenty Dollars. *Premium* $10.

Many will get the larger premium, more will get the second, and still more the third, fourth, and fifth.

Where parties are intent only on extending the circulation of the JOURNAL, "for the good it will do," they take the names at $1 50 each, in clubs of ten to a hundred, and get only "thanks" for their kind services. These voluntary agents—men and women—"leave no stone unturned" in securing their object. Benefited themselves, they are determined to force the same blessing on others, whether they will or no. But working for the premiums is simply a legitimate business, and may be engaged in by all who may wish a piano, a melodeon, a sewing machine, knitting machine, a library of books, or a "Student's Set," with which to study Phrenology. Now is the time to talk and work.

BOOKS GIVEN AWAY.—Every mail brings us letters asking for "donations" of books for this or that literary society, reading-room, or institution. Now books cost cash, but we are willing to give them away on certain conditions. We should be glad to place a copy of everything we print in every public and private library in the land. That this would do great good we do believe. But how are we to replace them? or obtain the means to pay for paper, printing, binding, etc.? We have it. Let each applicant for a donation get up a club or clubs for the JOURNAL, at regular subscription rates, and we will give him a liberal PREMIUM in the shape of a handsome library. These are the conditions.

Young men, secretaries of self-improvement societies, may make us honorary members and count on our co-operation as above. We sympathize with all good efforts in right directions. Who will have the books?

NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.—It is most gratifying to receive so many orders from all parts of the country to send the JOURNAL a year to "my sister," "my mother," "my brother," "my father," "my cousin," niece, nephew, or friend. We are frequently requested to send the JOURNAL a year as a New Year's present to "our clergyman" from "one of his church members." A delicate way of doing a most useful and generous act. Never before have we known so much of this. It is an evidence of the growing favor with which the JOURNAL is regarded, and the desire on the part of our patrons that their nearest and dearest friends should participate in its teachings.

OUR BOOKS IN OREGON.—We have recently shipped a lot of BOOKS, BUSTS, etc., to Mr. CHAS. BARRETT, of Portland, Oregon, who will supply the demand for anything we publish.

COMPLIMENT TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—The Massillon *Independent* referring to this JOURNAL says, "It is not reasonable to suppose that a bad man can patronize such a publication, and a stupid fellow will not appreciate it."

Ergo, subscribers for the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL are neither bad nor stupid. We feel relieved and encouraged.

POSTAGE.—The lawful postage on this JOURNAL is one cent a number to all post-offices in the United States. To Great Britain and other countries, two cents *or more*.

OUR PUBLICATIONS.—Messrs. A. ROMAN & Co., San Francisco, Cal., have on hand a supply of our publications, which they will sell at wholesale and retail. Our patrons and friends at and around the gold diggings would do well to give them a call.

"IT TAKES."—The children respond with warmest thanks for the extra entertainment afforded by the ever fresh FABLES OF ÆSOP, served up in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Nor are these fables enjoyed alone by children, but almost equally by parents, teachers, and preachers. Mothers may turn to these interesting fables and always find something to divert and entertain the restless little ones, who are usually hungry for pictures and stories.

IMPROVEMENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—Messrs. Rockwood & Co., 839 Broadway, announce in our advertising columns some valuable improvements in the art of Photography, viz., porcelain surface paper and *life-sized photographs*. If we had not seen with our own eyes the later style of pictures, we would scarcely believe that a plain photograph could be made LIFE SIZE sufficiently perfect and free from distortion to dispense with the services of an artist. It has until recently been supposed impossible to make a life-sized photograph on account of the alleged distortion produced by the camera, but we have been shown some pictures of this class by Messrs. Rockwood & Co. that are not only free from distortion, but are clear, sharp, well modeled, and defined as the best specimens of *cartes de visite*. Finished in India ink, oil or water colors, we can think of nothing in the line of portraiture that would surpass them. Many of our readers have lost friends and relatives in the war just closed, and no doubt would be glad to have daguerreotypes or other small pictures enlarged and finished in an artistic style. We can recommend Messrs. Rockwood & Co., and will, if it is desired, take charge of any orders, and advise our friends as to the best mode of having them finished, and exercise a conscientious regard as to the style and cost, advising them by mail of our opinion. Daguerreotypes can be sent by mail or express with directions.

SHE DECLINES.—Mrs. George Washington Wyllys declines sending her beautiful "carte de visite" to any of her numerous admiring readers in all parts of the country. We regret this, knowing how much pleasure it would give the recipients to have her handsome face in their albums. Being a lady she is expected to have her own way, and we can only console our readers with the hope that in a little while she will change her mind and consent to grant the favor sought.

IN future, business announcements and advertisements will be neatly set in new type, under their proper headings, and no ugly show bill display will be made in these pages. It is hoped that advertisers will approve, and find their interests promoted in this better taste.

THE JOURNAL AND THE BIBLE.—A subscriber regrettingly acknowledges that the JOURNAL is more attractive to her than the Bible, and wishes to know how she shall learn to love the latter as well as the former? We trust that reading the JOURNAL, which we strive to make a truly Christian paper, as well as a scientific and popular one, will have a tendency to promote a love and reverence for the sacred Scriptures; but we would advise our correspondent to read the Bible *prayerfully*, and in a meek and humble spirit, giving the moral sentiments their due influence, and subordinating intellect to spirituality.

NEW DEPARTMENTS.—We intend, ultimately, when we can afford it, to throw out all advertisements from the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and to present it to the reader free from all outside affairs. But, at present, we find it necessary to give a small amount of space to our neighbors; some of whom have done us the honor to state that they have derived more advantage from the A. P. J., as an advertising medium, than from any other source.

Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.*]

DAILY MEMORANDUM BOOK for 1866, containing Bill Book, Cash Account, Almanac, Time Table, etc. Published by Francis & Loutrel, Manufacturing Stationers, 45 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

This is a pleasant reminder of the work of our long-tried friends who are among the foremost of our manufacturing stationers. They issue several sizes of these handy pocket memorandum books, varying in price from a dollar upward, and are among the most elegant and convenient to be obtained in this or any market; and the question may be put, who can afford to do without one of them? These convenient memorandum books are sent prepaid by mail to any address. Orders will be filled at this office.

ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY RENDERED ATTRACTIVE, AND THE LAWS OF HEALTH MADE PLAIN. Designed for schools and families and for general reading. By E. Sewall, M.D. Price $2. For sale by Fowler and Wells.

A very excellent work, in which the laws of health have been carefully considered, what constitutes their violation pointed out, and directions given for their observance.

THE FLY, by Theodore Tilton, is an illustrated poem which will please the juveniles. 25 cts.

THE HYGIENE COOK BOOK. By Mrs. Mary E. Cox, M.D. Published by the author at Chester, N. H. Gives the necessary instructions for cooking without the use of salt, butter, lard, or condiments. 25 cents.

EVERY SATURDAY is the name of a weekly eclectic journal just commenced by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. Terms $5 a year.

THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR is published at Athens, Ga., at $2 a year, facts which we neglected to mention in our late notice of that excellent agricultural and family journal. Address Wm. N. White, as above.

THE CHURCH ALMANAC, published annually under the direction of a committee of the Protestant Episcopal Tract Society, the Rev. E. M. Pecke editor. Designed to furnish besides the usual astronomical and other notices, full information in regard to the institutions of the Episcopal Church and the several dioceses, no pains are spared to secure the utmost accuracy and completeness in the statistics. Contains also post-office regulations. May be ordered from this office. Price 12 cents.

THE MISSOURI HAND-BOOK, embracing a full description of the State of Missouri, her Agricultural, Mineralogical, and Geological character; her water-courses, timber lands, soil, and climate; the various railroad lines completed, in progress, and projected, with the distances on each, and description of each county in the State.

The emancipation ordinance, important concerning free Missouri; information for capitalists and emigrants respecting the location of valuable mines and mineral lands; the selection and entry of government lands; the homestead law, grape culture, stock-raising, etc., by NATHAN H. PARKER, author of "Missouri As It Is in 1865," "Geological Map of Missouri," "Iowa As It Is," "Sectional and Geological Map of Iowa," Hand-Books of Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, etc.

Hand-Book of Missouri As It Is, muslin	$1 25
" " " " paper	1 00
Geological Map of Missouri	75
Illinois As It Is	1 75
Iowa " "	1 75

For sale by FOWLER AND WELLS, New York.

DOMESTIC PORTRAITURE; or the Successful Application of Religious Principle in the Education of a Family, exemplified in the memoirs of three of the deceased children of the Rev. Leigh Richmond. With introduction by Rev. E. Bickersteth. 12mo, pp. 550. Cloth. $1 75.

HELP TO THE READING OF THE BIBLE. —From the edition of the London Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. By B. Nicholls, M.A. 12mo, pp. 438. Cloth. $1 50.

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To Our Musical Friends.—The Rev. G. Jarvis Geer, D.D., rector of St. Timothy's (free) Church of this city, has been favorably known for years as a composer of sacred music. Many of his chants and hymns are exceedingly popular in his denomination (Protestant Episcopal), and some have been in constant use in the service of the church for the past twenty years. His compositions possess the rare quality of being melodious and yet devotional, in contradistinction to that ornate, fly-away style so much in vogue in the fashionable churches of the day, and not partaking of the severe, lifeless style of the other extreme.

A very spirited and beautiful anthem, "Jubilate Deo," originally written for the choir of the church of the Holy Apostles, has attracted so much attention that Dr. Geer has consented to its publication, and it is now in the hands of the printer with a view of its publication in time for Easter. Celebrated as it is as one of the greatest festivals of the Church, it is of the utmost importance that the music on that occasion should be of the most joyous character. In this "Jubilate Deo," we can assure our musical friends, they will find an anthem very satisfactory. The piece will be 40 cents. Orders may be addressed to this office. ——

Annals of the Poor.—Containing Richmond's three tracts, "Dairyman's Daughter," "Jane, the Young Cottager," and "The Negro Servant." 12mo. Gilt. $1. ——

The Book and its Story.—Containing a history of the progressive formation of the Bible, with glances into the history of Jews. By L. N. R. 8vo, pp. 463. Cloth. $1 75. ——

Boston Books.—We received, too late for anything more than this mere mention, the following works, all from the prolific press of Messrs. Ticknor & Field:

The Noted Names of Fiction. By Wm. A. Wheeler. $1 50.

Hereward, the Last of the English. By Charles Kingsley. $1 50.

Little Foxes. By Mrs. Stowe. $1.

Winning His Way. By C. C. Coffin. $1.

Patriot Boys and Prison Pictures. By Edmund Kirke. $1.

Le Bon Ton, for January, is the best number ever issued—so we are told by a lady who knows whereof she affirms. $7 a year; single copies, 75 cts.

New Publications.—Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable or interesting:

Sunday Book of Poetry. By C. F. Alexander. $1 75.

Companion Poets. Illustrated. (Longfellow, Tennyson. and Browning.) 16mo. $2 50.

Life of Admiral Farragut. By Headly. $1 50.

Physiology and the Laws of Health. By Edward Jarvis, M.D. $1 50.

Perfect Light; or Seven Hues of Christian Character. By Julia M. Olin. $2.

Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, with a memoir. Two vols., 12mo. $4.

Plain Words on Christian Living. By Charles John Vaughn. $1 25.

Poems. By Owen Meredith. Two vols. $3 50.

Lucille. By Owen Meredith. $1 75.

An Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction. Including also Familiar Pseudonymes, Surnames bestowed on eminent men, etc. By Wm. A. Wheeler. $1 50.

Reason in Religion. By Rev. Dr. Hedge. $2.

Gems from Tennyson. Illustrated. $5.

The Young Wrecker of the Florida Reef; and the Trials and Adventures of Fred. Ransom. By Richard Mead Bache. 16mo. Illus. Phila. $1 50.

The American Republic; its Constitution, Tendencies, and Destiny. By O. A. Brownson, LL.D. 8vo. pp. xvi., 439. New York, P. O'Shea. Cloth, $3.

Five Years in China; or, The Factory Boy made a Missionary. By Rev. Charles B. Bush, A. M. 16mo. Illus. $1 25.

The Vicarious Sacrifice, grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By Horace Bushnell. 8vo. $3.

Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity, with Special Reference to the Theories of Rénan, Strauss, and the Tubingen School. By Rev. George P. Fisher, A.M. 8vo. $3 50.

Life and Services of Joseph Warren. By Richard Frothingham. 8vo. $3 50.

Report of Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, of the Armies of the United States. 1864-65. 8vo. pp. 77. Portrait. 50 cts.

Richard Cobden, the Apostle of Free Trade, his Political Career and Public Services; a Biography. By John McGilchrist. 16mo. $1 50.

Questions of "General Interest" *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your* "Best Thoughts" *solicited.*

An Order for Books, Journals, *etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department*—To Correspondents—*and communications for the Editor, must be written on* separate *slips.*

The Piles.—Our correspondent who wants our advice in regard to the treatment of the piles, labors under a mistake in supposing that we can just as easily prescribe for one case of disease as another. In some cases we can in few words give advice of great value, while in others our instructions, unless fuller than we have room to make them, might do more harm than good for the lack of a proper adaptation to circumstances not fully explained. What is suitable in one case might be worse than useless in another. The first thing to be attended to in treating the piles is to remove the cause. What this is in our correspondent's case we do not know. Constipation is perhaps the most common cause. Proper food and water injections will remove this. A too stimulating diet is another cause—avoid that; so of cathartic medicines, tobacco, and alcoholic liquors. Having removed the cause, *attend to the general health.* During severe attacks use injections, cold compresses, and sitz-baths to relieve the inflammation, eating but little food and that of the lightest character; but the main thing is to avoid the cause we have mentioned, keep the stomach and bowels right, and strengthen the general system by right living, bathing, and exercise.

Agilie.—We received but $1 last year. $2 this year. ——

Hair Oil.—Do you think hair oil injurious supposing it is made of beef's marrow, and scented with bergamot. *Ans.* No. Some use a tallow candle, others lard oil, fish oil, goose grease, etc. The least objectionable grease for the hair is sweet oil, scented to suit. Most of the pomades and hair-washes are really injurious. To *clean* the hair, a little fine soap and warm water is best. To grease it, sweet oil is the least objectionable.

The Illustrated Trapper's Guide, with all the modes of trapping foxes, coons, rabbits, minks, martens, wolves, and bears, etc., will answer all your questions. Price, prepaid by post, 75 cents.

Hand-Writing.—Instead of predicating character on hand-writing alone, we should have a *likeness* of the individual. If persons wish for our opinion, they should first read the "Mirror of the Mind," which will be sent on receipt of a postage stamp. This will inform the reader exactly what we need, in order to give a written description of character.

Marks of Small-Pox.—How can they be removed? *Ans.* Only by time. Never mind the marks; if you are good, kindly, affectionate, devotional, and lovely, you will not be shunned by the worthy on account of the marks which you could not prevent.

Culture and the Features.—That the beauty of the features is improved by culture is an undoubted fact; and the highest order of beauty is *always* the result of culture, and can not exist without it; but some persons *inherit* the results of culture; the blood of education as well as "the gentle blood" sometimes "crops out" after being lost sight of for generations. This explains why we occasionally see beautiful children, with all the marks of refinement and sensibility, among the ignorant, the rude, and the vulgar. See "Hints Toward Physical Perfection, or the Philosophy of Human Beauty," price $1 75, for a full exposition of this subject.

Phrenology.—"Halcyon." Get our "Student's Set" of books and study carefully with the phrenological bust before you. You can thus get a general knowledge of Phrenology. ——

The Law of Sex.—There are works which profess to show the conditions on which the production of male or female offspring depend, but we have no faith in the theories generally promulgated on the subject. It is now being investigated, but is not yet well understood.

Gentility.—See "How to Behave," price 50 cents in paper; 75 cents in cloth.

Dreams.—In dreams there seems to be a most intense activity of *some portions of the brain.* The restraining and regulating powers are then temporarily withdrawn. The action is rapid, but the results obtained are seldom trustworthy. ——

Bleeding at the Nose.—Will wearing a "blood-bead" prevent bleeding at the nose? *Ans.* We think not.

Napoleon.—Yes, and pictures of Napoleon may be had at 389 Broadway; price 25 cents.

The Teeth.—All *hot* drinks are injurious to the teeth as well as the stomach.

The Ear.—E. P. B. We do not know what the particular form of the lower part of the ear which you mention indicates.

Immortality.—Read the article on the subject in our present number. ——

Soul Power.—The question of "A Constant Reader" in regard to certain supposed effects of mind upon matter, opens too wide a field of discussion for this department. We will endeavor to find room for an article on the subject in a future number.

Asthma.—Yes, it is generally curable by means of the proper hygienic treatment perseveringly applied. The best means of cure is furnished by the Turkish bath; but where that is not to be had, the various appliances of the "Water-Cure" treatment, and especially the wet sheet, should be resorted to. See "Hydropathic Family Physician" for details of treatment.

Old Men with Young Wives.—Please answer why it is that old men, especially widowers, look out for young wives. *Ans.* They probably prefer "something green."

M. H. D.—The questions you ask are strictly private and personal. We can not even *name* in this Journal the disease you suffer from, much less prescribe for it through these pages. We repeat, all *private* and *personal* questions will be promptly answered by letter when a prepaid envelope is sent in which to inclose the same.

Small Eyes.—Have you noticed that people with small round eyes are close and selfish, and apt to overreach in dealing? *Ans.* It is generally understood that persons with large open eyes are generous and magnanimous. Artists, when they attempt an ideal face, never make the eyes little and sinister in appearance.

The Origin of Species.—In our opinion F. Stein, of Prague University, has rendered final judgment on the Darwinian theory in these words: "A faithful and conscientious search into the propagation and development of the minutest forms of life proves that they are procreated only by like forms of the same species; that under no circumstances do they develop themselves from dead matter; and that no kind of experiment can produce even the simplest living atom. How the first form of every species has been brought into existence is a question which lies beyond the limit of natural sciences, and which they never can answer; they have a right to be proud at having furnished the proof that life is only developed by life, but they can not pretend to discover the secrets of creation. All efforts in this direction, which have lately again been made by Darwin, we may safely consider as after failures.

Business.—Yes, we can tell from a correctly marked chart what you are naturally best fitted for.

The Country Gentleman—an excellent agricultural and family paper, is published weekly at $3 a year by Luther Tucker & Son, Albany, N. Y.

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ÆSOP'S FABLES.

ILLUSTRATED.

THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

A FOX had fallen into a well, and had been casting about for a long time how he should get out again; when at length a Goat came to the place, and wanting to drink, asked Reynard whether the water was good, and if there was plenty of it. The Fox, dissembling the real danger of his case, replied, "Come down, my friend; the water is so good that I can not drink enough of it, and so abundant that it can not be exhausted." Upon this the Goat without any more ado leaped in; when the Fox, taking advantage of his friend's horns, as nimbly leaped out; and coolly remarked to the poor deluded Goat —"If you had half as much brains as you have beard, you would have looked before you leaped."

THE MAN BITTEN BY A DOG.

A MAN who had been bitten by a Dog, was going about asking who could cure him. One that met him said, "Sir, if you would be cured, take a bit of bread and dip it in the blood of the wound, and give it to the dog that bit you." The Man smiled, and said, "If I were to follow your advice, I should be bitten by all the dogs in the city."

He who proclaims himself ready to buy up his enemies will never want a supply of them.

THE MAN AND THE LION.

ONCE upon a time a Man and a Lion were journeying together, and came at length to high words which was the braver and stronger creature of the two. As the dispute waxed warmer, they happened to pass by, on the road-side, a statue of a man strangling a lion. "See there," said the Man; "what more undeniable proof can you have of our superiority than that?" "That," said the Lion, "is your version of the story; let us be the sculptors, and for one lion under the feet of a man, you shall have twenty men under the paw of a lion."

Men are but sorry witnesses in their own cause.

THE STAG IN THE OX-STALL.

A HUNTED Stag, driven out of covert and distracted by fear, made for the first farm-house he saw, and hid himself in an Ox-stall which happened to be open. As he was trying to conceal himself under the straw, "What can you mean," said an Ox, "by running into such certain destruction as to trust yourself to the haunts of man?" "Only do you not betray me," said the Stag, "and I shall be off again on the first opportunity." Evening came on; the herdsman foddered the cattle, but observed nothing. The other farm-servants came in and out. The Stag was still safe. Presently the bailiff passed through; all seemed right. The Stag now feeling himself quite secure began to thank the Oxen for their hospitality. "Wait awhile," said one of them, "we indeed wish you well, but there is yet another person, one with a hundred eyes; if he should happen to come this way, I fear your life will be still in jeopardy." While he was speaking, the Master, having finished his supper, came round to see that all was safe for the night, for he thought

THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

that his cattle had not of late looked as well as they ought. Going up to the rack, "Why so little fodder here?" says he; "why is there not more straw?" And "How long, I wonder, would it take to sweep down these cobwebs!" Prying and observing, here and there and everywhere, the Stag's antlers, jutting from out the straw, caught his eye, and calling in his servants he instantly made prize of him.

No eye like the Master's eye.

THE BOWMAN AND THE LION.

A MAN who was very skillful with his bow went up into the mountains to hunt. At his approach there was instantly a great consternation and rout among all the wild beasts, the Lion alone showing any determination to fight. "Stop," said the Bowman to him, "and

THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

await my messenger, who has somewhat to say to you." With that he sent an arrow after the Lion, and wounded him in the side. The Lion, smarting with anguish, fled into the depth of the thickets, but a Fox seeing him run, bade him take courage, and face his enemy. "No," said the Lion, "you will not persuade me to that; for if the messenger he sends is so sharp, what must be the power of him who sends it?"

THE MONKEY AND THE DOLPHIN.

IT was an old custom among sailors to carry about with them little Maltese lap-dogs, or Monkeys, to amuse them on the voyage; so it happened once upon a time that a man took with him a Monkey as a companion on board ship. While they were off Sunium, the famous promontory of Attica, the ship was caught in a violent storm, and being capsized, all on board were thrown in the water, and had to swim for land as best they could. And among them was the Monkey. A Dolphin saw him struggling, and, taking him for a man, went to his assistance and bore him on his back straight for shore. When they had just got opposite Piræus, the harbor of Athens, the Dolphin asked the Monkey "if he were an Athenian?" "Yes," answered the Monkey, "assuredly, and of one of the first families in the place." "Then, of course, you know Piræus," said the Dolphin. "Oh, yes," said the Monkey, who thought it was the name of some distinguished citizen, "he is one of my most intimate friends." Indignant at so gross a deceit and falsehood, the Dolphin dived to the bottom, and left the lying Monkey to his fate.

THE GULL AND THE KITE.

A GULL had pounced upon a fish, and in endeavoring to swallow it got choked, and lay upon the deck for dead. A Kite who was passing by and saw him gave him no other comfort than—"It serves you right; for what business have the fowls of the air to meddle with the fish of the sea?"

THE FROG AND THE OX.

AN Ox, grazing in a swampy meadow, chanced to set his foot among a parcel of young Frogs, and crushed nearly the whole brood to death. One that escaped ran off to his mother with the dreadful news; "And, O mother!" said he, "it was a beast—such a big four-footed beast!—that did it." "Big?" quoth the old Frog, "how big? was it as big"—and she puffed herself out to a great degree—"as big as this?" "Oh!" said the little one, "a great deal bigger than that." "Well, was it so big?" and she swelled herself out yet more. "Indeed, mother, but it was; and if you were to burst yourself, you would never reach half its size." Provoked at such a disparagement of her powers, the old Frog made one more trial, and burst herself indeed.

So men are ruined by attempting a greatness to which they have no claim.

THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

A HUSBANDMAN who had a quarrelsome family, after having tried in vain to reconcile them by words, thought he might more readily prevail by an example. So he called his sons, and bade them lay a bundle of sticks before him. Then having tied them into a fagot, he told the lads, one after the other, to take it up and break it. They all tried, but tried in vain. Then untying the fagot, he gave them the sticks to break one by one. This they did with the greatest ease. Then said the father, "Thus you, my sons, as long as you remain united, are a match for all your enemies; but differ and separate, and you are undone."

Union is strength.

THE OLD HOUND.

A HOUND, who had been an excellent one in his time, and had done good service to his master in the field, at length became worn out with the weight of years and trouble. One day, when hunting the wild boar, he seized the creature by the ear, but his teeth giving way, he was forced to let go his hold, and the boar escaped. Upon this the huntsman, coming up, severely rated him. But the feeble Dog replied, "Spare your old servant! it was the power, not the will, that failed me. Remember rather what I was, than abuse me for what I am."

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THE COLLIER AND THE FULLER.

A COLLIER, who had more room in his house than he wanted for himself, proposed to a Fuller to come and take up his quarters with him. "Thank you," said the Fuller, "but I must decline your offer; for I fear that as fast as I whiten my goods you will blacken them again."

There can be little liking where there is no likeness.

THE LAMB AND THE WOLF.

A LAMB pursued by a Wolf took refuge in a temple. Upon this the Wolf called out to him, and said that the priest would slay him if he caught him. "Be it so," said the Lamb; "it is better to be sacrificed to God than to be devoured by you."

THE DOLPHINS AND THE SPRAT.

THE Dolphins and the Whales were at war with one another, and while the battle was at its height, the Sprat stepped in and endeavored to separate them. But one of the Dolphins cried out, "Let us alone, friend! We had rather perish in the contest, than be reconciled by you."

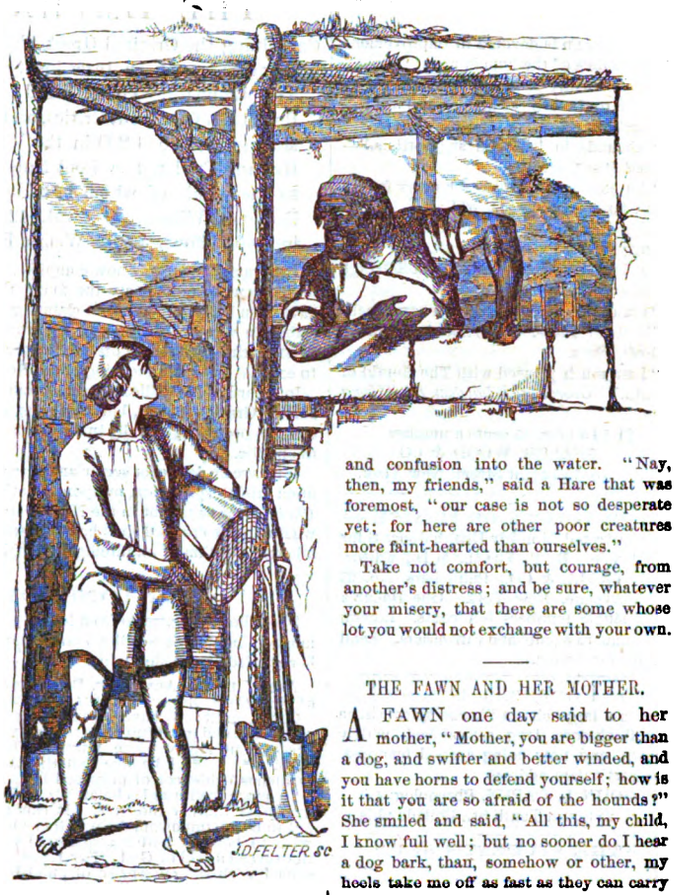
THE FOX AND THE LION

A FOX who had never seen a Lion, when by chance he met him for the first time was so terrified that he almost died of fright. When he met him the second time, he was still afraid, but managed to disguise his fear. When he saw him the third time, he was so much emboldened that he went up to him and asked him how he did.

Familiarity breeds contempt.

THE HOUSE-DOG AND THE WOLF.

A LEAN hungry Wolf chanced one moonshiny night to fall in with a plump, well-fed House-Dog. After the first compliments were passed between them, "How is it, my friend," said the Wolf, "that you look so sleek? How well your food agrees with you! and here am I striving for my living night and day, and can hardly save myself from starving." "Well," says the Dog, "if you would fare like me, you have only to do as I do." "Indeed!" says he, "and what is that?" "Why," replies the Dog, "just to guard the master's house and keep off the thieves at night." "With all my heart; for at present I have but a sorry time of it. This woodland life, with its frosts and rains, is sharp work for me. To have a warm roof over my head and a bellyful of victuals always at hand will, methinks, be no bad exchange." "True," says the Dog; "therefore you have nothing to do but to follow me." Now as they were jogging on together, the Wolf spied a mark in the Dog's neck, and having a strange curiosity, could not forbear asking what it meant. "Pooh! nothing at all," says the Dog. "Nay, but pray"—says the Wolf. "Oh! a mere trifle, perhaps the collar to which my chain is fastened—" "Chain!" cries the Wolf in surprise; "you don't mean to say that you can not rove when and where you please?" "Why, not exactly perhaps; you see I am looked upon as rather fierce, so they sometimes tie me up in the daytime, but I assure you I have perfect liberty at night, and the master feeds me off his own plate, and the servants give me their tit-bits, and I am such a favorite, and—but what is the matter? where are



THE COLLIER AND THE FULLER.

you going?" "Oh, good-night to you," says the Wolf; "you are welcome to your dainties; but for me, a dry crust with liberty against a king's luxury with a chain."

THE HARES AND THE FROGS.

ONCE upon a time, the Hares, driven desperate by the many enemies that compassed them about on every side, came to the sad resolution that there was nothing left for them but to make away with themselves, one and all. Off they scudded to a lake hard by, determined to drown themselves as the most miserable of creatures. A shoal of Frogs seated upon the bank, frightened at the approach of the Hares, leaped in the greatest alarm and confusion into the water. "Nay, then, my friends," said a Hare that was foremost, "our case is not so desperate yet; for here are other poor creatures more faint-hearted than ourselves."

Take not comfort, but courage, from another's distress; and be sure, whatever your misery, that there are some whose lot you would not exchange with your own.

THE FAWN AND HER MOTHER.

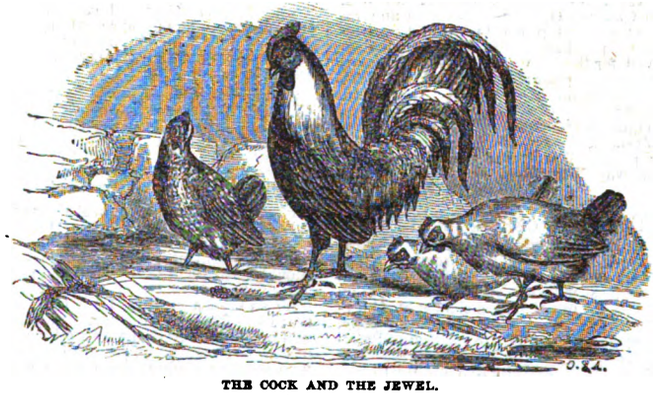
A FAWN one day said to her mother, "Mother, you are bigger than a dog, and swifter and better winded, and you have horns to defend yourself; how is it that you are so afraid of the hounds?" She smiled and said, "All this, my child, I know full well; but no sooner do I hear a dog bark, than, somehow or other, my heels take me off as fast as they can carry me."

There is no arguing a coward into courage.

THE ANGLER AND THE LITTLE FISH.

AN Angler, who gained his livelihood by fishing, after a long day's toil caught nothing but one little fish. "Spare me," said the little creature, "I beseech you; so small as I am, I shall make you but a sorry meal. I am not come to my full size yet; throw me back into the river for the present, and then, when I am grown bigger and worth eating, you may come here and catch me again." "No, no," said the man; "I have got you now, but if you once get back into the water, your tune will be, 'Catch me, if you can.'"

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.



THE COCK AND THE JEWEL.

THE BEAR AND THE FOX.

A BEAR used to boast of his excessive love for Man, saying that he never worried or mauled him when dead. The Fox observed, with a smile, "I should have thought more of your profession if you never ate him alive."

Better save a man from dying than salve him when dead.

THE FLIES AND THE HONEY-POT.

A POT of Honey having been upset in a grocer's shop, the Flies came around it in swarms to eat it up, nor would they move from the spot while there was a drop left. At length their feet became so clogged that they could not fly away, and stifled in the luscious sweets they exclaimed, "Miserable creatures that we are, who for the sake of an hour's pleasure have thrown away our lives!"

THE MONKEY AND THE CAMEL.

AT a great meeting of the Beasts, the Monkey stood up to dance. Having greatly distinguished himself, and being applauded by all present, it moved the spleen of the Camel, who came forward and began to dance also; but he made himself so utterly absurd, that all the Beasts in indignation set upon him with clubs and drove him out of the ring.

Stretch your arm no farther than your sleeve will reach.

THE COCK AND THE JEWEL.

AS a Cock was scratching up the straw in a farm-yard, in search of food for the hens, he hit upon a Jewel that by some chance had found its way there. "Ho!" said he, "you are a very fine thing, no doubt, to those who prize you; but give me a barley-corn before all the pearls in the world."

The Cock was a sensible Cock: but there are many silly people who despise what is precious only because they can not understand it.

HERCULES AND THE WAGONER.

AS a Countryman was carelessly driving his wagon along a miry lane, his wheels stuck so deep in the clay that the horses came to a stand-still. Upon this the man, without making the least effort of his own, began to call upon Hercules to come and help him out of his trouble. But Hercules bade him lay his shoulder to the wheel, assuring him that Heaven only aided those who endeavored to help themselves.

It is in vain to expect our prayers to be heard, if we do not strive as well as pray.

THE TWO WALLETS.

EVERY man carries Two Wallets, one before and one behind, and both full of faults. But the one before is full of his neighbor's faults; the one behind, of his own. Thus it happens that men are blind to their own faults, but never lose sight of their neighbor's.

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SIGNS AND WONDERS.

SOMEBODY has compiled the following "signs," which will, no doubt, be confirmed by practical experience.

THE GRIDIRON.—To take down the gridiron from the nail where it is hanging, with the left hand, is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

THE MIRROR.—If a mirror is broken, it is a sign that a good-looking lass will be missed in that house.

A FUNERAL.—To meet a funeral procession, is a sign of a death.

POCKET-BOOK.—To lose a pocket-book containing greenbacks, is unlucky.

NAILS.—If a woman cuts her nails every Monday it is lucky—for her husband.

CROSS-EYED.—If you meet, while walking, a cross-eyed person, pass him on his good-natured side, or you will be unlucky.

WEEPING.—If you have been weeping, put your handkerchief to the left ear and you will dry up.

ROOSTERS.—If you hear a rooster crow when you are in bed, and the clock strikes a few times at the same instant, it is a sign of mo(u)rning.

AN ITCHING EAR.—If you have an itching ear, tickle your nose and you will have an itching there, and ill luck will be averted.

SALT.—To spill salt accidentally into a stew while it is on the fire, is a proof that the family will meet with its alterations (salter rations).

A CAT.—When a cat prepares to wash its face, it is a sign that one in the house will shortly receive a licking.

WARTS.—To have sixteen warts on the left hand, is unlucky; to have the same number or less on the right hand, is a sign you are unfortunate.

SPIRITS.—If a married man, while his wife is in the room, takes up a bottle of spirits with his right hand, it is a sign that she will shortly be out of spirits, and that her husband is going to drink.

STOCK RAISING.—If a one-eyed bull-dog flies at a stock-raiser's legs, it denotes that a misfortune will happen to his calves.

BRIDAL.—If you get on horseback on Monday, before the sun is up, it is a sign that you will have a hand in a bridle.

LUCKY.—To stroke a green-eyed cat with a white spot on her nose is lucky, and heavy purrs will be the consequence.

MARRIAGE.—If you are in a house and hear a baby cry, it is a sign of marriage—or if it isn't, it ought to be.

RED HAIR.—If a red-haired man falls in love with a girl who dislikes hair of that color, he will very likely "dye" before he is married.

The above signs and portents may be strictly relied upon; they have never been known to fail, except in dry weather.

CONVERTED, BUT DON'T LIKE TO CONFESS IT.—A subscriber writes: "I am a member of a family of *anti-phrenologists*, and was obliged to stem a pretty powerful tide of ridicule when I sent my first subscription money. Now I seldom get the first reading, and when it fails to arrive, I am asked in a slightly sarcastic tone, yet one exhibiting some anxiety, 'Why don't you renew your subscription?' I retaliate and ask, 'If you are interested, why don't *you* send?' and invariably hear, 'Oh, I'm not an advocate of its contents; I read through curiosity!' and so they have, till, if they were really candid, they would confess themselves converted. They do dread to come down from their stilts, and I don't blame them, for they perched themselves so high at first that they would break their necks if they attempted the descent unaided. O. E. S."

A YOUNG LADY MISSIONARY.—The following note, sent when renewing her subscription, explains itself:

December 16th, 1865.

S. R. WELLS—*Dear Sir:* I have been taking your JOURNAL this year, and I think it is the best periodical that I ever saw. I like it *so* much, I would not take a hundred dollars for what its pages have taught me. I recommend it to all of my friends who see it. I think some of them will take it this year. I know one minister will, to whom I lent a number.

We all as a family love the JOURNAL. Please accept our thanks and good wishes. It helps us to think, and gives to our thoughts a pure, lofty tone. Very truly,

PLEASANT VALLEY, O. MISS MATTIE G.

BY MRS. CLARA LEARNED MEACHAM.

To be spiritually minded is life and peace.—ROMANS viii. 6.
Who maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming fire.—PSALMS civ. 4.

FROM whence the spell that awes and thrills,
That tells of coming woes and ills,
Or lifts the thoughts from earth?
What shades the sunny, social hour,
And gives to mind prophetic power,
Hushing each tone of mirth?

Where links the soul's electric chain,
That telegraphs to heart and brain,
Telling of danger near?
Have loved ones borne this spirit tie,
To a brighter clime beyond the sky,
To tell us when to fear?

Or messages bring of hope and love,
From Elysian fields or climes above,
To cheer life's lonely way?
Guarding us through the hours of night,
Whispering of peace and coming light,
Of a bright, eternal day!

An answer comes to the penitent's prayer,
Cheering the gloom, dispelling despair,
A voice says, "Peace, be still;"
What giveth the child of grace sweet trust,
When earthly treasures are turning to dust?
Faith in a "Father's will!"

There is a spiritual tie, with angel bands,
In dreams they come from the better land,
Foreshadowing future harm.
They guard the couch where the weary rest,
List to the sighs of the poor oppressed,
The sleeping infant charm.

What raiseth the eye of saints when dying?
Are hovering angels around them flying,
To bear the spirit away?
And in that hour when the pulse beats slow,
What giveth the face an illum'd glow?
A spiritual dawning ray!

From whence the spell that awes and thrills,
That tells of coming woes and ills,
Or lifts the thoughts from earth?
What shades the sunny, social hour,
And gives to mind prophetic power,
Hushing each tone of mirth?

LEIPSIC, OHIO.

VOICES FROM SUBSCRIBERS.

SHOULD we print all of the kind and hearty words of appreciation and commendation that we receive from intelligent and thoughtful readers, there would be little room in the JOURNAL for anything else; but we shall certainly be pardoned for clipping brief paragraphs or sentences from a few of the many hundreds of similar testimonials now before us, for the benefit of those who are yet unacquainted with the A. P. J.:

P. T., Union Hill, Kansas, writes: "I can not dispense with it. Its matter comes home to a man's 'business and bosom.' It is my 'guide, philosopher, and friend.'" S. F. S., Iowa, says: "It is not *one* of the best, but *the* best JOURNAL in the United States." Mrs. M. E. E. "can not think of doing without it," and "expects to take it as long as she can command the means to pay for it." F. E., Winona, Minn., says: "I can not find words to express the pleasure with which I read each number of your excellent JOURNAL. I could hardly live without it. You may safely consider me a life subscriber." L. S. writes: "I can not help saying, that so long as such a JOURNAL is printed, you will find me a subscriber." "I sent for your JOURNAL last year because I thought it would suit me, but now I know it will, and I shall send for it just as long as I can see to read it. F. B., Hamilton, Ind." "To give it up would be like parting with my best friend. It is of incalculable benefit to me. P. D., Canada West." "It is one of the best periodicals I ever read. I am a life subscriber. S. P. W., Winchester, Ky." "I can find nothing which furnishes so much general information as is found in the A. P. J. I have been a subscriber for only one year, and would not do without it another for twice what it costs. It is in my opinion one of the best things that young folks can read, especially boys like myself. N. M. C., Frankfort, O." "I have been more benefited by it than by all the books I ever read, except the Bible. J. B., Oshawa, C. W." "I am, gentlemen, under a thousand obligations and a deep debt of gratitude to you and the science you teach for the benefits derived from the reading of the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. P. K., Bunker Hill, Ind." "I should not know how to do without that precious monitor. I do not profit by its teachings as I ought, yet its influence leads me to seek a higher and better life. S. E. T." "I would pay my last dollar for the JOURNAL. A. S." "I can assure you that I would not be without your valuable JOURNAL for double the price of it, and I hope your subscription list will be double the coming year. I consider it one of the very best and most instructive publications of the day. E. K. O." "My expectations have been more than realized. Your JOURNAL is worthy a place in every family. W. S. K." "Its grand 'skylight' principles and its correct and high standard morals in connection with all that is useful and entertaining, have given it a prominent place among the first-class journals of the world. M. B., Rye, N. H." "You may count on the company of all your old subscribers at this place, and will probably get one or two new ones. Phrenology and its kindred sciences are gaining. Dr. J. E. F., Webster, O."

No other publication even attempts to fill the place occupied by the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, which has a deservedly high reputation for its sound and wholesome qualities. It is progressive, earnest, and philanthropic, and every number imparts a vast amount of useful knowledge.—*Springfield (O.) Republic.*

THE

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S. R. WELLS, EDITOR,

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—*Young.*

EZRA CORNELL.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

PATIENCE, perseverance, and self-reliance are indelibly impressed upon this countenance, and kindness and integrity are not less conspicuous. There is also combined with these qualities strong practical common sense, and a high degree of inventive and mechanical ingenuity. Method, calculation, and application are among his leading characteristics. Were it not for the modifying influence of benevolence and strong affections, there would be something akin to severity in his large Conscientiousness, Cautiousness, and Combativeness. As it is, there is nothing like submissiveness, timidity, or compromise where principle is involved. It is a Calhoun temperament, but modified by a greater degree of the lubricating juices of kindness and affection; the original would be almost severely just, drawing the line exactly, and walking accordingly, and he would

PORTRAIT OF HON. EZRA CORNELL, THE TELEGRAPH CONSTRUCTOR.

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require the same of others. Anything like underhand double-dealing would be at once frowned down by such a nature, while a generous and self-sacrificing spirit on the part of another would be appreciated, commended, and supported. The crowning excellence of this character lies in the moral sentiments, and in the strong practical intellect. There is a high sense of honor combined with that moral courage which comes from trust in God and a resolution to do one's duty. There is sufficient faith to give something of forecast, at least a kind of prophetic outreach which is most comforting to finite beings. He is naturally incredulous and slow to believe, yet devotional and trusting where there is a probability of truth. The creed of such a one would be broad and comprehensive, including all mankind in the covenant of mercy.

He has hope which keeps the heart whole, buoys up the spirits, and gives enthusiasm to his enterprises. There is also economy, or at least a disposition to save as well as to make, but his leading motive for frugality would be that he thus might have the more to give. His personal wants would be few, and those comparatively simple. He has no desire for show or ostentatious display, but has excellent taste and appreciation of the fitness of things. He would never lose sight of the useful in admiring the beautiful. His memory of faces, places, objects, experiences, plans, and purposes would be excellent, and if he forgets anything it must be names, dates, and passing events. He has also an excellent memory of forms, can measure well by the eye, judge correctly of forms, proportions, and of distances, and can work as well by the eye as some men do by rule. He would have made a capital horseman, an excellent marksman, a good architect, engineer, navigator, explorer, manufacturer, or artist. Had he been educated for a learned profession, the law would have doubtless been the first choice in which he would have excelled, for he has a strong practical intellect, strong powers of discrimination and description, with sufficient spirit to meet any antagonist and to defend the right even with his life. In the ministry, he could have been a bright and shining light—he would have preached both the law and the gospel, especially the latter. As a physician, there would have been great patience, kindness, good judgment, and fortitude to endure. As a surgeon, he would have brought to bear the best mechanical ingenuity together with a cool, self-possessed judgment and power to perform any necessary operation. As a business man, his forte would have been as a projector, opening up new avenues for trade and commerce, extending his agencies throughout the world. He could not have been confined to a retail line in a small store without cramping his energies. Suffice it for us to say that he is in all respects a good representative of the better class of what are called self-made men. Starting out in life with moderate prospects, he has worked himself up and developed into the man he is. We take pleasure in holding him up as a worthy example for young men to follow. He has escaped the common vices of youth, and is a well-preserved, vigorous, clear-headed, comprehensive, high-minded citizen and senator. Let the following biographical sketch tell the story of his life. We claim no credit for Phrenology in this delineation of character, for our subject is too well-known to permit our description to be regarded in any sense a test of the truth of our science; it is simply in keeping with his real character. The following is believed to be in all respects strictly correct.

BIOGRAPHY.

The original of our portrait was born at Westchester Landing, Westchester County, New York, January 11, 1807. His parents were members of the Society of Friends. His father was by trade a potter, and carried on the business extensively, at one time in Tarrytown, afterward at English Neighborhood, New Jersey. Young Cornell made himself useful in his father's shop in tending to customers and delivering ware.

In 1819, his father removed to De Ruyter, Madison County, N. Y., where he again established a pottery, and with the assistance of Ezra and a younger son conducted a farm.

The advantages for early scholastic training which Mr. Cornell enjoyed were few, yet such as they were he eagerly availed himself of them: At De Ruyter his father taught a district school during the winter terms, which he attended. The last year of his "schooling," being then about seventeen years of age, he obtained, as it were, by purchase, he and his brother agreeing to clear four acres of woodland in time to plant corn in the following spring. This was done, and an excellent crop of corn secured without the aid of a day's labor from other sources. Notwithstanding his limited facilities for tuition, Ezra made considerable advancement in the various branches of common-school learning, and was even advised to teach on his own account. This advice he did not see fit to follow, but turned his attention to farming. In 1825, an incident occurred which called out his great natural mechanical ability. His father hired a carpenter to build a shop, and Ezra obtained permission to assist in preparing the frame. While the work was in progress, he pointed out to the carpenter an error in the laying out of one of the corner posts, and at the risk of a flogging convinced him of his mistake. Soon afterward his father requested him to build a dwelling-house, and though he had never seen a book on architecture, taking the house of a neighbor as his model, he went bravely at it, and after weeks of persevering effort, although annoyed and thwarted by officious and meddlesome persons who were fearful that he would succeed, yet he finally triumphed in the construction of a substantial and comfortable house, into which his father removed. The execution of this task obtained for him the admiration of his neighbors, and a good knowledge of carpentry. In 1826, we find the elder son leaving his father's house to seek his fortune among strangers. During the next year he found employment at Homer, Cortland County, in building wool-carding machines. In the spring of 1828 he went to Ithaca, and engaged with a Mr. Eddy to work in the machine shop of his cotton factory one year, at eight dollars per month and his board. His services were evidently appreciated, as he says himself: "I had worked six months on this contract when Mr. Eddy surprised me one morning by saying to me that he thought I was not getting wages enough, and that he had made up his mind to pay me twelve dollars per month the balance of the year. I thanked him and continued my labors. At the end of the year I had credit for six months at eight dollars per month, and seven months at twelve dollars per month, having gained one month during the year by over-work. Twelve hours were credited as a day's work, and I have found no day since that time which has not demanded twelve hours' work from me.

In 1829, the success gained by him in repairing a flouring-mill at Fall Creek, Ithaca, led to his effecting an engagement with the proprietor of the mill to take charge of it, at four hundred dollars a year. He remained in this position ten years, during which period he built a new flouring-mill containing eight runs of stones. This latter mill he worked two years, turning out four hundred barrels of flour per day during the fall or flouring season, and employing only one miller. He had so admirably adjusted the mechanism of this mill that manual labor was only required to take the flour from the mill.

The term of his engagement having expired, he next engaged in business of an agricultural nature, conducting it partly in Maine and partly in Georgia. His brother was associated in this business. Their plan was to spend the summer in Maine and the winter in Georgia. These operations led to an acquaintance which terminated in his becoming interested in rendering available the magnetic telegraph for the purpose of communication between distant places.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE TELEGRAPH.

Mr. Cornell's history as related to the early introduction of telegraphing is highly interesting. During the winter of 1842 and 1843, while in Georgia, he conceived a plan for employing the States prison convicts of Georgia in the manufacture of agricultural implements; and after thoroughly examining its feasibility, went to Maine for the purpose of settling some unfinished business, preparatory to entering upon the execution of his project. While in Maine, he called upon Mr. F. O. J. Smith, then editor of the Portland *Farmer*. He was informed by Mr. Smith that Congress had appropriated thirty thousand dollars toward building a telegraph under the direction of Professor Morse, between Baltimore and Washington, and that he (Smith) had taken the contract to lay the pipe in which the telegraphic cable was to be inclosed, and he was to receive one hundred dollars a mile for the work. Mr. Smith also informed Mr. Cornell that, after a careful examination, he had found that he would lose money by the job, and at the same time showed him a piece of the pipe, and explained the manner of its construction, the depth to which it was to be laid, and the difficulties which he expected to encounter in carrying out the design. Mr. Cornell, at this same interview, after the brief explanation which Mr. Smith had given, told him that in his opinion the pipe could be laid by machinery at a much less expense than one hundred dollars a mile, and it would be in the main a profitable operation. At the same time he sketched on paper the plan of a machine which he thought practicable. This led to the engagement of Mr. Cornell by Mr. Smith to make such a machine. And he immediately went to

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work and made patterns for its construction. While the machine was being made, Mr. Cornell went to Augusta, Maine, and settled up his business. and then returned to Portland and completed the pipe machine. Professor Morse was notified by Smith in regard to the machine, and went to Portland to see it tried. The trial proved a success. Mr. Cornell was employed to take charge of laying the pipe. Under his hands the work advanced rapidly, and he had laid ten miles or more of the pipe when Professor Morse discovered that his insulation was so imperfect that the telegraph would not operate. He did not, however, stop the work until he had received orders, which order came in the following singular manner. When the evening train came out from Baltimore, Professor Morse was observed to step from the car; he walked up to Mr. Cornell and took him aside, and said, "Mr. Cornell, can not you contrive to stop the work for a few days without its being known that it is done on purpose? If it is known that I ordered its stoppage, the plagny papers will find it out and have all kinds of stories about it." Mr. Cornell saw the condition of affairs with his usual quickness of discernment and told the Professor that he would make it all right. So he ordered the drivers to start the team of eight mules which set the machine in motion, and while driving along at a lively pace in order to reach the Relay House, a distance of about twenty rods before it was time to "turn out," managed to tilt the machine so as to catch it under the point of a projecting rock. This apparent accident so damaged the machine as to render it useless. The Professor retired in a state of perfect contentment, and the Baltimore papers on the following morning had an interesting subject for a paragraph. The work thus being suspended of necessity, Professor Morse convened a grand council at the Relay House, composed of himself, Professor Gale, Dr. Fisher, Mr. Vaile, and F. O. J. Smith, the persons especially concerned in the undertaking. After discussing the matter, they determined upon further efforts for perfecting the insulation. These failed, and orders were given to remove everything to Washington. Up to this time Professor Morse and his assistants had expended twenty-two thousand dollars, and all in vain. Measures were taken to reduce the expenses, and Mr. Cornell was appointed assistant superintendent, and took entire charge of the undertaking. He now altered the design, substituting poles for the pipe. This may be regarded as the commencement of "air lines" of telegraph. He commenced the erection of the line between Baltimore and Washington on poles, and had it in successful operation in time to report the proceedings of the Conventions which nominated Henry Clay and James K. Polk for the Presidency.

Although the practicability of the telegraph had been so thoroughly tested, it did not become at once popular. A short line was erected in New York city in the spring of 1845, having its lower office at 112 Broadway and its upper office near Niblo's. The resources of the company had been entirely exhausted, so that they were unable to pay Mr. Cornell for his services, and he was directed to charge visitors twenty-five cents for admission, so as to raise the funds requisite to defray expenses. Yet sufficient interest was not shown by the community even to support Mr. Cornell and his assistant. Even the New York press were opposed to the telegraphic project. The proprietor of the New York *Herald*, when called upon by Mr. Cornell and requested to say a good word in his favor, emphatically refused, stating distinctly that it would be greatly to his disadvantage should the telegraph succeed. Stranger still is it that many of these very men who would be expected to be entirely in favor of the undertaking, viz., men of scientific pursuits, stood aloof and declined to indorse it. In order to put up the line in the most economical manner, Mr. Cornell desired to attach the wires to the city buildings which lined its course. Many house-owners objected, alleging that it would invalidate their insurance policies by increasing the risk of their buildings being struck by lightning. Mr. Cornell cited the theory of the lightning-rod as demonstrated by Franklin, and showed that the telegraphic wire would add safety to their buildings. Some persons still refused, but informed him that could he procure a certificate from Professor Renwick, then connected with Columbia College, to the effect that the wires would not increase the risk of their buildings, they would allow him to attach his wires. Mr. Cornell thought the obtaining of such a certificate a very easy matter, and certainly all scientific men were agreed upon the Franklin theory. He therefore posted off to Columbia College, saw the distinguished savan, stated his errand, and requested the certificate, saying it would be doing Professor Morse a great favor. To his utter consternation the learned professor replied, "No, I can not do that," alleging that "the wires *would* increase the risk of the buildings being struck by lightning." Mr. Cornell was obliged to go into an elaborate discussion of the Franklin theory of the lightning-rod, until the Professor confessed himself in error, and prepared the desired certificate, for which opinion he charged him twenty-five dollars. This certificate enabled Mr. Cornell to carry out his plans.

In 1845 he superintended the construction of a line of telegraph from New York to Philadelphia. In 1846 he erected a line from New York to Albany in four months, and made five thousand dollars profit. In 1847 he erected the line from Troy to Montreal, by contract, and was thirty thousand dollars the gainer by it, which he invested in Western lands. He also invested largely in telegraphic stock generally, other lines having been put up by other parties, being confident in the ultimate success of the magnetic telegraph. These investments during the past ten years have so increased in value as to make Mr. Cornell one of the "solid men" of the country. He certainly has deserved success, especially as he was foremost in carrying the telegraph through the gloomy days of its early career.

As a gentleman of fortune he has exhibited great liberality by contributing largely toward many benevolent enterprises. In 1862 he was President of the State Agricultural Society. And while in London that year he sent several soldiers from England to the United States, at his own expense, who joined our army on their arrival at New York. In 1862–3 he was elected a member of the New York Assembly, and in 1864–5 a member of the Senate.

Mr. Cornell recently donated from his own pocket $500.000 toward founding an agricultural college at Ithaca, and we trust the enterprise will meet with public favor, and prove as beneficial as its munificent patron heartily desires, in promoting the agricultural interests of the State.

Ithaca is the residence of Mr. Cornell, and owes much in the way of public improvement to his generosity and progressive spirit.

PARADISE FOR PURGATORY.

Pure religion uses only moral agencies. Parties use only political agencies. They are separate, exclusive, antagonistic. Moral agencies are like the majestic and tranquil ebb and flow of ocean tides, that bear to and fro the civilizing commerce, the goodness and grandeur of nations. Political agencies are the thunder and lightning of rainy weather—making much mud and misery. The "same old tune" on the hurdy-gurdy. (If youngsters do not hear it, it is because they themselves are beginning to "grind." The saying applies, "the hair of the dog cures the bite.") Party politics is a roaring maelstrom of sin, ever whetting its insatiate jaws for more victims, as in the war, the nation's noblest and best. Young man! beware of the first seductive touches of the whirlpool. It is so easy at first, and at last the giddiness makes insensible. Talk ye of providing for the public tranquillity and welfare of the nation, by listening to such satanic shrieks and surges, in the stench of such sulphureous steam? To commend politics is like the dying drunkard's cry for "more whisky." "By a tree's fruit it is known;" and that of party politics is only Dead Sea fruit—Sodoms and Gomorrahs!—and, alas, *Golgothas!* Instead of having been to the welfare of our nation, I fear it will yet be its farewell. Christianity is eternal progress; but politics is a backhold on barbarism. The faithful of Israel "go forward," but some "lust after the flesh-pots of Egypt." It is the old Adam *ready* to eat the fatal fruit greedily when "others force it on him"—exchanges Paradise for Purgatory. W. H. G.

TALENT AND GENIUS.

The faculty which we usually term genius, which enables the individual possessing it to do what ordinary people can not accomplish, appears to be in many cases an abnormal development of mind which often indicates an unhealthy condition. In some cases the powers of the mind appear to be directed, as it were, into one channel, and what seems to be an unusual intellectual faculty results from the absorption of the whole mental force by one of its departments, thus overbalancing the delicate fabric of the brain and causing those aberrations which partake in a greater or smaller degree of insanity. Many of those who have conferred great benefits upon their fellow-men have not been permitted to enjoy much of worldly happiness.

Talent convinces, Genius but excites;
This tasks the reason, that the soul delights.
Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,
And reconciles the pinion to the earth;
Genius unsettles with desires the mind,
Contented not till earth be left behind;
Talent, the sunshine on a cultured soil,
Ripens the fruit by slow degrees for toil.
Genius, the sudden "Iris of the skies,
On cloud itself reflects its wondrous dyes,"
And to the earth, in tears and glory given,
Clasp in its airy arch the pomp of Heaven!
Talent gives all that vulgar critics need—
From its plain horn-book learn the dull to read;
Genius, the Pythian of the beautiful,
Leaves its large truths a riddle to the dull—
From eyes profane a vail the Iris screens,
And fools on fools still ask "What Hamlet means?"

BULWER.

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"GOING TO EUROPE."

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

IN the July number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1865 we promised at some convenient day to supply our readers with such information about the British Islands and people as would be of service to those contemplating a trans-atlantic voyage, and of some profit to those remaining at home—items of interest gathered from extensive travel and long residence in Great Britain, and not usually found in "guides" and other books of travel.

Sea experiences are not generally of the most genial character to land-men, and are therefore not contemplated with much enthusiasm by authors. The mass of people are subject to unpleasant sensations on their first introduction to the Sea King, and some can never so accustom themselves to the movements of a vessel as to entirely escape gastric indisposition at the beginning of a sea voyage. Still, even the novitiate may so prepare himself as to avoid much that would otherwise be a source of serious discomfort. For some days before sailing, the stomach should be prepared by a diet of light and simple food, and everything of an exciting nature—particularly spirits and tobacco—avoided. In choosing a state-room, get one as near the center of the ship as possible, where the rolling and pitching of the vessel is much less perceptible than elsewhere.

We recommend the summer, or from May to September, as the most fitting season for a sea voyage, as storms are less likely to be encountered during those months, excepting only the equinoctical in September. We need scarcely add, that during that period the country about to be visited wears a more attractive dress than at an earlier or later part of the year.

In getting ready for an ocean voyage, the selection of clothing is a matter of considerable importance. Inexperienced travelers often err in choosing such raiment as would be suitable for the same season at home. The land temperature should never be taken as a criterion for what one may encounter in mid-ocean. There is comparatively little variation in the sea atmosphere during the entire year—certainly nothing like the changes to which landsmen are subject to at different seasons. The weather is seldom disagreeably cold and never uncomfortably warm. Such clothing as New York people usually wear between the middle of October and the middle of November would be found suitable for the voyage at any season. It is better to be supplied with a superabundance of plain clothing than not to have enough, as when the vessel encounters fogs and icebergs the atmosphere is quite chilly, which usually occurs off the banks of Newfoundland; and it must always be remembered that the most luxurious cabins are necessarily without artificial heat (except in some instances where steam pipes are used), and that each body must generate and retain sufficient heat for its own comfort or suffer in consequence.

Again, the climate of the British Islands is more equable than that of the United States—it being much milder in winter and many degrees cooler in summer, so that garments suitable for the sea journey would be found well adapted to the steady, somber atmosphere of Britain.

The best course for the sight-seeing voyager to pursue on his first visit is to proceed at once to Liverpool, when of course, on landing, his baggage will be inspected by the revenue officers.

One may profitably spend two or three days at Liverpool in visiting the docks, which are the finest in the world, the ship-yards, St. George's Hall, the Merchants' Exchange, and the public squares and monuments. Among the buildings, the Lime Street Railway Station will attract some attention, it being very much more extensive than any building used for a similar purpose in the United States. The next step which we advise is to take a morning express train for London, the heart of the empire, and, in the estimation of Englishmen, the center of the universe, the nucleus of trade, wealth, literature, art, science, culture, statesmanship, and November fogs.

The journey from Liverpool to the metropolis, if the weather be propitious, affords many charming prospects to the eye of an American. The whole route is dotted with thriving towns, villages, and hamlets, while between are fruitful fields, pasture lands, blossoming hedge-rows, and sloping lawns. Here is the absence of all wildness—the very counterpoise of our great, ragged hills, pruned and unpruned forests, and broad bosomed rivers. Everything exhibits the most careful cultivation, from the turnip and beanstalk to the heliotrope and anemone. Among other matters which one will be likely to discover in his first journey to London is, that Englishmen are not such solemn, taciturn beings as report hath made them. Our experience warrants us in testifying that they are almost as affable, even to strangers, as our own people. Of course the contrast between them and their neighbors across the Channel, who are forever discoursing with their tongues, hands, and shoulders, is noticeable; but we have not found them in their attentions to the reasonable queries and remarks of strangers very much less respectful than our own people.

We will here offer one little item of advice, which may save some guineas to the traveler before the end of his journey. In England, one may ride in a second-class railway car (carriage, it is termed there) without losing caste. If one's letter of credit is long, of course he may pay his money and take his choice, but as regards respectability—the second-class cars are patronized by the proudest in the land. Arrived in London, if economy is an object, we advise the English mode of living, in lodgings, instead of paying heavy hotel expenses. This will be found not only much less expensive but quite as pleasant. Furnished rooms, with attendance, may be had in convenient parts of London, ranging from three to five dollars per week; and if one wishes it, breakfast and dinner may be served at home with only the additional expense of the sums actually disbursed by the landlady for the edibles. Nothing is charged for the cooking or service. With dinner at a restaurant one may live very comfortably for ten or twelve dollars per week, or even at a less figure.

Once settled in lodgings, it would be proper to call at the American embassy, in Upper Portland Place. Our admirable representative (Mr. Adams) and his talented secretary (Mr. Moran) always extend a cordial welcome to their countrymen, though it should be remembered that their many and important ministerial duties often prevent them individually from being attentive to callers. Any necessary information may, however, always be obtained at the embassy or consulate, the latter of which is under the able jurisdiction of Mr. Morse, formerly a representative in Congress from Maine.

Public places, the entrance to many of which is free to everybody on certain days of the week, may next be considered. A hurried examination of the British Museum and its contents would consume at least one day—the Tower, Mint, and Bank of England another; St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament another. Cards for the strangers' gallery, during the session of Parliament, may be obtained through the embassy, and tickets to view all portions of the Parliament House which are open to the public, may be had by applying almost any day at the office of the Lord Chamberlain. A walk through the National Gallery at Trafalgar Square, and the South Kensington Museum, would claim at least one day. The former contains the vast collection of Turner's pictures, bequeathed to the nation. The balance of the paintings are from the old masters—French, Spanish, Dutch, Flemish, Etruscan, Roman, etc., etc. The South Kensington Museum contains modern pictures of the British School—the well-known pencils of Leslie, Wilkie, Eastlake, Mulready, Cooper, Landseer, Constable, etc.

The Royal Exchange, Guildhall, the Mansion House, Thames Tunnel, Times Office, Somerset House, Whitehall, St. James', Buckingham and Kensington Palaces, Regent's Park, Zoological, Botanical, and Horticultural Gardens; Christ's Hospital (the Blue-coat School), the Charter House, the Inns of Court, Doctors' Commons, and the Temple should each be visited in their turn. While at the latter place, it would be well to turn into the church. It is one of the oldest consecrated edifices in England. The Temple was one of the favorite haunts of Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith—

"For shortness called Noll"—

and both of them had chambers here in their more prosperous days, and held round-table discussions with Boswell and Garrick. A tree still stands in the Temple Gardens, in a state of tolerable preservation, the pleasant shade of which was often the resort of the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village." In the same vicinity also once lived (the house still in good repair) the Mormon King, the eighth Harry; and near by stands the house formerly occupied by Fielding; while on the opposite side of Fleet Street, in a rickety chamber in Shoe Lane, died the "Wonderful Boy," Chatterton. Farther on, a little beyond St. Paul's (in Bread Street, Cheapside), Milton was born.

All these places may be visited within two or three hours' time.

Bunhill Fields Church is also worthy of notice. The sacred inclosure adjoining contains the ashes of John Bunyan, George Fox (founder of

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the Quakers), Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," Dr. Isaac Watts, Horne Tooke, and the mother of John Wesley.

The Metropolitan or Underground Railway is also a matter of great interest to strangers. It extends from Victoria Street, City, to Bishop's Road, Paddington, a distance of about three miles, nearly the entire road being subterraneous. Passenger trains, which are lighted by gas, run every ten minutes, from an early hour in the morning until near midnight. The road is a great convenience to city merchants and professional men residing at the West End, and is more generally patronized than the omnibuses.

The parks, of which there are nine in London, should receive attention, while the Italian Opera, and other places of amusement may offer some attraction.

From three to four weeks would necessarily be consumed in seeing the noticeable features of the metropolis; meanwhile, also, to escape the smoke and confusion of the great city, a day might now and then be spent in some one of the pleasant suburbs, beginning, say, with Richmond, a place of historic interest, once the home of the poet Thomson, and in the church of which his ashes now repose. This town contains a beautiful park of twenty-two hundred acres, and Petersham Lodge, one of the residences of Earl Russell. Kew Gardens, a mile below Richmond, and Hampton Court Palace, three miles above, should be seen by every visitor to the shores of Albion. The Palace was built by Cardinal Wolsey, and presented by him to Henry VIII. It afterward became one of favorite residences of the British monarchs, and was used as such even down to the reign of the second George. Among the choice paintings which now decorate its walls may be mentioned some from the easel of our illustrious countryman, Benjamin West. The celebrated eight cartoons of Raffaelle also decorate the walls of one of the large rooms. Windsor Castle with its magnificent park is also an interesting spot to visit. Old Eton, from whose college have emerged some of the brightest ornaments of English literature, is near by, and in its vicinity is Stoke churchyard, where rests all that is mortal of the author of the "Elegy." Harrow, at whose excellent school many British poets and statesmen have received a large portion of their early instruction, should be remembered. In visiting the churchyard, the admirers of Byron may inquire for the tomb on which the boy poet (who spent several years at the Harrow School) used to recline in his "hours of idleness." A day might be profitably spent in visiting the Observatory and Naval Home at Greenwich and the Arsenal at Woolwich; and another day in loitering through the Crystal Palace and the charming grounds which surround it—at Sydenham.

After having "done" London and suburbs, if the traveler contemplates a European tour, his next move will doubtless be in the direction of Paris. If he has no particular dislike to the sea, we recommend him to go *via* New Haven and Dieppe, as this route is considerably the cheapest, and also gives one an opportunity to call at Rouen and see the cathedral, one of the most interesting in the Old World, and the valley of the Seine. The route of the *chemin de fer*, from Ouest, Rouen, to the French capital, is delightful, particularly in summer.* Should the traveler prefer two hours at sea instead of six or seven, he may take the London and Southeastern, or the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, to Dover, calling at Canterbury *en route* to pay his respects to the cathedral there—a fine old specimen of Gothic architecture, whose foundation was laid by the Romans.

In case of his making a Continental tour, it is not our intention to accompany him; for the present, we only promised to point out the more prominent objects in the British Islands. Perhaps on some future occasion we may unvail some of the "mysteries of Paris;" journey with him among the vintages of the Rhine or the snows of Mont Blanc, or take him through the solemn aisles of St Peter's, or the sweet-scented gardens of the Vatican.

After London and its suburbs, the tourist might, with profit, turn his attention to the points of interest in the southern counties nearest to the metropolis. Taking the morning express train of the London and South Coast Railway, in an hour or two he will find himself in Brighton the largest and most beautiful of the English watering-places, and the favorite residence of George IV. Within an easy distance of this pleasant town are located the equally fashionable and almost equally popular seaside resorts of Hastings (near which is the scene of that memorable battle which decided the conquest of England by the Normans), St. Leonard's, and Bognor. Indeed, should our traveler be strong and healthy, and a good pedestrian, the coast is here so beautiful and so crowded with interesting and picturesque little towns and villages, that it would be well worth his while to make the journey from Brighton to Southampton on foot, sending his luggage on by the railway. The distance is only about thirty miles, and he would thus have the opportunity of spending such time as might accord with his inclination in the two chief places which lie in his route, Chichester and Portsmouth, the first remarkable for its antiquity and its venerable cathedral, and the latter as being one of the chief naval arsenals in the United Kingdom. Arrived at Southampton, and having visited Netley Abbey, he should take passage for the Isle of Wight, named on account of its wonderful beauty the "Garden of England." Should he have time, a week might pleasantly be spent in this charming spot. But, in any case, he should visit the time-worn castle of Carisbrooke, where the unprincipled but unfortunate Charles I. was confined. Among the natural beauties of the island, the Shanklin, Luccombe, and Blackgang Chines, Alum Bay, and the far-famed Needles are the most remarkable. Farringford, the present residence of the poet Tennyson, is only two miles from the latter spot. Returning from the Isle of Wight, the sight-seeker should have a glimpse of the old cathedral city of Winchester, whilom the capital of the land, and the ancient universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

A visit to England would be incomplete without making the ocular acquaintance of these ancient seats of learning. At each place the services of a guide may be obtained, who, for the consideration of a few shillings, will accompany the stranger through the several colleges and point out the various objects of interest. While at Cambridge it should be remembered that the home of the poet Cowper is only a few miles beyond, and that in the neighboring shire—Huntingdon—Oliver Cromwell was born. From Cambridge one may conveniently visit Ipswich, the birthplace of Cardinal Wolsey; and Harwich, from which town sailed the famous but somewhat mythical Robinson Crusoe.

Not far from Cambridge, too, is the town of Bedford, in whose jail Bunyan was confined for so many years, and where he composed the "Pilgrim's Progress." Immediately north of Bedford is the county of Northampton, containing some of the finest specimens of Christian architecture still standing in England.

From Oxford—should the traveler have sufficient curiosity to see that wonderful monument of Druidical skill and patience—a diversion to the south would bring him to Stonehenge. A few hours' farther ride to the west would land him in the old city of Bristol, near which are the romantic ruins of Tintern Abbey. While at Bristol, one should visit the orphan school, founded about a quarter of a century ago by Mr. William Muller. Its history is a remarkable illustration of the value of faith coupled with strong practical common sense and zealous endeavor.

At this point we may take the train for Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakspeare—the Mecca of all worshipers of the divine art of poetry. The ruins of Kenilworth Castle are in the neighborhood, and are well worthy of notice; Warwick, which also boasts an ancient castle; and Coventry, the *locale* of the singular legend of "Godiva," and the seat of a valuable ribbon manufacture, are close by; also Rugby, noted for its admirable school, of which Dr. Arnold, author of the "History of Rome," was for many years head master. From Rugby we journey to Nottingham, and spend a few hours in visiting the lace and glove manufactories; after which we drive to Newstead Abbey, once the country seat of Lord Byron.

From Nottingham we proceed westward to Birmingham, and thence to Sheffield, Manchester, and Leeds, making a detour to the city of York, whose ancient minster is justly one of the most celebrated cathedrals in England. Leaving York by way of Darlington and Newcastle-on-Tyne, we proceed to Edinburgh—famous in Scottish song and story, and once the seat of an independent kingdom. Here we may tarry several days, visiting Holyrood Palace, the former residence of Scotland's kings—Arthur's Seat, the Castle, Scott's Monument, John Knox's House in Canongate, the old Parliament Buildings, St. Giles' Cathedral, Calton Hill—on which are Burns' and Nelson's monuments—the Museum, the Royal

* The cheap tourist tickets of the Cook's system of "Contracted Tours" are provided for this line, which, in addition to its surpassing interest, is much the shortest route from London to Paris. Parties going this way are permitted to break their journey, in going or returning at Brighton, the great south coast resort of English fashionable society, referred to in another part of this paper.

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College of Surgeons, the National Gallery, Victoria Hall, the Zoological and Botanical Gardens, and whatever other places time may permit or inclination suggest. A drive through the new town of Edinburgh would well repay one for the trouble and expense.

A few miles from Edinburgh stands, perhaps, the finest and most beautiful church in Scotland, Roslyn Chapel.

Bidding adieu to the Scottish capital, we should pause at Bannockburn—once the scene of contending armies, but long since overgrown with native heather—and Stirling Castle, making a diversion to the right to pay our respects to Loch Leven. Westward, a ten hours' journey brings us to the shores of Loch Lomond. All the beautiful lakes which lie in the vicinity—Katrine, Ard, Monteith, Venacher, and the craigs and peaks which look down upon their peaceful waters, challenge our admiration. They bring vividly before us the wild and bloody feudal and border wars of time long gone, and those bold mountaineers who peopled their heights.

From the Highlands we may proceed to Fingal's Cave in Staffa, calling at Dumbarton on our way back to Glasgow. The latter is the largest city north of the Tweed and a place of great commercial importance—the third in the United Kingdom, and remarkable also for its ancient and beautiful cathedral.

From Glasgow we can proceed to Ayr, dropping a fresh flower upon the tomb of Burns, and treading carefully among the daisies that fringe the banks of "Bonny Doon."

Having plucked a rose from Alloway, or gathered a sprig from the "milk-white thorn" under the shadow of Alnwick Castle, we pass on to pull the latch-string at Abbotsford and commune for a season with the spirit of Walter Scott.

If time permit, the tourist may now make an interesting excursion to the northwest, and gain the opportunity of visiting many towns well known to fame, such as Perth, the native city of the renowned Harry of the Wynd, bonny Dundee, Forfar, Montrose, Aberdeen, Elgin, and Inverness. Again, returning to the extreme south, he may wend his way to the celebrated ruins of Melrose Abbey; bearing in mind, of course, the advice of Sir W. Scott—

"He that would view fair Melrose aright,
Should visit her by the pale moonlight."

Dumfries, still farther to the southward, is also well deserving of attention.

Hence we journey to Windermere, to spend a contemplative hour with the shade of Wordsworth.

Three hours' ride from Westmoreland returns him to Liverpool, whence he can make a detour into Wales, which contains many features of natural and historic interests; he can take the steamer at Holyhead for Dublin, where he may remain for a few days, to visit the Rotunda, the Castle, University, Phœnix Park, Zoological Gardens, and galleries of art. From here he may proceed north, *via* Belfast—the great linen mart—to the Giant's Causeway, in Antrim, and journey thence southward to Limerick, and from thence to Killarney, whose charming lakes are the delight of all who are familiar with the beauties of the "Emerald Isle." Having seen them, one ceases to wonder that so much of poetry and romance are blended in the Irish character.

From Killarney he can go to Tipperary, Kilkenny, Waterford, and Wexford, and thence to Cork, the most important city in this part of Ireland. Not far, too, from Cork is the famous Blarney Castle, a sight that should not be omitted. Thence he journeys to Queenstown—the Cove of Cork—there to take passage in the next steamer homeward bound.

A four months' vacation may thus be profitably spent; and the tourist see the choicest things which the land of our ancestors can offer, and return home with mind refreshed and body invigorated by personal contrast with scenes which before he had only met in dreams.

[Americans intending to visit Europe could not do better than avail themselves of the information afforded by Mr. Cook's several series of tourist's guide books, which may be had at the office of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. These books not only describe routes, and show the most economical way of disposing of time in traveling, but also provide special tickets for many of the districts referred to in the above article; more especially for the south coast of England, with the Channel Islands, and the opposite coast of France; for Paris, and for traveling through France to Switzerland and Italy. There is also a book devoted to the exposition and illustration of Scottish tours, with systems of reduced-fare tickets for all parts of the Highlands.

For a dollar sent to this office, the whole of these books may be obtained.

Parties who may not avail themselves of Mr. Cook's tickets from America to England would find it to their advantage to call at his tourist office, 98 Fleet Street, London, where they may obtain every particular of these and other tourist arrangements.]

IRON.

AT the beginning of our late civil war we were accustomed to hear reiterated from tongue and pen the weighty ascription of predominating and far-reaching influence to cotton, as an element of our national strength and glory. But the war has conclusively dissipated the idea that "cotton is king," and as conclusively developed and maintained the superior claims of a more potential element—*iron*. Let us for a moment consider the properties and influence of this intrinsically mean substance, and see whether or not it is entitled to the highest place in the catalogue of inanimate agents employed by man.

With our advancement in civilization, and with the increasing light afforded by incessant scientific investigations, iron in its applications and adaptations becomes more and more important. In this one brief category we attempt to sum up its chief adaptations in their true as well as typical sense, the sword, the plowshare, the pen, the wire, the chain, the cannon, and the compass. These are tremendous agents in the hands of man. Who can estimate their value?

Possessing in its crude state but little intrinsic value as compared with gold and silver, the generally received "precious metals," yet, when considered in the light of *utility*, how much more precious does this dull metal appear than the shining media of exchange!

In all departments of science and art, the esthetical and the mechanical, iron is the handmaid of intelligence. To give elegance of form to the marble, to tint the pigment of the limner, the ready aid of iron is found requisite.

Magnificent structures line our public thoroughfares, steamers of gigantic size plow the ocean in security, and the "iron horse" snorting in the greatness of his might, bringing to our doors in a single day the produce of a soil and climate a thousand miles away, these attest the wondrous efficacy of iron.

How simple an instrument is an axe! yet what wonderful transformations have been wrought by it! Look abroad over this fair land, with its rich territory of cultivated field and meadow, with its cities and towns densely populated and echoing with the strife of industry. A hundred years ago millennial forests stood where now all is bustle and activity, and the silence of the "interminable wild" was only broken by the cry of the panther or the whoop of the savage. In the hands of the woodsman the axe has led the van of civilization, and the wilderness now "blossoms like the rose."

We find iron in the framework of the printing-press, that world-wide disseminator of intelligence. Iron coins our money, caters and carves to our appetite, ministers to our refinement in the rich engravings which line our walls, measures the progress of time with nicest accuracy, and trailed on its million piers flashes from point to point desired information though miles or even oceans may lie between. The steadfast friend of the children of toil, iron eases their shoulders from the burden of severe labor, and untiringly, with matchless speed and accuracy, performs the most delicate operation. Perhaps the printing-press, the steam-engine, the telegraph, and the sewing machine may be regarded as the pre-eminent benefactors of humanity, and without iron it is doubtful whether one of them could exist—no other metal being known as possessing its various properties, existing in such profusion, and so easily adapted. It is at once the cheapest and most valuable of the metals; in its rough state almost worthless, in its most highly wrought condition worth even more than gold itself of equal weight. A bar of refined iron worth five dollars when converted into horseshoes would be worth more than ten; in the form of needles would be worth about sixty dollars; manufactured into pen-knife blades it amounts to $3,280; and when made into the balance springs of watches its value is enhanced to upward of $250,000

It imparts elegance to the toilette of beauty. There is no department in art, science, or literature wherein this inestimable metal may not, nay, must be, in some way made use of.

Then are we not right, after our hasty review of the wide sphere of iron's adaptability and usefulness, in ascribing to it an influence more potent, more far reaching, in the industrial arts, in all that constitutes the "mechanism" of civilization, than that of any proud monarch? H. S. D.

[Let iron be duly glorified. Though it may be—is—made into shirt collars and into writing-paper (?) we can not make it a *substitute* for corn, cotton, or clothing. Great is the value of iron—yea, it is indispensable to a state of civilization; so are wood and wool. In extolling one blessing let us not overlook others. That "cotton king" business has been "played out," and we pray that there may be no more *such* kings. Iron is great, cotton is great, corn is great, wood is great, and so is coal, but God who gives them all is greater. Let us worship HIM, rather than them.]

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On Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—Sparzheim.

THE JEW.

FROM A JEWISH POINT OF VIEW.

[THE ISRAELITE INDEED, a periodical devoted to the illustration and defense of Hebrew Christianity, publishes the following interesting statement.]

SHAKSPEARE but followed the lofty impulse of his nature in holding up to execration that unquenchable lust of lucre which marks the race, although he does not show that this passion was but the effect of that persecution which, by crowding the Jew out of every honorable pursuit, and thus cutting off his nature from every sympathy with the world around, sharpened and edged the keen corners of his brain for the only pursuit left to him. It is true that money-changers, once spit on in the Ghetto, are now hugged in the palace. Rothschilds and Foulds, Belmonts and Benjamins, are found in the antechamber of princes and presidents. But we fear that it is not so much that the prejudice against the Jews has ceased, but that the love of money has increased; not that the Jews have become as Christians, but that the Christians have become as Jews.

But if Shakspeare was just in this respect, he was not so in the picture he has drawn of the Jew's craving for revenge, and in the contempt with which he is treated by his daughter. Revenge is not a characteristic of the Jew. He is subject to sudden storms of passion, as in Shylock's scene with Tubal, but that intellect which always stands sentinel over the Hebrew soon subdues the gust

Jews also shrink from physical contests. Their disposition is to triumph by intellect rather than violence. It was this trial, more than any other, which rendered them in the middle ages so repulsive to the masses, who were all of the Morrissey and muscular-Christianity school. The contempt of a daughter for her parent is equally uncharacteristic of the Jew. The Jews are universally admired for the affections which adorn their domestic life. The more they have been pushed from the society of the family of man, the greater the intensity with which they have clung to the love of their own family.

No one can ever have visited the houses of the Jews without having been struck by the glowing affection with which the daughter greets the father as he returns from the day's campaign, and the slights and sneers his gaberdine and yellow cap provoke, and without observing how those small, restless eyes, that sparkle and gleam like snakes in search of prey, shine out a softened loving luster as they fall upon the face of Rebecca, or Jessica, or Sarah, and how he stands no longer with crooked back, but erect and commanding, as he blesses his household with an exultation as vehement as the prejudices which during the day have galled and fretted his nature.

To do justice to the grandeur of the Jewish race, and to brand with infamy its infirmities, it is not enough to produce a repulsive delineation of the latter. It would be only just to give expression to the former, and to exhibit the superiority of intellect which has survived all persecutions, and which, soaring above the prejudice of the hour, has filled us with reluctant admiration on finding how many of the great events which mark the progress of the age, or minister to its improvement, or elevates its tastes, may be traced to the wonderful workings of the soul of the Hebrew, and the supremacy of that spiritual nature which gave to mankind its noblest religion, its noblest laws, and some of its noblest poetry and music.

The editor of the *Gospel Banner* gives, in addition, the following extract from *Frazer's Magazine:*

The present physical, moral, and social condition of the Jews must be a miracle. We can come to no other conclusion. Had they continued from the commencement of the Christian era down to the present hour in some such national state in which we find the Chinese, walled off from the rest of the human family, and by their selfishness on a national scale, and their repulsions of alien elements, resisting every assault from without in the shape of hostile invasion, and from an overpowering national pride forbidding the introduction of new and foreign customs, we should not see so much mystery interwoven with their existence. But this is not their state—far from it. They are neither a united and independent nation nor a parasitic province. They are peeled, and scattered, and crumbled into fragments, but, like the broken globules of quicksilver, instinct with a cohesive power, ever ready to amalgamate. Geography, arms, genius, politics, and foreign help do not explain their existence; time, and climate, and customs equally fail to unravel. None of these are or can be the springs of their perpetuity. They have been spread over every part of the habitable globe; they have lived under the *regime* of every dynasty, they have shared the protection of just laws and the proscriptions of cruel ones, and witnessed the rise and progress of both; they have used every tongue, and lived in every latitude. The snows of Lapland have chilled, the suns of Africa scorched them. They have drunk the Tiber, the Thames, the Jordan, the Mississippi. In every country, and every degree of latitude and longitude, we find a Jew. It is not so with any other race. Empires the most illustrious have fallen, and buried the men that constructed them; but the Jew has lived among the ruins, a living monument of indestructibility. Persecution has unsheathed the sword and lighted the fagot. Papal superstition and Moslem barbarism have smote with unsparing ferocity, penal rescripts and deep prejudice have visited on the most unrighteous chastisement, and notwithstanding all they survive. Robert Montgomery, in his *Messiah*, thus expresses the relative position of the Jews:

"Empires have sank, and kingdoms passed away,
But still, apart, sublime in misery stands
The wreck of Israel. Christ has come and bled,
And miracles around the cross,
A holy splendor of undying truth
Preserve! but yet their pining spirit looks
For that unrisen Sun which prophets hailed;
And when I view him in the garb of woe,
A wandering outcast by the world disowned,
The haggard, lost, and long oppressed Jew,
'HIS BLOOD BE ON US' through my spirit rolls
In fearful echo from a nation's lips,
Remember Zion! still for thee awaits
A future teeming with triumphal sounds
And shape of glory."

Like their own bush on Mount Horeb, Israel has continued in the flames, but unconsumed. They are the aristocracy of Scripture, reft of their coronets—princes in degradation. A Babylonian, a Theban, a Spartan, an Athenian, are names known in history only; their shadows alone haunt the world and flicker on its tablets. A Jew walks every street, dwells in every capital, traverses every exchange, and relieves the monotony of the nations of the earth. The race has inherited the heir-loom of immortality, incapable of extinction or amalgamation. Like streamlets from a common head, and composed of waters of a peculiar nature, they have flowed along every stream without blending with it or receiving its color or its flavor, and traversed the surface of the globe, to the close of the many centuries, peculiar, distinct, alone. The Jewish race at this day is perhaps the most striking seal of the truth of the Sacred Oracles. There is no possibility of accounting for their perpetual isolation, their depressed but distinct being, on any grounds save those revealed in the record of truth. Their aggregate and individual character is as remarkable as their circumstances. Meanness the most abject and pride the most overbearing—the degradation of helots, and yet a conscious and manifest sense of the dignity of a royal priesthood—crouching, cozening, squeezing, grasping on the exchange, in the shop, in the world, with nothing too low for them to do, or notwithstanding, in the synagogue, looking back along many thousand years to ancestry beside which that of our peers and princes is but of yesterday, regarding justly Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob as their great progenitors, and pressing forward on the wings of faith, and hope, and promise to a long expected day when they, now kings and princes in disguise, shall become so indeed by a manifestation the most glorious and a dispensation the most sublime. The people are a perpetual miracle—a living echo of Heaven's holy tones, prolonged from generation to generation.

GOOD LUCK.—Sundry semi-superstitious and limber-backboned folks make much ado about "luck"—as if this was a world of chance! Such is bald atheism. "If ye sow not, neither shall ye reap; what ye sow, *that* shall ye reap," is the Bible statement of fortune. Man is master of chance. Labor rules the very universe. Diligence is the sacred alchemy that converts earth's ores into jewels. With a farmer, "the philosopher's stone" helps build a fence. The owl's motto is "luck to-night," as he mopes all day in a hollow tree.

Would you have good luck? Then get up early, and mind *your own* business when up—not your neighbor's; spend less than you earn; earn every cent before you spend one; keep out of debt; especially keep money in your pocket; wait on yourself, for shirking is essentially theft; always heed the counsel of your wife in doubtful enterprises; treat other people as you would be treated; display liberality of soul and charity of opinion, with honor and honesty; above all, trust in God and you may properly consider your life a success—a clear vindication of beneficent law, an utter rebuke of visionary "luck."

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PORTRAIT OF JOHN WESLEY.

PORTRAIT OF JONATHAN EDWARDS.

"Signs of Character."

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—Spenser.

THEOLOGY IN PHYSIOGNOMY.

WESLEY AND EDWARDS.

THESE eminent men may be taken as fair representatives of the two classes of Christians into which the religious world naturally divides itself, and which, though blending with each other as they lose their distinctiveness, are clearly defined by well-marked differences in the characteristics of their interior piety and its outward manifestations. In one class by temperament or by education, and often by both, the emotions are more carefully cultivated and give tone to the religious character. In the other the intellect, the convictions receive the most earnest attention and culture, to the comparative neglect of the emotional nature. The first class is governed more by religious feeling, the other by religious conviction. Perhaps no two denominations of Christians represent these two great classes more comprehensively than Methodists and Congregationalists, and toward one or the other will the members of any Protestant community gravitate.

The choice as to church government will flow naturally from these religious distinctions. The Christian whose faith rests mainly upon his convictions will prefer that church which has the simplest form of government, and in which he can enjoy most personal freedom. Regarding religion as a matter of individual responsibility, and lying between every man and his God, he will be satisfied with a clear statement to men of religious truth and duty, leaving the matter to their own consciences. In other words, he will be rather exclusive than aggressive in his piety.

The other Christian, burning with zeal and fervor, based indeed upon conviction, will more readily ally himself with a church in which he shall find the warmest sympathy with his religious emotions, and which, in its aggressive organization, shall give full scope to his zeal in going out into the world and compelling men to come unto the marriage feast.

Thus will the aggressive and emotional in a community gravitate toward Methodism, while those who delight in intellectual views of Christianity, in dwelling upon the theological bearings of the Scriptures, upon doctrine rather than experience, be drawn toward Congregationalism.

Perhaps no two men represent these two great Christian classes better or more perfectly than Jonathan Edwards and John Wesley.

Let us first study them in the light of Phrenology and Physiognomy. In Edwards, the height from the ear to the top of the head is very great, giving large Spirituality and Veneration, and his reflective organs are more fully developed than his perceptives. Observe the narrowness of his head, showing his deficiency in the organs of Secretiveness, Caution, tact, and those faculties by which men get along in the world—in a word, all those faculties which go to make the scholar, the thinker, the theologian are grandly developed, while those that make the practical business man are very deficient.

Look at his face and imagine him moving and acting among men, presiding at social festivity.

How perfectly does his character correspond with these developments of his head and face! He was a natural recluse, devoting his days and nights to the constant study of vast theological problems and the mysteries of Scripture doctrine. The tendency of his brain was to religious meditation, or, more strictly, to religious ratiocination, to reconcile the holiness of God with the salvation of sinners, the mercy of God with the punishment of sinners, the glory of God with the death of sinners. The labor of such a mind is to reconcile the dreams of faith and the vagaries of enthusiasm (as they appear to a purely rational mind) with sound reason and good sense. "I am not *mad*, most noble Festus, but speak the word of truth and soberness."

He was too much in the study, too little at the tea-table; wrapt in metaphysical and spiritual meditations, he seems like some vast balloon with but a little guy rope to attach it to earth. He was not a motive power among men, but a Titan giving a dead lift at the leaden masses and using no leverage. In his life-time he was run over, outmaneuvered, made almost contemptible, while the great Scottish divines were hailing him as the Samson of holy metaphysics, and he was fixing for himself a niche among Continental writers, between Leibnitz on the one hand and Kant upon the other. But no man in America ever had so much power to lift up the whole rational nature and set it in tune with Heaven, and make the little things of life no more than barnacles on the ship's bottom, to make the things of heaven and hell, of God and Belial, as wide apart as the Pacific from shore to shore.

Turn now to the other head and face. In Wesley the head is more uniformly developed; he has less Spirituality and Veneration in proportion to his other faculties, but more side head, more Caution, Constructiveness, Secretiveness, method, tact; he has a power *among* men, seeing and using every laudable means for bringing them into the kingdom of Christ. And the expression of his face, how impressively does every lineament speak of labors more abundant, not in the study, not in solitude, but in the crowded city, in the open air, everywhere! It is instinct with intense, practical, every-day life; the patent and most prominent record there is that of the indefatigable worker, working among men, studying theological problems while on his way from one preaching place to another, in sympathy with all classes of men, with scholars and wise men, with the ignorant and uncultivated, seeing in every man an immortal soul, and striving to save that soul.

Both stamped their individual characters on their admirers and followers in a more extended

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and remarkable manner and to a greater degree than any other two men of their time.

Wesley was the founder of Methodism, and the whole system is but the reflection of this great man. He is the pattern of the bishop, the presiding elder, the pastor, the class-leader, the theologian, the sermonizer, the effective worker in the church, lay or clerical.

Edwards stamped New England Congregationalism so deeply, that every minister, every collegian, every Christian in that denomination is today a different man from what he would have been if Edwards had never been born.

Wesley's brain was less abstract than Edwards, less active, in its higher faculties, far less recluse, for more effective in the world. The one loves to dwell apart thinking angel thoughts, the other sees a world lying in sin around him, and recognizing no distinction but children of God and children of the world—organizes the Church militant and spends his life in incessant and amazing labor, to drill, perfect, and make effective the machinery of religion. One produces a religion of practical, effective organization; the other, deep, abiding, and perennial religious conviction. One tends to produce high and valuable thinking; the other to give the world the benefit of untiring labors.

Congregationalism is the form of church polity most strictly republican, or rather democratic, and like all other pure democracies, while it secures the largest freedom to the individual, it is the least efficient of all for aggressive enterprises. It flourishes and will be likely to flourish only among people of hereditary mental activity and hereditary religious reverence. As a matter of fact, Congregationalism is confined to New England, and to such communities in New York and Ohio as are made up almost entirely of emigrants from New England. In short, it is Puritanism modified by the influence of prosperity and popularity, and tinctured with democracy. Neither by its powers of awakening the moral sympathies, nor by the machinery of its organization, is it ever likely to become dominant in the religious world. But it is likely to continue to embrace within its folds the most consistent and uniform piety, the deepest theology, and the most intellectual morality of any community where it is planted. Its defects are its tendency to asceticism, and its want of adaptability to the great masses of restless, aggressive, unintellectual, but enterprising Americans. It can produce great thinkers, not great actors. Its theologians are more eminent than its philanthropists. Its preachers are great in the pulpit rather than in labors from house to house or in ecclesiastical councils. The excellence of its sermonizing is not surpassed by any other sect, but the power displayed in this its chief instrument of grace is far greater than the tact, the policy, the worldly wisdom, which, properly sanctified, are far more effectual for church growth and the evangelizing of the race than the most splendid pulpit performances.

Yet, to its praise, it must be admitted that on the broad field where piety and morality meet, where duties to God and duties to man are harmoniously cultivated, many of the finest intellects, the choicest spirits, and the happiest illustrations of civic as well as Christian virtue have flourished under the genial influences of Congregationalism. The magnificent mental and moral organization of a Webster, who never struck more ringing or heroic blows than in defense of Evangelical Christianity, is but a type of many others unequal to him in renown, nurtured in the bosom of this church, who, as well by the harmony and spotlessness of their civil virtue, as by their eloquent tributes or powerful defenses of the Christian faith, have done so much to Christianity on the high pedestal which she now occupies as the central figure among the nations of the earth.

Appealing as this form of Christianity does mainly to the intellect, and aiming at the heart through the intellect rather than at the intellect through the heart, the style of Christian virtue which it produces exhibits the uniformity of an established mental conviction, and is characterized by a steadiness and consistency which comes from the world of intellect rather than from that of emotion. A Christian in this church is always and everywhere a Christian. A Bible to read and a Heaven to adore are all he *requires* to nourish his piety.

Methodism is emphatically the gospel to the poor. While it is true to itself and to the spirit of its great founder, it will continue to go out into "the highways and hedges and compel men to come into the marriage supper. The itinerancy is the great agency by which these invitations of the Gospel shall be spread to every corner, every cabin, every heart. The first itinerants preached the word everywhere—in the open air, in the country, in crowded streets in the city, in churches when they could, in stables, in private houses. Wherever they found souls to be saved "there they preached the Gospel." The natural result of this system is to bring within the pale of the Church large masses of comparatively uneducated people—such as *feel*, but do not reason; whose great concern is to have the heart right before God, and whose interest in the great doctrines of theology is comparatively slight. They do not dig below the surface for those rich veins of truth that reward so amply the careful seeker, and consequently religion does not strike so deep root in the intellectual nature, and by consequence the variations in the thermometer of piety will be far greater with them than if they habitually thought more and felt less.

Jonathan Edwards was born at East Windsor, Connecticut, October 5th, 1703. His mother was the daughter of Rev. Solomon Stoddard, who was for more than fifty years pastor of the Congregational Church in Northampton, Massachusetts, and one of the most eminent ministers of New England for ability, fidelity, piety, and usefulness. She was by tradition a woman distinguished for strength of mind, of superior education, peculiarly fond of reading, and of ardent piety. She was tall, stately, dignified, and commanding in appearance, as well as affable and courteous in manner. She possessed extraordinary prudence and judgment, a nice sense of propriety, extensive information, a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures and of theology, and was scrupulously conscientious.

His father, Rev. Timothy Edwards, "was for sixty-four years the beloved and venerable pastor of the E. Windsor Congregational Church. Both were of English descent, for generations distinguished for piety, intellect, vigor, and commanding influence. He received at his graduation the collegiate degree of A.B. in the forenoon and A.M. in the afternoon," an uncommon mark of respect paid to his extraordinary proficiency in learning. He taught his college pupils so thoroughly, that the professors never thought it necessary to examine them preparatory to their admission to college. From parents thus eminently endowed both with talents and moral virtues, what of excellence and superiority might we not expect in their children? Their distinguished son received his academic education at home under his parent's tuition. He commenced Latin when nine years of age, and made rapid progress. He was very fond of natural science, and at the age of ten wrote an interesting article on the "wood-spider." At thirteen he entered Yale College, where he took the highest stand in his class; no part of his college studies was overlooked, and he studied with his pen constantly in hand. He entered with delight on the study of "Locke on the Human Understanding," at the age of fourteen, and said "it gave him more pleasure than the most greedy miser finds when gathering up handfuls of silver and gold from some newly discovered treasure." At the age of seventeen he graduated, studied theology, preached some, and taught two years at Yale College. At the age of twenty-four he was settled in Northampton, Massachusetts. He continued through life a hard student, spending in study generally thirteen out of the twenty-four hours. When riding, he had a pencil and paper with him to note down his thoughts, and often woke in the night to set down a thought. Besides his two sermons a week, he wrote "Notes on Scripture," "Miscellaneous," "Types of Messiah," "Prophecies of the Old and New Testament." His works amount to thirty-three volumes of notes, sermons, tracts, and treatises.

In 1727 he was married to Sarah Pierpont, of New Haven.

In stature he was tall, over six feet, slender, used few gestures; his voice was low but clear; he was always fully and *completely* absorbed in religious thought, composition, or prayer. In his church discipline he was injudicious and unfortunate; he made strong enemies among liberal-minded men, having little tact in managing human nature. He says of himself that he "was low-spirited, of a dull and stiff manner, and not sprightly in conversation." Isaac Taylor says this very sluggishness and aridity, this feeble pulse of life was the very reason of his extraordinary power of analysis. To accomplish the will of God on earth was the ruling motive of his soul.

The parentage of John Wesley was as remarkable in a religious point of view as was that of Edwards. His great-grandfather was ejected from the Established Church for non-conformity; his son, distinguished both for learning and piety, was also ejected for the same reason, four times imprisoned, and finally denied Christian burial on account of his "dissenting" views. His wife, John Wesley's paternal grandmother, was the niece of Thomas Fuller, the Church historian, a man remarkable for wit, learning, and elegance of style and expression. The youngest son, Sam-

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uel, father of the great founder of Methodism, married the daughter of an ejected minister, a woman of greath strength of intellect and exalted piety. From both paternal and maternal ancestry John Wesley inherited his superior intellect, his fervid devotion, and his tendency to innovation. He resembled his mother most strikingly, and inherited largely from her those gifts that made his life such a benefaction to the world.

What a lesson to mothers do the lives of these two eminent men afford! Both devoted themselves earnestly to the education of their sons. From the stores of a mother's learning, from the fountains of a mother's heart, were the intellects of these men fed in their youth, and their characters formed for everlasting good to their race. Oh, ye mothers, who trust hireling teachers to impress upon your children's minds and hearts those lessons they should learn from your own lips, for one brief hour consider the better way so radiantly marked out by Esther Edwards and Susannah Wesley—names worthy to stand beside hers we delight to honor as the mother of our Washington.

John Wesley and his brother Charles inaugurated the form of religion that sometimes goes by their name as early as 1729. While in college they became deeply impressed with the coldness and inefficiency of the Established Church, and for a long time Wesley labored, not to draw away a body of dissenters, but to infuse his own zeal, his earnest piety, and his systematic manner of cultivating and promoting religion into the Church of England. Disappointed in this, he devoted himself, soul and body, to the interests of the now rapidly increasing body of Christians whom he had rescued from the masses of the world, whom he had found in the highways and hedges of life. In these labors he visited Ireland and Scotland, the West India Islands and America, again and again. Sixty years of constant and unrémitting labor had its abundant reward in the unequaled spread of his faith while he lived, and in the radiant crown that awaits those who call many to righteousness.

Doubtless there are features in his system which he would modify were he to inaugurate the plan anew. Most will agree that appeals less declamatory and emotional would be now calculated to reach and affect the thinking class. But with all its faults, Methodism is the gospel of the poor—Methodism is Christianity in earnest.

It will be seen that the portraits of these two great divines, as given above, were taken late in life, so that what they appear is as much a record of what they did, as of what they were by original conformation. Thought, labor, prayer, Christian devotion had been for fifty years "chiseling away" upon these features until they are, to the intelligent eye, as deeply inscribed with theological systems as the books which they composed. Those great works of Edwards on the "Will" and on the "Affections," which made him famous in both hemispheres, could never have been produced by a head less amply developed in the noblest faculties. Such compositions require a brain equally developed in the reasoning faculties and in the spiritual powers, a brain that could take abstract truths of theology, or the "thus saith the Lord" of the Holy Writ, and pursue them to their legitimate conclusions by a logic as absolute and irrefutable as Newton's when he discovered the law of gravitation. One might look upon ten thousand faces and never see so admirable a union for theologic genius.

FREDERIKA BREMER.

The other face is as deeply inscribed with the peculiar and amazing activity with which his life was crowded. His was not a brain from which could emanate a metaphysical system whose acuteness should command the admiration of philosophers; but he could organize a church system that all the wisdom of succeeding generations has not materially improved upon—a system whose efficiency is testified by hundreds of thousands of redeemed spirits that would have died in sin but for the indefatigable labors of the itinerancy.

Upon these features, how legibly is written "the care of all the churches!" the day begun and ended with prayer for souls, and even the night watches made vocal with songs of Zion, "in labors more abundant, in perils oft." What a chronicle of evangelical labor! what a record of apostolic zeal!

The speculation is not, perhaps, irreverent if we for a little consider the difference in the enjoyments which these sainted spirits now have in the blessed kingdom of rewards. Edwards is rejoicing in the illuminations of the spiritual world. Truths which he saw dimly here are now brighter than the sunlight. Problems, in the solution of which he so often paced the floor of his little study in Northampton, are now solved and settled forever. He rejoices in the immediate presence of God, and gazes unabashed at the intolerable glory.

The other, and perhaps the more ardent spirit, looks around him and beholds with tears of angelic bliss the exceeding great company that has come up from every tribe and every kingdom under the whole heaven, shouting the victory chant of the Church triumphant! L. E. L.

CONVERSATION is a very serious matter. There are men with whom an hour's talk would weaken one more than a day's fasting.

FREDERIKA BREMER.

FREDERIKA BREMER, the celebrated Swedish novelist, was born in or near Abo, Finland, about the year 1802. When very young her parents removed to Sweden, with which country she has always been identified. Her education was chiefly obtained in Norway, under the superintendence of the Countess Sonnerhjeim, who exhibited considerable interest in her. After leaving school she became a teacher in an academy in Stockholm. When but twenty-two years of age her first novel, called "The Neighbors," appeared. and found ready circulation in the English, German, Dutch, and French languages, as well as her own. This novel created a profound sensation in America, so that when she visited this country she was received with much cordiality by the public generally. Her pleasant book, "Homes in the New World," relates her experiences in America, with the various phases of society North and South, and with the learned and great of the land. She exhibits a clearness of discernment and a felicity of expression in her talk of men and things, in this book, which have been rarely surpassed. Miss Bremer entertained views in regard to marriage which would be considered liberal by our readers. She believed that the public declaration of a pair to live together as husband and wife was sufficient to constitute and sanctify their union. She never married, but lived at Stockholm in comparative retirement after her travels in America and England. Her death occurred a few weeks since.

COLOR BLINDNESS.—The *Post* says: Paul Akers, the sculptor of the Dead Pearl Diver, passed through New York on his way South for the benefit of his health last month. He is the author of the leading article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, on American Artists in Italy, the greater part of which is devoted to the merits of Page as a colorist. Mr. Akers regards him as one of the greatest painters since Titian, and names as his most striking works the portraits of three American ladies, which were executed in Rome, viz., those of Charlotte Cushman, now in London; of Mrs. Crawford, now in Rome; and of Mrs. North, now in Cambridge, Mass. As an instance of color-blindness in an artist, Mr. Alkers says that Bartholomew, the sculptor, could not distinguish between a crimson curtain and a green one. Yet Bartholomew began his artistic career as a portrait painter, and once he gave the cheeks of a female sitter a hue of bright green. He put the two pigments upon his palette, and mistook the green for the red, and did not discover his mistake until it was pointed out to him. Yet, blind as he was to the differences of color, he had the most exquisite perception of the beauties of form.

[Railway conductors, signal masters, and others, who are expected to distinguish one line or train of cars from another, running on the same road, being deficient in the organ of Color, are puzzled to make out which is which, and accidents have occurred from this cause. When will managers learn to select "the right man for the right place?"

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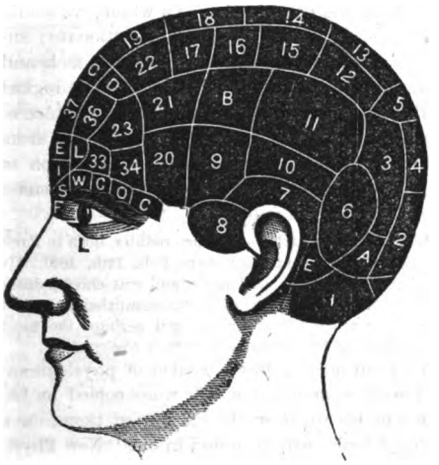

FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM.

OUR NEW DICTIONARY
OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY.

LANGUAGE (35).—Fr. *Langues.*—Human speech; the expression of ideas by the voice; sounds expressive of thought articulated by the organs of the throat and mouth.—*Webster.*

It [the organ of Language] makes us acquainted with arbitrary signs, remembers them, judges of their relations, and gives a disposition to indulge in all exercises connected with words.—*Spurzheim.*

The faculty of Language gives the capacity for learning *signs* alone—the meaning of them is acquired by other faculties.—*Combe.*

LOCATION.—The organ of Language is situated on the back part of the orbitary plates, the bones which form the roof of the eyes and support the anterior lobes of the brain. It is marked L, in fig. 1.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL SIGN.—A large development of Language is indicated by prominent eyes. Sometimes the eyes not only project, but are also depressed, when the under eyelid presents a sort of sack or roll or appears swollen. Both of these signs are conspicuous in our likeness of Las Casas (fig. 2).

FUNCTION.—This faculty gives verbal memory; and persons who have it large readily remember words, and learn by heart with great facility. When Language is very large and the general intellect only moderate, it is surprising what a volume of words can be poured forth to express a few ideas, and sometimes no idea at all. This class of persons have great pleasure in hearing themselves talk, and are rendered uncomfortable if not allowed to indulge in their favorite occupation. If they write, their style is like their speaking, destitute of condensation—they scribble whole pages about nothing.

We frequently meet with men of great talent only moderately endowed with Language, and others whose mental powers are very commonplace who have this organ large. Many persons who are largely endowed with this faculty, and who have an excellent verbal memory, and learn by heart with great readiness, yet make little progress in learning the science of a language.

ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES.—This like all other organs seems composed of different parts. Some persons are apt to forget proper names, while they recollect words denoting the qualities of external objects. Disease or accident has entailed this peculiarity in several instances. "One Lereard, of Marseilles," mentioned by Dr. Spurzheim, "having received a blow from a foil on the eyebrow, lost the memory of proper names entirely; he sometimes forgot the names of his intimate friends, and even of his father, as he stated in a letter written to Dr Gall for advice. Cuvier, in his Historical Eulogium on Brousonnet, delivered in the Institute of France, in 1808, relates that this famous botanist, after an apoplectic fit, could never recollect either proper names or substantives, though he recovered his prodigious memory of other matters. He knew the forms, leaves, and colors of plants, and recollected their epithets, but could not recall their names"

"Half idiot children there are who never speak, though they do many things like reasonable persons; and then parents, relations, and even physicians, can not conceive their partial imbecility. Now, though such children be not deaf, though they pronounce various words, yet they never go on to speak, and the cause of this is often looked for in the organs connected with the production of voice, the tongue, amygdaloid glands, palate, etc.; but the state of these parts is never the reason of the want of language. The organs of voice, it is true, produce sounds, but they do not originate or cause vocal language; persons deprived of several, as of the tongue, the palate, have yet continued to speak. Their pronunciation of course was not so distinct as that of other persons, but they felt the necessity of communicating their sensations and ideas, and therefore contrived to speak. On the contrary, these half idiots pronounce single words very well, but can not keep up a conversation,

FIG. 2.—LAS CASAS.

nor fix their attention, nor combine their expressions. They are consequently destitute of the power of learning, as well of the intellectual faculty of inventing arbitrary signs"

LAVATER, John Caspar—the famous writer on Physiognomy, was born at Zurich, Switzerland, in 1741, and died in 1801, of wounds received during the occupation of his native town by the French under Massena. He was pastor of the principal church in his native place, and left a high character for moral purity and benevolence. His great work on Physiognomy was published in 1775, in four quarto volumes. It became very popular.—*Appleton's Cyclopedia of Biography.*

John Caspar Lavater was the 12th child of Henry Lavater, a physician of some note, and a member of the Government of Zurich. In early youth

FIG. 3.—LAVATER.

he was of a weakly and delicate bodily conformation, not expected to become healthy or long-lived. The usual accompaniments of ill health were not less marked in his character and disposition than they are usually found in such children. He was fretful, impatient, ardent, and sometimes violent in temper, yet often he evinced great mildness, quiet, and good-nature. In youth, none of those qualities were apparent to others which afterward rendered him so distinguished. Speaking of his boyhood, he says: "I recollect how much I suffered at this early period of my life from timidity and bashfulness. Curiosity continally impelled me, while fear restrained me; yet I observed and felt, though I could never communicate my feelings and observations; or if I attempted to make such a communication, the manner in which I did it was so absurd, and drew on me so much ridicule, that I soon found myself incapable of uttering another word."

He was very imaginative, and very benevolent, and these two qualities led him into many a boyish indiscretion; his great kindness of heart especially influenced his actions, imparting an irresistible desire to relieve those whose distress became known to him. He had been intended by his parents for the practice of medicine; but an incident at school having awakened in him a strong predilection for the ministry, they determined to educate him in the direction of his inclinations, although then but ten years old.

In 1755 Lavater entered college, and although regarded before as a very indifferent scholar, yet he made such progress in classical knowledge as to surprise all who knew him. His collegiate studies were prosecuted under the direction of Bodmer and Breitinger, two distinguished scholars of that day. Here he contracted a close and enduring intimacy with the three brothers Hess, and

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Henry Fuseli, afterward eminent as a painter. In 1762, having completed his course of theological study, he was ordained a minister. His career as an ecclesiastic was especially remarkable for his benevolence. Works of love and mercy constituted the larger part of his official acts. Ever ready to defend the poor and oppressed, he frequently took occasion to vindicate their cause, even to opposing single-handed the encroachments of the rich and powerful.

While yet a young man, Lavater, in company with a few friends, visited several distinguished men in Germany and Switzerland, traveling considerably on foot from town to town.

He commenced his writings on Physiognomy, which have rendered his name memorable, in 1770, and from that time, in the intervals of his ministry, prosecuted his investigations with ardor and enthusiasm until his death. His first production on this subject was a small work printed at Leipsic in 1772, entitled "John Caspar Lavater on Physiognomy," which contained the fundamental principles upon which his larger work is based. This extended treatise on Physiognomy, which comprises four volumes, was issued from the press between 1775 and 1778, and attracted much attention from the very first. The Emperor Joseph II. treated him with marked distinction, and many persons of royal birth visited him. Besides his works on Physiognomy, Lavater wrote poems, mainly of a religious caste, and published several of his sermons in consolidated form.

At the close of the eighteenth century the revolutionary movements of France produced much commotion in Switzerland. In May, 1798, that country was ravaged without mercy by the mercenary generals and officers of the French republic. During all this time Lavater's voice was heard, loud in the defense of his native land, and appealing to the French to forbear their atrocious treatment of the wretched Swiss.

On the 26th of September, 1799, the French, after an obstinate contest with the Austrians, reoccupied Zurich. Some French soldiers, intent upon plunder, called at Lavater's house and demanded of him some wine, which he gave them, together with some bread and a few pieces of

Fig. 4.—Captain Cook.

money. After this act of kindness, one of them, unprovoked, shot him in the breast. This wound occasioned his death, although he did not die until January 2d, 1801.

The character of Lavater was of a high moral order. All who knew him expressed the highest regard for him. He was ardent in affection, benevolent even to excess, and very mild in demeanor. The excitability of his early youth gave way to the calmness and forbearance so eminent in him in full maturity. He was not a learned man, but his natural talent and great knowledge of men rendered him a very interest-

Fig. 5.—Sir John Franklin.

ing conversationalist, and a most useful man in general society.

Phrenologically considered, Lavater's head and face exhibit a marked predominance of the perceptive faculties. His temperament was mental-motive. He was finely organized for an observer, to collect facts. Individuality, Form, and Size were greatly developed. His reasoning power was less conspicuously marked. This fact is evidenced in his writings, which present a mass of matter, the fruit of an extensive observation, without much system in management and without logical demonstration. Human Nature was evidently large, enabling him to measure the character of those with whom he came in contact; and this, coupled with his very large perceptives, rendered him almost oracular in opinion. Benevolence was also large, and through this organ he chiefly manifested his religious feelings. His religion was that practical sort which seeks by works of love and mercy to benefit mankind and raise it in the scale of physical and moral existence. His life, even from the cradle, was a benevolent life, and his researches in Physiognomy were benevolent in their object. Firmness is well indicated. Whatever he undertook, especially in a Christian spirit, Lavater carried through unswervingly and perseveringly. Self-Esteem was not large, still he had enough of it to appreciate his own worth, and not demean himself in the presence of greatness. His social organs were all well marked. He was fond of friends, very social and affectionate, and being so sympathetic, his realm of friendship was very large. All who became personally acquainted with him felt the magnetic influence of his friendliness. Faith was large, and greatly aided in his ministry. He was even too credulous at times. Language was also large, and served him well as the vehicle by which to communicate his emotions and sentiments. His great storehouse of facts contributed the supply of material which flowed so freely in his conversation. The basilar organs of the side head were not prominent. They show him an unselfish, peaceable, mild-tempered man, and such he was.

Taking his organization as a whole, we would pronounce him good, kind, and affectionate; endowed with great power to investigate facts and judge of character, but with insufficient logical ability and method to systematize and reduce to a complete treatise the inferences derived from those facts; and with too much imagination to seek the basis of his researches, and so render them of practical value.

LE BRUN, Charles—a French painter, born in Paris March 22d, 1619, and died there Feb. 12th, 1690. He studied under Nicholas Poussin, and was chief painter to Louis XIV. His series of Pictures entitled Battles of Alexander are the best known and perhaps the most meritorious of his works.—*Appleton's Cyclopedia.*

Le Brun made a large number of physiognomical studies, many of which were copied by Lavater in his great work. A few of them, on a reduced scale, will be found in our "New Physiognomy." They are somewhat exaggerated, and not always correct expressions of the passions and emotions, but have considerable merit as works of art and furnish good exercises.

LIBERTY.—The state of freemen; ability to do as one pleases; freedom from restraint.—*Webster.*

A love of liberty results from the action of Self-Esteem, which see.

LOBES.—The brain is divided into two hemispheres by the falx or scythe-shaped process, and each of these hemispheres, in its under surface, into three lobes, called respectively the anterior, the middle, and the posterior.

The middle lobe is devoted particularly to the propensities connected with self-preservation—Alimentiveness, Destructiveness, Combativeness, Acquisitiveness, and Secretiveness; the anterior lobe pertains to the intellectual faculties and the moral sentiments; and the posterior lobe comprises the domestic affections, etc. See Brain, etc.

Fig. 6.

LOCALITY (31).—Fr. *localité.*—Position; situation; place; especially geographical place or situation.—*Webster.*

It seems to me that it is the faculty of Locality in general. As soon as we have conceived the existence of an object and its qualities, it must necessarily occupy a place, and this is the faculty that conceives the places occupied by the objects which surround us.—*Spurzheim.*

Dr. Spurzheim's observations coincide with my own experience.—*Combe.*

Fig. 7.—The Rambler.

Location.—The organ of Locality is situated in the forehead, on each side of Eventuality and over the inner corner of the eyebrows (L, fig. 1), as indicated in the portrait of Capt. Cook, fig. 4.

Physiognomical Sign.—A marked prominence

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above the inner corner of the eyebrows, on each side of the mesial line, as in fig. 5, indicates large Locality. The length and fullness of the central part of the under lip, below the red part, is believed to be similar in its indications. It is called Love of Traveling by Dr. Redfield. It is shown largely developed in figs. 5 and 6.

FUNCTION.—"Persons in whom this organ is large, form vivid and distinct conceptions of situations and scenery which they have seen or heard described, and they have great power in recalling such conceptions. When the faculty is active from internal excitement of the organ, such ideas are presented to the mind involuntarily. In the mask of Sir Walter Scott the organ is large. Readers, similarly endowed, are almost as much delighted with his descriptions of scenery as by a tour made by themselves amid the mountain glens; while those in whom the organ is small, are quite uninterested by his most splendid poetical landscapes. This author wrote so pictorially, that he almost saves an artist, who means to illustrate his pages, the trouble of invention."

ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES.—Locality is large in the busts and portraits of all eminent navigators and travelers, such as Columbus, Cook, and Mungo Park; also in great astronomers and geographers, as Kepler, Galileo, Tycho Brahé, and Newton. In Tasso the poet, also, it appears to be very large, and he manifested the faculty in a high degree. Several cases are mentioned by Dr. Gall of individuals passionately fond of traveling, in whom the organ was greatly developed. This faculty gives what is called "coup d'œil," and judgment of the capabilities of ground. It is necessary to the military draughtsman, and is of great importance to a general in war. Dr. Gall mentions that he had observed the organ large in distinguished players at chess; and he conceived their talent to consist in the faculty of conceiving clearly a great number of the possible positions of the men.

Some persons have a natural tact in discriminating and recollecting the situation of the organs on the phrenological bust, and perceiving differences in the forms of the head, while others experience the greatest difficulty in doing so. The former have Locality, Size, and Form large; the latter have them small, indicated by a general narrowness at the top of the nose. These state their own inability to observe as an objection against the system; but this is as if one were to deny the diversity of certain colors because his own organ of Coloring is so defective that he can not perceive it.

The organ is more developed in men than in women, and the manifestations correspond.

IN ANIMALS.—Locality is possessed by the lower animals, and many interesting facts are recorded of their manifestation of the faculty. Dr. Gall mentions several instances of dogs returning to their homes from great distances, without the possibility of being guided by smell or sight.

"A dog," he says, "was carried in a coach from Vienna to St. Petersburg, and at the end of six months reappeared in Vienna. Another was transported from Vienna to London; he attached himself to a traveler, and embarked along with him; but at the moment of landing he made his escape and returned to his native city. Another dog was sent from Lyons to Marseilles, where he was embarked for Naples, and he found his way back by land to Lyons." An ass, shipped at Gibraltar, on board the Ister frigate, in 1816, was thrown overboard, when the vessel struck at Point de Gat, in Spain, a distance of 200 miles. There were holes in his ears, indicating that he had been used for carrying criminals when flogged; and as such asses were abhorred by the peasantry, no one stopped him, and he immediately returned, through a mountainous and intricate country intersected by streams, to Gibraltar.

HOPEFUL. TRIBULATION.

PUTTING ON A BAD FACE.

THE following story should be read and repeated to all constitutional grumblers, that "they may see themselves as others see them," and correct their errors. First among the unpardonable sins we class this miserable, complaining, this wicked ingratitude. Let us "show them up;" "they don't believe in Phrenology," of course not. Read

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TRIBULATION TREPID AND MR. HOPEFUL.

Hopeful.—Good-morning, Mr. Trepid.

Tribulation.—Good-morning.

H.—Well, how is your work coming on?

T.—Oh, badly enough. I assure you!

H.—I suppose you have your hay and grain all in the barn?

T.—No, sir; I have none of them completed. My grass-crop was so heavy that I could not get it all into the barn, and now I suppose I shall lose some of it for want of storage, and it worries me almost to death to think of it. My grain grew so large that much of it has fallen down, and the men are almost tired out harvesting it. I would much rather have had only half a crop. It worries me so that I can not sleep nights.

H.—Your potatoes look very promising, and as potatoes are very scarce, you will be very likely to make a handsome sum out of them.

T.—Yes, they are very large, and promise to yield abundantly; but how I shall ever get them dug and taken to market I can not foresee. I am sure I have no place to store them, and help is so scarce that I can not get a man to dig one hundred bushels without giving him ten of them, and it seems so extortionary that I almost wish I had planted none.

H.—Well, your apples are growing finely, and will certainly bring you in a fine revenue in the autumn, for you have more of them than all the rest of the neighborhood.

T.—Yes; but when I think that the early frosts will destroy the whole crop, or if some should come to perfection, that the boys would steal the best of them, I would as soon that the trees had not blossomed at all.

H.—You have the consolation of knowing that you have the society and solace of Mrs. Trepid, a most worthy and excellent companion, who will be a comfort and stay of your declining years.

T.—Yes, but it grieves me sorely to think that she may be taken away and I left alone to drag out a miserable existence.

H.—Well, sir, you have certainly the consolation of knowing that you have a great abundance of everything necessary for your own use and comfort, and have a reasonable prospect of living to a good old age and of enjoying it.

T.—Oh, I never shall, I know—I know I never shall. I am behind in everything. I was born the last hour of the day, the last day of the week, the last week of the month, and the last month of the year, and I am quite certain it would have been fifty dollars in my pocket if I had not been born at all.

O LIFE! O LAND!

BY HALLOWEEN.

O LIFE! O Life!
Thou compound strange of care and strife!
Thou journey o'er Time's changing road,
That windeth on to some abode,
We know not *where*—
And yet—and yet we know 'tis there—
They *say* a place of rest and peace—
I ask, O Life,
When wilt thou cease?

O Land! O Land!
Where helpless mortals sadly stand
All up and down thy wreck-strewn strand
With throbbing hearts and outstretched hands,
And hungry eyes
That strive to pierce the leaden skies
Where cold-black clouds and shadows blend,
To catch a glimpse of Paradise—
I ask, O Land,
When wilt thou end?

O mortal Life!
When can I leave thy care and strife?
O earthly Land!
When can my weary spirit stand
Where breakers swell
On Time's dark shore,
And say farewell
Forevermore?

O Life Beyond! O Land, O Home,
Where souls, earth-weary, cease to roam,
With thee I soon shall rest!
There, doubly blest,
I shall not know
Time's weariness
Nor feel its woe;
So summons haste—
I long to go.

SOUTHERN IMMIGRATION.

THE *Southern Cultivator*, in a long and able article on "The Recuperation of Southern Wealth," thus recognises the part which immigration must necessarily play in the process of restoration:

Finally, capital will be brought in, and our losses thereof in a great measure restored to the community by immigration. Whatever be the fate of the negro, population, like capital, will seek its equilibrium. The vast wave of immigration that, borne from Europe, strikes the Northern shore, will not stop there; but, attracted by our mild climate, our mineral wealth, our timbered forests, our inviting waterfalls, and a soil so well adapted to the production of not only our great peculiar staples of commerce, but to corn and wine and silk and fruits, it will flow over and fertilize the whole South with the movable wealth this population will bring, and with the products their labor will soon provide. Our lost prosperity will be more than restored.

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Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

LOVE.

FROM THE GREEK OF MENANDER.

ONE summer's day as for my fair
A wreath I chanced to twine,
I caught young Love among the flowers,
And plunged him in my wine.
I plunged him in and drank him down
With such delicious glee,
And now the urchin with his wings
Is always tickling me.

LOVE AND LOVERS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ENGAGEMENTS.

AT this stage of the momentous journey of life—the stage where romance leaves off and reality begins—it becomes absolutely necessary to stop and hold a council with yourself and your own nature! Throw over all unnecessary weight, balance yourself morally and mentally, and take a good look ahead. If you can divest yourself of aught bearing the resemblance of prejudice or warped feeling, do so—but the probability is that you can't. We are all bundles of habit and whim—we draw in extraneous thoughts and ideas with the very air we breathe—and when we fancy ourselves most judicially impartial, we are laboring under the extremest mistake!

Hold a council with yourself, and make up your mind. Of all enemies to love and lovers, indecision is the most fatal and insidious—the rock to be avoided as you would avoid jagged headlands at sea. It is so wretchedly easy to say "There is no hurry," "Time enough yet," "Wait and see how things turn out," and all the other formula with which existence is plundered of half its sweetness. There *is* hurry, we say; time is creeping away, taking life and strength and vitality with it. Has God given you the golden opportunity only that it may be squandered in miserable procrastination? Do you owe no duties to society—to yourself? to the man or woman whom in your secret heart you have recognized as the counterpart to your own nature? Don't sit beside the highway balancing the *pros* and *cons*, the good and the bad, until you become like a vacillating human pendulum without an atom of individuality of your own. Decide, and decide promptly.

If you are a man, there is even the less necessity for hesitation. In any matter connected with your daily business life, you would act with quickness and energy. Why should you exercise less common sense in the question of marriage? "She has faults." So have you. Who among us has not? Did you expect an angel without earthly fallibility or taint to fold its wings on your hearthstone? What sort of a companion do you suppose *you* would make for one of these fair, faultless angels? Balance her stock of failings against yours, and strike an average at your leisure. "You may repent when it is too late." Possibly—but if that is the frame of mind with which you enter into the most solemn of all compacts, the lady will be by far the most likely to repent. Repent! When you formed a legal copartnership with Peter Pounce for the transaction of business, did you hesitate on any such grounds as this? When you take a railway ticket for Chicago, do you stand fingering your bank-bill and wondering whether it is possible you may not regret that you hadn't gone to San Francisco? You argue like the blind, besotted atheist who has no faith in the protecting love and care of Providence. Can not you trust a little to God and the truth and goodness of your own nature? If not, you had a great deal better roll yourself up into a selfish chrysalis and set out on the long, long path of years alone, with nobody but yourself to grumble at and criticise!

But if, on the other hand, you are a woman, pausing on the brink of the most vitally important step a woman can ever take, we can see more reason in a little hesitation—a shade of uncertainty. A man on receiving the unwelcome "no" can go into a figurative hospital until his wounds are cured, and then try again; the woman who has refused him sits passive and alone, wondering whether an unloving marriage might not have been preferable to the estate of a forlorn old maid. "It may be my last chance," argues the woman, who feels that she would be happier married than single. Do you blame her for a little vacillation? Her entire life will most probably take its light or shadow from the nature of the man who becomes its companion. If she is unhappy in the union, she can not take refuge in business, or literature, or politics as her husband can. With her, it is literally "for better, for worse"—and the worse may possibly be very bad!

To all this confusion of doubts, fears, and surmises we can offer but one clew. Ask your heart, frankly and honestly, and whatever its verdict may be, decide according to that verdict!

And so, if your little double-freighted boat encounters no insuperable obstacles, you drift out of the great ocean of general society into the quieter though scarcely less eventful haven of engagement.

Here we encounter another formidable quicksand—that commonly phrased "long engagements." We should sooner call it "short peace of mind," or "slow dissolution," for it amounts to very much the same thing in the end. We don't believe in long engagements—we never did believe in them, and the longer we live in this world, the more reason we see to wish that they might be abolished by act of Legislature! Why don't people do just like the birds? Are there any long engagements in blossoming May and fragrant June? God's younger children, the birds, behave sensibly—they take advantage of the sunshine, build their little nests, and straightway "pair off." They don't put their feathered heads on one side and say, "What would become of us if there should be an east wind among our branches, or an equinoctial rain? It would be very imprudent to marry without taking all these things into consideration." And who ever heard of the birds reasoning sagely, "We are never sure of uninterrupted fine weather—upon the whole it isn't best to pair off." Yet the birds are tenderly cared for. Is not this a commentary on human solicitude and trouble-borrowing? "Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?" says the best judge of human nature that ever walked upon the earth.

After all, what is the philosophy or good sense in long engagements?

"To know each other better," says the would-be logician. Yes, but is there no danger of knowing each other worse? Does not the business of "knowing each other better" imply critical inspection and cautious study of character? in short, a general "are-you-good-enough-for-me-ism," which no human creature can endure without conscious disparagement. The longer people take to "know each other better," the briefer becomes their chance of happiness. It would be possible to put faults in a saint if one set one's self resolutely to work to do it! Moreover, the older and more caustic and opinionated you grow, the less likely you are to adapt yourself easily and pleasantly to another life twined round your own. The love which in a matrimonial atmosphere would have ripened into sunny happiness is very apt to degenerate into indifference or even aversion if it is kept dwindling on through the weary years of a "long engagement."

Take any living example in the society that surrounds you. Mr. Brown and Miss Purple, we will say, became engaged in 1856. Like many other geese, they "concluded to wait a little"—and the feeble flame after flickering through ten long years finally went out. Mr. Brown became arbitrary—Miss Purple captious, and the engagement was dissolved in disgust. "What an escape I have had!" says Miss Purple. "The cross old maid—I'm glad I didn't marry her," soliloquizes Mr. Brown, selfishly exultant. All very true, Mr. Brown and Miss Purple; but if you had been married ten years ago, when you first fell in love with one another, you would probably have been the happiest couple alive. The Miss Purple of 1856 was quite different from the Miss Purple of 1866, and Mrs. Brown would have been an improvement on either. So with the gentleman—Mr. Brown, absorbed in his own selfishness, is by no means the same frank young fellow that went courting in 1856! We alter, but we don't always improve!

Therefore we say again, there is a dreadful fallacy in all the arguments adduced by those who are in favor of long engagements. If you are honestly and earnestly in love, you should put the sign and seal of parson and wedding-ring on it as soon as possible. Where is the use of delay? Life is not long enough to spend in fruitless deliberation. If you are poor and friendless, can not two fight the battle, hand in hand, with a far better chance of victory? If you are weak-hearted, borrow strength from God's beneficence. But, unless you are pre-determined to be miserable, don't let the spring-time of your life go by while you are vainly waiting for an "opportunity." Make the opportunity for yourself, or take it, and stand your chance bravely like the rest of the world. MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

MIRTH is the medicine of life;
It cures its ills, it calms its strife;
It softly smooths the brow of care,
And writes a thousand graces there.

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JAMES J. MAPES.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

In Professor Mapes we find the vital, mental, and motive temperaments all strong, the first two being most prominent. His brain was immense. measuring nearly twenty-four inches in circumference, and indicated great powers of analysis, generalization, invention, memory, and mechanism. He was especially distinguished for the development of those organs which give a love for and ability in science, whether practical or theoretical. His Benevolence was especially prominent. He was also fond of distinction, and the more so on account of deficiency in Self-Esteem and Firmness. In the social realm he was strong, while Mirthfulness and Hope were also very active, giving him ardent enthusiasm in the working out of his enterprises.

For money he had no craving fondness, but was rather lacking in economy. His social qualities and sympathy for his kind predominated over any disposition of his to hoard.

Language was well marked, which, joined with his Mirthfulness and Ideality, gave that rare conversational ability which so conspicuously distinguished him. He was the life of the social gathering in which he chanced to be, always being replete with anecdote and witticism.

BIOGRAPHY.

James J. Mapes was born in New York, May 29, 1806. When only eight years old he made experiments in the production of gaslight, and succeeded in its manufacture. His plan was improved upon by Mr. George Youle, and used to light his extensive factory, the first building lighted with gas in New York city.

At an early age he engaged in trade, but his inclinations led him toward scientific investigation, especially in the department of chemistry, so that in 1832 he relinquished mercantile life and turned his attention to natural science. He acquired eminence as an inventor and scientific scholar, and was made an honorary member of many European and American scientific institutions. In 1842 he became the editor of the "American Repository of Arts, Sciences, and Manufactures," and in 1844 was elected President of the Mechanics' Institute of New York.

He was well informed in civil engineering, and is said to have been the first person who ever opened an office in New York as a consulting engineer.

He is, however, especially known for the interest he has taken in agriculture, both theoretically and practically. To him farmers are indebted for the invention of the Rotary Digger and Subsoil Plow. Taking a farm in the vicinity of Newark, New Jersey, he labored for years to reduce manual labor by the substitution of mechanical appliances. Employing science in the management of this farm, he has demonstrated to the agricultural world the utility of scientific principles in producing the greatest results. His farm was regarded a model in the State. He was one of the first men to advocate a Department of Agriculture in the general Government, and one of the founders of the National Agricultural Society.

JAMES J. MAPES.

In 1849 he commenced the publication of "The Working Farmer," with which he was editorially connected for fourteen years. giving through its columns the valuable results of his own experience, and endeavoring with all the strength of his solid intellect and acquired learning to promote the agricultural interests of the country. He was a self-made man. In youth he enjoyed but few advantages in the way of education, but by assiduous study, became most learned upon those subjects to which he devoted himself. As a writer he was eminent for the clearness and conciseness of his style, but was more distinguished for his conversational powers He died January 10th last, at the age of sixty.

TO THE EVENING WIND.

Oh, sad and sighing wind,
With spirit-haunting tone,
I listen for a loving name,
A name for me alone.

Did no lip speak that name?
Did no heart tell it thee?
Or hast thou lost it in the gulf
Which lies 'tween him and me?

Oh, sad and sobbing wind,
I cry out with the pain
Of loving, longing for the voice
Which ought to speak that name.

The songful brook reflects
The white stars burning high;
But O the space which lies between
The streamlet and the sky!

I pine to hear that tone
Upon the south wind's breath,
Though far away as star and stream,
And wide as life and death.
One name of Love to me his lip has given,
And by that name shall I be known in heaven.

MARY E. WEST.

The Female Eye.—A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the expressions of a female eye: "The glare, the stare, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope. the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the luster of pleasure.

PHONOGRAPHY.

The system by which words are committed to paper as fast as they can be uttered has in it, to the popular mind, something of mystery. Men sometimes inquire, incredulously, when looking over our shorthand notes, Can you write as fast as people can talk? A man ought to move his fingers as rapidly as his tongue, and if this is possible, we consider it quite probable that men can write as fast as they can speak, especially as an alphabet has been formed that requires but one movement of the hand to represent a sound formed by one movement of the tongue.

The system of writing at present in use has consumed an almost infinite amount of time and energy in its mechanical execution; whereas if shorthand had been in general practice, those energies might have been employed in other departments of the broad field of scientific investigation.

Though Phonography is not sufficiently perfect to entirely supersede our present system, we have demonstrated the possibility of such a result. It is undoubtedly the more exact system, for the simplest combination of marks must necessarily be the most legible. Human experience testifies that everything that diminishes labor benefits mankind. Of what inestimable benefit, then, is Phonography! The minister, student, author, and statesman, the amanuensis, copyist, and book-keeper, and the thousands upon thousands in the great city who sit at their desks all the day, by the use of Phonography could save one half their time for reading, meditation, and recreation, and thus add years to many valuable lives.

Shorthand straightens and shortens the road to learning and gives a new impulse and a freer and wider range to thought.

The Case Stated.—In resuming the publication of the *Richmond Enquirer*, the editors state the case as it is:

"The oath of allegiance taken by ourselves in common with our fellow-citizens, has a far different significance now than the same oath could have had before the unsettled question of supremacy between State and Federal governments had been decided by the arbitrament of war. Now, we acknowledge allegiance first to the Union; before, we held obedience to be due first to the State. The same honesty and sincerity which made the sons of Virginia brave the dangers of battle and suffer uncomplainingly the hardships of four years of war will make them true and faithful to their oath of allegiance."

We take this to be the conscientious conviction of nearly all who arrayed themselves on the side of the State against the Union. They will now be as zealous in the support of the Union as they were of the State. They are now our friends and our countrymen.

Weight of Men and Women.—At the recent fair in Boston 23,000 persons were weighed. The average weight of men was 142½; that of women 124¼. It would have been more satisfactory had it been made sure that all had attained the age of full weight. Fairs and museums might render useful service to science, and probably benefit themselves by getting up good scales to weigh all who choose to be weighed, and noting their weight, apparent age, etc.

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CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER AND BIOGRAPHY.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

MR. VANDERBILT stands six feet high, weighs 176 pounds, and measures 40 inches around the chest, and 22¾ inches around the head, and has a large, strong frame and a well-balanced temperament.

He inherits his mother's mental peculiarities, tenacity of life, activity and endurance, and resembles her in most respects. His eyes are dark brown, almost black, and very expressive; his hair, originally the same color, is now thin and nearly white; his skin is soft, clean, and silky to the touch, though its texture is firm, with a lively peachy look. Indeed, he is to-day, though more than seventy years old, a picture of perfect health. His brain is large, in perfect keeping with the body, of the best quality, and in most respects well proportioned. The cerebellum is very large, indicating both great recuperative and great procreative power. Should he become ill from exposure, over-work, or accident, a little rest of body and repose of mind, abstinence, or simple food soon puts him "all right" again. He has very little occasion for medicines, or for physicians.

His head is very high in the crown—Firmness, Self-Esteem, Approbativeness, Hope, and Conscientiousness being among his largest phrenological organs. His will, self-reliance, and ambition to achieve success are *immense*. Nor are integrity, respect, and kindness less strongly marked. Dressed in becoming black, with a white cravat, and a little more Spirituality and Veneration, he would pass for a D.D.; and however indifferent he may appear to be toward sacred subjects, and whatever may be his belief or religious professions, we affirm, on phrenological evidence, that he is capable of deep devotional feeling. He may ignore creeds, systems, and even the most popular beliefs, still we maintain that he is capable of the highest religious emotions, and of something akin to spiritual insight and prophetic forecast.

His head is also large in Constructiveness, Ideality, and Imitation. He can invent, contrive, perfect, work after a pattern, use tools, and adapt himself to circumstances. Intellectually, he is a quick and accurate observer, and remarkably intuitive in forming business judgments and in reading character; a single glance reveals to him, as to an Indian, the motives and capacities of men. He reads them as men read common print. The fawning sycophant is as soon detected and as much despised by him as the honest, straightforward man is discovered and respected. Knowing human nature so well, he is at once the master of those who do not, and it is in this his superiority lies. His head is also broad between the ears, and he is spirited, full of push, enterprise, and executiveness. If high-tempered, resolute, and quick to resist, he is not vindictive, nor will he pursue a penitent offender. But he will punish severely a willful offender, who without cause violates a sacred trust, or takes advantage of the weak and defenseless. His Destructiveness and Combativeness are fully developed; so is Alimentiveness, which is also well regulated. Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, and Cautiousness are not large, but fully developed. His many great pecuniary successes have resulted more from his immense will-power, sagacity, perseverance, and energy than from "love for money," which desire has been amply gratified. He is shrewd, far-seeing, and most discriminating, but not cunning. He is even frank with those he can trust; but he is never timid, hesitating, uncertain, or procrastinating. He decides at once, and acts instantly. There is no delay on *his* part. Socially he is one of the most affectionate of men, and could not live alone. Indeed, it requires a temperate, even an abstemious life, on his part, to enable him to properly restrain his ardent, loving nature.

PORTRAIT OF CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

His physiognomy speaks for itself. That is an open, clean, and a very expressive countenance. There is nothing dull or heavy, nothing coarse or flabby there. Every lineament and every feature is full of character and expression. There is a splendid nose, large but finely formed, and a beautiful mouth, inclining up at the corners, indicating a mirthful and a joyous spirit; a full under lip, corresponding with his very strong social nature; a long upper lip, which goes with Firmness, Self-Esteem, and self-control; a full and nicely chiseled chin, indicating warmth, ardor, recuperative power, and long life.

Altogether, it is just such an organization as might be supposed to accompany such a character as is manifested by its owner. If he can read men intuitively *without* rules, we venture to affirm that in no other case within our knowledge are the claims of Phrenology and Physiognomy better illustrated and sustained that in this of Cornelius Vanderbilt.

BIOGRAPHY.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, popularly known as the the "Commodore," was born on Staten Island, May 27, 1794. At that time the island was owned by farmers who sold their produce in New York city. Some of these, among whom was the father of Cornelius, owned boats for conveying supplies to market. As the inhabitants increased there arose a demand for superior facilities in communicating with New York, and Vanderbilt, senior, established a ferry. With the management of this, young Cornelius had much to do, spending the greater part of his time upon the water. For some five years he was thus actively engaged as a boatman, carrying pleasure parties to picnics, boarding ships, and performing almost everything in that line. No matter how it blew, or stormed, or froze, if Cornell had agreed to board a ship or to deliver dispatches, he did it. Many and many a time anxious ship-owners could not have communicated with their ships in heavy winter storms but for Vanderbilt's courage and skill; we may depend upon it that if he knew the pecuniary worth of those rare gifts, never was money more cheerfully paid than the reward he obtained on such occasions. When about sixteen years of age he became the owner of a boat, and commenced an independent career. By the time he was eighteen years old, he found himself part owner and captain of one of the largest periaugers in the harbor. During the war of 1812 he rendered material service in furnishing supplies by night to the forts about New York. In fact, his energy, skill, and daring became so well known, and his word, when he gave it, could be relied upon so implicitly, that "Cornell, the boatman," as he was familiarly called, was sought after far and near when any expedition particularly hazardous or important was to be undertaken. Neither wind, rain, ice, nor snow ever prevented his fulfilling one of his promises. At one time, during the war (some time in September, 1813), the British fleet had endeavored to penetrate the port during a severe south-easterly storm just before day, but were repulsed from Sandy Hook. After the cannonading was over, and the garrison at Fort Richmond had returned to quarters, it was highly important that some of the officers should proceed to headquarters to report the occurrence and obtain the necessary reinforcements against another attack. The storm was a fearful one—still the work must be done, and all felt that there was but one person capable of undertaking it. Accordingly, Vanderbilt was sought out, and upon being asked if he could take the party up, he replied promptly—"*Yes, but I shall have to carry them under water part of the way!*" They went with him, and when they landed at Coffee-House Slip there was not a dry thread in the party. The next day the garrison was reinforced.

In 1813 he married Miss Sophia Johnson, and about a year afterward moved to New York from Staten Island.

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As a boatman, at the age of twenty-three, he was making about $5,000 per annum. But perceiving that steam would ere long become the great agent of navigation, he determined to study its application as a motive power For that purpose, in 1817, he entered the service of Thomas Gibbons, then proprietor of a line of steamboats running between New York and Philadelphia, and took command of a small steamer. Vanderbilt remained in the employment of Mr. Gibbons about twelve years, the line all the time increasing in importance and profit.

Thus having labored faithfully for others with such brilliant results, he now felt at liberty to look after his own interests more exclusively, and to commence business again on his own account. Therefore, in 1829, he informed Mr. Gibbons of his plan to leave him. "You must not," he replied, "I can not carry on this line a day without you." He then offered to increase his salary to five thousand dollars, or more, if money was his object. But Vanderbilt had thought well before he decided on the step he was about to take, and at once refused the offer. Finally, Gibbons told him he could not run the line without him, and that he might have the Philadelphia route, saying, "There, Vanderbilt, take all this property, and pay me for it as you make the money." This tempting offer was also declined, for he was unwilling to put himself under such an obligation to any one, although fully sensible of the great kindness that prompted it. Thus ended Vanderbilt's engagement with Mr. Gibbons, and soon after Mr. Gibbons sold out the line to other parties, finding that the life of it was gone.

Once again the Captain was now his own master. He had served a long time in a severe school to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the details and practical management of steam navigation. The next twenty years of his life we must pass over rapidly. At once applying himself to the work before him, with the same wisdom and that earnest, steadfast zeal he had ever shown, successful results followed. During this period he built a very large number of steamboats, and established steamboat lines on the Hudson, the Sound, and elsewhere, in opposition to corporations and companies having a monopoly of the trade, and making travel too expensive to be enjoyed by the many. His plan was always to build better and faster boats than his competitors, to run them at their lowest paying rates, and thus furnish passengers with the best and cheapest accommodations.

The main features of Vanderbilt's career, however, are those connected with the Central American Isthmus.

The grant for a Ship Canal Company was made by Nicaragua, in 1849, to C. Vanderbilt and his associates. This grant was for the exclusive right to construct a ship canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific by the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua, which at that time, by reason of the imperfect surveys made, was supposed to be practicable. It further gave the exclusive right to transport passengers and merchandise between the two oceans by means of steamboats over said waters, and by rail or carriage road, or other means of conveyance, over the land part of the route.

After much laborious investigation and large expenditure on the part of the "Commodore," the canal was declared impracticable and the project laid aside. Soon afterward the Nicaragua Transit Company was organized, and Mr. Vanderbilt chosen President. He personally superintended the examination of the navigable facilities of the San Juan River, in the furtherance of his desire to find a shorter route to California, and succeeded in mapping out and fixing the transit route from ocean to ocean. Steamships were sent round to the Pacific to run in the line from the harbor of San Juan del Sur to San Francisco, and soon the entire line was in efficient operation.

Under his management the route became a favorite one with California travelers, and the price of passage from New York was reduced from $600 to $300.

In 1853, Vanderbilt sold his interest in this undertaking to the Transit Company. About this time he built his celebrated steamship the North Star. She was built, as all his vessels have been, under his own supervision, in a very complete manner, and splendidly fitted up with all that could tend to gratify or please, He had now became a man of great wealth. From the little boy of sixteen with his hundred-dollar sail-boat, he had gradually but surely crept up, accumulating and so using his accumulations that now his vessels plowed almost every sea, and his enterprising spirit was felt in every part of our country. It has never been his plan to put away his money in a chest, nor yet to simply invest it, but rather, in the fullest sense of the word, to use it. Consequently, it is said that to-day he employs more men, directly and indirectly, than any other person in the land. In the North Star he made a tour in Europe with his family, and everywhere his noble vessel with her splendid appointments, elicited profound attention. The North Star was the first steamer with a beam-engine to cross the Atlantic.

In 1855 he established an independent line between New York and Havre, building several new steamships for the purpose, among these were the Ariel and Vanderbilt. Subsequent to the building of the Vanderbilt, there was an exciting contest of speed between the boats of the different lines. The Arabia and Persia, of the Cunard, the Baltic and Atlantic, of the Collins, and the Vanderbilt of the Independent Line, were the competitors. Great interest was taken in the contest, as all will remember, but the Vanderbilt came out victorious, making the shortest time ever made by any European or American steamer.

The subsequent history of this vessel, and the use which is now being made of it, is well known. In the spring of 1862, when the Administration needed immediately a large addition to its navy, to aid in carrying on its military operations (an occasion which many were too eager to turn to their own advantage, at their country's expense), Commodore Vanderbilt illustrated the nature of his whole-souled patriotism by making a free gift of this splendid ship to the Government. A resolution of thanks was passed by Congress, and approved by the President, for this present to the nation, January 28, 1864, and a gold medal forwarded to Mr. Vanderbilt in attestation of the event. Were we to go into an extended review of the prominent acts of the Commodore as connected with the American navy, much more time and space than we can at present devote to it would be required.

He has built and owned exclusively himself upward of one hundred steamboats and steamships, and has never had the misfortune to lose one of them by any accident. He has had extensive machine shops, where he made his own machinery, according to his own ideas, and his vessels have been generally built by days' work, under his constant supervision, and from plans entirely his own.

The following are the names of the principal steamships and steamboats built by him:

Steamships—Prometheus, Daniel Webster, Star of the West, Northern Light, North Star, Granada, Ariel, Vanderbilt, Ocean Queen, Galveston, Opelousa, Magnolia, Matagorda, Champion, Costa Rica, Port Jackson, New York.

Steamboats—The Citizen, Cinderella, West Chester, Union, Nimrod, Champion, Lexington, Cleopatra, Augusta, Clifton, C. Vanderbilt, New Champion, Commodore, Gladiator, Staten Islander, Huguenot, Sylph, Hunchback, Red Jacket, Kill Von Kull, Westfield, Clifton No. 2, Westfield No. 2, Clifton No. 3, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Wilmington, North Carolina, Geo. Dudley, Traveler, Director, Central America, Clayton, Bulwer.

His capital has not been confined to naval enterprises, but he has also interested himself in railroad matters. In 1865 he sold all that were left of his vessels, and transferred the greater portion of his wealth to railroads. He is now the largest railroad proprietor in the United States, and one of the two or three richest men of the Empire City.

Commodore Vanderbilt owes his success in life to those qualities which distinguished him when a mere lad—perseverance, excellent judgment, and indefatigable industry. He was ever self-reliant and firm in the prosecution of his enterprises, taking care "to be sure that he was right" in the first place, and then "going ahead."

Yet amid the absorbing cares of extensive business relations he has always exhibited an undiminished regard for his family ties. Toward his mother, who died but a few years since, he always showed himself the tender, solicitous son. Among his friends, his honesty of purpose and generous nature command their respect.

Mr. Vanderbilt is now about seventy years of age, yet healthy and strong. He is full six feet high and of commanding presence. Many instances of his promptness and frankness with generosity might be mentioned, but the best evidence as to nobleness of character is the account we have of the death of Captain Ludlow on board the steamer Ariel in 1859. After the vessel had received severe damage from the fury of the gale, and those in command were exerting themselves to their utmost to avert the destruction that threatened, a tremendous sea broke upon the forward deck, causing a fatal injury to Captain Ludlow. He only revived sufficiently to say a few words, the last of which were, "Tell the Commodore I died at the post of duty." These words proving, as they do, the unflinching devotion of Captain Ludlow, speak also very strongly in praise of the one to whom the message was sent. The man who can inspire another with so noble a sense of the trust and responsibility committed to him, must possess great warmth of heart as well as strength of mind.

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NEW YORK,
MARCH, 1866.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Foe.*

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MUTUAL CONFIDENCES,
AS AFFECTING DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

ESTRANGEMENTS frequently arise in domestic life from the real or apparent reticence of husband or wife in regard to some matter disconnected with the household. Such estrangements are sometimes productive of the most painful results to both parties—even complete separation. Many a couple regarded as well matched, possessing respectively those qualities which in their full manifestation render married life a season of unalloyed enjoyment, have by a single instance of incommunicativeness on the part of one become divided in sentiment. The hearts which should beat in unison have become discordant, and mutual wretchedness predominant where happiness alone should reign.

Many a sensitive woman, after linking her destiny with a chosen member of the opposite sex, has felt herself cruelly treated by her husband when he has shown what he considers a lack of confidence in her, by not imparting a knowledge of his movements. He, good soul, never meant to hurt her feelings, but a few kind words in explanation would have saved her many bitter tears and many agonizing suspicions.

Men, strong in will, self-reliant, dignified, and courageous, are very apt to forget the tender nature of woman's heart, and judging her disposition and temperament from their own stand-point, treat an affectionate, trusting wife very much as they think they themselves should be treated. The marriage tie creates obligations and responsibilities which very few men, in fact, truly appreciate. Woman, whose whole life converges toward the domestic relation, whose special sphere is the home, has in the main a deep and interior idea of that bond of union. She invests it with all the attractiveness of paradisaical beauty, her conceptions of it are often too highly colored, yet it becomes a husband to study well the peculiar views of his life's partner with reference to conjugal association, and seek rather to conform to her higher standard of duty, and so elevate his own moral and social tone, than to draw her down to his commonplace standard.

A true woman with her hand gives her heart. She expects a complete interchange of thought, feeling and sentiment. Mutual confidence is to her one of the fundamental principles of domestic bliss, and any breach of it grates harshly upon the current of her life, even where a proper cause is assigned.

Let us illustrate our point.

Charles and Eliza, from mutual choice, are united in marriage. They both possess excellent intellectual and moral qualities, and are well calculated to make their common home a happy one. The first six months of their wedded life glides delightfully by. Every evening, after the toils of the day, finds Charles at home, where he spends the interval between supper and the hour of retiring in reading some favorite author to Eliza or chatting pleasantly, each relating their varied experiences of the day. Both are content, both happy in each other. But Charles makes an engagement to meet some friends on a certain evening. Perhaps secrecy is enjoined. On that evening he returns home from business as usual, partakes of supper, and then without more than the ordinary parting salutation to his wife goes out. Eliza has arranged as usual for a cosy chat with him, has some special news to communicate or a new book to examine. His leaving so is unusual, and she thinks he will return speedily of course. But no, hour after hour glides by, and her simple annoyance becomes vexation, and then anxiety. At length, when midnight is close at hand, he comes in, expresses surprise at finding her still up waiting his return, and alleges in an off-hand way as an excuse for his protracted absence that he had met with some friends and was detained longer than he imagined. He expresses no concern for her solicitude. This she expects as a matter of course after her long and weary vigil. She in turn does not tell him how she has been grieved in his absence, but attributing it to a convivial meeting at some club-room or bar-room, is more and more saddened by the reflection that his home had been less attractive than such associations. Her depression is unfortunately interpreted by Charles, and he thinking her mopish or sullen, makes no attempt to clear up the difficulty, but in his *superior* wisdom determines not to countenance any such exhibitions of temper, and so maintains a "stiff upper lip," and omits the wonted tokens of affection so grateful, indeed so necessary to her happiness. Thus a breach is made, which, with the lapse of time, grows wider and wider. Charles, finding his wife less attractive and companionable, seeks in the society of his club that consolation for wounded pride and assumed neglect which is accorded to him abroad. At length the marriage bond becomes a questionable thing, because it compels both parties to suffer against and for each other with scarcely a hope of release, for neither is disposed to yield or confess a fault.

A few words of expostulation on her part would have obtained an explanation and have saved all this, and restored the former quietude and harmony. Thus are many happy households converted into scenes of sorrow and discontent.

How important is it, then, that mutual forbearance and concession should be exercised by the married!

But to return to our starting-point. We of course think that occasions may arise when secrecy is not only proper but necessary on the part of husband or wife, and care will obviate all unpleasant consequences. We do not altogether indorse the joining of so-called secret societies, by a married man, as they may be productive of considerable discomfort. A wife reasonably considers an association, the proceedings of which are secret, as constituted for no very good purpose. "Good deeds and good purposes," says she, "should be known to the world, and not locked up in the minds of a few." "They love darkness and secrecy who intend no good."

We would urge all young married men, before connecting themselves with a secret order, to consult their wives and obtain their consent thereto, and if strong objection be made by the partners of their bosom, to show their preference for do

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mestic harmony by even relinquishing the notion. Such a course would strengthen the domestic bond of union, and the "lords of creation" lose nothing by such an exhibition of regard for their wives' opinions and feelings.

When a man yields to the solicitations of his spouse, by giving up some project which he had strongly entertained, she, if a true woman, will love him all the more, and strive by increased attention to compensate him for his self-sacrifice on her behalf. In the light of pure religion, with Christ for our guide, we see no reason for secret organizations among men, for any purpose. If benevolence be an object, why should any more secrecy than genuine charity requires be attached to its good deeds. Works of mercy should be done out of pure love to God and to man, and we are told that "whosoever giveth a cup of cold water to him that asketh it, shall have his reward;" but as for arbitrary secrecy in the matter, none is required, none needed.

The inner workings of religion are above all earthly considerations, and at the same time their universality is undoubted. Whosoever will, can "come and drink of the water of life freely," and the grand spiritual society of which Christ is the founder aims to make its doctrines open and clear, so that "he who runs may read." Let those who would join a society enter the portals of this, and find in the contemplation of its great and wondrous Author, with whom are the deep and invisible things of time and eternity, food for the highest flights of their spirituality and the strongest incentives to the exercise of benevolence.

Death of Dr. Nott.—Rev. Eliphalet Nott, LL.D., for fifty-five years President of Union College, died at Schenectady, N. Y., on the 29th of January, 1866, at the age of ninety-three years. The *Methodist* truly says of him:

He has long been one of the living historical monuments of the country—a man of extraordinary characteristics, of rare length of life, of great public service. Born before the Declaration of Independence, he not only saw the entire war of the Revolution and the constitutional organization of the Republic, but he survived the war of the restoration of the Union, and saw the constitutional extinction of slavery. Seventy-two years in public life, he knew and largly influenced many of the leading men of the nation. Not a few of the greatest characters of our national history were his intimate friends—the men whose names are still familiar to us, but who have long since disappeared from the popular eye. He has fallen in the midst of a new generation, when most, if not all the compeers of his active years had gone; but he made his position in our times a living one, felt and recognized by the public generally. Perhaps no American educator, no American preacher, who has seen the dawning of 1865 has had so unique a history—few, probably, so effective a career.

We hope at another time to give a portrait, character, and biographical sketch of Dr. Nott.

OUR FIRST PROFESSIONAL CLASS IN PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.

We have just completed an extended course of lectures to a select class of professional students. For more than a quarter of a century, during each winter, we have been giving private and popular lessons for the instruction of merchants, artists, students in divinity and law, parents, teachers, and others interested in becoming sufficiently acquainted with the general principles of Phrenology for their every-day use.

For several years past we have found gray hairs intruding themselves, reminding us we were not to live always in the body, and we have felt a desire, so far as we might be able to do so, to instruct earnest inquirers in theoretical and practical Phrenology, with a view to preparing them for public teachers in this great work. Accordingly, some months ago, we announced that early in January, 1866, we would commence a class, teaching the members thereof how to delineate character and to present Phrenology in public lectures scientifically to the people. Though this first professional class was not large, we expect to hear good reports and favorable results from our students. Two of them have already taken the field, and others will soon follow; and whatever may be thought of these new co-workers as to talent and eloquence, we may state confidently that they have been pretty thoroughly drilled in all the theories and doctrines appertaining to Phrenology, and have been introduced by pretty thorough training to the practical phases of the science; and we trust they will do the subject justice and themselves credit. We believe, moreover, that they are men of merit, of correct moral principles—and this is at least half the battle. The world has long wanted this kind of workers in the phrenological field. Some who have professed to teach Phrenology have not always conducted themselves according to the highest morality—nay, to speak plainly, they have disgraced themselves and brought the science into disrepute. The impostors to whom we refer are sure to claim fellowship with us, and to attempt to palm themselves off as our agents or partners, or as being employed by us. Each of the pupils we have recently instructed has received at our hands a certificate of his pupilage and instruction, which will be a voucher that at least he has submitted himself to that training and drill which it would require many years of unaided practice to obtain.

It is our present purpose to teach another similar class, beginning early in January next. In this we hope to add some departments to the realm of our instructions; viz., a department of elocution, and also lectures on Anatomy, Physiology, and Physiognomy, and dissections of the brain, to a still greater extent than heretofore.

It is desirable that those who, with a sincere purpose to make themselves competent expounders of physiological and phrenological science, and to follow it as a profession, desire to enter our next class, should give us early notice of such desire, that we may send them the necessary advice as to indicating the works to be read preparatory to attending our lectures.

The success of past efforts warrants us in making the best arrangements for the future. Never before was there a greater demand all over the civilized world for good lecturers and examiners than just now.

TEMPERANCE.

The cause is waking up. Its leaders are abroad sounding the tocsin of alarm and arraying their forces against the old demon Intemperance. And well may they bestir themselves, for their insatiate foe, taking advantage of the lull in the tide of opposition, has made much progress in his destructive march and seemingly established himself on his vantage ground. But no! it must not be. Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, summon your energies and hurl the miscreant from the throne. Soon that dreaded visitant, cholera, with pestilential breath, may be borne on the winds to our shores, and they whose systems have become debilitated by frequent indulgence in the intoxicating cup may well tremble for their lives. It is no fancy of ours, but well authenticated, that those addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors are the first victims; like steel, which attracts the electric fluid, so their semi-diseased constitutions seem to possess an affinity for the miasmatic influence. Let our readers, whom we believe belong to a high moral plane, rally to the support of virtue and truth. Let there be a grand uprising, on the hills, on the mountains, in the valleys—everywhere let the cry go forth "Down with the destroyer!" Oh! ye who love peace, who desire that justice shall be meted out between man and man, who hate corruption, robbery, deception, and murder, awake to an appreciation of the misery and premature death which Intemperance is dealing broadcast about you. To the rescue! Be up and doing!

Ye moderate drinkers, pause and think on your course! What warranty have you, save in your own imaginations, that the next month or the next year you will not be classed with the wretched inebriate whose downward course you now compassionate?

Ye who know too well the maddening influence of the fiery draught, stop now, while yet there is hope, and seek by correct principles of living to re-establish your health and to regulate your perverted appetite. The cause of Temperance is the cause of virtue and humanity, and we would not let it be trampled under foot by that ally of vice and crime, alcohol.

Let us unite, and, shoulder to shoulder, bring to a speedy accomplishment that good time when Temperance shall rule.

The "Father Mathew" organizations are making unusual efforts; the State Temperance Associations are concentrating their attacks, and will not you, reader, come out also, and fight vigorously against the tyrant and hasten his overthrow?

Intemperance clothes its victim in rags, blunts and stupefies the senses, spoils the memory, robs our youth of the means by which they might be educated. It fills our prisons, crowds our almshouses, begets all manner of vice and crime, and sends millions to the grave in disgrace.

Shall the wicked tempters be permitted to continue their work of desolation and certain destruction? Let the clergy, who have a care for the bodies and souls of men, speak. Let the press speak. Let all good men and women speak. Organize, and go to work, reclaim the fallen, protect and preserve the innocent, and God will bless your efforts.

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ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

A LECTURE BY THE HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

THE Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives, delivered his interesting lecture, entitled "Across the Continent," at the Cooper Institute, on Thursday evening, December 28th, to a crowded audience.

The following is an abstract of some of the more important portions of his remarks:

For several years, the speaker said, he had had a longing to visit the Old World and its historical regions, and to travel through France, Germany, and the British Isles, and, if time, to cross Russia, Siberia, and thence to China and so homeward. He had felt that it was wiser to postpone this journey until he had first traveled over his own native land and learned more of its vastness and illimitable resources. His party consisted of three companions, who had during a course of four months traveled over 2,000 miles of stage-coach riding, through uninhabited regions, except the painted savage, and above 2,000 miles of railway traveling. All could endure fatigue, and they often found they could tire out some of the more experienced travelers they met on the route.

Starting from Atchison, in Kansas, in one of Mr. Ben Holliday's overland coaches, for Denver City, the capital of Colorado, the route lay through the long valley of the Platte, a vast plain which Providence seems to have designed for the course of a railroad, with but little timber, and at times scarce a cluster of trees to prevent the monotony of the scene. The speaker caught the first glimpse of the Rocky Mountains on the fifth day out from Atchison, and he described the panorama as the most impressive he had ever beheld. The invigorating breeze refreshing like a tonic, the clear atmosphere, the exquisite sunrise and sunset scenes, the perpetual snow on the mountains, all went to make up one vast panorama with Pike's Peak, whose head could be seen while yet 150 miles away. At Denver, 4,000 feet above the ocean, he was yet under the shadow of cloud-capped mountains, which the overland stages traversed by roads more precipitous than the roof of a house. The future of Colorado, the youngest of our States, he was convinced must be even more brilliant than even the most enthusiastic dreamer had ventured to predict, with its vast mineral resources which yet lay untouched. Hostile Indians had robbed and murdered a party of travelers only a day or two before; and as regards the noble red men of J. Fennimore Cooper, he believed that in these latter days they have become comparatively extinct. He then drew an elaborate picture of the stupendous peaks and almost unfathomable abysses that skirt the next 600 miles on the route to Salt Lake City. The approach to the Mormon capital he describes as exceedingly difficult of access; they had defended this pass fourteen years ago against the armies of the Union, and, may-be, could be done again. He did not wonder that the Mormons were proud of their city, with its shrubberies and gardens, with its streets 120 feet wide, with the glittering streamlets rippling down every street. The gardens teeming with fruits and flowers seemed to him like a Palmyra in the desert, and he could not but acknowledge that it was the most beautiful city they had yet found in all their travels. He described the nonchalance of the Rocky Mountain coachmen in dashing gaily up and down the steep and dizzy mountain sides, the marvelous growth of Denver City, from a mere hamlet three years ago to a populous city of 20,000 inhabitants; the Eden-like fertility of the wide and beautiful valley of Idaho; the cold sublimity of the Sierra Nevada, the Andes of the United States; and the gem of Western scenery, the little Lake Tehoe, nestling among mountain peaks 7,000 feet above the sea; and the little steamer on this lake, nearer heaven than any other steamer in the world.

The speaker's impression of California was that it was the nearest approach to Paradise that had been realized by man—it seemed to him like a fairy land. The climate, which is one of perpetual spring, the soil prolific beyond conception, the mines, which the Pacific Railroad is to develop to productiveness, as yet unknown, all foretell a future for California of more than Oriental splendor. His description of the manners and customs of the Chinese was very humorous; they have neither lawyers nor doctors among them, and are the best baby-tenders in the world; they ask only for room to live, and after death to be taken to China to be buried; patient and uncomplaining they toil on, content to wash the deserted places in their search for gold. He spoke of the unbounded hospitality of the Californians and of their love for home, the home of their childhood—they never forget it, and always speak of the Eastern States as home.

The speaker next took his audience through the Yuba Valley to Oregon, Washington Territory, and thence to the island of Vancouver, where the loyal blue and royal red float in the breeze harmoniously together. His return journey then commenced, returning down the Sierra Nevada to the wonderful Yosemite Valley with its startling and magnificent trees, its enormous chasms, its lofty perpendicular walls of solid rock, its river Merced, now wandering in beauty through a fertile plain, and now making a leap of 700 feet into a chasm worn out of the solid rock. Bidding adieu to the Golden Gate and steaming down the coast of the Mexican Republic—he styled it republic because he recognized no rightful empire in North America—Panama was soon reached. He described the scenery of the Isthmus and its already overburdened railroad, and the natives watching the cars as they flitted by. In bringing the lecture to a close, he narrated his experience in Salt Lake City and his conversation with Brigham Young.

"EXTRAORDINARY PREDICTION" OF NEARLY TWENTY YEARS AGO.—In an old Kinderhook Almanac of 1847 is the following prediction about the United States:

"When the country is ruled by a tailor bold,
A beggar shall stitch with a thimble of gold;
And the water shall furnish, instead of the land,
Three millions of men with their first in command."

Mr. Editor: The above (as from said Almanac of 1847) appears in the Cleveland (O.) *Times*, of February, 1849, a copy of which is before me. Its singularity is certainly striking, to say the least. But would the last two lines of the stanza in question bear the construction as for commerce to crowd the vasty main with unprecedented cargoes and numerousness of craft and crews at an imminent date?—or do they *bode* war, with plenty of privateering, and battles by sea? "Three millions of men with their *first* in command" to be on "the WATERS" "instead of the *land*," as the latter has chiefly proved the case from 1861 to the middle of 1865? It was by merest chance I noticed the "prediction," still its strangeness seems to provoke attention.

HENRY G. PERRY.

NATCHEZ, MISS., *Jan.*, 1866.

A PASTOR'S OPINION.—I regard the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL a highly useful work to all—and especially so to ministers, and also to young people—giving information of the highest importance to their interest and happiness. Sincerely yours, A. P. VIETS, thirteen years pastor of the Baptist Church, Hancock, Mass.

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts set forth.

THE ORIGIN OF COAL.

MANY of the adopted theories, in this age, of the operations of nature's laws, to account for existing facts, unphilosophically assume a state of things as now in process, or to have existed at some mythical period of our globe, wholly at variance with all known operations of those laws, as well as palpably antagonistic with cotemporary phenomena. Among these theories, viewed with the lights of modern sciences, and with the aid of calm inductive reasoning, there is much cause to dispute the generally received *vegetable* origin of coal, and to assume its *mineral* origin. This will hereafter appear, the writer thinks, not only in this paper, but in time, when less committed scienists are free to correct the errors of their predecessors.

Coal is found in numerous parts of the world, mainly deposited at a period of the earth's history in what is called the carboniferous series. The range of these coal beds is from the equator to the pole of the earth, and are there found invariably in basin-formed depressions, spread out in layers, from several feet in thickness down to thin lamina, no thicker than letter paper; and these deposits are continuous over large areas, with unbroken uniformity (except where intrusive faults, upheavals, or depressions have occurred) in the thickness of their deposition. Coal beds exhibit numerous distinct layers, deposited at different times, in some cases hundreds are superposed, one above the other, with intervening layers of shale, sandstone, grit-stone, iron-stone, or some other extraneous detritus. Coal by cleavage and by heat splits into thin lamina, and a vertical section exhibits this lamina construction not thicker than writing paper, which evidences its deposition in uniform layers from a homogeneous material, which is incompatible as the product of such incongruous sized organized matter, as leaves, twigs, branches, and trunks of trees, promiscuously drifting and sinking together in these estuaries. Such a medley of different-sized materials must have decayed and been respread before they could become a homogeneous matted mass, in horizontal layers, ere the detrital layer of grit-stone, etc., was superposed, or else the latter could not have had a level bed to rest upon, as those deposits, too, show the same uniform horizontality of deposition as do the coal seams; and it would be a curious order of natural processes to raise deposits and respread them, when they were sufficiently decomposed, as it would be for floods, carrying detritus, to wait for such adjustment of vast beds of vegetable material necessary to produce even a thin layer of bituminous coal (if such it is capable of) before their superposition.

Bitumen, such as naphtha, petroleum, mineral pitch, asphaltum, etc., is found oozing from the earth, and deposited, by the aid of running water, into estuaries, in various sections of the globe; and is also now known to mingle, more or less, in the rocks of almost every geologic formation, down to Devonian and Cambrian systems, far distant in priority of time and order of deposition, below the carboniferous, and therefore incalculably prior to the vegetable productions of that period. What is still more significant, this prevalence of bitumen is found more or less pervading systems of rocks, deposited long prior to any fossiliferous evidence of vegetable existence, and higher up in the series of rock formation, where only a few marine algæ first made their appearance. Hence it is fair to class bitumen among *minerals*, particularly as Sir Charles Lyell styles that which oozes from coal *mineral* pitch!

Mineral bitumen, by chemical analysis, is found to contain all the elements of coal, including nitrogen, which is very rarely found in vegetation, and then only in very small quantities; while coal generally contains that element. Vegetation is bountifully supplied with alkalies, as tested in wood ashes, while coal ashes contain not a vestige of alkali. Bitumen is the predominant characteristic of all coal, except where the most volatile parts of the same have been expelled by

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internal heat, such as anthracite and stone coal, while bitumen in vegetation is mostly confined to resinous tribes. Resinous tribes are mostly noted in the conifera, and these were not dominant during the carboniferous era, when the main bulk of bituminous coals was formed; while on the contrary was the exception, as vegetable fossil remains fully testify.

All the elements which enter into vegetable composition must have had an existence prior to such organizations, and why not, therefore, bitumen? and if so, then this compound element was once gaseous, when all other elements of the globe were gaseous, but necessarily condensed with them, and thus became a mineral, hence its dissemination and association with most of the rock formations. Internal heat, acting partially or in localities, has dispelled this element and formed bituminous springs, which flowing into estuaries was deposited in concentrated layers, mingled with foreign ingredients, drifted with it, for the production of coal and its associate clays; while only a minor portion chemically entered into the composition of some forms of vegetation. This, then, is a more direct as well as greater source of supply, for the production of coal, than its partial absorption by vegetation, and the consequent immense periods of time, through growth and decay, requisite for even small accumulations of resins, by this indirect process, even if the vegetation of that period had been all coniferous or resinous bearing tribes, which was far from being the case.

The advocates of the vegetable origin of coal assume that the period in which most of the coal beds were formed was distinguished for an immense amount of carbon in the atmosphere of our globe (not supposed to exist in such excess at any other period of the earth's history), and which was necessary to the immense vegetable growth, then required, to have produced all the coal beds of that era. The numerous interposing layers, in some cases amounting to hundreds, between the successive coal seams, require that such theorists should admit an equal number of local elevations and depressions, all in exact time, to first foster a growth of vegetation and decay, successively, equal to a particular coal seam, then a depression and a layer of either shale, iron-stone, grit-stone, sand-stone, etc., superposed; then an uprising for another vegetable growth and decay, again in exact time, and so on, alternately, through all the series of coal seams, in each coal bed, and they anomalously admit all such local alternations of the earth's surface, though it would be difficult to find corresponding dislocations in adjoining rocks, to harmonize with this theory. They seem, too, to have lost sight of the important fact, that the interposing layers, usually iron-stone, grit-stone, sand-stone, etc., were the most unpromising simulants as a foundation for succeeding vegetable growth imaginable; and in no other part of the globe, except where coal was forming, do they find evidence, in fossil remains, of such excess of vegetable production as is assumed to be requisite for the coal measures; while they forget the stifling effect of such preponderance of carbon, which they assume in support of their theory was then in the air, to all breathing animals of the land and waters, which were known to have swarmed at that epoch, as attested by their innumerable fossil remains—therefore such assumptions for the production of coal are wholly inadmissible, and at war with nature's more stable and harmonious laws.

The vegetable theorists are now obliged to admit, to sustain their assumptions, that some of the coal beds must have owed their origin to marine plants, and as these could not have been largely benefited by the assumed excess of carbon in the air, supposed to have been necessary for a sufficient growth of land plants, how can they claim marine plants to have been in sufficient abundance to produce coal when mainly excluded from such carbonic stimulus?

Some geologists assume that peat beds were a large source of supply for the production of coal, which is anomalously contradictory of tropical heats being necessary for that vast vegetable growth, required to form the coal beds, as peat is exclusively the product of temperate and frigid zones. Again, peat is confined to marshy tracts and not found in basin-shaped cavities, as coal always is; peat bogs never alternate with detritus, in many successive layers, as coal always does; peat, too, is always in masses, and not layers, as coal invariably is. Peat rests in marshy districts, not confined to any particular strata, while bituminous coal is not found below the carboniferous nor above the drift deposits.

The most accomplished geologists claim that ferns formed more than half the coal-producing vegetation, as that proportion of impressions found in coal attest. Ferns contain but little resin, as compared with the coniferæ, and the former have a miniature growth and bulk in contrast with the latter; which makes their selection for gigantic accumulations of bitumen not only unfortunate for the vegetable theorists, but next to impossible as the source of such huge supply, as the massive and wide-spread coal beds would seem to have demanded.

Excess of carbon in the atmosphere would produce an excess of vegetable woody structure, and with some of these forms would be chemically associated resins, while with the bulk of such growth there would be but a trifle of this element. The great bulk of deposits from such vegetable compounds would be woody fiber and its carbon, and these if left to decay on dry land, as in modern times, would dissipate its carbon, leaving only an insignificant amount of vegetable mold, with scarce a trace of resin remaining; and if submerged in estuaries would tend to preserve the woody structure intact, as in the Red River and other rafts; and if elevated by a rising of the bed of the river, with earthy deposits on top, would be found petrified or decayed, as such timber a hundred feet below the surface, in the drift deposit, has been found with no semblance of conversion into coal.

Vegetable impressions, found so numerous in coal, are no more evidence that coal was formed from vegetation than that shale, abounding in the same, and innumerable impressions of shells, owed its origin to vegetation or to the mollusca.

Trunks of trees are often found imbedded in coal, in which case they retain their woody structure and usually browned with saturating bitumen, and sometimes carbonized, but never converted into coal, as they neither have lamina construction, like all true coal, nor do they in burning leave a residuum like coal. Timber so situated certainly had all the requisites for conversion into coal, but as such transmutation did not take place, does not favor the hypothesis of the capacity of vegetation to form coal, even under the most favorable circumstances. In tropical climes, where vast masses of wood are annually produced and mainly dissipated by subsequent decay, no accumulations take place which favor conversion into coal.

Sir Charles Lyell, in "Principles of Geology," vol. ii., page 187, referring to large accumulations of drift wood, in some of our Western lakes, states that "The trunks of trees gradually decay until converted into a blackish brown substance, resembling peat, but still retain more or less of the fibrous structure of the wood, mingled with layers of clay, through which willow roots have penetrated, and a deposition of this kind, with a little infiltration of bituminous matter, would produce an excellent *imitation* of coal, with vegetable impressions of the willow roots." This passage, from a staunch advocate of the vegetable origin of coal, is certainly very much opposed to that theory, as it does not claim that this mass of vegetable decay contained any bitumen to render it capable of being converted into coal, but would be obliged to be saturated with that *foreign* element, to give it some semblance to coal, which he states as only then "an excellent imitation of coal." Therefore wood, even when saturated with bitumen, no more makes coal than shale does when saturated with the same. To form true bituminous coal the bitumen requires to be in entire preponderance over all incidentally associated earthy matter, as evidenced by the extreme lightness of coke, from which the bitumen has been mainly expelled in iron retorts; the residuum being a compound of various earthy matters, minerals, vegetable remains, and a trace of bitumen. With *mineral* bitumen in excess, doubtless time, heat in various degrees, and pressure from such admixed materials, produces all the varied characteristics of different kinds of coal.

No one can *deny* that bitumen is a mineral, and no one can *prove* that coal is the product of vegetation, and as the latter theory, for its support, requires not only that the earth should have been once more unstable in the coal-bearing localities, producing elevations and depressions in places amounting to scores, which no neighboring strata confirm by an equal number of corresponding dislocations; but that the axis of the earth must then have undergone a change, to produce a polar tropical clime, to foster an inordinate growth of vegetation, necessary to have formed the Melville Island coal beds, etc., and also an amount of carbon in the air, likely to have stifled all cotemporary fauna out of existence.

The mineral theory requires no such violence to nature for its support. Its advocates claim that inasmuch as bitumen is found in nearly all series of rocks, down to the Cambrian, long before vegetation existed, therefore that bitumen is a mineral, and when expelled from these rocks by internal heat, only claim an easy flow, in water-courses and concentrated submergence into estuaries, mingled with extraneous matter, also drifted and deposited in the same localities for the eventual production of bituminous coal—the same as is now in progress with bituminous springs, as naphtha, petroleum, mineral pitch, asphaltum, etc., and their subsidence into estuaries, are doubtless forming deposits for eventual coal beds, in alternating layers with other residuum and interposing detritus, mingled during quiet flows, floods, or freshets now accumulating at the bottom of such lakes or estuaries.

As the alkali, potash, which is usually contained in all wood ashes is also found in feldspar (a prominent component of the primitive granite) to the extent of twelve per cent., it is, therefore, properly inferred to be a mineral; but might as well be claimed to be of vegetable origin, as that bitumen, also found in vegetation and in almost all classes of rocks, should be considered as derived from vegetation, because first detected therein. And the same may be said of silex, being found alike in vegetation and the primitive rocks, is also a vegetable production, though the primitive rocks, containing potash, bitumen, and silex, existed long prior to the introduction of vegetation.

I will conclude by quoting a paragraph from Sir Charles Lyell's recent edition of his "Elementary Geology," page 300, wherein this staunch advocate of the vegetable origin of coal is constrained to admit another origin for an extensive supply of bitumen, thus: "The kimmeridge clay in great part is a bituminous shale, sometimes forming an impure coal, several hundred feet thick. In some places it much resembles peat, and the bituminous matter may have been, in part at least, derived from the decomposition of vegetable matter. But as impressions of plants are rare in these shales, which contain ammonites, oysters, and other marine shells, the bitumen may perhaps be of *animal* origin."

It is difficult to exhaust the tangible reasons opposed to the *complicated* vegetable origin of coal, and in favor of its *simple* mineral origin, from bitumen, co-existing in almost all rock formations. But enough for the present.

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

LOCUST VALLEY, QUEENS COUNTY, N. Y.

GHOSTS, AND FOREKNOWING.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In your January number I simply intended to relate *one* of *many similar* occurrences that have transpired in my own experience. No claim was made to *ghost*-seeing or to impressions made by external (or other) objects through the external organs, but I did claim that the vision, all like visions, all ghost-seeing, and all similar appearances are impressed psychologically on the brain without the media of the external organs of perception.

Concerning the "guessing," truth and modesty both forbid the acceptance of the compliment; such a feat is beyond the power of any human being. The law of chance would contravene it a million or so of times. In it are comprised the positions and occupations of two persons and twenty-four words—five uttered by the guesser and nineteen by another—all exactly in the order of their subsequent utterance. To credit such a performance I think beyond the credulous stretch of even a *dreamy* imagination, unless aided by prejudice or fear.

As to expressed desire, I assure Mr. T. that I neither desired nor expected a duplicate of the vision in real occurrence. To me it was prophetic only of the cure, but its exact repetition thus evidenced to me that the impressing intelligence did foreordain, foreknow, and cause the accomplishment of the cure and the said repetition.

The impression that the cure would occur was so powerful that it was impossible for me to doubt it; and though impressions of this kind are frequent, experience has never yet proved one false.

A correct impress of places, persons, and things without external media is not uncommon, and persons by the hundred thousand can to-day with truth say the same. *Let theory be well proved by experience*, is my motto.

S. T. F.

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FORESEEING—A FACT.

MR. EDITOR—As much has been said of late in your excellent JOURNAL about "Foreseeing" and "Foreknowing," permit me to narrate an incident in my experience. In the year 1859 I was attending school about seventy miles from home. One evening a room-mate suggested as a pastime that we should try which of us could draw the best profile of a lady. I assented, and we commenced. I am no artist—never was, and never pretended to be one; but now it seemed as though I could portray anything, any one, or whatever I pleased. My friend soon finished his drawing, and spoke to me (as he afterward told me), but I made no reply, and seemed intent upon my work. He could not make me raise my eyes, move a muscle, or divert my attention in any way; so, thinking that I was simply "contrary," he left the room, and was away, I think, about three hours. When he returned, he said I was sitting in the same position as when he left me, but I was not drawing. I had finished my picture, my eyes were closed, and my face very pale. As for me, I remember having drawn the outline of my profile, and then all seems a blank. The next thing I can recollect was being lifted off my bed, two days after the occurrence just stated, to have my bed made. I was not able to go out of the house for sixteen days after that.

The portrait which I had drawn was considered by good judges as a fine one, and, although drawn upon unsuitable paper, and with a single pencil, had every feature and expression as plainly and clearly delineated as any pencil drawing I ever saw. It resembled no one I had ever seen at the time, but it seemed as if I should some day see, love, and marry the original of my strange drawing.

During the remainder of my stay at school I looked for her in every concourse of people, but in vain! On returning home I was requested to show my "sleepy drawing" which I had written so much about. The first one who saw it exclaimed, "Why, this is Miss ——, our new neighbor!" (One of our neighbors, during my absence, had "sold out," and a man and his family from the East had taken possession.) Finally, all claimed that it was an exact likeness of the new-comer's daughter. The next day they (the neighbors) were all invited to spend an evening at our house. They came—when, behold! there was the very face I had been searching for, and the exact original to my drawing! She is now my wife. We loved each other "at first sight;" neither of us had ever loved before, and a happier couple are not often found. The profile is hanging in our parlor in a gilt frame, and is the subject of scrutiny for every visitor, and a wonder to all; but few know its true history. K. N.

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

INTERPRETATION.

[A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following note suggested by the dream published in our January number.]

Had a thorough restorationist dreamed, after talking with Dr. Clark on the same subject, he would have seen and felt all the horrors of purgatory; and if not awakened by the excruciating torture of the flames, he would have arisen, purified, and joined not only his Saviour, but all he ever knew in life who had, like himself, died, been purified, and risen to meet their Lord in the air.

Had a spiritualist dreamed, his spirit would have lingered near the lifeless, earthly form and among the mourning friends many days, and there he would have met the spiritual form of all the friends and enemies he ever knew; some good, some bad, some happy, some unhappy, as in this sphere each had cultivated habits of purity or impurity.

That is, all dreams and visions simply illustrate and confirm the dreamer in his belief. So death-bed expressions simply inform the listener whether the dying patient really believed what he professed and advocated. For there is no creed pointing to a happy future, *honestly* held to until the hour of death, that will forsake its devotee in that trying hour, unless disturbed by something else than God or the working of the patient's own mind. But the sorriest sight I ever witnessed is the death of one who through life *professed to* believe a doctrine that he did not believe fully. T. H.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your "BEST THOUGHTS" solicited.*

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, *etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department*—TO CORRESPONDENTS—*and communications for the Editor, must be written on* SEPARATE *slips.*

HANDWRITING.—We must repeat, in reply to numerous correspondents, that although we are pleased to receive specimens of their caligraphy, we have not promised, nor do we claim to be able, to give a full description of character from handwriting; and if we could do so, it would be a rather unprofitable business for us to devote our time and that of a corps of reporters to giving such descriptions *gratis*, and afterward to fill the JOURNAL with them. The principles of graphomancy, and the rules for reading character in handwriting (so far as it can be done), are given in our January number. Our readers must apply them for themselves. Those who are anxious to get a full description of their character without a personal examination, can learn how it can be done by sending a 3-cent stamp for "The Mirror of the Mind." ——

MARRIAGE OF COUSINS.—We have had frequent occasion, for years past, to express our views on this topic, and we have endeavored to be as explicit in our negation as language could make it. But now scarcely a week transpires without our receiving letters asking for information in reference to the same subject. In our treatise on "Hereditary Descent" we have much to say of cousin-marriages, not in their behalf, but emphatically against them, furnishing a pile of testimony in support of our position. But we are not the only writers who animadvert the principle; medical men, and almost all well-read and experienced persons, censure it; and why? Because debility and sickness, if not greater evils in the shape of deformity and idiocy usually, are entailed upon the issue of such alliances. Nature's law of matrimonial association appears to be broken by such a marriage, and the indiscreet parents themselves suffer as well as their children. In fact, in all large communities the melancholy results of such ill-advised unions are pretty well known, and idiots, malformed, and mentally deficient persons are pointed out as the children of Mr. and Mrs. ——, who were own cousins. Let those cousins who entertain a closer relationship consult the well-authenticated evidence of Lawrence, Combe, and Walker, and find in the sad aggregate timely admonition, and for the sake of those who may come after, dismiss any preconceived views to matrimony.

TEMPERAMENT AND MATRIMONY.—What sort of a girl should a person marry who has the four temperaments about equally balanced? My hair is dark brown and eyes gray. My nature seems to like dark-haired, black-eyed girls, with considerable of the lymphatic temperament. But is this right? *Ans.* Persons with a well-balanced temperament are naturally less restricted in their choice of a companion than those in whom there is an excess or a deficiency of one or more of the temperaments. We see no reason in the statement you make why you may not marry a black-eyed girl, provided she be willing. ——

INJURY OF BRAIN.—If your assertions are true, that the organs of the brain grow in proportion to their exercise, has not external pressure upon the brain, such as carrying heavy burdens upon the head, a still greater power to injure the human mind? *Ans.* It does not do any good to the brain or mind to carry burdens on the head, and those who have thin skulls and susceptible brain would not care to practice it. A steady pressure on the head would displace the organs and make the head broad and flat, without destroying any of the organs. Pressure on the head is a bad practice.

TO REMOVE SCARS.—The only way by which scars may be removed from face, hands, or the body is by the very slow and sure process of re-creation. Dame Nature alone can do this nice little work, and she charges nothing—asks nothing in return, save obedience to her laws. She is no quack, nor does she administer pills, powders, plasters, bitters, nor slops of *any* kind. Are there *moral* scars to be removed? Yes. True repentance will secure forgiveness, and a life devoted to usefulness will secure a comely expression and completely obliterate all unsightly scars, be they of body or spirit.

PRIVATE QUESTIONS.—P. H. G. If you desire to ask questions the answers to which are not appropriate for publication through the JOURNAL, you should give your full name and address, so that we can reply by letter. We do not, however, think that a subscriber can rightfully ask us to answer a list of questions by letter which would cost us more time than a year's subscription is worth. We shall hereafter consign to the waste basket all questions which are not appropriate to be answered in the JOURNAL unless the name of the writer or some name and address be given so that we can reply by letter.

ANTHROPOLOGY.—Can you furnish a work on Anthropology equally as authentic or more valuable than Nichols', of Cincinnati? *Ans.* American treatises of authority on this subject are rare. Besides Nichols' work and that of Dr. Rauch on Anthropology and Psychology, we know of none published in America which we can commend. In Europe, considerable attention has been given to the subject, and several societies formed for its special investigation. Blumenbach's Lives and Anthropological Treatises, published by the London Anthropological Society, is perhaps one of the best works of the kind. We will supply that of Dr. Rauch for $1 50. That of Blumenbach would cost about $5, gold, and require time for its importation.

JOURNAL COVERS.—These convenient articles can be obtained from us, by those who take our monthly, at $1 each. They are so made that any one can bind his journals himself, the apparatus for that purpose being simple and secure.

HANDWRITING—CHARACTER.—I observe in my scholars' writing that those who have the most self-esteem give their letters less slant than those who have less self-esteem. Please give me your opinion on this. *Ans.* Very likely. Large Self-Esteem stands erect, and would naturally make his written lines somewhat the same. Let every writing-master make observations on the point.

BRAIN AFTER DEATH.—Why is it that the brain, after death, does not touch the inner walls of the skull? I am informed by intelligent surgeons that this is the case, and some have based their disbelief in Phrenology on this fact. *Ans.* Because the blood has ceased to flow through it. The arteries which contain half the blood of the system are found, after death, entirely empty. The ancients had no idea they contained blood, but thought they contained air; hence they called them arteries, or air-carriers. The arteries of the brain being emptied of blood, allow the brain to so shrink as not to fill the skull as it does in life.

The brain in life may be likened to a baking apple, which is full and plump; in death, it is something like a cold, baked apple, shrunk to something considerably less than its natural size, if not even shriveled.

IMBECILITY.—W. T. S. If the well-formed head you speak of does not exhibit mind enough to take care of himself, you depend upon it there is some good reason why the brain is not vigorous. One of the handsomest boys we have seen, with a good-sized and well-shaped head, was in an idiotic school. His father used up all his nervous energy on his business, and his mother lived an idle life, ate inordinately, drank wine, and slept "like a log" more than half the time during the day and as much nights as other people, and the child's brain did not "tick." It was a watch with no mainspring.

A DRAMATIC WRITER requires a fine mental temperament, a clear intellect with large perceptives, reflectives, Ideality, Imitation, Constructiveness, and Order. If he would elevate or lift up the drama, he must also possess high moral sentiment, with a refined and subdued social nature. Energy is another essential element of character to enter into the work of the dramatist.

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FIVE-DOLLAR SEWING MACHINES, no matter by what name, are simply worthless. Purchasers will have good reason to repeat those words, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

When will our country cousins learn that "all is not gold that glitters," and that $50 watches can not be bought for $5. Honest men are willing to pay an honest price for honest goods. Dishonest men will try to get something for nothing, and will, most likely, get caught in a trap.

THE BEARD, HAIR OILS, ETC.—Can any extraneous appliances be used to produce that desirable appendage, a sufficiently full and comely beard? or, more briefly, is there any virtue in any of the many advertised beard and hair producers or restoratives? *Ans.* "Whereas," when a sprig of a boy, we were sagely advised to shave, and thus raise a beard. In reply to the question, "how to do it?" we were told to lather the face with sweet cream, and then let the cat lick it off. We didn't "see it," but took care to get our full rations of pudding and milk, and we now glory in a full beard. We have much faith in the efficacy of pudding and milk, but none at all in any of the advertised mustache fertilizers.

QUACKERY.—C. S. G. We should place no confidence whatever in the pretensions of Dr. ——, or other self-styled "Intuitive Phrenologists." A fool may guess right occasionally, and be flattered by foolish persons into the notion that he is a genius or an oracle. "Intuitive," forsooth! on a plane with the instincts of the quadrupeds. We have no patience with impostors.

JEWELRY SWINDLERS.—The concern advertised by the name of Haywood & Co.—watches and jewelry—was broken up by our city authorities, it being proved that it was bogus, got up to swindle. It is better to trust the selection of such goods to some trusty friend.

JEALOUSY.—Are there not many kinds of jealousy? Will you tell us all about that unhappy feeling, and who are most liable to it?—MANY READERS. *Ans.* In the September number for 1865 this subject was lengthily and exhaustively treated. We can send the number containing the article for 20 cents.

DREAMLESS SLEEP.—Persons in sound health, and all of whose habits are correct, generally sleep soundly and are unconscious of dreaming; but the same is true in some cases of disease. Probably our correspondent's case is one of general debility, with perhaps a torpidity of the liver. Bathing, water injections, outdoor exercise, good air, sunlight, and a wholesome and well-regulated but generous diet will do wonders in such cases.

PHYSIOGNOMY.—Yes, it will be issued in one volume of about 800 pages, handsomely bound. Part IV. is now preparing for the press.

ELEVATED SHOULDERS, ETC.—We can not prescribe for your case without knowing more about it. Probably there is a weakness of the whole system, which would require persevering general treatment.

TEMPERAMENT AND CLIMATE.—What part of the earth would be best suited, as regards health, to a man of bilious temperament, fifty years of age? *Ans.* We should choose a mild or moderately warm climate like that of northern Georgia or northwestern South Carolina, for instance.

MEASURING HEIGHT.—Is there any fixed rule for measuring the height of distant objects? *Ans.* Yes, as you will find by consulting any good book on Surveying. There are so many mathematical text-books of merit that it is difficult for us to specify any one course. We think Robinson's Series are excellent for the student, and may be obtained through us.

COTTON IN WOOLEN GOODS.—A merchant friend of mine claims that mixed fabrics of wool and cotton are made, not for cheapness, but because of the superior strength of the cotton, thereby securing greater durability, and that in the finest broadcloths and cassimeres there is always about a seventh part cotton, and also that in reality there is no such thing as all-wool goods. Is he correct? *Ans.* Cotton was mixed with wool in textile fabrics, 1st, for cheapness; 2d, because warps for white flannels could be spun finer and smoother with a little cotton mixed with the wool, but it was done on the sly, and considered a cheat when found out. In colored fabrics the cotton would fade and make the goods look brown or gray. In goods usually made with silk warp and worsted filling, cotton warp was stealthily made to displace the silk, greatly to the annoyance of the customer and to the scandal of the trade. The finest broadcloths have no cotton in them, nor should there be cotton, whether cheap or dear, in any woolen goods except satinets and other goods professedly made of cotton warp and woolen filling. Cotton in woolen goods is a cheat, and nothing else.

ORATORY.—There are several works in print which will afford material assistance to the young "aspirant" in the field of declamation. We might instance McElligott's "American Debater" and Bautain's "Art of Extempore Speaking" as excellent works of their kind, both of which can be obtained from us. These books lay down certain rules for the development of the voice and for arranging an argument, besides offering many suggestions of value to the youthful debater.

LIVER COMPLAINT.—For the chronic form of this disease, those hygienic measures—baths, open-air exercise, and good habits of living generally—which tend to promote the general health, are the only trustworthy remedies. By all means avoid drugs.

A SUBSCRIBER whose temperament is motive-mental, with black hair and eyes, should be mated with a lady of the vital or vital-mental temperament, light hair and blue or gray eyes.

ADVERTISING QUACK DOCTORS.—All the persons named who prescribe for "indiscreet young men," are simply quacks, who both rob and poison their victims. There are any number of these swindlers in all our large cities. See our work on Physiognomy for the significance of small ears. Bookkeepers receive from $500 to $2,000 a year.

STUDY OF MEDICINE.—"What branches of education should I master before commencing the study of medicine?" *Ans.* It is not essential for a man to be a graduate of a college or university in what is called classical departments in order to commence the study of medicine. It would be well, however, to read enough of Latin and Greek (and also, if possible, French and German) to qualify one to enter college, and then devote the rest of the time and the labor in the study of the branches taught in medical colleges. If our medical students would study enough of the classics to gain admittance to a literary college, and devote the four years that would be required to graduate, in the prosecution of a practical education in science, and then enter upon the study of the medical profession in a medical college, it would be greatly to the advantage of the world. We see no special reason why over four years' time should be devoted to the study of languages which teach no philosophy, no truth that takes hold on to-day, but makes the student wade through realms of heathen mythology and heathen ideas, when he ought to be learning modern science as applicable to the medical or other profession he proposes to follow.

BEARD NOSTRUMS.—Are any of the compounds that are advertised to force the beard to grow in six weeks reliable? *Ans.* We think not. We would not give sixpence a ton for them unless it were to make soil fertilizers. There is probably considerable *lie* in them.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM?—Please let me know what reputation one "Crane," M.D. has; is he a reliable physician and phrenologist? in other words, is a patient safe under his care and treatment? *Ans.* We do not know enough of the man to answer the question satisfactorily. We should ask for his credentials, where he got his M.D., before trusting him. If he is the strolling Southern vagabond of whom we have heard so much, we can say nothing in his favor. He is probably only a quack.

THE PENMAN'S MANUAL is out of print. The Compendium of the Spencerian Writing System is a good guide. Price $2 25. May be had at this office.

A. C. R. L.—The JOURNAL is not the place in which to delineate character for private gratification. If we were to open it for that purpose, and make our estimates of character gratuitous, as you desire, we should need ten JOURNALS to contain the work that would come, and require the wealth of a millionaire to foot the bills. Send for the "Mirror of the Mind" and a stamp to pay return postage, and you will find out by that how to get a character from your portrait.

PETER, OF CAMBRIDGE.—We would regard a chart marked by us as one of the best of recommendations for a situation, for that would state a man's natural capacity, while a recommendation from another party might be based on false foundations. A rogue may so conduct himself for a year as to obtain one of the best ordinary business recommendations, while an examination would determine his capacity for trickery, hypocrisy, deceit, and dishonesty. Some men, however, with not a naturally good head or character, are so favorably surrounded that they have little temptation to do wrong. They have an army of respectable friends, they succeed to a lucrative and honorable business which has been secured to them by the life-labors of industrious fathers, and they have only to practice the prudent routine of a well-established business to secure to themselves a good standing in the market and in the social world. Such men go through life without temptation and without fault. But let them be set down among strangers, poor, and be obliged to earn their first dollar and work their way in the labyrinth of temptation, and they would not stand a month. On the other hand, one with a naturally good organization, struggling with poverty and temptation, without friends to aid, and with scores of rivals to plot for his disadvantage or downfall, has need of all that nature gave him to maintain tolerable virtue; and if he fall, who shall charge it wholly to him regardless of the circumstances? Many a man strives against a sea of adverse conditions and stumbles under a load of temptation and perhaps falls, rises and strives again, and is called a knave by men who, had they a tenth of his temptation, would instantly go under without a single manly effort of inherent virtue.

We can not discuss in every number of the JOURNAL Temperament and everything.

For an answer to your question relative to the amount of character there is in the walk, we must refer you to our new work on Physiognomy now in press. If you would ascertain by the chart whether a person is lazy or not, see how the temperament is marked, and also how the propelling organs are developed. In regard to publishing the author's name with articles contributed, that is always done if the editor thinks it will add anything to the credit or force of the article, unless a request be made to the contrary, then it never would be published.

MR. MERRILL'S PAMPHLET.—Mr. Merrill's present address, we believe, is Concord, N. H.

NERVOUSNESS, ETC.—L. M. E. You have the mental temperament, and are probably studying and thinking too much for the limited vital resources at your command. Give more attention to the welfare of the body and less to the intellect, for a time. Keep the head cool and the feet warm.

PIMPLES, ETC.—Pimples are caused by bad blood, and bad blood is caused by improper food, impure air, and unphysiological habits generally. Read "Physical Perfection;" price $1 75 by mail.

MADAM.—Is it proper to apply the title Madam to an unmarried lady? *Ans.* Yes, the term has its root in the Latin *mea*, my, and *domina*, lady. Domina was the title of Roman ladies from their fourteenth year. *Madame* (spelled with an *e*) signifies a married lady, and if not now an English word, should be naturalized and brought into general use.

PERSONAL AFFAIRS.—G. B. Q. We can advise you by private letter, but can not do so through the JOURNAL.

E.—You can learn what education would be required, and what books to study with a view to become a physician, by asking any well-educated physician in your city.

A MOTHER.—A child's brow becomes developed at puberty, and the middle of the forehead appears more flat in consequence.

C. G.—Yes, if you have a good voice.

DEFERRED.—A very large number of queries remain on hand to be answered in future numbers, as time and space may permit. We can not answer all that we receive, and many which we purpose to answer are, from time to time, necessarily postponed.

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SHEEP—DIFFERENT BREEDS.*

THESE well-known animals are found in all parts of the world except the polar regions, and furnish mankind with food and material for clothing. In ancient times sheep formed the principal wealth of the agriculturist, and the term *pecus* of the Latins, from which was derived *pecunia*, wealth or money, was applied especially to them. In the patriarchal age and the times of the early Greeks and Romans they were bred chiefly for their skins and milk, the last being abundant, agreeable, and highly nutritious; now they are valued most for their wool, flesh, and fat. In India they are to some extent employed as beasts of burden among the mountains, their surefootedness rendering them valuable for the purposes of transportation. In the manufactures and arts, sheepskins are used in the form of leather for gloves, book-binding, and many other purposes; the wool is made use of in the manufacture of a great variety of fabrics, chiefly cloth for garments. As the keeping of sheep is one of the most common and primitive of human occupations, they have become so modified by the processes of domestication and adaptation to various climates, that it is well-nigh impossible for us to determine

the original stock. It may be that the wild representative of the species has disappeared altogether through the long period of domestication. There are a great variety of breeds of sheep, variously esteemed for the delicacy of their flesh as food, for the texture of their wool, or for both. Time and space only permit us to consider those breeds in which we as Americans feel particularly interested. In England and America sheep are raised for the table and for their wool. The breeds in highest esteem and most carefully cultivated are the Merino, Leicester, Southdown, and Cotswold.

The Merino is eminently a wool-producing animal, and in modern times has been brought to the greatest perfection in Spain. Unlike the other breeds named, they have wool on the forehead and cheeks; their horns are very large and heavy, and coiled laterally; the wool is fine, soft, and long, and so oily naturally that dirt and dust adhering to the surface give it a dingy appearance, although beneath it is perfectly white. Cross-

breeds with the Merino have been imported into America, and thrive well in several parts of this country. The Saxon is considered by many American sheep-breeders as the finest variety of the Merino in the United States.

In Great Britian, for many years, great attention has been paid to the improvement of sheep, and the highest success has been there attained both as respects the quality of the mutton and the excellence of the wool. The English sheep-growers recognize two grand divisions in sheep, the *long-wooled* and the *short-wooled*. The most esteemed of the long-wooled sheep is the Leicester or Dishley breed, which is extensively reared on the low rich pasture-lands. It is distinguished by the absence of horns; its head is long and clean, the eyes are lively, and the body broad, straight, and flat backed. The fleece is abundant, and when well grown the animal is usually heavy in flesh of an excellent flavor—sometimes attaining a weight of 350 pounds. It is one of the most docile of known varieties. The well-known Southdown occupies the foremost niche in the scale of short-wooled sheep. This breed is dark-faced, dark-legged, without horns, and has a long and

small neck. Its fleece is very short and fine, and its mutton, which is in great repute among epicures, is rich and fine-grained. This variety flourishes in the greatest perfection in Sussex County, on the grassy downs of England. The Southdown is preferred by many to the Merino because of its larger size, its more prolific yield and greater hardihood; in this estimate both the mutton and wool characteristics are considered. The Merino as a mutton sheep does not occupy a conspicuous place among those we have mentioned.

The Cotswold is another highly esteemed breed of the long-wooled type. This variety of sheep is raised to a considerable extent in Canada both for its wool and mutton. It grows to the largest size. Our vignette represents the head of a Cotswold ram, weighing over 400 pounds, which was exhibited at the Provincial Agricultural Society's Fair at Hamilton, C. W., in 1864. For the general farmer in America the Leicester may be said to be the most profitable, as having a heavier fleece and carcass, thereby combining the advantages of wool and meat. The wool being long is used mostly for combing purposes, for delaines and similar goods. This variety of sheep is extensively bred in New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Sheep are not indigenous in America, but considerable attention has been here paid to their preservation and improvement. The first sheep introduced into the United States were a few that were brought over by the early settlers of Jamestown, Virginia, in 1609. In forty years the few had expanded to 3,000, so well adapted was the cli-

mate and soil of that State to their maintenance. From Virginia they were introduced into New York and Massachusetts about the year 1645.

Some of the finest sheep raised in this country are bred in Vermont, a cross-breed known as the Vermont Brewer being a favorite with sheep fanciers.

Sheep and goats were formerly regarded as belonging to the same genus, but are now known to differ materially. The goat in its wild state is provided in both sexes with horns, directed backward and upward; the chin is generally furnished with a long beard; the hair is long and but little inclined to curl; the disposition is capricious and inclined to wandering.

Sheep have no beard; their horns are directed backward and then inclined spirally more or less forward; the external covering is generally wool throughout; they are mild in disposition, affectionate, and easily domesticated. There seems to be, however, a very intimate relation subsisting between sheep and goats, since together they produce a very prolific offspring. For farming purposes there is no class of animals which, when well kept, will prove so advantageous as sheep. An improved breed like the Leicester or Cotswold, properly cared for, can not fail to be a source

* We are indebted for our illustrations and other data to the publishers of the "Illustrated Annual Register of Rural Affairs." Those who are desirous of investigating the subject further, will find much valuable information in the issue for 1866. The "Illustrated Annual Register of Rural Affairs and Cultivator Almanac for the year 1866," containing practical suggestions for the farmer and horticulturist, is embellished with about 130 engravings, by J. J. THOMAS, author of the "American Fruit Culturist," etc., and may be obtained of LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Albany, or FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y. Price 35 cts., post-paid.

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of profit to the farmer both for its wool and its mutton.

American manufacturers of woolen fabrics are beginning to compete with foreign manufacturers in the quality and style of their goods; and the impetus given to wool-growing by the demand is such as will stimulate sheep-raisers to improve as far as may be the quality of the staple. The domestic demand for wool will most likely increase for years to come, and those who become interested in the pleasant and comparatively easy pursuit of sheep-breeding will find it a source of profit.

At present, the Northern and Western States raise the best sheep for mutton, and the Middle and Southern for wool. In 1860 there were about 25 million sheep in the United States, a little less than half the number in England at that time. The amount of wool yielded by that number is about 75 million pounds, all of which, and twice as much more is consumed by our own manufacturers. Due attention to wool-growing for a few years would render us independent of foreign nations for a sufficient supply of the raw material. Let our farmers look into the matter.

We defer phrenological and physiognomical remarks until another occasion, when we may analyze the characteristics of the different breeds of sheep and of different individuals of the same breed, which, as will be seen by our excellent illustrations, are quite dissimilar. It is safe to state that in disposition they differ quite as much as in contour.

TESTIMONY OF A TEACHER.—[We presented a few specimen numbers of the JOURNAL to the grown-up pupils in one of our evening schools, and received the following acknowledgment from one of the teachers:] No. 14 LAIGHT ST., NEW YORK, *Feb.*, 1866.

S. R. WELLS, ESQ., EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL —*Dear Sir:* My class of young men in the evening school desire me to return to you their hearty thanks for the copies of your JOURNAL which you so kindly presented to them. They wish me also to express to you their high appreciation of its value. Quite a number of them will hereafter be numbered among your regular readers.

It gives me great pleasure to communicate this to you. As a teacher, I find that Phrenology affords the very best basis and stand-point from which to impart moral and elevating instruction. Especially is this the case with regard to that large class of sober and thoughtful young men who know the value of education and aspire to a high moral and intellectual position. They will listen to the great truths which Phrenology teaches, expressed in the admirable phraseology which that science affords, with absorbing interest, though the same truths, otherwise expressed, might utterly fail to fix their attention.

I am glad to know that the greatest of American teachers—Horace Mann—fully appreciated the value of Phrenology as an educating power, and I believe that no earnest teacher who makes himself acquainted with its principles, and brings it to bear upon the instruction and discipline of his pupils, can fail to be impressed with its general truthfulness and its practical utility.

Highly appreciating the cordial interest you manifest in the cause of education, and praying for the "good time coming" when a "finished education" shall embrace the *whole man*, physical, intellectual, and moral, I remain most sincerely, yours, EDWIN F. BACON.

NOT to revenge one's self, even when vengeance were just, is noble. To love the offender, sublime; but secretly to administer kindness to him in his need, is heavenly.

HOPE.

BY MRS. CLARA LEARNED MEACHAM.

"Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a calm for every woe;
Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loveliest bounds and Ocean's wildest shore."

THOUGH all else may depart, Hope still will endure,
And hold the tried spirit forever secure;
As, steadfast, the anchor holds the ocean-tossed bark
When the storms beat wild and the clouds grow dark.
We shall anchor full soon in that haven above,
Where the justified sing "that sweet story of love."

Hope lureth the child in its search for sweet flowers,
Near the winding stream 'mid sunshine and showers;
Hope bridges the chasm at the wild mountain's side,
And youth scales the summit with joy and with pride;
Hope her lullaby sings as he sinks to his rest
'Neath purple-hued clouds on the mountain's blue crest.

Hope arches the altar for the fair young bride,
And pictures life's sea as a soft golden tide;
Hope dries up the tear and cheers her sad heart,
As she turneth from parents and home to depart;
It pictures the future as a sweet distant clime,
And gilds the long hours of "the bright coming time."

Hope brightens the eye of the studious boy,
And points to a future of pride and of joy;
Illumines the page at the midnight hour,
And giveth to science the charmer's sweet power;
Bright pictures it paints on the true poet's brain,
Till he sings in a sweeter and loftier strain.

Hope nerveth the arm of the soldier-boy brave,
And brightens the victory, or lights up the grave;
He wieldeth the sword with a heavier blow,
When Hope paints the future in a roseate glow;
It strengthens his heart in the dark hour of pain,
As he bleeding falleth and lies 'mong the slain.

LEIPSIC, OHIO.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL has entered on its 42d year, and we can truly state that no paper has so well deserved a success as this, which we are glad to find it has obtained. As containing a variety of information of use to all, well-written essays on the life and character of distinguished men, valuable treatises on physiological facts and laws, the JOURNAL stands unrivaled. What we like best in it is its plain straightforwardness, its bold defense of the science to which it is especially devoted. Its articles on health and bodily training are written in a clear style, and are the more valuable for this. The JOURNAL is published monthly, in quarto form, by Fowler and Wells, 389 Broadway.—*Jewish Messenger, N. Y.*

General Items.

A SILVER SET.—At the conclusion of a course of private lessons in practical Phrenology recently given by MRS. CHARLOTTE FOWLER WELLS, she was presented with an elegant silver pitcher, goblet, and salver by the members of her class. The following presentation address was delivered by MRS. SARAH M. ELLIS, M.D., of the New York Medical College for Women:

MRS. WELLS: *Dear Madam*—In behalf of the class I beg your attention for a few moments. We are painfully aware that with the lesson of this evening the pleasant relations which have subsisted between us are to be interrupted, if not broken forever. Let me thank you for your unfaltering perseverance and the self-sacrificing efforts which you have made in their behalf; neither the *storm king* nor the *ice demon* standing in your path have swerved you from the purpose of disseminating the useful and beautiful doctrines of Phrenology. Those of us who know you best know that a life of usefulness has been devoted to this glorious mission. Allow me to tender you, not for its intrinsic value, this parting token of appreciation and heartfelt thankfulness for the instruction received and for the kindness and sympathy you have extended to each member of the class.

The engraved inscription on the silver plate reads as follows:

Presented to MRS. WELLS by the Ladies and Gentlemen of the PHRENOLOGICAL CLASS, meeting at the house of MRS. HARRIET H. HOFFMAN, M.D., as a small token of their esteem for her, and in grateful recognition of her valuable instruction to the class. CHRISTMAS, 1865.

A suitable acknowledgment was made by MRS. WELLS for the beautiful souvenir, and after a few remarks, in which some mention of her labors of love occurred, the very interesting session terminated.

WHERE WE KEEP OUR CASH.—In advising our friends where to place their money for safe keeping, and where they may always invest in the best interest-paying government securities, it may be proper to state that *we* have done, are now doing what we advise to do, namely, to avail themselves of the strong fire and burglar proof safes of the Ninth National Bank, corner of Broadway and Franklin Street, New York city. If any other recommendation than this is wanted, read their annual report of the Directors to the stockholders, on another page, and see what an amount of business *our* bank has done during the past year. We congratulate the government, the officers of the bank, and the people on this most successful institution. We keep *our* account in the Ninth National Bank, of which MR. JOSEPH U. ORVIS is President, and MR. JOHN T. HILL is Cashier.

PHONOGRAPHIC REPORTERS IN CHICAGO.—Messrs. J. T. Ely, S. W. Burnham, and A. L. Bartlett have formed a partnership and established themselves at 93 Washington Street, Chicago, where they propose to report law cases, trials, sermons, speeches, and anything requiring verbatim writing. These gentlemen will also visit State capitals, and report legislative proceedings.

Mr. E. S. Belden is attending medical lectures in Bellevue College, New York, and reporting the lectures for publication.

Mr. E. T. Davis is reporting for the Pennsylvania Legislature in Harrisburg. Messrs. Drayton, Wheeler, Hayes, and Jackson are at 389 Broadway, New York.

In the courts, and on the press in New York, the following phonographers are employed: E. F. Underhill; A. F., F. J., and R. N. Warburton; Jas. E. Munson, G. H. Stout, G. R. Bishop, Wm. Anderson, H. M. Parkhurst, Messrs. Wilbour, Burr, Lord, and others.

AMERICAN WOMEN.—The following petition for UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE is being circulated for signers. They make this appeal:

TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: The undersigned, women of the United States, respectfully ask an amendment of the Constitution that shall prohibit the several States from disfranchising any of their citizens on the ground of sex.

In making our demand for suffrage, we would call your attention to the fact that we represent fifteen million people—one half the entire population of the country—intelligent, virtuous, native-born American

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citizens; and yet stand outside the pale of political recognition.

The Constitution classes us as "free people," and counts us *whole* persons in the basis of representation; and yet are we governed without our consent, compelled to pay taxes without appeal, and punished for violations of law without choice of judge or juror.

The experience of all ages, the declarations of the fathers, the statute laws of our own day, and the fearful revolution through which we have just passed, all prove the uncertain tenure of life, liberty, and property so long as the ballot—the only weapon of self-protection—is not in the hand of every citizen.

Therefore, as you are now amending the Constitution, and, in harmony with advancing civilization, placing new safeguards round the individual rights of four millions of emancipated slaves, we ask that you extend the right of suffrage to woman—the only remaining class of disfranchised citizens—and thus fulfill your constitutional obligation "to guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government."

As all partial application of republican principles must ever breed a complicated legislation as well as a discontented people, we would pray your honorable body, in order to simplify the machinery of government and insure domestic tranquillity, that you legislate hereafter for persons, citizens, tax-payers, and not for class or caste.

For justice and equality your petitioners will ever pray.

[We reserve our opinions for a future occasion, simply quoting the remark that "The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." Let the ladies be heard.]

Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.*]

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—A Summer's Journey to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons, and the Pacific States, with Speaker Colfax. By SAMUEL BOWLES, editor of the Springfield *Republican*. 12mo., 452 pp. Cloth. $2 25. N. Y.: Fowler and Wells.

A work which must become very popular. It will be read not only by all who contemplate a visit to our Western States, but by many thousands who can travel with our distinguished writers only through the book, when cosily seated at their own firesides.

No better view of the country can be obtained in printed form than is given in the handsome volume under notice. The author is a well-known and experienced writer, and the editor of one of the leading New England daily journals. His name alone is a sufficient recommendation without any words of approval from us.

He describes his trip from Massachusetts to Missouri; from the Missouri to the Platte; across the plains to the Rocky Mountains; and through the gold mines from Denver to Salt Lake; and also his reception by the Mormons, and the peculiarities of this singular people; life in Utah; polygamy; Mormon wives; social life among the Mormons; the silver mines of Nevada; overland to Oregon; the Columbia River, its scenery and its commerce; through Washington Territory, Puget's Sound, and Vancouver's Island; San Francisco; reception of Mr. Colfax in the Pacific States; the Yosemite Valley and the big trees; the Chinese on the Pacific coast—how they live, their religion and their vices; the Pacific Railway; agriculture and vineyards of California; mining—its varieties, results, and prospects; the churches and the people; climate, productions, cost of living, and currency; politics and politicians; voyage home by steamship and the Isthmus.

All these and a thousand things more go to make up a work full of interest and instruction, a work almost indispensable to an intelligent traveler who would inform himself in regard to one of the most interesting parts of the globe.

Go to Italy if you like; to Switzerland if you will; go to England, Ireland, and Scotland; go to Australia or to Brazil if so inclined, but before going there, go West, go to the Rocky Mountains, to California, Oregon, Washington Territory; behold the grandest scenery in the world; examine the richest mines of gold and silver and the finest soil; breathe the most genial atmosphere, and see the biggest trees in existence, and everything else on the same grand scale. It is all very well to visit the old country—the land of our forefathers; to look on the poverty, the ignorance, the wealth, and the intelligence of different classes; to note the working of monarchical governments in their effects on the rich and on the poor; to observe their social habits, the extent of dissipation and of crime, and their state religion. But if you would see the effects of democratic and republican principles carried out, go to the great West, where every man is a law unto himself. He respects the rights of others, his heart is big with charity, overflowing with kindness, and his religious nature is as broad as the globe and he includes all mankind in his prayers. Would you knock off that narrow bigotry, prejudice, and superstition which encases so many small souls? go West; rub against the Rocky Mountains, and you would rise to a higher degree of manhood.

We grant that the extreme West at present is a land of few luxuries, but it is a land where all the luxuries of life may be produced without limits—the land of our future. The East is a ground in which the seed may be planted and the plant nourished, trained, and trimmed; but the West is the land in which to transplant, in which a sapling may become a tree, the boy a man, and the man a power in the world.

Let us glorify the West according to its worth. Read "Across the Continent," and become inspired with a spirit of enterprise and industry which shall work out the best results.

MIND IN NATURE; or, The Origin of Life and the Mode of Development of Animals. By Henry James Clarke, A.B., B.S., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1866. One vol., 8mo. Illustrated. Cloth. $3.

Cuvier truly says that "the origin of organized beings is the greatest mystery of nature." It is this grand mystery that is discussed and illustrated in the volume before us, as well as the until of late hidden laws in accordance with which life however originated is developed and perfected. To adequately describe, to say nothing of reviewing or criticising, such a work as this would require time and space not now at our command, and we must content ourselves with a mere mention of some of the leading subjects discussed, elucidated, and illustrated. Among them are: Spontaneous Generation a Fact; What it Proves; Relation of the Egg to the Adult Being; Origin of Individuals by Budding and Self-Division; Animals Primarily Created in an Adult State; All Animals Alike in the Earliest Stages; Man and Monad are at one time a mere Drop of Water; The Five Great Animal Groups; Plant-Animals; The Symbolical Animal; Mimic Forms; Transitions; The Mode of Development, etc. In regard to development the author has shown that "*the mode of development of animals corresponds with the type of the grand division to which each one severally belongs.*" The work is suggestive as well as instructive and shows not merely learning, industry, and patient research, but also great originality; but it must be read and studied to be fully appreciated. Without indorsing all its doctrines we cheerfully commend it to all lovers of scientific research.

AN EXPLANATORY AND PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF THE NOTED NAMES OF FICTION. By Wm. A. Wheeler. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. One vol., 16mo. Cloth. $1 50.

Dictionaries, as a general rule, are rather dry and unattractive reading, though very useful helps, at times, to the reader. The volume before us, however, is not only a valuable book of reference, but is sufficiently entertaining to be taken up and read through in course. Its main design is to explain, as far as practicable, the allusions which occur in modern and standard literature to noted fictitious persons and places, whether mythological or not. In carrying out this design Mr. Wheeler has evidently spared neither labor nor research. The result is a truly valuable and much needed work. Every reader will feel the want of it, and should, if possible, have it always at hand when reading.

THE CENTENARY OF AMERICAN METHODISM. By Abel Stevens, LL.D. New York: Carlton & Porter. 1866. One vol., 12mo. Cloth. $1 50.

This is a historical sketch of perhaps the most remarkable instance of the progress of a religious idea which Christendom has ever furnished. It shows what energy, zeal, and earnestness in a good cause may accomplish. Dr. Stevens' sketches of the founder and early disciples of Methodism are especially interesting. The work will of course have peculiar attractions for the members of the numerous and highly respectable denomination whose progress it records, but it will also be read with interest and profit by the professors of every Christian creed.

REAL AND IDEAL. By John W. Montclair. Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt. One vol., 16mo. Cloth. $1 50.

A handsome volume of poems by a writer of whom we shall hear more. Some of the pieces are exceedingly facile and show both skill, taste, and imagination of a high order. Several of Mr. Montclair's translations from the German are very excellent, as for instance the following:

THE RECOGNITION.

There comes a wanderer, staff in hand,
Homeward returning from distant land.

His beard is tangled, his face is brown;
Will they know him again in his native town?

Enraptured, he nears the city-gate,
Where the toller of yore is standing in wait.

'Twas a youthful comrade, true and fast;
Once many a wine-cup between them passed.

Yet strange—the toll-gatherer knows him not:
Do beard and sunshine his features blot?

He shakes the dust from his trodden boot;
He turns in silence, with brief salute.

Behold—his true-love stands at the door:
"Thou blooming fair one, welcome once more!"

But the maid, unconscious, remains unmoved!
She knows not the voice of her once-beloved.

He bends his step t'ward childhood's home;
To his cheek so brown the teardrops come.

Near the cot his mother is wending her way:
"God bless thee, beloved!"—'tis all he can say.

The mother—she turns and shouts with joy;
In her arms she is clasping her truant boy.

Though the sun may swart, and the beard may grow,
The mother, the mother her son doth know.

PATRIOT BOYS AND PRISON PICTURES. By Edmund Kirke. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. One vol., 16mo. Cloth. $1 50.

A book for American boys by the well-known author of "Among the Pines." It is full of graphic passages and thrilling scenes, but it belongs to a class of works of which, it seems to us, we have had quite enough.

WINNING HIS WAY. By Charles Carleton Coffin. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. One vol., 16mo. Cloth. $1 25.

The "young folks" know that "Carleton's" stories are always good. This is among the best of them, and shows how Paul, an American boy, "won his way" in peace and in war, in the school-room and on the tented field. Read it, and learn from it a lesson of energy and perseverance, patience and patriotism, fidelity and piety.

THE CHILDREN AND THE LION, and other Sunday Stories. By Samuel Wilberforce, D.D. New York: Carlton & Porter. 1866. One vol., 18mo. Illustrated. Cloth. $1 50.

These are excellent and admirably told stories, suitable for Sunday reading. They form a most excellent volume for the Sunday-School library as well as for the family book-shelf.

A VISIT TO AUNT AGNES. For Very Little Children. New York: Carlton & Porter. 1866. One vol., 18mo. Illustrated. $1 50.

This is a beautifully illustrated volume for the little ones, and the story is one that will please and benefit them; for it is told in words and style that they can understand, as is too seldom the case with such works.

HYGIENIC PUBLICATIONS.—Messrs. Miller & Wood, 15 Laight Street, New York, have lately issued "The Eastern or Turkish Bath, and its Application to the Purposes of Health;" "Alcoholic Medication," by R. T. Trall, M.D.; and "Woman's Dress; its Moral and Physical Relations," by Mrs. M. M. Jones; (paper covers, 30 cents each), all of which are excellent works and calculated to do good. They may be ordered through this office.

FATHER MATHEW, the Temperance Apostle. His character and biography—by S. R. Wells, lately published by Fowler and Wells—is a pamphlet which should be widely circulated. Hardly any document which can be laid before the people will effect more for the cause of temperance than such a truthful record of the life and character of this good man. Price 10 cts.

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LE BON TON for February is, if possible, more beautiful than the January issue. The full-sized patterns alone are worth the price of the number (75 cents). Terms, $7 per year.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF SEEDS and Guide to the Flower Garden is the most complete and trustworthy directory to the floral treasures of the world with which we are acquainted. It is sent free to customers, and to others for 10 cents. Address James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

THE EVENING JOURNAL ALMANAC, issued from the office of the Albany *Evening Journal*, contains a very great amount of statistical and other information relative to the State and nation which every one will find it useful to have at hand. Pp. 152, paper covers, 25 cents.

THE COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL CHRONICLE is the most valuable paper published for Bankers, Brokers, Merchants, Manufacturers, Jobbers, Shippers, Shareholders, and all persons interested in the business affairs of the country. Weekly, $12 a year. Address William B. Dana & Co., Publishers, 60 William St., New York.

NEWSPAPERS. We give place to the Prospectuses of several scientific, religious, secular, and political journals in our present issue. Readers may select those to their liking.

There is the New York *Tribune*, daily, semi-weekly, and weekly, with HORACE GREELEY at its head, assisted by a corps of able writers. It is a leading Republican paper, with all the best appliances, and is believed to have the largest weekly circulation of any similar journal in America.

The Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS advertise *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, both elegantly illustrated and printed in the best style. These serials are popular rather than professional, and find a welcome reception in the best families. The publishers occupy a leading position among book manufacturers. They have acquired great wealth and a world-wide reputation.

Inventors and Mechanics find the *Scientific American* among the "indispensables." It is an excellent weekly, giving a complete report of all new patents, illustrated with engraved views of new inventions, designs, etc. We found this paper in many of the offices and reading-rooms of the Old World, and it was everywhere regarded as creditable to American genius and enterprise.

The *Christian Advocate*, though venerable in years, is youthful and vigorous in spirit. It has been one of the leading organs of the Methodist Church in America for many years. It promises to continue in the lead. Its motto is "Loyal and Progressive."

The *Christian Ambassador* represents the Universalist Church; is edited by leading members, and advocates the "ultimate holiness and happiness of all mankind."

The New York *Express* is a commercial and political journal, published evenings, semi-weekly, and weekly. One of its editors is a member of Congress, and the paper is well known for its opposition to the war policy of Mr. Lincoln. It is popular among merchants and politicians whose views it represents.

The New York *News* was re-established during the late war, took strong ground in favor of the South, opposed the war, and approved secession. It was in favor of State sovereignty, opposed to the emancipation of the slaves, and claimed to lead, one wing at least, the Democratic party. Its prospectus speaks for itself.

The *Watchman* is a large eight-page weekly paper, secular and religious, edited by Rev. C. F. DEEMS, from Raleigh, N. C. Terms $4 a year. Office 119 Nassau St., New York. This is a *live* paper, written with the zeal of a Southerner and the kindliness of a Christian. We like this from a recent number:

"We say now, once for all, that no doubtful advertisements need be brought to this office. For no amount of pay will we insert anything we think injurious to the morals of society, or partaking of the character of a swindle. New journals are often assaulted with these temptations. We could make ourselves very secure by accepting a few such things, but we would rather starve or suspend than live by such baseness, and we are happy to say that we are not dependent upon such things for our existence."

The *Anti-Slavery Standard*, edited by PARKER PILLSBURY, will probably now "carry the anti-slavery war into Africa." Wendell Phillips, the orator, speaks through this journal, and he is as full of fight as ever.

The *Christian Intelligencer*, organ of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, is one of the most thoroughly orthodox religious journals. It is conservative, loyal, and free from all crotchets. Those who follow its teachings can not go far wrong or get far off the track.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable and interesting:

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC FOR 1866. Compiled by Alexander J. Shem. 12mo., pp. 96. Paper, 20 cents.

COUNSEL AND ENCOURAGEMENT. Discourses on the Conduct of Life. By Hosea Ballou, D.D. Second edition. 12mo., pp. 407. Cloth. $2.

ILLUSTRATED LIFE, CAMPAIGNS, AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF PHILIP H. SHERIDAN (Major-General Sheridan). By C. W. Denison. 12mo., pp. 17-197. Paper, 75 cents.

THE RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA: comprising Agriculture, Mining, Geography, Climate, Commerce, etc., and the Past and Future Development of the State. By John S. Hittell. Second edition, with an Appendix on Oregon and Washington Territory. 12mo., pp. xvi., 494. Cloth. $2 25.

THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF SAMUEL ADAMS, being a Narrative of his Acts and Opinions, and of his Agency in producing and forwarding the American Revolution. With extracts from his Correspondence, State Papers, and Political Essays. By Wm. V. Wells. Three vols., 8vo., pp. xxi., 512; x., 512; vii., 460. Portrait. Cloth. $12.

Publishers' Department.

OUR FIELD IS THE WORLD.—The New York *Tribune*, when speaking of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, controverts the opinion which some have entertained in regard to the scope of its teachings. It says:

"It covers a much wider range of subjects than is indicated by its title, and treats not only of the principles of Phrenology, but of all the most important topics of anthropology, or the physical, intellectual, and moral nature of man, including the methods of education, the preservation of health, and the application of science to many of the principal departments of domestic economy. The most noticeable feature of this journal is its practical character. It seldom attempts to dabble in abstract and intricate theories, nor does it aim at the accomplishment of any sectarian purposes either in science or religion; but with a shrewd perception of the wants of the great mass of the American people, it brings forward a never-ending variety of useful practical suggestions, available knowledge, pleasant historical allusions and biographical sketches, and abounding in wholesome advice to young folks and others. Many of its articles exhibit the quaint humor and homely sense of Dr. Franklin, and it may be regarded as the modern version of the evangel of which he was the original apostle, teaching excellent lessons of prudence, economy, thrift, social kindness, and integrity, and all the honest arts of keeping a sound mind in a sound body."

This is praise enough to gratify any but an egotist; but we publish it to correct the impression that we are one-ideaists, riding a hobby. If there be any one science comprehending larger interests or covering more ground than that of Anthropology, which embraces body, brain, and mind, we do not happen to know it. No, Phrenology is based on the widest, the longest, the deepest, and the highest philosophy, covering *all* human interests.

HOW TO HELP.—Friends of Phrenology write us how willing they are to help on the work of reform, but lacking, not the right spirit, but the pecuniary means. And they inquire, How can I help? We answer, By talking on the subject. Preach it to all the world. If you induce an unbeliever to read even an almanac, a catalogue of books, a handbill, or an advertisement, you will have done *some* good. Furthermore, if you place even a sample number of the JOURNAL in the hands of every neighbor, you will perhaps have indoctrinated an entire community; and *this* is the most effective mode of procedure. By reading, one is impressed with the truth or falsity of a proposition, and his powers of analysis called into action. The best "way to help," then, is to "circulate the documents." Lend your JOURNALS, induce persons to read, and thus set the world ahead. Every one may do good in this way.

OUT OF PRINT.—When orders are received from a distance, for a publication, and when we apply, with money in hand with which to pay for the same, it is a real disappointment to be told that the work is "out of print," or that only "a second-hand copy" can be had. But in these ticklish times, when paper costs so much, it is no trifling matter to keep a large stock of publications always on hand. When possible, booksellers will fill the orders of their patrons. But the fact that editions become exhausted, must be apparent to all, and patience should be exercised till new editions may be printed.

OH, NO!—Persons not skilled in literature, persons ambitious to see their names in print, write *begging* us to insert *their* writings in the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL simply for their gratification. We never do such things. This JOURNAL is published *for its subscribers*, and not to "grind axes" for green writers, and its editor decides as to what he thinks it best to print. Should he attempt to re-write or "dress up" all the well-meant articles sent him, and make them fit for these pages, he would have no time to illuminate the world with his own intellectual splendors. So, dear reader, if your thoughts burn for utterance, and if you would write for relief, pray first learn "how to write;" and *then* fire your thought at us through the post, all ready for the printer. Dot your i's; cross your t's; paragraph your matter; capitalize, italicise, punctuate, and then cut down and *re-write*. It may *then* be "fit to be seen" in good company.

PALE INK AND PENCIL LETTERS.—Inconsiderate correspondents write us letters in ink so pale that it requires an effort to read them. Others inflict us with notes written in pencil; these we put into the waste basket. Still others write carelessly and illegibly. Some forget or neglect to sign their names and leave it for us to "guess" where they come from. Our most experienced "mediums" fail to trace on the map the particular post-office at which some of our correspondents reside.

OBSERVE! Letters *must* be written on white paper with black ink. Writers *must* give us the name of Post-Office, County, and State; also that of the writer. Letters *must* be post-paid. Attend carefully to all the conditions, and send envelope properly addressed for answer, when answer is required, and you will not be disappointed from delay or neglect at *this* end of the line.

OUR DEAD LETTER OFFICE.—We have received the following subscriptions for the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, for which we can not send the paper on account of imperfect directions:

C. C. Jerrell, $2. No address.

No name, $2. Trumansburgh, N. Y.

A. P. Ashbrook, $2. Pleasantville, no State.

Daniel W. Stevenson, Box 115, Lasalle County, Illinois, no post-office.

Also from persons wishing a sample number:

25 cents from Albion, Marshall County, Iowa, no name. Mrs. A. M. Taylor, 20 cts., Lima, no State. 20 cts. from Chardon, Geauga County, O., no name. J. M. Love, 20 cents, Burnettsville, no State. Geo. G. Krost, 20 cents, Smyrna, no State.

AF "PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED" hafva vi emottagit decbr. häftet, och hänvisa till var rekommendation i numro 57. Denna journal är af sa mangfaldigt intresse, att hvarje skandinavisk familj skulle förmera sitt husbibliothek dermed.

Till agenter och clubbar göra vi följande proposition: Hvar och en som betalar för en argang pa vart blad och tillika insänder 1 dollar f50 cent, erhaller den phrenologiska journalen för ett ar tillsänd, hvilket är 50 cent mindre än nämnde journal annars kostar.—*Skandinavisk Post.*

BACK NUMBERS.—All new subscribers may still be supplied with numbers from January. A few copies of the last year's volume may be had in numbers at $2. Handsomely bound $3. Prepaid by post, in numbers, 12 cts.; if bound, 50 cts. Address the publishers.

TAKE NOTICE.—When ordering a book, it would be well, when possible, to name both author and publisher.

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ÆSOP'S FABLES.

ILLUSTRATED.

THE TORTOISE AND THE EAGLE.

A TORTOISE, dissatisfied with his lowly life, when he beheld so many of the birds, his neighbors, disporting themselves in the clouds, and thinking that, if he could but once get up into the air, he could soar with the best of them, called one day upon an Eagle and offered him all the treasures of Ocean if he could only teach him to fly. The Eagle would have declined the task, assuring him that the thing was not only absurd but impossible, but being further pressed by the entreaties and promises of the Tortoise, he at length consented to do for him the best he could. So taking him up to a great height in the air and loosing his hold upon him, "Now, then!" cried the Eagle; but the Tortoise, before he could answer him a word, fell plump upon a rock, and was dashed to pieces.

Pride shall have a fall.

THE TORTOISE AND THE EAGLE.

THE FISHERMAN PIPING.

A MAN who cared more for his notes than his nets, seeing some fish in the sea, began playing on his pipe, thinking that they would jump out on shore. But finding himself disappointed, he took a casting-net, and inclosing a great multitude of fish, drew them to land. When he saw the fish dancing and flapping about, he smiled and said, "Since you would not dance when I piped, I will have none of your dancing now."

It is a great art to do the right thing at the right season.

THE WIDOW AND THE SHEEP.

THERE was a certain Widow who had an only Sheep, and, wishing to make the most of his wool, she sheared him so closely that she cut his skin as well as his fleece. The Sheep, smarting under this treatment, cried out, "Why do you torture me thus? What will my blood add to the weight of the wool? If you want my flesh, Dame, send for the Butcher, who will put me out of my misery at once; but if you want my fleece, send for the Shearer, who will clip my wool without drawing my blood."

Middle measures are often but middling measures.

THE HORSE AND THE GROOM.

A GROOM who used to steal and sell a Horse's corn was yet very busy in grooming and wisping him all the day long. "If you really wish me," said the Horse, "to look well, give me less of your currying and more of your corn."

THE LION, THE ASS, AND THE FOX HUNTING.

THE Lion, the Ass, and the Fox formed a party to go out hunting. They took a large booty, and when the sport was ended bethought themselves of having a hearty meal. The Lion bade the Ass allot the spoil. So dividing it into three equal parts, the Ass begged his friends to make their choice; at which the Lion, in great indignation, fell upon the Ass and tore him to pieces. He then bade the Fox make a division; who, gathering the whole into one heap, reserved but the smallest mite for himself.

"Ah! friend," says the Lion, "who taught you to make so equitable a division?" "I wanted no other lesson," replied the Fox, "than the Ass's fate."

Better be wise by the misfortunes of others than by your own.

THE KID AND THE WOLF.

A KID being mounted on the roof of a lofty house, and seeing a Wolf pass below, began to revile him. The Wolf merely stopped to reply, "Coward! it is not you who revile me, but the place on which you are standing."

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

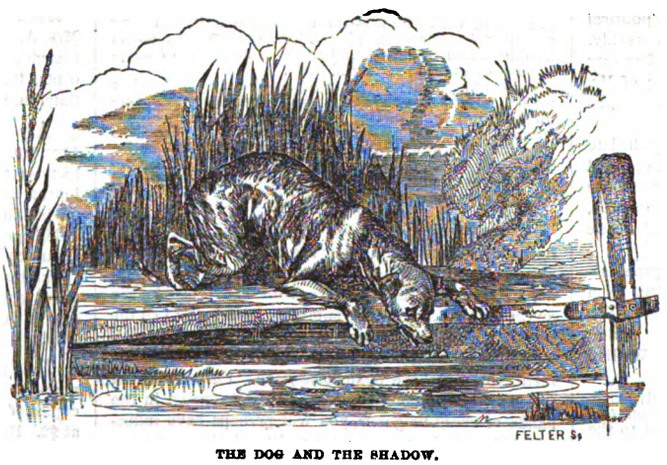
A CROW, ready to die with thirst, flew with joy to a Pitcher, which he saw at a distance. But when he came up to it, he found the water so low that with all his stooping and straining he was unable to reach it. Thereupon he tried to break the Pitcher; then to overturn it; but his strength was not sufficient to do either. At last, seeing some small pebbles at hand, he dropped a great many of them, one by one, into the Pitcher, and so raised the water to the brim, and quenched his thirst.

Skill and Patience will succeed where Force fails. Necessity is the Mother of Invention.

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

A DOG had stolen a piece of meat out of a butcher's shop, and was crossing a river on his way home, when he saw his own shadow reflected in the stream below. Thinking that it was another dog with another piece of meat, he resolved to make himself master of that also; but in snapping at the supposed treasure, he dropped the bit he was carrying, and so lost all.

Grasp at the shadow and lose the substance—the common fate of those who hazard a real blessing for some visionary good.



THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

THE MULE.

A MULE that had grown fat and wanton on too great an allowance of corn, was one day jumping and kicking about, and at length, cocking up her tail, exclaimed, "My dam was a Racer, and I am quite as good as ever she was." But being soon knocked up with her galloping and frisking, she remembered all at once that her sire was but an Ass.

Every truth has two sides; it is well to look at both before we commit ourselves to either.

THE HEN AND THE CAT.

A CAT hearing that a Hen was laid up sick in her nest, paid her a visit of condolence, and creeping up to her said, "How are you, my dear friend? what can I do for you? what are you in want of? only tell me, if there is anything in the world that I can bring you; but keep up your spirits, and don't be alarmed." "Thank you," said the Hen; "do you be good enough to leave me, and I have no fear but I shall soon be well."

Unbidden guests are often welcomest when they are gone.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE WINE-JAR.

AN Old Woman saw an empty Wine-jar lying on the ground. Though not a drop of the noble Falernian, with which it had been filled, remained, it still yielded a grateful fragrance to the passers-by. The Old Woman, applying her nose as close as she could and snuffing with all her might and main, exclaimed, "Sweet creature! how charming must your contents once have been, when the very dregs are so delicious!"

JUPITER AND THE CAMEL.

WHEN the Camel, in days of yore, besought Jupiter to grant him horns, for that it was a great grief to him to see other animals furnished with them, while he had none, Jupiter not only refused to give him the horns he asked for, but cropped his ears short for his importunity.

By asking too much, we may lose the little that we had before.

THE WOLVES AND THE SHEEP.

ONCE on a time, the Wolves sent an embassy to the Sheep, desiring that there might be peace between them for the time to come. "Why," said they, "should we be forever waging this deadly strife? Those wicked Dogs are the cause of all, they are incessantly barking at us, and provoking us. Send them away, and there will be no longer any obstacle to our eternal friendship and peace." The silly Sheep listened, the Dogs were dismissed, and the flock, thus deprived of their best protectors, became an easy prey to their treacherous enemy.

THE FARTHING RUSHLIGHT.

A RUSHLIGHT that had grown fat and saucy with too much grease, boasted one evening before a large company, that it shone brighter than the sun, the moon, and all the stars. At that moment a puff of wind came and blew it out. One who lighted it again, said, "Shine on, friend Rushlight, and hold your tongue; the lights of heaven are never blown out."

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THE VAIN JACKDAW.

A JACKDAW, as vain and conceited as Jackdaw could be, picked up the feathers which some Peacocks had shed, stuck them among his own, and despising his old companions, introduced himself with the greatest assurance into a flock of those beautiful birds. They, instantly detecting the intruder, stripped him of his borrowed plumes, and falling upon him with their beaks, sent him about his business. The unlucky Jackdaw, sorely punished and deeply sorrowing, betook himself to his former companions, and would have flocked with them again as if nothing had happened. But they, recollecting what airs he had given himself, drummed him out of their society, while one of those whom he had so lately despised read him this lecture: "Had you been contented with what nature made you, you would have escaped the chastisement of your betters, and also the contempt of your equals."

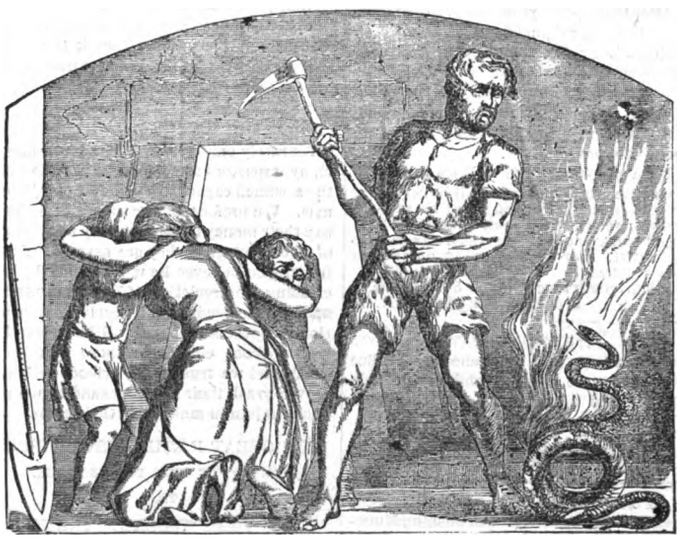
THE VAIN JACKDAW.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE.

ONCE upon a time a Country Mouse who had a friend in town invited him, for old acquaintance sake, to pay him a visit in the country. The invitation being accepted in due form, the Country Mouse, though plain and rough and somewhat frugal in his nature, opened his heart and store, in honor of hospitality and an old friend. There was not a carefully stored up morsel that he did not bring forth out of his larder, peas and barley, cheese-parings and nuts, hoping by quantity to make up what he feared was wanting in quality, to suit the palate of his dainty guest. The Town Mouse, condescending to pick a bit here and a bit there, while the host sat nibbling a blade of barley-straw, at length exclaimed, "How is it, my good friend, that you can endure the dullness of this unpolished life! You are living like a toad in a hole. You can't really prefer these solitary rocks and woods to streets teeming with carriages and men. On my honor, you are wasting your time miserably here. We must make the most of life while it lasts. A mouse, you know, does not live forever. So come with me and I'll show you life and the town." Overpowered with such fine words and so polished a manner, the Country Mouse assented, and they set out together on their journey to town. It was late in the evening when they crept stealthily into the city, and midnight ere they reached the great house where the Town Mouse took up his quarters. Here were couches of crimson velvet, carvings in ivory, everything in short that denoted wealth and luxury. On the table were the remains of a splendid banquet, to procure which all the choicest shops in the town had been ransacked the day before. It was now the turn of the courtier to play the host; he places his country friend on purple, runs to and fro to supply all his wants, presses dish upon dish and dainty upon dainty, and as though he were waiting on a king, tastes every course ere he ventures to place it before his rustic cousin. The Country Mouse, for his part, affects to make himself quite at home, and blesses the good fortune that had wrought such a change in his way of life; when, in the midst of his enjoyment, as he is thinking with contempt of the poor fare he has forsaken, on a sudden the door flies open, and a party of revelers returning from a late entertainment bursts into the room. The affrighted friends jump from the table in the greatest consternation, and hide themselves in the first corner they can reach. No sooner do they venture to creep out again than the barking of dogs drives them back in still greater terror than before. At length, when things seemed quiet, the Country Mouse stole out from his hiding-place, and bidding his friend good-bye, whispered in his ear, "Oh, my good sir, this fine mode of living may do for those who like it; but give me my barley-bread in peace and security before the daintiest feast where Fear and Care are in waiting."

THE MAN AND THE SATYR.

A MAN and a Satyr having struck up an acquaintance, sat down together to eat. The day being wintry and cold, the Man p[illegible] his fingers to his mouth and blew upon them. "What's that for, my friend?" asked the Satyr. "My hands are so cold," said the Man; "I do it to warm them." In a little while some hot food was placed before them, and the Man, raising the dish to his mouth, again blew upon it. "And what's the meaning of that, now?" said the Satyr. "Oh," replied the Man, "my porridge is so hot, I do it to cool it." "Nay, then," said the Satyr, "from this moment I renounce your friendship, for I will have nothing to do with one who blows hot and cold with the same mouth."



THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE SNAKE.

THE SWALLOW AND THE RAVEN.

THE Swallow and the Raven contended which was the finer bird. The Raven ended by saying, "Your beauty is but for the summer, but mine will stand many winters."

Durability is better than show.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE SNAKE.

A COUNTRYMAN returning home one winter's day, found a Snake by the hedge-side, half dead with cold. Taking compassion on the creature, he laid it in his bosom and brought it home to his fireside to revive it. No sooner had the warmth restored it, than it began to attack the children of the cottage. Upon this the Countryman, whose compassion had saved its life, took up a mattock and laid the Snake dead at his feet.

Those who return evil for good may expect their neighbor's pity to be worn out at last.

THE LION AND THE FOX.

A FOX agreed to wait upon a Lion in the capacity of a servant. Each for a time performed the part belonging to his station; the Fox used to point out the prey, and the Lion fell upon it and seized it. But the Fox, beginning to think himself as good a beast as his master, begged to be allowed to hunt the game instead of finding it. His request was granted, but as he was in the act of making a descent upon a herd, the huntsmen came out upon him, and he was himself made the prize.

Keep to your place, and your place will keep you.

THE SICK STAG.

A STAG that had fallen sick lay down on the thick herbage of a lawn, close to a wood-side, that she might obtain an easy pasturage. But so many of the beasts came to see her—for she was a good sort of neighbor—that one taking a little, and another a little, they ate up all the grass in the place. So, though recovering from the disease, she pined for want, and in the end lost both her substance and her life.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A FOX, just at the time of the vintage, stole into a vineyard where the ripe sunny Grapes were trellised up on high in most tempting show. He made many a spring and a jump after the luscious prize; but, failing in all his attempts, he muttered as he retreated, "Well! what does it matter? The Grapes are sour!"

THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOR.

IN days of yore, a mighty rumbling was heard in a Mountain. It was said to be in labor, and multitudes flocked together, from far and near, to see what it would produce. After long expectation and many wise conjectures from the bystanders—out popped a Mouse!

The story applies to those whose magnificent promises end in a paltry performance.

THE DOVE AND THE CROW.

A DOVE that was kept shut up in a cage was congratulating herself upon the number of her family. "Cease, good soul," said a Crow, "to boast on that subject; for the more young ones you have, so many more slaves will you have to groan over."

What are blessings in freedom are curses in slavery.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

A HARE jeered at a Tortoise for the slowness of his pace. But he laughed and said, that he would run against her and beat her any day she would name. "Come on," said the Hare, "you shall soon see what my feet are made of." So it was agreed that they should start at once. The Tortoise went off jogging along, without a moment's stopping, at his usual steady pace. The Hare, treating the whole matter very lightly, said she would first take a little nap, and that she would soon overtake the Tortoise. Meanwhile the Tortoise plodded on, and the Hare oversleeping herself, arrived at the goal, only to see that the Tortoise had got in before her.

Slow and steady wins the race.

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Business.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE NINTH NATIONAL BANK TO THE STOCKHOLDERS.

NEW YORK, *January* 9, 1866.

The election was held this day, and the undersigned were unanimously re-elected Directors for the ensuing year. For this renewed and flattering expression of confidence on the part of the Stockholders, the Directors return their thanks.

The following is a statement of the condition of the Bank, Tuesday morning, January 2d, 1866.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$3,596,645 63
Government Securities	1,884,625 54
Furniture and Fixtures	13,000 00
Specie and Legal Tender	2,382,294 66
Checks and Bills on other Banks	959,171 71
Due from Banks and Bankers	756,111 23
	$9,591,848 77

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$1,000,000 00
Surplus Profit after Paying Dividend	192,204 56
Dividends Unpaid	53,336 58
Circulation	894,940 00
Deposits	7,451,367 63
	$9,591,848 77

In explanation we will say, that during the fiscal year, we have paid two Dividends of FIVE per cent. each, and the government taxes. And now exhibit an actual SURPLUS, over and above all losses, expenses, and dividends, of NINETEEN per cent. on the CAPITAL STOCK.

From the earnings of the last six months we have applied $50,000, that is, Five per cent. on the Capital Stock, to the extinguishment of the premium account; and although the Stockholders do not get this Five per cent. in a dividend, yet it is represented in the United States Stocks held by the Bank.

During the past year, your Bank became a member of the New York Clearing House Association, by a unanimous vote of that body.

We are able to report that your Bank has well fulfilled its patriotic mission of aiding the placing of the Government Loans. The amount of subscriptions to the 7-30's was Forty-three Millions, Two Hundred and Sixty-two Thousand, Three Hundred Dollars ($43,262,300), this being the largest subscription taken by any one Bank. To appreciate this result we would remark, that had nineteen other banks taken each the same amount, the whole loan would have been taken by the twenty.

This gives us opportunity to say, that having served our beloved country in its hour of peril, we desire now to turn all our efforts to the securing in all legitimate and honorable ways the increase of our business with the community, to that end we invite the cordial co-operation of each Stockholder.

Our organization is now so well perfected as to give us all much satisfaction, and the relief from so much government business gives our officers time to attend to individual dealers.

Our Deposits have been large, at times during the year reaching almost Twenty-one Millions of Dollars; but that was during the time the people were rushing to us with patriotic zeal to offer their money to their country; now we can take the deposits of the business community; and we hold ourselves in readiness to DISCOUNT GOOD BUSINESS PAPER, payable at short dates. Such paper, being based on the sale of commodities, is in our opinion the safest business a bank can do.

WILLIAM A. KORBE,
THOMAS A. VYSE, JR.,
GEO. A. WICKS,
BARNET L. SOLOMON,
GEO. A. FELLOWS,
SOLOMON L. HULL,
CHAS. MINZESHEIMER,
J. O. WHITEHOUSE,
JOSEPH U. ORVIS,
} Directors.

JOSEPH U. ORVIS, President.
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Pastors exerting their influence in behalf of the paper will be entitled to a liberal consideration. 1t

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"WITHOUT CONCEALMENT, WITHOUT COMPROMISE."—Vol. XXXVI.

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Rev. Thos. K. Beecher said of the *Standard*, it was the only paper in the United States that published both sides of a question.

Horace Greeley has said of its fourth page that it is the best literary page in the country.

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Discountenancing all unmanly exultation over or needless infliction of pain or privation on the upholders of the lost cause, it will insist on the earliest possible restoration of the Southern States to their former power and influence in our Union, on the basis of All Rights for All their People.

It will labor in hope to prove that the substitution of Free for Slave Labor must inevitably and universally conduce to the increase of Industry, Thrift, Prosperity, and Wealth, so that the South, within the next ten years, must look back amazed on her long persistence in a practice so baleful as the chattelizing of Man.

It will labor for the diffusion of Common School Education, Manufactures, the Useful Arts, etc., etc., throughout every portion of our country, but especially throughout the sections hitherto devoid of them, believing that every good end will thereby be subserved, and the interest of every useful and worthy class promoted.

It will urge the Protection of Home Industry by discriminating duties on Foreign Products imported, with a view to drawing hither the most capable and skillful artificers and artisans of Europe, and the naturalizing on our soil of many branches of production hitherto all but confined to the Old World, while it would strengthen and extend those which have already a foothold among us.

It will give careful attention to progress and improvement in Agriculture, doing its best at once to bring markets to the doors of our farmers, and teach them how to make the most of the opportunities thus afforded them.

It will devote constant attention to Markets, especially for Agricultural Products, with intent to save both producer and consumer from being victimized by the speculator and forestaller.

And, giving fair scope to Current Literature, to the proceedings of Congress, and to the general News of the Day, it hopes to retain its old patrons and attract many new to bear them company.

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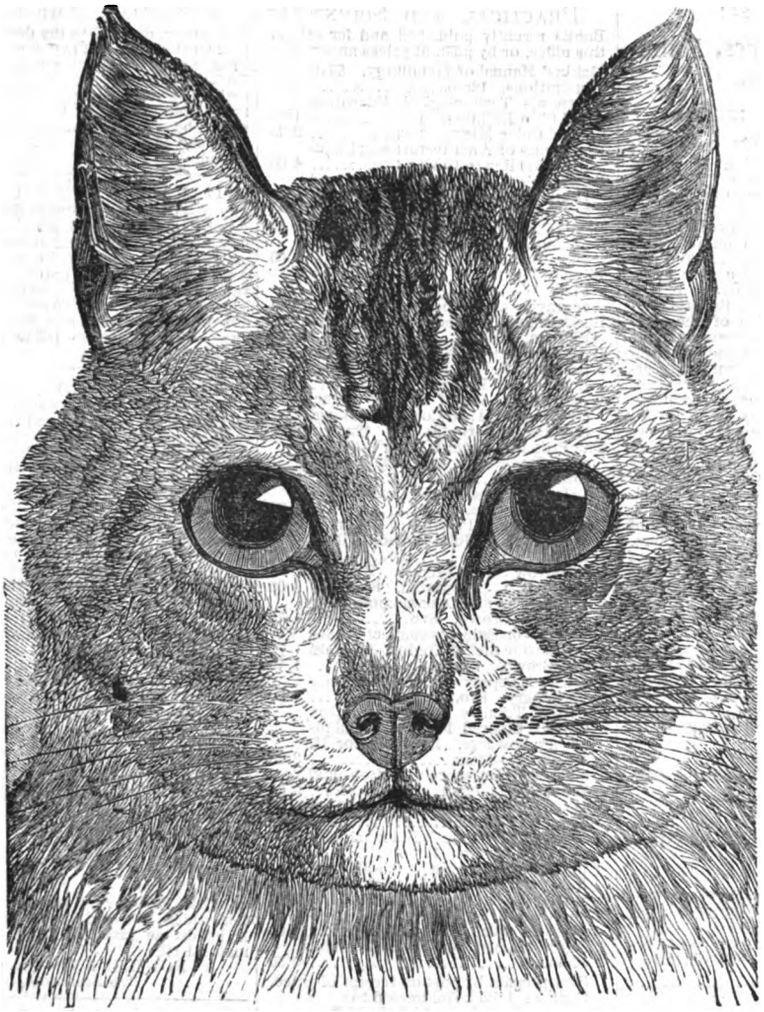

I AM THE FAMILY CAT.

I CAN fold up my claws
In my soft velvet paws,
And purr in the sun
Till the short day is done—
For I am the family cat.

I can doze by the hour
In the vine-covered bower,
Winking and blinking
Through sunshine and shower—
For I am the family cat.

From a gooseberry bush,
Or where bright currants blush,
I may suddenly spring
For a bird on the wing,
Or dart up a tree,
If a brown nest I see,
And select a choice morsel
For dinner or tea,
And no one to blame me,
Berate me, or shame me—
For I am the family cat.

In the cold winter night,
When the ground is all white,
And the icicles shine
In a long silver line,
I stay not to shiver
In the moonbeams' pale quiver,
But curl up in the house
As snug as a mouse,
And play Jacky Horner
In the cosiest corner,
Breaking nobody's laws,
With my chin on my paws,
Asleep with one eye, and awake with the other,
For pats from the children, kind words from the mother—
For I am the family cat.

But I once, to be frank,
Came near losing my rank,
Because of a cruel and mischievous prank;
It was, I remember,
A day in December;
The bitter winds blew,
And the whirling snow flew;
Not a robin was out,
Not a snow-bird about,
Nor could there be found,
The plantation around,
A sign of a mouse;
Yet, all over the house,
Did the richest of odors abound,
For pastry was puffing,
And turkeys were stuffing,
And roasting and baking,
For some merry-making;
But this was no reason,
I plainly could see,
Why all had forgotten
A tit-bit for me—
Since I am the family cat.

So, watching my chances,
With keen, quiet glances
From under my half-asleep eye,
I spied, hanging lower
Than ever before,
Sweet Katie's pet bird through the half-open door
Of the parlor, where all such a pleasant look wore,
I would just venture in on the sly,
Poor "Cherry's" sweet song
Did not last very long,
For I sprang on a stand
Of gay flowers, just at hand,
Nor stopped, as I should with a mouse, to have teased him,
But right in the midst of his music I seized him,
And darted away and escaped from the door,
While verbenas and roses rolled out on the floor,
And the crash
And the dash
Brought dear little Katie her loss to deplore.
I heard her sad shriek,
And ran off in the snow,
All trembling and weak,
Feeling sure I should go
To a future of woe,
And behind me be leaving
Forever, for thieving,
The rights of a family cat.

The morsel was rare,
But I truly declare
'Twas a dinner that never would pay.
And I freely engage
That a bird in a cage
Shall tempt me again nevermore!
After days of disgrace
In cold hiding-place,
Half famished with hunger I sought for their grace,
And mewed my repentance with piteous face,
As I stood at the old kitchen-door.
How I loved them all then,
As they took me again,
With no harsh word or blow,
That I truly might know
I was once more the family cat.

One thing more I recall,
The saddest of all,
That in all my long life has or yet can befall,
And this was the day
When they carried away
Sweet Katie to return not again to the Hall.
I know a green mound
'Neath the willow's soft shade,
And many long days
Close beside it I laid.
I still long for her voice—
How my love it would stir!
I long for her hand
Running over my fur.
But her hand or her voice
I shall not hear or see;
She never again
Will show kindness to me—
Though I am the family cat.

But others who loved her
Are kinder to me,
And my home is as pleasant,
As pleasant can be;
So all the year round,
Contented I'm found—
No matter to me whether white or green ground;
And I never shall fear
That trouble is near,
But go on in good ways,
And purr out my praise
All the rest of my days,
Still asleep with one eye, and awake with the other,
For kindness shown me from one and another—
For I am the family cat. KEUMA.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL,

S. R. WELLS, EDITOR,

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SAMUEL R. WELLS, EDITOR.] NEW YORK, APRIL, 1866. [VOL. 43.—NO. 4. WHOLE NO. 328.

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—*Young.*

THOMAS COOK.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

THIS gentleman has a capital constitution and a good foundation for health and long life. Temperate habits and right living will secure to such an organization uniformly good health and, accidents excepted, long life. We infer that he descends from a long-lived ancestry, and that some of his progenitors attained very old age—seventy, eighty, or more years, and that they are somewhat prolific, for the recuperative forces are all strongly indicated.

He has life, health, and vitality sufficient, if used rightly, economically, to last many years.

Phrenologically, he should be known for his practical common-sense, his quickness of perception, his love for knowledge, desire to know all that may be known; ambition to excel in whatever he undertakes, his ever-watchful spirit, and his integrity, kindness, and affection.

PORTRAIT OF THOMAS COOK, THE EXCURSIONIST.

We infer that he is his mother's son, inheriting her spirit, her devotion, her sensitiveness, and her leading traits of character. Although there is a blending of both parents in his organization, it seems to be his mother's spirit predominating, though possibly he has his father's frame and temperament. He has enough resolution and executiveness to give propelling power, but not enough to give harshness or cruelty, because his executiveness is modified and regulated by his kindness and judgment.

He can keep several objects in view at the same time, and so conduct them as to bring about determinate results, and however complicated and interminable his operations may appear to others, they are clear to him. There is no malice, vindictiveness, or cruelty in his disposition, but sufficient resolution and pluck to defend the right and put down the wrong. There is also hopefulness, devotion, and trust in Providence, and the spirit which buoys up in times of trial. He is not over-credulous, yet always open to conviction, and curious to look into new subjects. In religious matters his creed would be broad and liberal, yet

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governed by principles of justice, mercy, and devotion, all in accordance with his judgment and experience.

He probably was thrown on his own resources quite early in life, or was so situated that he had more or less difficulties to overcome; at any rate, he evidently has seldom or never been long without cares upon him. He so manages affairs that he usually comes out of the big end rather than the little end of the horn, but is never likely to magnify his prospects.

He would make principles of justice his polar star. He would do right for the sake of the right, and not deceive himself by violating his own sense of justice. He would be a law unto himself, and resist all the common temptations of life. He would also be law-abiding, and would become a sort of pillar against which weak men might lean. Though mindful of what is said or thought of him, mindful of his reputation or good character, he would never sacrifice his dignity for the sake of pleasing others. His accountability is first to his Maker, next to society, and the question with him would be "Is it right?" rather than "Is it expedient?" He acts according to the best light he has.

He is frank, open, and free, but not without that restraint which prudence requires. He can keep himself to himself, though it is natural for him to confide in those he can trust. Socially, he has always been friendly, affectionate, and loving, becoming much interested in persons. A life of single blessedness would be distasteful to him. If happily mated, he would be pre-eminently happy in the marriage relation. He is fond of children, pets, friends, and home.

Had he been educated for either the learned professions—law, medicine, or divinity—the latter would have been the first choice, medicine and surgery second, law third. In the former pursuit he would have excelled in some missionary, reformatory, or philanthropic work, for his sympathies are as broad and comprehensive as humanity. If in medicine, he would have filled a chair in some school or college, or superintended an asylum, a hospital, or prison. If in the law, some post under government, a place of honor and trust would have properly been his, for the more he is known the more extensively he is trusted. If in neither of these, some active out-door pursuit, such as superintending or managing a public work, a railway, a manufactory, or some shipping interests, anything, indeed, which requires vigilance, intelligence, and integrity. As a navigator, an explorer, an engineer, or surveyor, he would have done well. He could succeed in business if in a wholesale line. If placed in a bank or insurance office, or some treasury department, he would succeed.

As before remarked, he has versatility, and can readily adapt himself to almost any calling.

He is not without capacity in literature or authorship, and he might have excelled as a speaker or a teacher. But his forte, or the sphere in which he would accomplish most, would be that of a projector, an overseer, or superintendent.

BIOGRAPHY.

In the character now before us, this aphorism of Shakspeare has been strikingly illustrated: "Some men in their time play many parts."

Mr. Cook was born in Melbourne, in the county of Derby, England, in November, 1808. At an early age he had the misfortune to lose his father, of whom he never had any recollection.

Circumstances rendered it necessary for his own sake, and the sake of his widowed mother, that he should in early life engage in manual labor, and at ten years of age he went into the service of a market-gardener in his native village, and continued in that occupation till his sixteenth year. Then he was apprenticed to the business of wood-turner and cabinet-maker. In this occupation he continued till his twentieth year. At that time he was engaged by a village missionary association connected with the Baptist denomination, of which he was a member, to go into one of the most benighted districts in his native county as a tract distributor and Bible reader among the poor. The association which had engaged him having declined after he had been in the prosecution of its work four years, he found it necessary again to resort to the *turning-lathe* and to the tools of the work-bench. In this he established a business to which he devoted the next ten years of his life. During this period the temperance movement had its commencement in England, and he readily and warmly entered into its interests. He was actively engaged in conducting temperance periodicals, one of which, "The Children's Temperance Magazine," was the juvenile temperance periodical published in England, and had a run of seven years. During the same time he also started a National Temperance Magazine, one of the largest temperance magazines that ever circulated in England; it continued for three years. These literary engagements, combined with the managing of a tract and book repository for the tract district association, required so much of his time, that in 1841 he sold out his magazine business, removed from Market Harborough to Leicester, where he entered into the printing and book-selling business, as being more congenial to his tastes and aspirations.

Soon after settling at Leicester, the idea of employing the great power of steam and locomotion to the furtherance of business and public utility, suggested itself to his mind, and led him finally into that series of labors to which he has devoted the chief portion of his time and energies to the present day. This work was for two or three years restricted to a locality in the midland counties of England, by which those people of the same sentiments were brought together in central places. In 1845 his excursions took a wider range, and he commenced a series of excursions from the midland counties of England to the mountainous districts of North Wales. In 1846 his arrangements were extended to Scotland, where, as fast as railways were completed and their traveling arrangements harmonized, extensive systems of tours were planned, and for fifteen years he has been conducting large parties to the islands of Scotland, traveling with them for two and three months in the summer season. Subsequently, arrangements were extended to the continent of Europe, and embraced parts of Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy, where for the last three years the principal portion of his time has been spent in conducting parties through these interesting countries, as far as Rome and Naples. His railway communications in Great Britain and on the Continent have been very extensive, most of the principal lines having been made tributary to his arrangements.

In connection with the great exhibitions, in 1851 in England, 1853 in Dublin, 1855 in Paris, 1857 in Manchester, and in 1862 in London, he was actively engaged in behalf of the railway companies for the traveling public. Under his arrangements in 1851, 15,000 people visited the great exhibition in Hyde Park. And in 1862 he not only provided traveling arrangements for the people to London, but also homes for the people in London. He accommodated under his own exclusive management more than 12,000 persons.

He has now for the first time crossed the Atlantic with a view of arranging and carrying out his plans in the United States, and also to establish a system of international American and European tours, extending from this country to the extreme parts of Italy.

MR. COOK'S English address is as follows: THOMAS COOK, Fleet Street, London. His American address is, in the care of S. R. WELLS, Office of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 389 Broadway, New York.

TIME.

THOUGH centuries after centuries pass,
And earth is deep with human clay,
That traveler with the scythe and grass
Pursues his even way.
Onward, still on, in change and death,
We trace his steps in every clime;
And nations tremble at the breath
Of stern old conqueror, Time.

He points his fingers to the walls
Of temples towering to the skies,
And o'er their dust his footsteps fall,
And loftier ones arise.
He rules supreme o'er earthly things—
The great, the glorious, the sublime;
The august dome, the throne of kings,
All own their conqueror, Time.

He stills the forum and the mart,
He fills a thousand sculptured urns;
And they as ages roll depart,
And dust to dust returns.
And genius, with thy pallid brow,
Thy haughty lip, and eye of fire,
Old Time shall conquer even thou,
The pencil and the lyre.

And o'er those grand ancestral piles
Where ivy ever green is spread,
And through those dark and solemn aisles
Where sleep the mighty dead,
And o'er the proud triumphal arch
Where erst victorious chiefs were crowned,
He passes in his silent march,
And hurls them to the ground.

Well, let his ivy banner wave
O'er palace dome and castle tower;
And let him trample on the grave,
Exultant in his power;
There is a realm beyond the tomb,
A purer clime, a fairer shore,
Where death comes not to blight the bloom,
And death shall be no more. E. C. H.

"Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" said a brother judge to Curran. "Nothing but the head," he replied.

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COMING TO AMERICA.

In the March number of the Phrenological Journal we published an article under the title of "Going to Europe," which contained much valuable information to persons intending to visit the British Islands; in our present issue we purpose to furnish instructions of a like nature to Europeans having in mind a journey to the Western World. In the outset, we assure the tourist that though the days consumed in crossing the ocean are few, they are expanded in tediousness in proportion to the unfavorable gastric condition of the voyager.

Such clothing as is usually worn in England during the summer months would be suitable for our spring or autumn. The American July or August calls for lighter and more airy garments, and it would be better to postpone the selection of them until after the arrival in America.

Glasgow, Liverpool, Southampton, or Queenstown would most likely be the clearing point for the British tourist, and New York, in either case, the objective point.

After landing in the American metropolis, a few days should be spent in visiting the public buildings, places of amusement, and the suburbs. Our harbor is not only one of the best for commercial purposes, but is also one of the most picturesque in the world. It possesses a far greater variety of charms than the bay of Naples or Southampton Water. During the most favored seasons it presents to the eye of him who holds communion with the outward expressions of nature, visions of beauty and delight.

During their temporary residence in our democratic country, we can not conduct our visitors through palaces of royalty, but we can point out to them edifices of granite and marble that are scarcely surpassed by the most pretentious structures of feudal Europe—establishments that are supported in a style comparable with the prodigal munificence of the proudest and wealthiest nobles of the Old World. We do not say this in a spirit of boasting, and might, perhaps, wish that the tastes of our countrymen were more solid and less glittering; but when "foreign relations" come to see us, we must show them *that which is*, not that which *should be*.

There is much in this great city both to praise and censure. Our ecclesiastical institutions; our colleges and schools; our hospitals and asylums; our depositories of science and art; our homes for the indigent and unfortunate, are extensive and numerous, and are well worthy the attentive notice of strangers. Few of them have musty biographies, but all were founded and are supported in a spirit of laudable pride and munificence.

After a tour of the metropolis, some of the suburbs should receive a notice, including Blackwell's, Governor's, and Staten islands, Hoboken, Jersey City, and Greenwood Cemetery—a necropolis that has no equal in Christendom for sylvan beauty and repose.

From New York, we advise that the tour be continued Southward to Philadelphia—passing *en route* Jersey City, Newark, New Brunswick, Trenton, Princeton—all places of commercial or historic importance, Trenton being the capital of New Jersey, and Princeton containing the oldest and most noted Presbyterian Theological Seminary in the United States. The journey from New York to Philadelphia, if made with only the usual stoppages incident to express trains, occupies only about three hours, and the route is agreeable, the scenery often reminding one of the most attractive portions of Normandy.

Several days may be profitably consumed in the "Quaker City," in making the acquaintance of public buildings and places—the old Hall of Independence, over which still hangs the bell whose iron tongue proclaimed to humanity the adoption of Jefferson's immortal dictum; Girard College, founded by the eccentric little Frenchman whose name it bears; Fairmount Water Works; the galleries devoted to the cultivation of high art, the many handsome parks, and a score or more of other places of interest and importance. The private and public edifices of Philadelphia are usually less ostentatious than those of New York, but they are none the less admirable for their comparative simplicity.

Baltimore next claims our attention; the way lies through Wilmington, the chief town, commercially and numerically, in Delaware. Prior to and during the early stages of the rebellion, many of the prominent citizens of Baltimore manifested an unconcealed sympathy for the insurrectionists, and sent their sons into the ranks of treason and their treasure to aid in prolonging the unholy contest. It was in Baltimore that the first blood was shed, the victims being citizens of Massachusetts—shot down by an excited mob on the ever-memorable 19th of April, the anniversary of the first battle of the Revolution. There are several fine columns of granite and marble in Baltimore, commemorative of noble deeds and illustrious men, in consequence of which it is familiarly known as the "Monumental City." There are many fine drives in the vicinity through roads and avenues which lead to the mansions of those who formerly counted themselves among the oldest and proudest of the Southern patricians.

A little more than an hour's ride takes us from Baltimore to Washington. The first view of the national capital does not produce a very favorable impression. The city was originally laid out with a view to its becoming not only the seat of legislative wisdom, but a great commercial center. The ambitious design of its founders having greatly exceeded the public requirements, it reminds one of a child in giant's armor, and a closer inspection does not entirely dissipate first impressions. The hotels are outwardly only fourth or fifth rate, the churches are of moderate dimensions and architectural pretensions; and the Presidential Mansion and the houses of the various heads of departments are indifferent structures for the chief officials of a great, wealthy, and liberal nation; private taste and ambition have reared in other cities habitations that far outshine the modest edifices of Washington. The Capitol, the focus of forensic wisdom—the all of Washington, with its expansive front, its lofty columns, and towering dome—is pronounced by *connoisseurs* one of the finest legislative buildings in the world. The Patent Office, whose contents are expressive of the wonderful inventive genius of our people, and the Smithsonian Institute, are also objects of special admiration. We regret that as much can not be said of the unfinished, uncouth pile known as the Washington Monument.

Before finally quitting the capital, we should visit Manassas or Bull Run, the scene of the first battle of the war, and also of another important engagement; Antietam, a spot that will ever be memorable in the nation's history; Harper's Ferry, formerly our principal armory in the South, the seat of the famous John Brown raid, and a place that more than almost any other frequently changed occupants during the rebellion. It is delightfully situated in the valley of the Potomac, was once the home of prosperity and thrift, but is now torn and shattered by the iron hail of war. From Washington we can also drive to Monticello, the former home of Jefferson. A few miles below, overlooking the Potomac, is Mount Vernon, the Mecca of American pilgrims. Here rest the ashes of the chief of the founders of our republic. All nations, all creeds bow reverently over his simple tomb, remembering that

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

If we wish to become better acquainted with the South, we next proceed to Richmond, calling *en route* at Fredericksburg, a place not unknown to fame in the contest between Great Britain and the revolting colonies, and the scene of several important engagements during the late struggle. The entire journey thence is historic ground, the possession of every rood having frequently been contested by hostile armies. A little to the east of Richmond is the locality of the seven days' fight, a week of disaster to the national forces, which filled the land with mourning and closed the Peninsular campaign with disgrace. The whole region around Richmond is historic ground. The city itself was the center of the "ephemeral "Confederacy," the chief seat of treason; the great rebel camp and forum, the possession of which was vitality, and the loss of which was annihilation. From its battlements issued great armies, and within a day's march of its environs its despairing hosts bowed to inexorable fate.

From Richmond one should visit Jamestown, the cradle of the infant colony of Virginia, and Fortress Monroe, one of the most formidable and best preserved bastions on the American continent.

The old city of Petersburg should also receive more than a passing notice; and the Natural Bridge and Blue Sulphur Springs ought to be visited before we leave this vicinity. Should it then be considered desirable to see more of the South we can proceed to Knoxville *via* Burkeville, Lynchburg, Bristol, etc., etc. Thence we journey to Nashville, the capital of Tennessee, a city which acted an important *rôle* in the recent bloody drama.

From Louisville the tourist may proceed Southward and visit cities which possess many features of interest, and which are now fast recovering from the prostration induced by the tide of war. Atlanta, the great storehouse of the Confederacy, lies on the route. Macon and Milledgeville may be glanced at with profit, or the traveler may proceed direct by rail to Charleston, that "hotbed of secession." Savannah, the fairest city of the South, may then be visited. From Savannah we can proceed by steamer round into the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans, or taking the Georgia Central Railroad may proceed to Macon, thence to Montgomery, the capital of Alabama, thence down the Alabama River to Mobile, and then to New Orleans. Leaving the Creole City he will now ascend the great "father of waters," with its islands, bayous, inlets, and marshes, with its ever-varying scenery and notorious circuits. Baton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, and Memphis, many miles above, will claim his attention, each having their special natural, artistic, and historical attractions. From Memphis he can return to Nashville, stopping awhile at Kingston Spa to refresh himself with the sparkling waters.

From here we go Northward to Louisville, making a *detour* on the left if we choose, to visit Forts Donelson and Henry; and on the right, to pay our respects to the Mammoth Cave, one of the great natural wonders of the Western World. Kentucky, like all the other border slave States, was a terrible sufferer during the rebellion; the position of "neutrality" which she assumed at the commencement of hostilities, inspired both armies to fight with great pertinacity for her possession. Her sons were pretty equally divided in the contest, and in the end shared proportionately in the victory of the Union troops and the overthrow of faction.

A few days may be pleasantly spent in Louisville. It is an enterprising and prosperous city. Ascending the Ohio by steamboat, we pause at Cincinnati, Ohio, one of the great commercial centers of the West. This city is grotesquely called "Porkopolis," in consequence of the great quantity of packing done here for the Southern, Eastern, and foreign markets. No other place in the Union cures so many hams or ships so many barrels of pork per annum. Its prosperity is not, however, altogether of a swinish nature. Its citizens are largely interested in vine-growing, and produce annually many thousand gallons of wines. Cincinnati boasts a number of first-class manufactories.

Thence we may proceed to Columbus, the capital of Ohio. It contains one of the finest State Houses in the Union. Thence we take the train to Cleveland, a city of about fifty thousand

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inhabitants, delightfully situated on the southern shore of Lake Erie. The streets are overarched by rows of ornamental trees, and the residences of its opulent citizens are surrounded by choice shrubs and flowers—the liberal supply of leaf and blossom being agreeably suggestive of *rus in urbe*.

For variety's sake, if not from positive choice, we take the steamer in lieu of the rails for Toledo, calling at Sandusky on the way. At Toledo we take the Air Line Michigan Southern Railway for Chicago—the metropolis of half a dozen of States. Its present condition may well excite our wonder when we remember that only about a quarter of a century ago this bustling, thriving town, with its two hundred thousand inhabitants, was only a hamlet of a score or so of rough cabins on the edge of a pestilential swamp. So rapidly has it grown, and to such an extent has its prosperity augmented, that it now looks patronizingly, almost pityingly, upon the slow-coach progress of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other Eastern cities. It is certain that no place in the Union does more in proportion to its numbers and wealth, to found schools, colleges, and churches, or to encourage the fine arts—which can only flourish under the tutelage of refinement and liberality.

On quitting Chicago, we must make the acquaintance of some of those vast savannahs of the West. With this intent we take the Illinois Central Railway and spend an entire day in traveling through a country whose surface is almost as smooth as

"A summer lake, whose latest swell has died
Along the shore and left a waveless tide."

The broad fields of grain glisten like the surface of peaceful waters, and the white farm-houses and villages remind us of solitary barks at anchor, or canvas-carrying fleets waiting for a prosperous breeze.

On reaching Mattoon we may take the Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis Railway for St. Louis, pausing for a few days' rest and observation at that great centrepôt of the upper Valley of the Mississippi. The city is rapidly recovering from the heavy blows inflicted upon its prosperity by the late strife; a few months more will see it as thriving as before, and with brighter hopes, now that the commonwealth upon whose industry its greatness so much depends, has shaken off the incubus of serfdom.

Before leaving Missouri, we must not neglect to visit Iron Mountain, one of the great mineral curiosities of the age. From St. Louis we ascend the river by steamboat, and, if we have time, go to St. Paul, the capital of Minnesota, a city that has a large trade with the Northwest, the enterprise of its citizens extending its commerce to the valleys of the Saskatchawan and Red rivers. If we are limited as to time, we leave the steamer at Rock Island and cross the prairie country to Milwaukee, the chief city of Wisconsin, a prominent rival of Chicago.

At this point we can either take a steamer for a trip through the lakes—a delightful summer excursion,—or cross Lake Michigan to Grand Haven, and journey thence to Detroit by railway. The latter city is pleasantly situated on St. Clair River, about midway between Lake St. Clair and Lake Erie. It boasts many handsome public and private edifices. It is the home of General Cass, one of the few of the remaining old-school American politicians.

Crossing the river to Windsor—a small town on the Canadian shore,—then taking the Great Western Railway for Niagara Falls, we pass through London, Paris, and Hamilton. The latter is a place of considerable commercial activity, contains a number of substantial public buildings, and is delightfully situated at the head of Burlington Bay, Lake Ontario.

Once at Niagara, we shall feel inclined to remain long enough to make the acquaintance of everything of importance belonging to the giant cataract. The first impression of the Falls is one of disappointment, but each succeeding view increases our wonder and admiration. While here, we should visit Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, and Queenston Heights—scenes of important contests during the war of 1812–15. At the latter place General Brock was killed, and a handsome obelisk marks the spot where he fell gallantly fighting for his king and country.

From the Falls we proceed to Buffalo, a wealthy city at the foot of Lake Erie, containing about one hundred thousand inhabitants. Its principal streets and avenues are broad, carefully laid out, and shaded by ornamental trees. At this point we again take the Eastward-bound train, pass through several pleasant and prosper-our towns, and arrive at Rochester after a two hours' ride. This is a city of considerable pretensions, is the center of one of the finest grain-growing sections in America, and turns out more flour than any city in the world, except Oswego. Rochester is a much finer place than the old cathedral city of the same name in England. Its streets and avenues are lined with handsome stores and residences, many of the latter being surrounded by extensive flower gardens and groves of well-selected trees. From the Genesee Falls, at this point, the notorious Sam Patch made his last and fatal leap. Rochester also contains one of the most picturesque cemeteries on the continent—Mt. Hope.

Continuing Eastward, our journey lies through many large and substantial towns. By taking what is known as the "old road" at Rochester, we should have a longer but pleasanter journey, passing through Canandaigua, Geneva, and Auburn. The latter place, which is a wealthy and handsome city, contains the oldest of our State penitentiaries; but it offers more agreeable associations in being the home of our accomplished Secretary of State, Hon. William H. Seward.

The next place of importance is Syracuse, a city famous for its extensive salt springs. Another short journey brings us to Utica, where we should rest long enough to visit one of the most extensive lunatic asylums in the Union.

Returning to Rome, we proceed thence to Sackett's Harbor, where we cross the lake to Kingston, the former capital of Upper Canada. Here we take the steamer for one of the most delightful experiences that any country can offer—a journey among the "Thousand Islands." The scenery is endless in variety, changing instantaneously from the most rugged and sublime to the most deliciously serene and soothing. Some of the islands embrace many acres of well-cultivated ground; some are still covered with forest-trees of primeval growth; some present a bold and threatening front of granite, as if they had thrown themselves directly across our path and were confident of our swift destruction; while others, spread with rich carpets of grass and flowers, slope gently to the cool, clear waters of the river.

Pausing at Prescott, we take the train for Ottawa City—formerly Bytown—the new capital of the two Canadas. This place was selected by Queen Victoria, after a long and fruitless effort of the Canadian Ministers and Parliament to decide upon a permanent seat of government. The perambulating system having been in operation since the union of the two Provinces, neither section would consent to forego the doubtful privilege of guarding the colonial trappings of state. Her Majesty's selection displayed considerable wisdom, as Ottawa City stands on the line which marks the boundary of the Eastern and Western Provinces, and is sufficiently distant from the American frontier to be tolerably safe from an invading army in the event of a rupture between the United States and Great Britain.

We return to Prescott, and again take the steamer in order that we may enjoy the excitement of "shooting the rapids." Our knowledge of the river St. Lawrence would be incomplete if we failed to become acquainted with the rough as well as the smooth. In the passage through the rapids there is an appearance of great danger, but accidents of any importance seldom occur. We should remain two or three days at Montreal. It is one of the most substantially built cities in North America. Its blocks are of granite, and its quays, of the same material, are unequaled for extent and solidity by the similar structures of any other city, except the docks in Liverpool. They were built by the Government at the expense of several millions. The cathedral of Notre Dame, saving a similar edifice in the city of Mexico, is the most extensive ecclesiastical building on the Western Continent. Montreal also contains an extensive market, a merchant's exchange, and other fine public buildings, also many handsome private residences.

From Montreal to Quebec is only a few hours' journey. The latter city is a place of great interest, not only on account of the features which it now presents, but also for its associations with the early history of the continent. It is the oldest place of any account in Canada, and few localities in America can look back to so early introduction to European civilization. Nature and art have made such ample provisions for its security, that a small army behind its battlements could hold the city against the most formidable fleet in the world. A few miles below Quebec are the famous falls of Montmorenci—a favorite resort for the Canadians at all seasons, and for cosmopolitans in summer. An excursion up the Saguenay River would also handsomely compensate for the time and money required for the purpose. It is the main tributary of the lower St. Lawrence, and a stream of great breadth and depth. Its banks in some places rise perpendicularly to a height of more than five hundred feet. Returning to Montreal, we next visit the cool atmosphere of the White Mountains, in Northern Vermont, and then proceed through a rugged and picturesque country to Portland, the chief city of Maine, the winter harbor for the Canadian line of transatlantic steamers. Portland stands on a high bluff overlooking the commodious and well-sheltered Casco bay. The city contains many fine residences, and counts among its cherished citizens General Neal Dow, the framer of the famous "Maine liquor law."

From this point we can go on to Boston by steamer or railway. If we elect the former route, we go direct; if the latter, we pass through Portsmouth, Newburyport, and Salem, the latter being the place where so many witches were burned by our uncompromising and somewhat bigoted ancestors. Several days may be profitably and agreeably spent in Boston and vicinity. It contains much that is historically interesting and valuable—among which are Faneuil Hall, the State House, the Common, and Bunker Hill. In the vicinity are Lexington, Charlestown, Concord—names written high on the scroll of fame. Boston and the neighboring towns contain many of the choicest names known to American letters—Dana, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow, Prescott, all resided in or near "Modern Athens." Hawthorne, Ticknor, Thoreau, Channing, Parker, thinned that charmed circle when they "went from earth among the stars to be;" and Webster and Everett stepped from their crumbling tenements of clay into "the house not made with hands," offering their final benedictions to the same scenes and remembrances.

From Boston we journey to Springfield, where we should tarry long enough to visit the armory, proceeding thence to Hartford, one of the capitals of Connecticut. This city, in proportion to its population, is one of the wealthiest in the Union. Among the points worthy of attention is the immense establishment erected by Colonel Samuel Colt for the construction of his famous revolvers. Here a short drive to Talcott Mountain affords one of the most beautiful views in the State. From Hartford we go to New Haven, a city whose ample streets are shaded by century-old elm trees, from the great multitude of which it is known as the "Elm City." Yale College, one of the oldest institutions of learning in the land, is a feature of much importance to New Haven.

In order to get a fine view of Long Island Sound, and to finish becomingly the circle of our

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travels, we advise making the rest of our journey by water. The shores of Long Island and Connecticut present many agreeable views. Handsome villas, surrounded by a profusion of sloping green lawn and flower beds, pleasant valleys, and carefully preserved groves, pass rapidly before the vision like the ever-shifting pictures of a kaleidescope.

After a little quiet and rest on our return to New York, we take the boat for a tour up the Hudson. No river in the world presents a more generous variety of charms. The Palisades, the Highlands, Tappan Zee, Stony Point, Old Cro' Nest, Anthony's Nose, the Catskills, are only different names for the sublime and beautiful. They pass across the vision like a wonderful panorama, leaving their tracings of light and shade, of gold and somber, for memory to recall in after years. We should pause for a season at Tarrytown to visit Sunnyside, the home of Washington Irving. His pen-arm has ceased its labors, his brain to conceive, his heart to love, but the fruits of his genius are coexistent with our language and literature. At West Point we again pause to visit the National Military Academy—an institution that needs no words of commendation beyond that it supplied the military instructions for Grant, Sherman, Meade, Sheridan, and a host of others upon whom the country relied in the days of its darkest peril.

On reaching Albany we visit the State House, spend a few hours in looking through the other public buildings, and proceed thence to Saratoga—the scene of an important victory to the American army under Gates during the Revolutionary struggle, and of scores of victories of a more tender nature since that period. It is the most famous watering place in the country, and is thronged by the wealthy and fashionable during the "dog days," a season when no lady can be seen in town without seriously endangering her position among the *haut ton*.

Having seen the show and tasted the waters, we step across the country to enjoy the quiet scenery of Lake George—a sheet of water that claims to be a successful rival of Como. If the latter is more sparkling or presents a more picturesque setting, it must be as lovely as Eden before the fall. We look upon its charms with subdued breath, and turn to leave it with a thousand tender longings and regrets.

Returning again to the metropolis, if we have exhausted the time allotted for our wanderings we take our departure, believing that we have made a more liberal acquaintance with the physical features of the American Union than the majority of those who draw their nutrition from its soil and dwell under the protecting ægis of its government.

FADED HOPES.

Hopes, fondly cherished, came with me to dwell.
What dainty flowers now decked the halls of thought!
With rainbow hues the future life was fraught—
And on my heart-strings like sweet music fell
The dreams no worldly prudence could dispel.
Cool, sparkling rain-drops thirsty earth has sought,
And into living forms of beauty wrought,
That blossoms fair might gem the wood and dell;
So my glad spirit drank each glowing dream,
And forth like tender buds and emerald spray
Sprang cherished hopes, thoughts, and the radiant gleam
My spirit caught of the Eternal Day.
Be hushed, O grief! Heaven surely will redeem
Those rose-tinged thoughts so rudely swept away.

R. L. DOUTHIT.

Phrenological Journal.—This magazine is full of variety, full of interest, and, if possible, fuller of practical instruction. No exchange comes to my table which is so uniformly read *through*, by myself and family. It is published monthly at $2 00 per annum. Address Fowler and Wells, New York.—*Indiana School Journal.*

A NEGRO BAPTIZING.

The Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman, now of New Orleans, portrays a scene which must interest the reader. After describing, through the *Methodist*, a visit to the plantation of the notorious Braxton Bragg, situated sixty miles northeast of New Orleans, he proceeds to describe the

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE NEGRO.

"The visit to the Bragg colony impressed me more than ever with the religious degradation of Southern negroes. Only a few of them seem to have a correct conception of truth, honesty, and the obligation of promises. I do not care to inquire into the cause of the appalling fact, but rather to consider the work to be accomplished for them. Their moral and religious education has been sadly neglected, and the preachers to whom their salvation was intrusted were content with preaching obedience to masters and the consequent joys of heaven. I was saddened beyond degree to learn from their own lips how little they appreciated the nature, obligations, and sanctity of marriage. The first great work—and that which underlies society, whether in Church or State—is the proper formation of the family; and not until this is done, with its purity, guards, and mutual obligations, can we hope to benefit the freedmen of the South Here is the starting-point; this is the foundation; neglect it, and the goal will never be reached; omit it, and the beautiful structure of purity and freedom will never rise. The freedman must be taught the *morality* of the Gospel. Better than many white men—better than many preachers—he can find his way to the cross; but his ignorance of moral obligations will lead him into many vices.

"At the present time the Baptists have full sweep through all this section of Louisiana. The freedmen are delighted with the display incident to immersion, and they look forward to a 'baptizing time' as to a festive day.

A SCENE.

"The Sabbath I spent on the Bragg plantation afforded me the opportunity to witness such a scene. The previous night, from nine in the evening till four the next morning, had been spent in the usual examination. Each candidate was required to 'travel,' that is, relate his experience up to the hour of his conversion, which, if deemed satisfactory by the deacons, the candidate was elected to baptism. This was a rich occasion—full of curious incidents and replete with mirth-provoking remarks. The Sabbath dawned clear and beautiful. Rev. Harkless Miley, the 'Old Shepherd,' had come from New Orleans to officiate on the occasion, and by nine o'clock A.M. nearly a thousand freedmen, including their wives and children, had assembled under the large sugar-house shed on Allen's plantation. The candidates for baptism numbered forty-seven in all; and, as a moral wonder, there were more men than women. Each one was robed in white—even to a white cloth about the head and white gloves on the hands—leaving bare, only, the face, to indicate personal complexion. When all was ready, the procession was formed, and marched to the pond. It was a curious sight. First came the 'Old Shepherd,' surrounded with his deacons and deaconesses, all in white; then came the candidates, followed by the congregation. As they marched they sang; and as they sang the multitude became excited—some shouted, some leaped for joy, others went into ecstatic spasms, performing every conceivable bodily motion, while not a few of the female candidates 'got the power,' and were carried along by their friends.

"GOT THE POWER."

"This, the 'Old Shepherd' assured me, was the manifestation of the Spirit. But the excitement culminated at the pond. The 'Old Shepherd,' declaring himself John the Baptist, took his position in the water, and lines of deacons and deaconesses were formed, who passed to him those who were to be baptized. Supernaturally strong by the excitement of the hour, some of the female candidates broke away from their conductors and plunged headlong into the stream. This was the signal for a shout from the multitude on the banks of the pond, while deacons and deaconesses, unmindful of danger, plunged into the water after the 'sister' who had momentarily disappeared beneath the surface. In the interval a leg appeared above the water, then an arm, when the rescuer and the rescued again appeared, who were greeted with shouts by the people.

DANGER OF DROWNING.

"At times it was quite impossible to get the subject beneath the water; and more than once the baptizer and the baptized went down together, which was the signal for another plunge of deacons and deaconesses, to rescue the 'Old Shepherd' and the drowning 'lamb.' Thus the scene went on for several hours, and when over and the candidates properly robed, the procession reformed, and marching, amid singing and shouting, to the old sugar-house shed, sat down to the Lord's Supper. Thus closed a most exciting scene. To the unbeliever, it carried no solemn impressions to the heart; to the candid Christian observer, it bore the conviction that intelligent piety and solemn devotion had been no part of the religious training of such a people."

HAVE FAITH, AND STRUGGLE ON.

A swallow in the spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But, not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand or chance again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again; and last night, hearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What Truth is here, oh, man!
Hath Hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Hath cloud o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?
Have Faith, and struggle on!

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MUSIC,
AS A PHYSICAL AND MORAL AGENT.

It is a fact that the present state of a people, a tribe, or a nation may be judged by their music, as our own progress in music is the measure of our advancement in civilization. Compare the few rude notes and the simple instruments of ancient times with the fine compositions and the grand organs and pianos of to-day! Compare the music of the wild Indian, the barbarous African, and the heathen Asiatic with that of the Christian.

Just in proportion as man advances, just according to his higher development will be his capabilities for enjoying music, poetry, painting, sculpture, and the like.

So will the nature of his compositions change, and instead of addressing certain of the senses and faculties as hitherto, composers will be, as it were, divinely inspired, so as to vitalize the entire nature through the medium of harmonious sounds.

In this connection we reprint from the *Atlantic Monthly* the following admirable remarks on "Music as a Physical and Moral Agent," by the eminent pianist Gottschalk:

MYSTERIES OF MUSIC.

"Music may be objective and subjective in turn, according to the disposition in which we find ourselves at the moment of hearing it. It is objective when, affected only by the purely physical sensation of sound, we listen to it passively, and it suggests to us impressions. A march, a waltz, a flute imitating a nightingale, the chromatic scale imitating the murmuring of the wind in the 'Pastoral Symphony' may be taken as examples.

"It is subjective when, under the empire of a latent impression, we discover in its general character an accordance with our own psychological state, and we assimilate it to ourselves; it is then like a mirror in which we see reflected the movements which agitate us with a fidelity all the more exact from the fact that without being conscious of it, we ourselves are the painters of the picture which unrolls itself before our imagination. Let me explain. Play a melancholy air to a conscript thinking of his distant home; to a mother mourning the loss of a child; to a vanquished warrior—and be assured they will all appropriate to themselves the plaintive harmonies, and fancy they detect in them the accents of their own grief.

"The fact of music is still a mystery. We know that it is composed of three principles—air, vibration, and rhythmic symmetry. Strike an object in an exhausted receiver, and it produces no sound, because no air is there; touch a ringing glass, and the sound stops, because there is no vibration. Take away the rhythm of the simplest air by changing the duration of the notes that compose it, and you render it obscure and unrecognizable, because you have destroyed its symmetry. But why, then, do not several hammers striking in cadence produce music? They certainly comply with the three conditions of air, vibration, and rhythm. Why is the accord of a third so pleasing to the ear? Why is the minor mode so suggestive of sadness! There is the mystery; there the unexplained phenomenon.

"We restrict ourselves to saying that music, which, like speech, is perceived through the medium of the ear, does not, like speech, call upon the brain for an explanation of the sensation produced by the vibration on the nerves; it addresses itself to a mysterious agent within us, which is superior to intelligence, since it is independent of it, and makes us feel that which we can neither conceive nor explain.

"Let us examine the various attributes of the musical phenomenon.

1. MUSIC AS A PHYSICAL AGENT.

"It communicates to the body shocks which agitate the members to their base. In churches, the flame of the candle oscillates to the quake of the organ. A powerful orchestra near a sheet of water ruffles its surface. A learned traveler speaks of an iron ring which swings to and fro to the sound of the Tivoli Falls. In Switzerland I excited at will, in a poor child afflicted with a frightful nervous malady, hysterical and cataleptic crises, by playing on the minor key of E flat. The celebrated Dr. Bertier asserts that the sound of a drum gives him the colic. Certain medical men state that the sound of the trumpet quickens the pulse and induces slight perspiration. The sound of the bassoon is cold; the notes of a French horn at a distance, and of the harp, are voluptuous. The flute played softly in the middle register calms the nerves. The low notes of the piano frighten children. I once had a dog who would generally sleep on hearing music, but the moment I played in the minor key he would bark piteously. The dog of a celebrated singer whom I knew, would mourn bitterly and give signs of violent suffering the instant his mistress chanted a chromatic gamut. A certain chord produces on my own sense of hearing the same effect as the heliotrope on my sense of smell and the pineapple on my sense of taste. Rachel's voice delighted the ear by its ring before one had time to seize what was said or appreciate the purity of her diction.

"We may affirm, then, that musical sound, rhythmical or not, agitates the whole physical economy—quickens the pulse, incites perspiration, and produces a pleasant momentary irritation of the nervous system.

2. MUSIC AS A MORAL AGENT.

"Through the medium of the nervous system, the direct interpreter of emotion, it calls into play the higher faculties; its language is that of sentiment. Furthermore, the motives which have presided over particular musical combinations establish links between the composer and the listener. We sigh with Bellini in the finale of La Somnambula; we shudder with Weber in the sublime phantasmagoria of Der Freischutz; the mystic inspirations of Palestrina, the masses of Mozart, transport us to the celestial regions, toward which they rise like a melodious incense. Music awakens in us reminiscences, souvenirs, associations. When we have wept over a song, it ever after seems to us bathed in tears. The old man, chilled by years, may be insensible to the pathetic accents of Rossini, of Mozart; but repeat to him the simple songs of his youth, the present vanishes, and the illusions of the past come back again. I once knew an old Spanish general who detested music. One day I began to play to him my 'Siege of Saragossa,' in which is introduced the 'Marcha Real' (Spanish national air), and he wept like a child. This air recalled to him the immortal defense of the heroic city, behind the falling walls of which he had fought against the French, and sounded to him, he said, like the voice of all the holy affections expressed by the word *home*. The mercenary Swiss troops, when in France and Naples, could not hear the 'Ranz Des Vaches' without being overcome by it. When from mountain to mountain the signal of revolt summoned to the cause the three insurgent Cantons, the desertions caused by this air became so frequent that the government prohibited it. The reader will remember the comic effect produced upon the French troops in the Crimea by the Highlanders marching to battle to the sound of the bagpipe, whose harsh, piercing notes inspired these brave mountaineers with valor by recalling to them their country and its heroic legends. Napoleon III. finds himself compelled to allow the Arab troops incorporated into his army their barbarous tam-tam music, lest they revolt. The measured beat of the drum sustains the soldier in long marches which otherwise would be insupportable. The Marseillaise contributed as much toward the republican victories of 1793, when France was invaded, as the genius of General Dumouriez.

3. MUSIC AS A COMPLEX AGENT.

"It acts at once on life, on the instinct, the forces, the organism. It has a psychological action. The negroes charm serpents by whistling to them. It is said that fawns are captivated by a melodious voice; the bear is aroused with the fife; canaries and sparrows enjoy the flageolet; in the Antilles, lizards are enticed from their retreats by the whistle; spiders have an affection for fiddlers; in Switzerland the herdsmen attach to the necks of their handsomest cows a large bell, of which they are so proud that, while they are allowed to wear it, they march at the head of the herd; in Australasia the mules lose their spirit and power of endurance if deprived of the numerous bells with which it is customary to deck these intelligent animals; in the mountains of Scotland and Switzerland the herds pasture best to the sound of the bagpipe; and in the Oberland, cattle strayed from the herd are recalled by the notes of a trumpet.

MUSIC AS A CIVILIZER.

"In conclusion. Music being a *physical agent*—that is to say, acting on the individual without the aid of his intelligence; *a moral agent*—that is to say, reviving his memory, exciting his imagination, developing his sentiment; and *a complex agent*—that is to say, having a physiological action on the instinct, the organism, the forces of man—I deduce from this that it is one of the most powerful means for ennobling the mind, elevating the morals, and, above all, refining the manners. This truth is now so well recognized in Europe, that we see choral societies—Orpheon and others—multiplying as by enchantment under the powerful impulse given them by the state. I speak not simply of Germany, which is a singing nation, whose laborious, peaceful, intelligent people have in all time associated choral music as well with their labors as with their pleasures; but I may cite particularly France, which to-day counts more than eight hundred Orpheon societies, composed of workingmen. How many of these, who formerly dissipated their leisure time at drinking-houses, now find an ennobling recreation in these associations, where the spirit of union and fraternity is engendered and developed! And if we could get at the statistics of crime, who can doubt that they would show it had diminished in proportion to the increase of these societies! In fact, men are better; the heart is in some sort purified when impregnated with the noble harmonies of a fine chorus; and it is difficult not to treat as a brother one whose voice has mingled with your own, and whose heart has been united to yours in a community of pure and joyful emotions. If Orpheon societies ever become established in America, be assured that bar-rooms, the plague of the country, will cease, with revolvers and bowie-knives, to be popular institutions."

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ABOUT FROGS, FISH, AND TOADS.

On the 29th of March, ultimo, says a writer in the Germantown *Telegraph*, while I was out upon my morning's ride, I witnessed a most curious sight. As I approached a small, sheltered, shallow pond, I heard a great multitude of frogs vociferating notes of different varieties, that I think are only thus uttered at about this time of the year, and which had often caught my ear before, although I had never been able to see the croakers while so engaged until now. I remembered how easy it is to get near our wildest eagles and hawks on horseback, and that I had frequently shot them in this way, and it occurred to me these more foolish frogs could as readily be deceived by the horse and carriage; and then, too, I had shot the golden plover from a wagon, and had heard of its being Daniel Webster's method of enjoying field sports, until I was satisfied it could be done. The brute creation have no idea of numbers and can not count. All these thoughts, just as thoughts will, flew through my mind in a couple of seconds, when I was wheeled up among the alders, and some of the last year's blackbirds' nests close by the side of the smooth water, and I sat within six feet of the gathering, which consisted of many bushels of green and yellow frogs, all engaged in an interesting but inharmonious concert. The place seemed literally alive with them, and I counted fifteen or sixteen with their heads out within the space of two feet, while below the surface there seemed as many more, and the whole basin was equally thronged. The water was all in motion, and divided into little circles caused by the dilating and contracting of the throats of the delighted songsters, until it was not only filled with music, but with Hogarth's lines of beauty, which went flashing, breaking, and fading in every direction over the smooth surface of the glittering pool. Upon close inspection I found these creatures were depositing their eggs, and that there were already bushels of the little black, beadlike globes upon the water in conglutinated masses, while they were, I suppose, being impregnated by the other sex. Apparently this gathering had been called for the sole purpose of thus propagating their race. It was much the gayest day I have ever witnessed among the frogs, and I have no doubt another year must pass before they will again enjoy such another rejoicing, or I shall witness a sight so curious and ludicrous. All the toad family seem thus to deposit their eggs in the water, including the tree toad.

Lizards make their nests in the ground, and so do the snakes that are oviparous. Both the toads and lizards shed their skins like the serpents, except that the toads pull theirs off with their feet and mouths, and eat them. I do not know that frogs ever make such changes of the outward garb, except it may be at the time they are metamorphosed from the fish to the reptile, when we observe a change in their color. The tadpole is brown, while the new creature to which it is transformed when it assumes the frog state, is yellow, green, and spotted. Indeed, at this transformation, the whole animal, in shape and everything else, is changed, and after this there is nothing left of the appearance of the tadpole. All the toad family are metamorphosic. The tail of the tadpole drops off, or is pushed off by the coming hind legs of the frog, and not absorbed, as might be supposed, but goes when such an appendage can be no longer of use. The fore legs are formed previous to those of the hind, and are seen days before the shedding of the tail. The place where these tadpoles and frogs congregate has been familiar to me as far back as I can remember. For months every year it is entirely dry, and I have wondered how the frogs and kindred could live there, and why they did not migrate to the two other ever-flowing streams which are upon either side, at the distance of not more than a quarter of a mile. It has been always the home of multitudes of the biggest kinds of bull frogs, which every year bellow for a few weeks, and then disappear to parts unknown. I suppose when the place is dry they are buried beneath the tussocks and large grass, but we never find them, and no man ever heard a bull frog except when he was entitled to be heard, and in his season of speaking. When he has said his say he is done, and he withdraws from our view modestly to his place of retirement.

We have here a curious fish which looks like a toad, and has the same expression of eye and countenance, while its form is that of a tadpole. It makes its nest, lays eggs, watches over the same while hatching, and protects the young until they can take care of themselves. It is known as the *toad, or oyster fish*. The nest is made generally in the mud under a pole, and is about one foot deep, where the mother keeps, when she is as much disposed to protect her young, for which she is very jealous, by snapping and biting as though she were one of the canine family. They can bite quite as hard as the dog; the jaws are exceedingly powerful, so that the fishermen to save their hooks are compelled to break or unjoint them. They will live a long time after quitting the water.

Besides this, we have three other varieties which I think might be included in the family of toad fish. Two of them have small mouths like those of the tadpole. One is covered with sharp spines, and is called the horned toad-fish. The other has the faculty of inflating itself with wind until as tight as a bladder, and can be excited to this inflation by scratching its belly. Its teeth are like those of the sheep. Another is found when dead only along the strand of the sea-shore, and always when discovered has a dead duck in his stomach. Perhaps the fish is killed by being unable to digest the mass of feathers which cover the fowl, and that the light bird caused the the heavy fish to drift to the shore. The mouth of this, like that first named, is very large and frog-like, with long, sharp, hooked teeth, doubly set and each muscularly movable like those of some kind of sharks, and that of the fang of the rattlesnake, made so, I suppose, that they may the more readily disengage their hold when fastened to things too strong for them, and it would seem they are intended only for the purpose of catching these birds while upon and beneath the surface of the water. I have never known one of the fish found that did not contain a duck, and this generally a coot. I once saw a fish that was brought from the Pacific Ocean, called the frog-fish, that also had the toad expression of face, and the tadpole shape, with four feet. It bedded in the mud and took its prey by stratagem, with a sort of line and pole fastened to its head. On the end of this line is attached a false bait, which the fish would wave and dangle as we would flourish a bait to catch a pike, until the small fry were thereby coaxed directly into the jaws of the hideous-looking reptile.

I could name no other creatures with an eye so wonderfully expressive as the common hop-toad, which, while engaged in watching its prey, is so beautifully sparkling and bright as to remind one of a living diamond, or I might say an intellectual jewel.

In approaching its game it at times will crawl with that peculiar kind of caution we witness in a pointer dog when coming upon a moving covey, and then again when thus engaged, it will slowly and awkwardly walk; but its general motion is that of hopping with great quickness and with long leaps, at times five or six feet at a bound.

To get from them their greatest speed, which is very interesting, you have only to drag a line slowly on the ground after them, when they seem to imagine it their great enemy the snake, while they will scream with fear and lead off at a tremendous rate, and at their longest strides, causing you to remember the old proverb, "One who has been bitten by a serpent fears a rope's end."

They do not like much sun, and generally, if the day be bright, keep to their homes (each having his own, under board, and near our doors and about our wells), until the approach of twilight, when they will come out, earnestly seeking water. Sometimes I have seen them perched upon the sides of the troughs drinking like little beasts, while their bright eyes were sparkling with delight.

They require a constant supply of water, and it should be kept within their reach.

I have made this letter much longer than I expected, and will now merely add that the hop-toad is the friend of the gardener and farmer, and is entirely worthy of their friendship and protection, being harmless, and feeding upon worms, slugs, and insects which are our pests, and which destroy our plants and fruits.

One of the great causes of the failure of fruits in our land may be attributed to the destruction of the toads, which has been done by our deep winter plowing. These toads, together with the birds and snakes, were wisely intended to keep down the destructive insects, and as they are exterminated from the earth, the delicious fruits will pass away with them, until in the end, when it will be too late, we will have learned that these humble things have rights and uses as well as we, and while we "cut hard, broad thongs from leather that does not belong to us," we will reap the reward of the unjust.

Apple Juice for Coloring.—The juice of the apple is getting to be in great demand in consequence of the discovery of its value in coloring establishments and in tanneries. We understand that some contractors are offering as high as four dollars a barrel for cider. Is it not strange that in view of the increasing market for the apple, the new uses to which it is applied, and the rapid decay of old orchards, that so few of the farmers are setting out young orchards?

[Farmers, plant trees and take care of them. They will pay the best interest of any investment you can make. Good fruits are always eatable, healthful, and salable.]

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PORTRAIT OF ELIPHALET NOTT, D.D.

ELIPHALET NOTT, D.D.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

THIS is decidedly one of the best temperaments for health, strength, and endurance. It combines the motive, mental, and vital in nearly equal proportions. The vital apparatus was of the best character, strengthened and established by habits of strict sobriety. There were strong executive powers, rendered all the more efficient by his warm and ardent affections. The perceptive faculties were large, among which we specify Form, Size, Weight, Order, Individuality, and Calculation as most prominent. Language was also large. The organs of the reasoning intellect were all well indicated, while Mirthfulness, Imitation, and Constructiveness exerted no little influence upon his character and mental manifestations. Benevolence, Veneration, Hope, and Spirituality, the first especially, were leading moral characteristics. Combativeness and Destructiveness were not wanting to render him positive, energetic, and thorough. Acquisitiveness was fairly developed, but far from rendering him greedy for accumulation. Firmness and Self-Esteem were prominent, with Caution large enough to restrain their undue exercise. There was pride without vanity, dignity without coldness, devotion without bigotry, kindness without prodigality, executiveness without cruelty, boldness without temerity, affection without sensuality, and youthful geniality without frivolity.

His was a truly admirable character—a nature noble in sentiment and pervaded with Christian virtues.

BIOGRAPHY.

Eliphalet Nott, D.D., late President of Union College, was born in Ashford, Windham County, Conn., June 25, 1778. Though born in humble life, he manifested a strong desire for knowledge while but a youth, and applied himself to study during the intervals of leisure from farm work. Under the direction of his brother, Rev. Samuel Nott, he studied divinity, supporting himself by teaching school in the town of Plainfield, Conn., where his brother resided. At the age of twenty-one he was sent into the central part of New York as a missionary, but while passing through Cherry Valley he was requested to take charge of the Presbyterian church there. Here he remained two years, when he was called to Albany to assume the pastorate of the Congregational church there. In Albany, Dr. Nott soon became highly esteemed as a preacher. He delivered a funeral discourse upon his friend Alexander Hamilton, in 1804, which is considered one of the finest specimens of American funeral eloquence. Soon after this exhibition of oratorical power, he was elected to the Presidency of Union College, a post which he continued to occupy up to the time of his death. The prosperity of this institution is greatly due to the business tact and munificence of President Nott. Early in life he showed considerable inventive talent, being the deviser of the first anthracite coal stove used in this country, and the originator of several improvements in house warming and ventilating. These inventions brought him in a large fortune, which, to a great extent, has been applied in the extension and establishment of his college. On the fiftieth anniversary of his presidency he donated to the college board of trustees, property to the value of $600,000, and this in addition to his frequent donations and endowments previously made, shows the deep interest and liberality which have marked his connection with the educational interests of the State. Dr. Nott was deeply interested in the cause of Temperance, and wrote and spoke much on that subject. A book entitled "Nott on Temperance" had a considerable circulation in this country and England about the year 1847, and it was said was productive of benefit among the lower classes simply from the apparent anomaly in the title. His death occurred at Schenectady, January 29, 1866, at the advanced age of nearly ninety-three years.

WHY OPPOSED?

A CLERGYMAN, when subscribing for the A. P. JOURNAL, writes us as follows:

"Some fourteen years ago my head was examined by a 'noted phrenologist,' who said it was impossible for me to live the life of a Christian. At that very time I was enjoying the consolations of religion. I contended that grace could and would change the heart and subdue the passions, whatever phrenologists might say to the contrary. I know this to be true in my own experience. I also read some works on the subject at that time, but found nothing therein to support my belief in the power of grace. Of course I could not accept it, and have been a persistent opponent to your works. I now learn that you teach a very different doctrine from that above stated, and shall be glad to examine the subject from your present stand-point."

[When such preposterous statements are made by "noted phrenologists," to the effect that any one—not an idiot or an imbecile—may not live a Christian life, it is not strange that persons should turn away from it, or him, in disgust. What, deny the power of grace! Who was this "noted phrenologist?" If noted for anything, it must have been for ignorance, skepticism, or stupidity. And this sort of stuff is palmed off for science, and Phrenology brought into ridicule. How can we hope for a better state of things while these miserable creatures perambulate the country, and in the name of Phrenology talk such nonsense? It will require an age to wipe out the evil inflicted on the truth by these miserable pretenders.]

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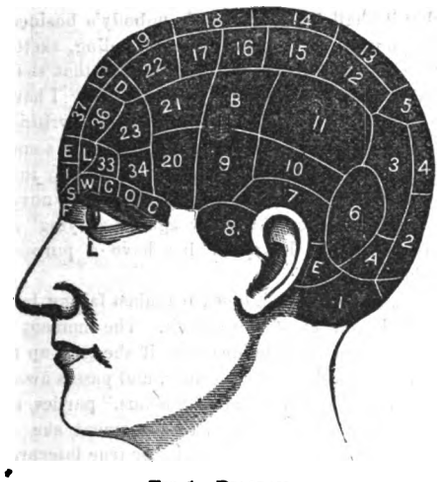

FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM.

"Signs of Character."

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—*Spenser.*

OUR NEW DICTIONARY
OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY.

MARRIAGE—Fr. *mariage*, from *marier*, to marry, from *mari*, husband.—The act of marrying or state of being married; union of man and woman as husband and wife; wedlock; matrimony.—*Webster.*

The disposition to marry comes from the action of Conjugality or Union for Life, in co-operation with the other social faculties. See Conjugality.

MARVELOUSNESS—Fr. *merveillesité*.—The quality of being marvelous; wonderfulness; strangeness.—*Webster.*

This is the name given by Spurzheim and other European phrenologists to the faculty and organ which we have called Spirituality. See Spirituality.

MEMORY.—The faculty of the mind by which it retains the knowledge of previous thoughts or events; the actual and distinct retention and recognition of past ideas in the mind.—*Webster.*

FIG. 2.—LAUGHTER.

Phrenologists generally do not recognize memory as a fundamental faculty of the mind, but as an attribute of each and all the intellectual faculties. Thus the memory of music results from the action of Tune, the memory of numbers from Calculation, etc.

MIRTHFULNESS (23)—Fr. *gaieté*.—State or quality of being mirthful.—*Webster.*

I do not consider this faculty as intellectual, but as affective—as a sentiment which disposes men to view everything in a gay, joyful, and mirthful manner. It may be applied to words, to things, to ideas, to arts, and to every mental manifestation. Hence the different names it receives from its modified functions, such as wit, good-humor, caricature, mockery, and irony.—*Spurzheim.*

My own views coincide with those of Dr. Spurzheim, that the organ in question manifests the sentiment of the ludicrous, and that wit consists in any form of intellectual conception combined with this sentiment.—*Combe.*

LOCATION.—The organ of Mirthfulness is situated on the side of the upper part of the forehead (23, fig. 1), between Causality and Ideality.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL SIGNS.—Mirthfulness shows itself on the face in a graceful turning upward of the corners of the mouth, as in fig. 3, which please contrast with fig. 4. The reader will need to make but a few careful observations to be convinced (if, indeed, any one doubts it) that there is the relation of cause and effect between a disposition to make and enjoy "fun" and the upward curving of the corners of the mouth. See portraits of Cervantes, Rabelais, Sterne, Piron, Neal, and others noted for their large development of Mirthfulness.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

FUNCTION.—As we purpose to publish in our next number a long, carefully-studied, and copiously illustrated article on Mirthfulness, we will not anticipate on this point, but simply ask the reader to consider what we have here said as merely the text of the intended discourse.

MODESTY—Lat. *modestia*.—The quality of being modest; that lowly temper which accompanies a moderate estimate of one's own worth and importance; absence of self-confidence, arrogance, and presumption; retiring disposition; unobtrusiveness; inclination to assume less than one's due, and concede more than is due to others.—*Webster.*

Phrenologically speaking, modesty results from large Veneration, Conscientiousness, and Cautiousness, combined with moderate Self-Esteem.

NOMENCLATURE.—A peculiar system of technical names adopted by an individual or a school in any particular branch of science.—*Webster.*

The nomenclature of Phrenology can hardly be considered as finally settled in all its features, nor is it by any means uniform, almost every phrenologist having a new name for one or more of the organs. The difference is generally in form rather than in signification; but in a few instances it results from a difference of opinion in regard to the proper primary function of an organ. Our own nomenclature is well known to our readers. That of Spurzheim, generally adopted by the French and German phrenologists, differs from ours only in the following instances:

Spurzheim.	Fowler & Wells.
Philoprogenitiveness.	Conjugality.
Adhesiveness.	Parental Love.
Reverence.	Friendship.
Marvelousness.	Veneration.
——	Spirituality.
——	Continuity.
Configuration.	Sublimity.
Coloring.	Form.
——	Color.
——	Human Nature.
	Agreeableness.

FIG. 5.—ESQUIMAUX.

The old nomenclature of Dr. Gall is as follows:

1. Instinct of Generation.
2. Love of Offspring.
3. Attachment.
4. Self-Defense.
5. Carnivorous Instinct (*Instinct Carnassier*).
6. Cunning (*Ruse*).
7. Sentiment of Property.
8. Pride.
9. Vanity.
10. Circumspection.
11. Memory of Things.
12. Sense of Locality.
13. Memory of Forms.
14. Memory of Words.
15. Faculty of Language.
16. Sense of Color.
17. Sense of Melody.
18. Memory of Numbers.
19. Construction.
20. Comparative Sagacity.
21. Metaphysical Ability.
22. Talent for Wit.
23. Poetic Talent.
24. Goodness (*Bonté*).
25. Imitation.
26. Veneration or *Théosophie*.
27. Firmness.

ORDER (29)—Fr. *Ordre*.—Regular arrangement; any methodical or established succession; method.—*Webster.*

Good order is the foundation of all good things.—*Burke.*

This faculty (Order) gives method and order to objects only as they are physically related; but philosophic or

FIG. 6.—FRANKLIN.

logical inferences, conceptions of system or generalization, and ideas of classification are formed by the reflecting faculties.—*Spurzheim.*

The sort of arrangement prompted by this faculty is different from, although perhaps one element in, that

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philosophical method which is the result of the perception of the relations of things.—*Combe.*

LOCATION.—The organ of Order is situated between those of Color and Calculation. Its place is marked O in diagram (fig. 1).

ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES.—"Dr. Spurzheim mentions that the Sauvage de l'Aveyron, at Paris, though an idiot in a very high degree, could not bear to see a chair or any other object out of its place; and that, as soon as anything was deranged, he, without being excited to it, directly replaced it. He likewise saw in Edinburgh a girl who, in many respects was idiotic, but in whom the love of order was very active. She avoided her brother's apartment in consequence of the confusion that prevailed in it.

"Dr. Gall states, that he has met with facts which strongly indicate that 'order' depends on a primitive faculty; but that, on account of the difficulty of observing the organs placed in the superciliary ridge, and the small size of this organ in particular, as pointed out by Dr. Spurzheim, he had not been able to collect a sufficiency of determinate facts to authorize him to decide on its situation.

"I have seen several instances in confirmation of this organ. The late Mr. L., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, of Edinburgh, whose mask is sold as an illustration of it, had a large development; and his love of regularity and order was conspicuous in all his professional and domestic occupations. He observed his appointments in the most exemplary manner; wrote his letters and papers with the greatest neatness and care; kept his accounts with invariable regularity; and was remarkable for his neat style of dress, as well as for the high state of order in which his articles of apparel were always arranged in his wardrobe. On each superciliary ridge of his cast there is an elevation resembling a small pea, which is frequently mistaken for this organ; that, however, appears to be merely a projecting point of the frontal bone, to which some fibers of the temporal muscle are attached. The development of the organ is indicated by a great fullness, producing a square appearance at the external angles of the lower part of the forehead. This trait of character is hereditary in Mr. L.'s family; it was transmitted to him by his father (whose portrait indicates a large development), and has descended in greater and less degrees to the members of a large family of sons. Every article which Mr. L.'s father carried about his person had its appropriate pocket, into which it was put with unfailing regularity. It is related of him that, on one occasion, not finding his penknife in its accustomed place, he summoned his servants and some young relatives before him, and demanded whether they had seen it. Being answered in the negative, he at once unhesitatingly declared that the knife '*must have been* stolen,' and upon being requested to search his other pockets, he actually lost his temper, and exclaimed, with great warmth, that the knife had not been in any other pocket for twenty years. At length, however, he was prevailed on to search another pocket, and blushed deeply on finding the strayed article. Mr. L. had a very equal general development of brain, which aided Order in producing his general regularity of conduct. In the mask of Mr. Douglas, who also was very fond of order, the organ is largely developed. I have seen other cases in which this part of the brain was very small, and the love of order was extremely deficient.

"The mode in which a person is trained in youth has a marked influence on the activity of this organ. If brought up by regular and orderly parents, the individual will be much more distinguished by the same qualities than if his early years had been spent in the midst of disorder and dirt.

"In the skulls of the Esquimaux the organ is small; and all the navigators who have visited them agree in describing their habits as most filthy, slovenly, and disgusting."

TO THE GIRLS!

"I DON'T see what the women do with themselves all day long!"

That was the half-earnest, half-jesting remark of one of our business friends as he stood on his door-step, shawled, gloved, and equipped for a journey to his down-town office! He had a thousand things to think of and look after—a score of daily plans to retard or expedite—during the ensuing eight hours. "The women" were quite differently situated!

We wonder if the fathers and brothers, whose footsteps swell the everlasting roar and tumult of Wall Street, ever think how dreary and purposeless must necessarily be the lives of those they leave behind them in the four walls of home! We do not allude to the brisk, busy housekeepers and the mothers of children, little or big. *They* find quite enough to do, in all conscience, between servants, pickles, bumped heads, and broken china. We mean the girls, perhaps just arrived from boarding-schools—the "young ladies" who have as yet neither servants, babies, nor household responsibilities to engross their time. They are martyrs, if ever martyrdom existed—victims to the slow, sickening poison of *ennui*. Perhaps they read a little—perhaps they practice a few dreary pages of music, or work a little in bright-colored floss silks or Berlin wool; and then they look sleepily at their watches and wonder if nobody will call, and think, lazily, if it would be too much trouble to go up stairs and put on their things for a walk on upper Broadway.

The fact is, the poor girls are perishing by inches for the mere lack of something to do!

We know perfectly well what the eleventh commandment is, nevertheless we can not refrain from speaking a word of counsel and suggestion upon this subject.

Girls, if you are head-achy and weary and listless, don't lay it to the score of your liver or your heart or your nervous system. It is not your body that is sick, but your mind. Throw away red lavender and valerian—set the family physician at defiance. All you need is something to do—something to think about and anticipate—something to occupy your brain and hands, in short, a mission!—not a "Borriboola Gha" mission, but some little every-day undertaking, either for your own benefit or that of others. As for what it shall be, why, that is nobody's business but yours. If you are fond of reading, sketch out a course for two or three months that shall enable you to say when it is complete, "I have accomplished something." If you like writing, write—either letters to far-away friends, or something more ambitious. If you fondly fancy that you can write a novel or a poem, begin that novel or poem! There is no law against "trying" in this country! Let your life have a purpose within it!

But, more than all, beware against falling into the dull routine of mere habit. The moment a girl relapses into the idea that if she gets up in the morning, dresses for dinner, and passes away the evening with the aid of "beaus," parties, or cards, her duty is done, that moment she is lost, as far as any individuality or true interpretation of life is concerned. She becomes a mere machine—a body without a brain.

Make up your mind what to do, and then go ahead and do it. The world will probably call you "odd" and "eccentric," but the world has said the same thing very often before, and as far we know, nobody has suffered seriously in consequence. There is nothing that eats into people's life and comfort like the insidious disease of "nothing to do;" nothing that undermines the temper and tries the disposition like vacancy. Lazy people are always cross, and perhaps they can't help it! A Yankee "school-ma'am" or a Lowell factory girl are a thousand times happier than the listless daughter of the millionaire who "can't think what to do with herself!" We know people who have been perfectly intolerable to all their friends as long as the sunshine of prosperity lasted, and who, suddenly compelled by unforeseen reverses, to work for daily bread, because the happiest and most cheerful of beings!

What a pity it is that Government does not compel people to occupy their time!

Girls, it is for you to take the matter into your own hands. Don't be afraid of undertaking too much. If you succeed, great good is attained—if you fail, there is little harm done. Give yourself some clearly defined daily occupation. Without a purpose in life, you are among the miserable drones who drift aimlessly about, all unconscious of the daily beauty and sublimity of living. Do not neglect the little home duties that cluster around our existence. The noblest woman that ever achieved eminence would be only half a woman if she did not remember the tiny items of domestic life. Sweep and dust, sew and practice; keep the home hearthstone bright with your constant care; but do more than this—aim higher. There is no surer recipe for keeping the eyes bright, the cheeks rosy, and the heart bright than constant occupation. We are out of patience when we hear seventeen or eighteen-year-old girls talk sentimentally about having "the blues." What business have they with "the blues?" Why, it is bad enough to hear rheumatic old maids and care-worn wives groaning about "blues," but from lips when the roses are but just blossoming, it is too absurd! We should like to try a diet of brooms, algebra, and croquet on such a case as this! My dear, you haven't got the blues—you are only troubled with a surplus of nothing to do!

Remember, whenever you are tempted to let the opportunity of active exertion or useful endeavor slip by, that your lives are only lent to you; remember that the time is coming when you must render up the solemn trust! Don't sit idly by the wayside until life's sun declines, but find something to do, and do it with all your might! MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

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WILLIE.

BY OSCAR M. MERRICK.

ANOTHER child
To Heaven gone,
While meek and mild
In Life's faint dawn.
Just born into this sinful world
On Christmas—glorious, sacred day;
Its tender form in April hurled
Into its home—down in the clay.
That innocent soul,
That sinless soul,
That angel soul
Then flies away.

Yes, quick as thought
It takes its flight,
Where all is fraught
With fadeless light.
It came to visit us on earth,
And passed through Life's half-open door;
We kissed those cheeks that smiled with mirth,
And fain would kiss them as before.
Those rosy cheeks,
Those dimpled cheeks,
Those lovely cheeks
We'll press no more.

TEACHING BY LOVE.

Mrs. L——'s school, in C——, was one of the pleasantest of the kind in all the land. A fine new building with handsome lawns and flower borders, kept by little hands, was the pride of a hundred children. The pupils were mostly of an excellent class, intelligent and ambitious, just such human material as a true teacher likes in her hand to mold into future good and beauty. Merely to give instruction in book knowledge was not all of Mrs. L——'s aim; she loved to stimulate and lead those young hearts to whatever is noble and lovely in character. She would often take advantage of some incident of the school-room to talk pleasantly and familiarly with her pupils on points of kindness and courtesy and truthfulness. And she had the happy art of drawing out the hearts of children—their little thoughts and loves and aspirations.

She expected dutiful and honorable behavior from all in her care, of course; her boys and girls would certainly be gentlemen and ladies; and so to a good extent they were proud and ambitious to justify their teacher's pleasant opinion.

There was among the number a girl of foreign parentage, tall, awkward, and, as the well-dressed lassies thought, a very disagreeable person. There was nothing bad in Rachel, and Mrs. L—— was sorry to see that the other pupils shunned and often slighted her very rudely in their lessons and games. Then a report was whispered about that she had an uncleanly and contagious disease, and no one was willing to share her desk or touch her hand in the calisthenic exercises. Poor Rachel felt this, and stood apart from her classmates as though she had no friend in the school.

It was a fashion of those days for little girls to fasten their hair back with a spring bound with ribbons and ornamented with gay rosettes. This style was very popular in the school; every girl's head was combed and trimmed according to the mode. All but Rachel's; and at last she came out with an attempt at ornament so unskillfully made and so ungracefully worn as to be the theme of ridicule wherever she appeared.

Mrs. L—— felt a deep pity for the child, and more so as an associate teacher in whose care she was placed avoided her touch and sometimes joined in the laugh at her expense.

One day Rachel came to school bright and early, looking as if she and a new comb were on special good terms, while her face was as happy as a young queen's.

"I declare!" said one girl, "if Rachel Burnett hasn't got a new head-dress; and its real pretty!"

"It's the prettiest one in all the school," said another; "I do wonder where she got it!"

"I can guess," said a third, "for I've seen Mrs. L—— wear the ribbons, and she always speaks *so* kind to Rachel."

"And I *know*," said still another; "Mrs. L—— boards at our house, and she sat up real late Saturday night to make it; she said she *liked* Rachel, and she wanted to make her a pretty present."

"Well, she's real kind, any way," broke in a friendly little miss; "for I saw her put her arm round Rachel the other day, and take hold of her hand at exercises, and lead her about. I guess she don't believe the stories."

"Well, Miss E—— won't touch her, and I shan't till she does," said another speaker.

"I aint afraid, for I guess Mrs. L—— is as particular as anybody—mother says she is—and she takes hold of her every day as much as any of us."

Whereupon the girls came to certain childish conclusions: "Well, I don't much believe it." "Nor I." "Nor I—and don't she look real nice to-day?"

A few days after this talk something occurred among a large group of girls, and Mrs. L—— took occasion to speak of their slighted companion.

"I have a question to ask my young ladies; will they please be quiet?"

Everbody hushed, and Mrs. L—— continued:

"Will you have the goodness to tell me what makes a *real lady?*"

The girls looked at each other a moment, and then several replied, "It's to be pretty and good." "It's to be very polite." "And it's to be kind, too." "I guess it's somebody that ain't naughty a bit." "It is to be just like *you*," whispered a voice behind the teacher's chair.

"You are a dear little girl," answered Mrs. L——, "but I was not talking of myself. You have all given good answers, but we might add something more. It is to be noble and generous to everybody and everything that is not so fortunate as we. It is very nice and beautiful to be loving and polite to those we like; but is a great deal nobler to be kind and generous to those who are not pretty and agreeable. Will you tell me now what makes any person of consequence in the world, or any pupil in the school-room?"

Again there were several replies: "To be good." "To have a great deal of money and do a great deal of good with it." "To know a great deal." "To get good lessons and behave well," etc.

"Very good answers all," said Mrs. L——; "but there is a better. Any one, a great, wise, rich, or learned man, or a little child, is of consequence because God made him and gave him a soul that will live forever; and Christ died for him, and loves him, and offers him heaven. It is very mean and wicked to despise any one whom God takes such care of, and especially if that one tries at all to be good.

"I was very much grieved yesterday at hearing some of my dear pupils, whom I wish to call real ladies, speaking ill of a schoolmate because she is poor and her dress does not fit well; one of them said, 'She is of no account.' You all know who I mean. I have been grieved for her sake a great many times. Did any of you ever know of any bad behavior in Rachel Burnett? Is she immodest, or untruthful, or saucy, or disobedient? Does she fail in her lessons oftener than any of her class?"

Nobody knew about any such thing.

"Does anybody know any good thing about Rachel?"

A little girl spoke, "She let me take her pencil one day, and I broke it, and she said it wasn't any matter."

"She's real good to the baby at home," said another child, "and she helps her mother ever so much."

"I believe she minds her own business," added another; "and she never gets mad when the girls laugh at her; but she went home crying one night, and she didn't come to school the next day."

A quick glance round the group caught two or three dainty misses blushing like guilty faces.

"Now you have told me something to respect her for," said Mrs. L——, "some of the things that belong to a *real lady*. But I know something more. Rachel Burnett walks from her home on the mountain two miles to school every day; she comes because she is so anxious to learn, and she studies well and behaves much better than some who live in fine houses. She rises early to help her feeble mother in the morning, and goes right home after school to help her again at night. I never heard any bad thing of her. Now because God did not give her a rich father, and a nice home, and the means to dress and look nicely as he has some of you, ought she to be neglected and grieved by her schoolmates?"

"No, ma'am."

"Can any one who would hurt the feelings of such a person be called a *lady?* Wouldn't it be noble, and generous, and like Christ to be very kind and let her play with you, and make her as happy as you can?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Isn't she, because God made her, and because she tries to make something of herself, of as much account as any of us?"

"I suppose so." "Yes, ma'am." "But she looks so!"

"A true lady," answered Mrs. L——, "will never, *never* let any one see that she observes anything unfortunate in her person or unpleasant in her dress; she will try the more to make her happy and forget her misfortunes. Who of my

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pupils wishes to be the *true lady* and is willing to make herself one?"

Every voice answered.

"Then who will be so noble and so polite to Rachel Burnett that she will never be grieved again?"

The chorus of *I's* was not as full as before, but a good many replied.

After a little more pleasant talk the bell rung and the school exercises opened. Rachel came in just in time not to be late, all in a glow from her long breezy walk, and looked round in wonder at the cheerful "Good-morning!" that greeted her on every side. By-and-by somebody raised a hand to speak, and the child came forward to the teacher's desk.

"I want to give Rachel my apple; please Mrs. L——; may I?"

Again a little hand was up, and a little girl with tears in her sweet eyes came and stood close to her teacher's side.

"Oh, Mrs. L——, please may I go and kiss Rachel?—I want to."

"God bless you, dear, and her too," answered Mrs. L——.

Kindness is catching; when the hour of recess came, one and another and another made excuse to speak to the unfortunate girl, or to give her a trifle; and kisses came from the younger children, until embarrassed by such unusual attention she slunk back to her seat blushing and silent.

"I didn't know as Rachel Burnett's eyes could be so bright," said a haughty miss as she went out of the house at night; "she looks almost pretty to-day." Mrs. L—— chanced to hear.

"Do you know, dear, there is nothing like love and kindness to make bright eyes and happy hearts! Let's see now how we can make smiles and sunshine come to poor Rachel."

"So we will," said the girls; and Mrs. L—— kissed her pupils a good-night.

The next day was dark with cloud and rain, but there was more heart sunshine in the school-room on that dreary winter day than there had ever been before. It was a long walk up and down the mountain through the storm, but there was something so attractive in the school-house Rachel could not stay at home, and the girls as they went out at night wrapping their cloaks and furs about them thought it was the pleasantest thing in the world to see smiles and hear "Thank you's" in strange places.

A generous example and a loving help to be good will often work wonders in little minds and hearts.

R. L. R.

THE Honolulu papers are discussing the question whether the vernacular of the Sandwich Islands shall be discarded in the national schools for the English language. The official journal is out in favor of the pure English system. Should the project be carried out, as is probable, the Hawaiian language will become extinct within a generation or two.

A LADY of a certain age says the reason an old maid is generally so devoted to her cat is that, not having a husband, she naturally takes to the next most treacherous animal.

THE ABSENT.

As stars, the vigilants of night,
  Resign their posts at ope of day;
As summer songsters take their flight,
  When summer hours have passed away;

As fair and fragrant flow'rets fold
  Their dewy cups when day is o'er,
So from our fond and gentle hold,
  Pure spirits seek the heavenly shore.

But not as stars each even burn,
  And birds come back to glade and glen,
And flow'rets ope, at day's return,
  Do our beloved ones come again.

Adieu, fond hearts! the funeral pall,
  The breaking heart, the burning tear,
Are but the common lot of all
  Who make their habitation here.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

EVERY person of a sane mind desires to be happy. But, alas! how few, comparatively, ever learn the secret of being truly and constantly happy! I have thought much and read much upon this every-day subject. I have endeavored to look into my own heart and to scan my past life closely to see if I could not arrive at the real solution of the problem. The more I see and understand of human nature, the plainer become my convictions that *selfishness* lies at the very foundation of all or nearly all of our unhappiness.

My business for many years being that of a teacher of public schools, gave me great advantages for studying the spirit and practice of life in many households. Almost invariably I discovered this hydra-headed monster *Selfishness* to be "the skeleton in every woman's, nay, and man's closet," too! If I found *one* family in the district where love and tender regard were manifested by the husband toward his toiling, faithful wife, O what an oasis in the desert of life it seemed to my poor hungering spirit! I saw so much cold calculating as to the *how* to get rich, regardless of the health or happiness of the inmates of every household, so little thought bestowed upon the cultivation of the higher and nobler faculties of the soul, or to the developing of the intellectual powers which so elevate and ennoble our race, that my heart was often filled with sorrow and grief.

Is not this really *the sin* of us all as a people?—this eternal grasping after the "almighty dollar," without regard to the little home comforts which are really and truly all there is of happiness!

O how much a kind word, spoken with feeling and affection, to a child, or a wife whose life year after year is circumscribed by the four walls of a kitchen, would do toward lifting the cloud from the spirit and sending rays of sunshine into the very soul! But, no—these little acts and highly prized tokens are kept for the outside world, which cares little and thinks less of the bestower, while the poor wife, like a beast of burden, plods on, uncheered by aught save her own approving conscience and the hope of a brighter life in the spirits' home above.

H. J. S.

A DEAD MAN.

THERE is *his* body—(if you can put a dead man in the possessive case; but we can understand the case as well without "killing" ourselves over the grammar. Shakspeare makes the climax of wit reach to the clown's rebuff of Hamlet: "One that *was* a woman, sir, but, rest her soul, she's *dead*")—I say again, there is his *body*. How blank! and I quote further: "to *this* complexion we must all come."

If one thing is more interesting than another, that is a *dying* man; and the other thing is a man *dead*. We can thoughtfully excuse the enthusiastic French *savan* who took notes of his own dying condition; and *his* last words were: "It grows *more* interesting!" His disquisition, thus queerly perorated, was to be bound in his own skin! Such is death—to a Frenchman doctor!

But, great God! to a believer, what the scene when *life departs!* What *is* Life? You well say, it is the action of sublimity; it is ineffably grand—but there! Surely, it was a light—a magnificent light—a very sun! *But it suddenly went out*—

"I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can that light relume."

This man, we may say, but a few days ago *was* active, wise, and powerful; now he *is* nothing. He *had* mighty memoranda of bills payable and receivable, of bonds and stocks; now he *has* nothing. From up in wieldy millions down to utter zero—oh! And how very short his life! yet how much longer than that of most people! why, where is he whom we knew yesterday? Alas, we shall *never* know him again—put into the earth, becomes part of it. Thus myriads disappear. Mighty emperors and country cousins. The sun went down, and then athwart the horizon flitted a fire-fly. We say, of course, the *living* bury the dead; but, then, is it not rather the *dying* that do it? Or even analogous to the Scripture saying—"Let the *dead* bury their dead." This is a *grave* subject, as we are *all* subjects of the grave—so it is common. And we might as well let the Hamletian clown "sing at grave-digging," as he bangs the skulls of noted men. We will call his spade "a spade"—worth more than all the skulls.

A dead man is a useless lump. *Here* we must ask, "what *is* he?" not what he *did*. Napoleon *after* the last gasp on a desert spot in mid-ocean; not when first emperor of the Eastern Continent.

"Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh that the earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel a winter's flaw!"

"Oh!" remonstrates Shakspeare; so we all—and we also owe *this* "debt of nature." Such a debt as to start a bank—of dirt—only think. "Imperial Cæsar" to-day; nobody to-morrow; once to rule the whole earth, and then to become but a handful of it! Ah, has the majestic soul expired with the frail body thus suddenly? Nobody can really believe that. "Then shall the *dust* return to the earth as it *was*, and the SPIRIT SHALL return unto God who gave it." "Jesus said unto them, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet *shall he live*." "He that believeth in me *shall never die*."

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Religious Department.

"The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill;
For him the ax be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared;
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite, and lies
Shall desecrate his name,
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

SELF-ESTEEM—A DISCOURSE.

BY REV. H. W. BEECHER.

"For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith."—Rom. xii. 3.

Our manhood lies in our moral sentiments. If we wish to take a measure of ourselves, we must measure there. A man can be said to have found himself only when he has come into a knowledge of those faculties and powers by which he sympathizes with God, and stands invisibly connected with Him as the eternal Father. A man is in duty bound to estimate his own character; to examine the condition of his heart and of his life. But as a general thing men think a great deal more highly of themselves, and a great deal more often of themselves, than they ought to think, and so fall into those errors of self-exaltation and pride which are so reprehensible.

THE INFLUENCE OF SELF-ESTEEM.

The fault of self-consciousness springs from the sentiment of self-esteem. This is a blind impulse or feeling which inspires an element indispensable to a full and noble character. But whether it shall strengthen or weaken the character depends upon the direction and the education given it by the understanding or the intellect with which it works. When a man measures himself by the standard of his fellow-men, by the requisitions of human law, by the average attainments in learning or skill or manhood of his fellow-men, and thinks himself to be good, better, or best, in comparison with these, the very standard itself inevitably leads him to mistakes, and to moral deterioration, as a result of so doing.

But if the standard be an ideal and divine element, then, instead of leading to conceit, self-esteem will make men humble. For where one has an intense sense of the *ego*, of the *I*, if he is so enlightened by the Spirit of God that he has before him the divine conception of manhood, then by as much as he has a strong yearning for it, by so much he is made to feel how far below it he falls.

The popular phrase, "Thinking too much of one's self," has a double meaning. It may mean thinking extravagantly or inordinately of one's self; or it may mean thinking too often and too much of one's self. This latter tendency develops itself in general self-consciousness—sensitiveness to self. This may arise from the love of approbation. A yearning for the favor of men toward us may be so strong that every human being that we meet shall throw back upon us some thought of how we ourselves stand with them. Every man, under such circumstances, brings to us some thought about ourselves.

Or, it may be a supersensitiveness to our rights and duties that shall cause one to fix thought chiefly on himself. There are persons that are never out of their own sight; and although it may be their moral feelings that minister the thought of themselves to themselves, nevertheless it is self that is the theme of thought. A generous and true man lets himself go away out of his own sight, as wise parents let their children go away out of their sight, and let them do as they will.

A true man, I take it, lives the greater number of hours with scarcely a thought that he does live. Everybody comes home to himself occasionally; but a man that *is* a man may be in life exerting great power, studying, laboring, thinking for others, working for causes outside of himself, and for hours, and days, may scarcely think of himself egotistically. He may be thirsty, or hungry, or warm, or cold, and he may think of it; but the thought, "Here am I; here is my understanding; this is my genius; such is my power or influence," never enters his mind from morning till night. And if a man is busy as he ought to be, if he is using himself rightly, pouring out his life as a power on some path of usefulness, what occasion has he to go back and think about himself?

But many persons do not permit this outgoing. They seem to think that it is a part of their duty of watchfulness and carefulness to keep themselves so near that they never are out of the reach of religious self-consciousness.

Now, it is as possible to be religiously egotistical as it is to be egotistical in a secular sense; and there are thousands that are so.

DANGER OF THINKING TOO MUCH OF SELF.

All this may be amiably done. It may be by comparison with others to our own disadvantage. It may be done regretfully, or it may be done complacently. But whatever may be the inflection, it is self-consciousness.

This tendency is increased, secondly, in persons liable to excessive selfness, by the practice of religious self-examination. I distinguish between *selfness* and *selfishness*. A man is selfish when he consults his own welfare or pleasure at the expense or disregard of others. But when a man does not sacrifice anybody else's rights or advantages, and merely occupies himself much with his own self, he is given to selfness.

Now, self-examination tends to this. Not, however, of necessity. The duty is an important one; but to be beneficial it must be an examination of general results, rather than of casual and detailed processes. The habit of perpetual self-inspection leads, generally, to great confusion and perplexity, because it is unnatural. The mind was not made to be watched while it is working. It would be a great deal safer to take your watch out, and open it, and carry it open through Broadway, observing its act of keeping time, instead of looking on the dial to see what time it has kept, than it is to keep the mind open, and watch the springs of thought, and the motives of life, on the supposition that you can get a clearer insight in that way than in any other. For the mind acts as roots do in the dark. If you insist upon bringing them on top of the ground, they die. If you would have them thrive you must let them lie underground, and judge of the plant by its fruit.

Self-examination is right; but that self-examination which consists in watching the processes of life is false in philosophy and mischievous in result. There are few that have the ability to employ the power of introversion judiciously. Many stop the process which they attempt to look in upon. Instances of this occur among young Christians who are just beginning a divine life. Their minds rise toward God in an ecstacy of gladness, and instantly they check the feeling, and say, "May not that be a temptation? Ought I not to examine it?" and they look in to see what that swell of soul is made of, and whether it is right in beginning and direction.

And what do they do? When feeling is exhaled, and you attempt to inspect it, you change it into a thought. The feeling stops, and instead of having an emotion you have nothing but an idea. The emotive process ends in order that an intellectual process may take its place. Men spoil feeling by analyzing what they feel. Love, tremulous and initial, needs to be nourished, and not watched; and when you take to analyze it, the play of it is stopped. And thousands and thousands of instances occur in every Christian community, where the germs of Christian life are mischievously meddled with in this way, moral processes being changed, by a false examination, into dry and profitless, if not positively injurious, intellectual ones.

Where there is a strong religious feeling, you not unfrequently hear ministers (and when taken with a large construction it is right) intensify religious life, and represent men as a stand-point of observation to the heavens, the earth, God, angels, and all holy beings. Where this is insisted upon a great deal, men come to feel that they are of great importance, since they are the objects of so much attention. It tends to foster this religious self-consciousness, and to render it morbid.

EGOTISM OF SELF-CONDEMNATION.

Nay, men fall into religious self-consciousness just as much, or, if not just as much, just as really, in many cases, through the process of self-condemnation. They are always *vile sinners*. They always have *rags* for their righteousness. They always seem to themselves to be *worms of the dust*, though they get their heads pretty high for worms! Their talking *against* themselves is only another way of talking *about* themselves. It is all the better for that, because it covers up the real feeling that impels them. If a man says, "I am making attainments in piety," people say, "Perhaps not: a man that is making attainments in piety does not boast." But if he says, "Oh, my graces are *so* few; I have *so* little with which I can console myself; I am *such* a sinner before God," they think he is very humble. He may be, or he may not be. Far be it from me to hold up to ridicule a genuine experience of this kind,

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which every man ought to have. It is not unfrequent that as a man's soul stands before him measured by the perfect righteousness of Christ, and by the holiness of God's law, he feels, "I abhor myself in dust and ashes;" but under such circumstances a man generally puts his hand on his mouth, and his mouth in the dust, and does not say very much about it.

SELF-PITY.

There are others who fall into the habit of self-consciousness through the door of self-pity. For as there are some that blame themselves, so there are others that pity themselves. Pity is a very good thing indeed, but it is a thing for exportation rather than for domestic use. And the habit of pitying one's self is a most demoralizing habit to fall into. It is bad for a child to pity himself. One of the first things taught to a child by over-indulgent parents is to pity himself. Is a child's finger hurt? The child runs around for pity, and the servant, the nurse, ma, pa, and everybody in the house, must pity the child. Now, a child is susceptible of being made a man much before we think. If a child is hurt, sufficient attention should be paid to it, to relieve it, and to meet the first outburst of alarm with tenderness; but the second step is to teach the child that it is manly to scorn pain, and to lift one's self above it. Where children are taught to feel that they are objects for commiseration, they grow up pitying themselves because they were born homely; because they were born with a mean stature; because they were born of parents that had no advantages in life, and that gave them none; because they were born poor; or because they never earned riches, as the case may be.

Now, you perceive, not only that this is effeminate, unmanly, and unchristian, but that in a minor way it is a form of self-consciousness—the poising of one's self above that central object, self, *self*, SELF.

One of the great evils which spring from this constant thinking of one's self is that it leads to a type of character most unlovely. It is not possible to feed a man with the food that makes *men*, who is much revolving about himself. There is very little in a man's nature that he should want to be very familiar with. The mind was made to act with a glorious unconsciousness. It was made to exert its intellectual forces, and moral powers, and sympathies, and affections, upon others. Our treasure house, for the most part, is outside of us. If the proper study of man is *man*, it is other men. If the glorious revelations of God come through the sentient living organization, it is the sentient living organization of our fellows. And while a man is perpetually moving around the circuit, and hovering over the pit of his own little existence, it is impossible that he should be a noble and manly character.

It reverses the direction of healthy growth. It turns the mind inward. It leads to introversion. And this almost always produces morbidness.

But the injurious effect of this habit of self-consciousness is not confined to the persons themselves who indulge in it. It presents piety in a forbidding aspect. A true Christian is the most noble and lovely object in the world. An unconscious Christian man is the most glorious object of beauty, and moral beauty, that the world affords.

A Christian man, full of Christian thoughts and purposes and activities, is the most sublime object of manly excellence with which we meet here below. I aver that every process and every tendency of a true Christian is toward the noble, the sublime, and the beautiful; and that the expression, "The beauty of holiness," has great significance.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS INBORN.

What a man has given to him at birth, his original gift, stands first; and some men are inordinately self-conscious by nature. Where this is the case, the error too often consists in the crucifixion of the feeling, rather than in the proper employment of it. Paul had enormous self-esteem by nature. How it towered up! But when he consecrated it to Christ, and used it on the side of the highest manhood, how noble and heroic it became!

One's position as a real center of influence is almost invariably accompanied with this temptation and danger. If many men are obliged to take their thoughts from him; if men are perpetually coming to him for advice, the tendency is make him think of himself more highly than he ought to.

Now, where self-esteem, or self-conceit, is only a tendency that needs development and education, even the standing central in the household makes a man opinionated; makes him think of himself more highly than he ought to think.

That which is true in the family is also true in the firm; in the neighborhood; in circles of all kinds where people are brought together in masses; and men that are so placed as to become centers of influence, should take heed lest they indulge in an overweening self-consciousness, as they are tempted to do.

INFLUENCES OF PRAISE.

Praise is normal food for the mind; but it should always be true, just, and in due proportion. There are some persons who never praise because they have a vague feeling that praise is dangerous. Praise *is* dangerous. So is blame. On the one hand, praise has so many offices of use that a person may be greatly benefited by it. On the other hand, it has so many dangers that persons who happen to be constituted so that they are praised a great deal, are liable to be much injured. And when persons have fed for a few years on praise, what effect has it? You can see it, you can feel it; but the persons themselves are unconscious of it. They are warped and injured by an exacting self-consciousness.

BLAMING CHILDREN REPREHENSIBLE.

In the domestic circle we call that blaming which in public life we call persecution. Some people seem to think that the way to keep a child humble is to snub him. The bound boy, the apprentice boy, the last-come boy, the boy of all-work, the child of the second set, or of the first set, as the case may be, is to be kept down; and we get into the habit of giving a word here, and a blow there, or, to use a very expressive term, of *snubbing*. It is supposed that it is for the child's good. But, I tell you, there is nothing that raises so many devils so quick, and keeps them up so long, in a child, as snubbing. You may take a child that is kind and good, and snap him on the head, and you will evoke from him manifestations of a disposition such as you would think he could not be capable of. If there is anything that should make a schoolmaster or a parent liable to the penalties of the law, it is striking a child on the head. It is a sin before God and an abomination before men to strike a child on the head. Nature did not leave us without prepared methods of discipline which might give pain without touching the temper; and to retreat to the opposite, and strike where all the nerves center, where all the sensibilities are located, is not to do good, but to be sure of doing harm—and the worst kind of harm. And yet there are a great many persons who, for the sake of keeping their children down, abuse them, cut them short, push back their little aspirations, and blame them continually, but strike them and snub them. It is supposed that this will make them humble, and keep them in their place. No; it will stir up depravity to the bottom. Kindness, *kindness*, KINDNESS! There is no authority like that which is founded in kindness and in justice.

SELF-FORGETFULNESS.

That man will be happy, and healthy, and strong, who takes the gifts of God and uses them with a centrifugal power. He that pours away from himself the most things will be the healthiest and strongest and happiest. On the other hand, he that makes his mind work so that it turns in upon himself, will be the least happy and beneficial to his fellow-men. This is the law in respect to mind-power. In the main, since there has been a record of the human family, the world has been trying to be happy. The whole history of the world is a history of the attempts of men to make themselves happy by bringing in. The heart has been the great vortex, and the great world has swung around, and all the treasures of sea and land have been swept into this vortex, and men have been trying to be happy by bringing themselves to themselves; and yet the world has groaned and travailed in pain until now.

But here is a man whose foundations have been overthrown, and who says, "I have nothing in this world to live for; it is of no use for me to try to be happy; so I will consecrate myself to other people;" and he thinks of others, and labors for others; and it is not long before joy fills his house, and festoons and chaplets of joy cover his head.

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

Why, a man that measures himself among men, and thinks how strong he is, how learned he is, how eloquent he is, and whether he shall compare favorably with this or that eminent scholar, or mathematician, or hero—such a man inevitably grows self-conscious. But let a man bring before his mind the clear and beauteous image of Christ Jesus, who, though rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich, and let him behold the transcendent image of Divinity, and he will feel that he is nothing. Gauging his thoughts from that divine center, and kindling his mind and forming his ideal of manhood from that which is so transcendently higher than anything there is about him, and so far above anything that he has in himself, he never can come up to his highest conception. He will find that in this way of measuring himself there is not one moment of complacency. There will be satisfaction and happiness, but not because he thinks himself so much, or so wise, or so perfect. There will every day be a consciousness of imperfection, and of being stained with sin; but there will be aspiration, emulation, holy ardor, and, above all, a faith that shall lead him right up before God.

Let me close with repeating the words which the prophet uttered thousands of years ago, and which I think might be written over every man's study, and over every man's business place:

"Thus saith the Lord: Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom; neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this: that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

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DEDICATION.

"The children of Israel dedicated the house to the Lord."

FATHER of all, to Thee we raise
The humble tribute of our praise—
"Oh! how excellent are thy ways!"
We thank Thee for our country's good,
That after its deluge of blood
Upon *our* Horeb Thou hast stood!

"Ye shall have never slave again."
Mightier than the sword or pen,
Comes up the PEOPLE'S voice: Amen!
We thank Thee that their will is free,—
From Northern mount to Southern sea,—
To do man's duty, worship Thee—

For kindly watchings o'er the land,
To give the needy helping hand,
And make our faith in works as grand—
For wills to watch and hearts to pray,
To more exalt Thy holy sway,
Through churches such as ours to-day.

We are to plant the holy seed;
Thou givest increase as the need:
We seek thy patience with our speed.
We hold the trust that all is well.
And may this motive us impel
To *love Heaven* more than fear Hell."

Loving Thy well-beloved Son,
May all our wills with Thine be one—
Oh, our Father! Thy will be done!
Our church is but the widow's mite;
Yet may it meet Thy gracious sight,
To all reflecting "the true light."

In words a prophet-poet told,
After Thy time has amply rolled,
With "one Shepherd shall be one fold."
"Suffice it *now*. In time to be
Shall holier altars rise to Thee—
Thy church, one wide humanity.

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,
Soft bells of peace shall ring its chimes,
Its days shall be all holy time.

A sweeter song shall then be heard,
The music of the world's accord,
Confessing Christ, the inward Word.
That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One hope, one faith, one love restore
The seamless robe that Jesus wore. W. H. G.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL, CANTON, N. Y.

PHRENOLOGY BEFORE GALL.—Jeremy Taylor, in his sermon at the funeral of the Countess of Carbery, says: "Certain it is that the body does hinder many actions of the soul; it is an imperfect body and a diseased brain, or a violent passion, that makes fools; no man hath a foolish soul; and the reasonings of men have infinite difference and degrees by reason of the body's constitution."

This is precisely the doctrine of the phrenologists, if we understand it. The coincidence is at least an interesting one.

MR. EDITOR: I cut the above from the *Christian Ambassador*. If the sermon from which it is taken has more ideas of the same sort, would it not pay to hunt it up? R.

[Will the *Ambassador* kindly state where we may find the sermon referred to? We think it must be worth republication.

Of course Phrenology was before Dr. Gall, as the circulation of the blood was before Harvey, and electricity before Franklin. But Dr. Gall simply discovered the location and function of certain organs. He created nothing, changed nothing, destroyed nothing. He was simply a discoverer, and as such his name will be immortalized with those of other discoverers.]

Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Cabanis.*

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Hosea* iv. 6.

DRUNKENNESS.

"It sears all the finer susceptibilities of the soul, dries up the currents of sympathy and affection, and makes the heart a sterile waste, susceptible only of those base and abject emanations that necessarily spring from depraved and corrupted passions."—PARKER.

THE above should be enough to alarm any man who perceives the dreadful influence gaining ground upon him. It whispers and warns a man as he progresses in the habit; he fears the consequence, and knows the controlling power of the fatal draught; yet, with all this, he goes on and on, impelled by some irresistible fatality, until the action of the heart becomes abnormal—until the brain becomes destroyed in its functions—until the nervous system is wrecked and wretched—until reason is dethroned, and the poor wreck of what was once a man sinks into the most utter helplessness and disgrace. Is it nothing? what?—to destroy a splendid constitution for ever—to quench everything lustrous within—to blur or extinguish the beauty of the unfolding spirit—to be pointed at as a sign—to be hissed at by the young—to be pitied by the good with a heavy sigh—and to be shunned by society as a danger and a nuisance?

To have no eye for scenery—no ear for music—no heart for love—no sentiment for honor—no joy for virtue, and, alas! no hope—is it nothing? When refinement is progressing—when science and art are marching on in the golden light of civilization—when young men are growing up into patriots, orators, and authors—when the country beckons her sons to be "omnipotent to save" her in the midst of disasters and calamities—when the roll of fame is spread out before us inviting us to a place in its illuminated scroll—when the old and tried of office are leaving their solemn charge to their young successors—when the hum of industry and enterprise is heard around us, is it nothing to be a drunkard?—incapable to fill a mission of usefulness to mankind?

Is it nothing to be loved with a pure and reasonable love—is it nothing to see one's children hungry and in rags—to see one's home desolate—to see nature through a fog of filth, is it nothing? Is it nothing to teach the young—to lose the friends—the early and best friends of our younger years, by our folly—fair companionships—fond communings? Is it nothing to war against nature—to help the helpless—to plant a smile on the face of grief—to chase the tear from sorrow—to encourage those that aspire—to have a voice in the councils of municipalities or states or nations? Whatever of the above are useful, the drunkard is not fit to practice; whatever there can be lost, he loses. The man or youth on the brim of drunken life is good for nothing, except as a horrible example. He is on a fatal whirlpool—the outer ring of the vortex—and without a strong bound,

"Like some strong swimmer in his agony,"

he is forever numbered with the lost!

THOS. FENTON.

A SENSIBLE SCOLD.

AMONG all the critics in whom scolding is a chronic ailment, and in whose very nature there is more vinegar than treacle, none are more conspicuous or widely known than Thomas Carlyle, the Scot. He has written much, and written well. He has spoken often, and quite to the point; and again, as wildly as any other eccentric genius, one of whom he certainly is. Among the most sensible remarks attributed to him are the following:

When the cholera was raging at Dumfries, Scotland, a little over thirty years ago, to such an extent that every third person was seized, Mr. Carlyle called his domestics together and addressed them as follows: "It is indisputable that the cholera is raging near us. It turns people blue and kills them. It may kill us. It is a comfort to know that all it can do with us is to kill us. All we have to do is to go on, each of us, doing his or her proper work, and avoiding those things which are conducive to cholera, chief of which is the *fear* of it. Therefore, if my authority passes for anything, the word cholera will not be again mentioned in this household." All were made stronger by these words, and the cholera passed by them

We deem it a downright wickedness, in the multitude of quacks who infest every community, to emblazon on the walls of houses, on the fences, and in the windows, their flaming showbills, in great red and black letters, the words *Cholera!* CHOLERA!! CHOLERA!!! Only a dollar a bottle, or twenty-five cents a box, etc. There is no law to prevent them, and they will, for the love of lucre, keep up the cry, till hundreds and thousands are frightened into their traps, out of their money, and into their graves. When will people cast off silly fear and learn to trust in God? When an epidemic is among us, or is threatened, it is the duty of all good citizens to fortify themselves and others by removing every cause of disease, cleaning out pest places, enforcing temperate habits, and cultivating trust in the goodness of God. The faithless, hopeless, and desponding are in danger—so are the dissipated. Is your blood foul with filthy liquors and tobacco? Look out! Are you "used up" by over-work, close confinement, and bad air? Look out! Are you, young man, violating the laws of your being? Look out! And you, young woman, how are you living? Are you lacing tight? Are you wearing thin-soled shoes, low-necked dresses, and keeping late hours? Do you suffer from cold hands, cold feet, a hot head, indigestion, constipation, and so forth? Have you vitality enough to stand the shock of an attack? Suppose you drop your foolish health-consuming fashions for a season, and give attention to acquiring health? Suppose you cultivate devotion instead of ball-room etiquette? Would not this be as well? We only suggest these things by way of protecting the weak, strengthening the strong, and giving a word of warning in season.

ON FINDING FAULT.—Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offense rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer; and the accused party is struck with the forbearance of the accuser who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it.

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PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE.

WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER

THIS portrait represents a musical organization and an emotional and feelingful temperament. See how broad the head is through the temples! Indeed, the brain as a whole is large, and it is high and long as well as broad.

Then the perceptive faculties are large. Form, Size, Order, Calculation, Language, Individuality, Eventuality, Time, Tune, Causality, Comparison, Imitation, Constructiveness, Ideality, and Sublimity are all decidedly large. But it does not necessarily follow that such an organization would become musical. He might have become equally distinguished in any other calling. But we do claim in this case that the brain and mind were all in perfect accordance with his real character, and that he inherited in a large degree the tendencies of mind which he afterward so highly cultivated and developed, as will appear in the annexed biography.

Our subject was not a simple imitator, practicing the music of other composers, though this he could readily do; but he originated, composed, and created it. There is a marked difference between an inventor and a mechanic, a composer and a performer, as a little reflection will show.

It may be said that all this is no evidence of the truth of Phrenology, since we describe the person whom we so well know, and whose character has been so apparent to the world. This we are willing to grant. We simply put his organization and character together before the reader, and leave it for him to draw his own inferences, and accept or reject our statements as he pleases.

It is an interesting fact, that there is not only no contradiction to the claims made by Phrenology, and the real, well-known character of the subject, but a beautiful harmony from beginning to end, and it justifies us in the assertion, that mind precedes and gives shape and form to the features, to the brain, and to the body. As is the mind, so the body and brain become.

Studying and practicing music develops faculties allotted to these functions. Studying and practicing law, medicine, or surgery would develop quite another set of faculties, and give quite a different expression to the countenance. A boxer is different from a benefactor; a butcher is not like a sculptor.

In the face before us may be seen kindliness, cheerfulness, playfulness, hopefulness, and joyousness, and it speaks both intelligence and genius. He had the common frailties of other men, but was in most respects a self-regulating, circumspect, and well-disposed gentleman.

BIOGRAPHY.

William Vincent Wallace was born at Waterford, in Ireland, June 1, 1814. His father was band-master of the 29th Regiment of the Line—an excellent performer on several instruments—by whose instructions the youth profited so well, that he became proficient in music before he was fifteen years of age. While a boy, he was possessed of an extravagant fondness for traveling, and at the early age of eighteen he began a series of wanderings which were continued until he had visited nearly every portion of the globe. He resided some time in New York, gaining much celebrity there, as he did everywhere else, by brilliant musical performances. He has composed several operas of superior excellence, among which "Maritana," "Lurline," and "Love's Triumph" are probably the most popular. His numerous ballads and minor instrumental pieces are much appreciated wherever music is highly cultivated as an art.

From 1845 to within a year from his death he resided principally in London. Having sought relief from a lingering disease in the mild climate of southern France, he died at the Chateau de Bagin, in the Pyrenees, October 12, 1865. He was deservedly classed among the first of English musicians.

JEREMIAH CARHART.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

THIS is a remarkable organization in some respects; he should be known for his great tenacity of purpose, for the warmth and ardor of his affections, and for his quickness of perception and intuition. He probably combines something of the qualities of both his parents, the mother's spirit with the father's frame-work, love of liberty, and sense of independence. He should also be known for his powers of observation and desire for knowledge. He has a remarkable memory of objects, of what he sees distinctly—faces, places, experiences, and the like, though he may forget names, dates, and passing events. He should also be known for his method and clearness of arrangement where plans are concerned.

He has a practical and analytical mind, excellent descriptive talent, can draw nice distinctions, and judge correctly of character.

In temper he is more quick than lasting, more resolute to defend than aggressive; he takes no pleasure in punishing, and does not hold hatred or malice.

When younger, he probably suffered considerably from the feeling of sensitiveness and diffidence; experience, however, has taught him that the opinions of men are fluctuating, and that he need not stop to consider what others may say or think, but rely on his own knowledge and judgment.

He is naturally somewhat wanting in Hopefulness, and at times feels quite uncertain about future successes, hence would exert himself to the utmost, and leave no stone unturned to insure success in anything of the result of which he felt doubtful. He promises nothing without qualification, but usually succeeds better than he had hoped, better than he had promised. He is slow to believe—almost a "doubting Thomas;" will admit nothing without conclusive evidence. His religion is more a matter of justice than of devotion; to do right and to do good would be his cardinal principles, while humility, faith, and de-

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votion would be less exercised. He would make nobody else responsible for himself on religious subjects, and pin his faith to no man's sleeve. Indeed, more faith, more hope, and more devotion would be advantageous, and should be cultivated.

There is nothing wanting in the affections to enable him to enjoy married life in a high degree, provided he is suitably mated and pleasantly situated. He is naturally gallant and fond of the ladies. He would also be friendly and fond of the young, of children, especially if his own, and pets of some kind. He is frank, candid, open, and free, without much concealment or cunning. He will make money easier than he will be likely to keep it. More economy would be better for his pocket. He has probably already made a fortune or two, and through liberality dispensed the greater part of his gains without adequate returns. He simply wants money for its uses, not for itself.

The appetite is well marked. He enjoys good living, but is not an epicure. He is liable to become absorbed in whatever interests him, and may sometimes forget that he has an appetite or other physical wants, and thus injure his health. He has fair imitation, but is more likely to originate and block out a course for himself, than to follow in any beaten path. He would pursue the course which commended itself to his judgment.

He likes to make experiments for himself, and adopts that which seems best, without regard to precedent or other circumstances. He is thoroughly independent—cares little for words of censure or criticism; if blamed, he can endure it; if praised, he does not change his course. He could not play the sycophant to king or emperor for the sake of courting favor. He is willing to stand on his own merits. Had he not been cultured and possessed a fairly trained intellect, he would have been set in his own way, and quite stubborn; as it is, he may be expected to yield to reason.

He needs for his better bodily condition vigorous muscular exercise in the open air. Close confinement within doors, hard work, or steady application to some absorbing pursuit are wearing upon him. He should aim to get sufficient rest and recreation, to "lie off" and recuperate his system.

He is not deficient in conversational powers, but would only speak when he had something definite to say. He is not a man of many words. Still, he could have been trained to write and to speak with tolerable success. Had he been educated for either of the learned professions, he would have doubtless preferred the law. He is especially adapted for something in the direction of mechanism or art. He could have succeeded as an inventor, or as an architect, engineer, or artist. With the single exception of the organ of Color, which is not large, all the faculties which have to do with Art seem well developed. In drawing, in sculpture, in designing, he could have excelled. Close confinement, however, at a desk, on a bench, or behind a counter, would have been quite out of place for him. As a chemist, anatomist, physiologist, or in the pursuit of any natural science, he would have done well.

PORTRAIT OF JEREMIAH CARHART.

BIOGRAPHY.

The subject of the foregoing was born in Dutchess County, N. Y., September, 1818, uniting in himself the stable qualities of the English and German stocks. In early youth he worked on a farm, but at the age of fifteen went into a cabinet-maker's shop and learned the trade. In 1836 he went to Buffalo, where he resided ten years, pursuing his mechanical vocation. During these years he made many experiments upon the accordeon with a view to its improvement, but with little success. He discovered, however, that the tones of the instrument were much better when the wind was drawn through the reeds than when it was expelled through them. This suggested the endeavor to produce a method by which a uniform quality of tone shall be obtained. The idea of a "suction bellows" was entirely novel and deemed impracticable by other mechanicians and musical men, but Mr. Carhart set to work and concentrated his energies on the invention of an apparatus which would cause the wind to rush into a bellows with the same velocity by which it was expelled. He worked upon the idea for two years, and finally grasped the principle by which the suction bellows became a fact and the melodeon no longer a dream. But his progress thereafter was anything but smooth. He was beset with opposition in getting patents for his inventions, and having no capital with which to at once render them available in manufacture, several years were lost in the vain struggle to bring them out. He found also that the old style of reeds was ill-adapted to his purpose, so that he perforce invented a new kind of reed much superior to the old, and new machinery specially for its manufacture. In the accomplishment of these results he exhibited extraordinary mechanical ingenuity and indomitable perseverance. He may be considered as literally the inventor of the melodeon.

He has so perfected the reed, which before was liable to fracture and frequently getting out of tune, that those used in his instruments rarely lose their tone, and are never broken except through external violence.

Several other principles have been developed by him in the course of his long experience in the manufacture of musical instruments, so that some styles of his melodeons approximate to the grandeur of the pipe organ. At the recent fair of the American Institute he exhibited a superb organ which was one of the chief features of the musical department, and was unanimously awarded the gold medal by the judges of musical instruments.

Some thousands of these instruments of all classes have been sent to all parts of the country, everywhere giving satisfaction. The most prominent organists and musicians have given flattering testimonials of their approval.

PSYCHOLOGY.—*Mr. Editor:* The question has been asked me, What organs of the mind does a man specially want in order to become a psychologist? I have answered as follows: He must have large Veneration, Benevolence, Hope, Spirituality, and Conscientiousness, large intellectual faculties, full selfish propensities, a mental motive temperament, and a heart right with God. The Bible is the best book which treats on psychology, and God its author. T. H.

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NEW YORK,
APRIL, 1866.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Foe.*

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SUICIDE—ITS CAUSES.

THE tendency to self-murder at the present day seems to be on the increase, and claims at our hands some consideration. The causes assigned for the commission of so dreadful an act upon one's self are many, among which may be enumerated as being the principal—hereditary predisposition, age, pecuniary and social circumstances, drunkenness, reverses of fortune, idleness, inordinate love and jealousy, novel-reading, ambition, over-religious excitement, politics, disease or physical infirmity, and insanity. The class in which suicides most frequently occur is not the most ignorant, but that which claims the most intelligence, the most mental culture. Of course we are not to be understood as including the highest moral culture, although many instances have occurred where the unfortunates had received superior moral instruction, the misapplication of which conduced rather to aggravate the morbid condition of their nervous systems.

As individual peculiarities, distinctive characteristics are known to be transmitted by generation, insanity or monomania cropping out now and then in consonance with the law of descent, so the disposition to suicide is hereditary. And in those who exhibit this inherited tendency, the phrenologist usually finds large Caution, excessive Approbativeness, large Constructiveness and Ideality, with moderate moral organs, weak Vitativeness, and the head generally narrow at the base. The mental or nervous temperament greatly predominates in such persons. With such an organization they are susceptible of slight impressions from without, and suffer intensely where others with a stronger physical organization would experience no inconvenience.

Advanced age is sometimes a predisposing cause. The individual feels impelled to terminate his existence from the morbid reflection of having outlived the period of usefulness and become an incubus upon his friends and society. Small Self-Esteem is usually connected with such cases. Pecuniary and social circumstances exercise a strong influence upon the weak, temperamentally and physically. He who has been instructed in all the accomplishments of refined society, but finding himself at the age when it is most desirable to mingle in that circle, unable to sustain his part because of insufficient means, becomes melancholy, misanthropical, and finally a suicide. Such persons exhibit strong Approbativeness and Caution with weak Self-Esteem and Firmness, and a temperament excessively mental, producing extreme sensitiveness. In the upper walks of metropolitan society we will find many persons thus organized. They are well educated, possess superior intellects, but are exceedingly excitable and easily disconcerted, and lack especially the heartiness and endurance which are imparted by a good condition of the vital system.

In drunkenness we find one of the most influential *determining* causes of suicide; and so frequently are instances of this nature brought to our notice that it is scarcely necessary to dwell upon it. It is said that more than one eighth of the number of suicides in France are drunkards. In this country the proportion is much greater, as excessive intemperance prevails to a far greater extent in the United States, and the liquors sold at the common shops are of a poisonous character, soon impairing the energies and demoralizing the whole nature of the habitual drinker. The wretched inebriate, upbraided, feared, and despised by the cold world, debilitated by the fiery disease which consumes his vitals, and subject to occasional fits of delirium, seeks in self-destruction by one hasty act to mitigate his distress and anticipate that death to which he knows himself hastening.

Reverses of fortune operate powerfully upon those whose mental temperament is excessive, and who lack the sustaining power of a serene trust in God and the stamina of robust health; and he whose constitution is delicate, whose life has been surrounded with the comforts and refinements of life, and whose faith and hope are weak and self-reliance far from potential, is overwhelmed when at one stroke his ample fortune melts away leaving him penniless, and in despair puts the pistol to his head. Such instances as these are fresh in the mind, for the reason that the unfortunate victim usually leaves some written statement accounting for his act, and the whole affair finds its way into the columns of our daily newspapers.

Misconduct, and dread of its discovery—idleness, proceeding from inability to obtain employment, and the fear of suffering and starvation, to say nothing of the morbid intensity of thought which accompanies protracted *ennui*, now and then prompt to self-murder. Unreciprocated affection, and fierce passion excited by the knowledge that the craved love is bestowed upon another; mortification, with a thousand conjured-up emotions, drive the mistaken enthusiast to despair and crime.

The reading of sensational literature which fires the impressible nature, the inability to attain objects upon which the heart is set with the most eager longing, the imagination inflamed by a false or misdirected religious zeal and political irritation and conflict, each of these have their self-immolated offerings, the main characteristic of which is self-distrust.

Many cases of suicide arise from painful diseases or physical infirmities which render the sufferers incapable of taking proper care of themselves. The diseases which are the most frequent causes of *felo de se* are pulmonary consumption, inordinate or morbid affection, loss of sight, cancer, and paralysis. A slight understanding of the nature of these diseases will convince the inquirer of the predisposition to suicide which these agonizing maladies produce.

Lastly, we consider insanity as one of the *determining* or immediate causes. There are some who attribute the rash act in every case to insanity. With such, in the face of numerous instances wherein, to the very last, calmness and self-possession were exhibited, we can not agree.

An illustration taken from real life may be in point. A gentleman occupy-

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ing a high position in society meets with some reverse in business. He is not utterly crushed; an adjustment of his affairs leaves him a comfortable maintenance, but he has lost the eminence and influence which wealth gave him. In his dejection he seeks to drown sorrow in the intoxicating cup. He becomes a drunkard; but after a year or two of inebriety, resolution, and remorse, there comes a period of rest. He coolly examines his condition. He finds that there is just enough property left to keep his wife and children above want. A continuance in his career of debauchery for a few years longer will leave them beggars. "I will," he says, "profit by this gleam of reason to prevent their ruin,"—and shoots himself! Here is no insanity, but cool reflection, not upon the highest moral basis we will admit, but, as the world goes, sound, sober reason. Many will cry out, "Sensible man!" But an insane, melancholic person imagines himself persecuted, annoyed, and threatened. Pretended friends impose upon him. Merciless enemies stand ready on every side to tear him to pieces. Life becomes insupportable. In a state of frenzy he kills himself. Here is insanity, madness, aberration. Among the insane, the prevailing occasion for suicide is melancholy. The motive lies in the fancied objects of their delirium or in morbid impulses.

A distinguished writer on the subject of Insanity and Suicide gives the following as the number of suicides in each million of inhabitants of several countries: Denmark, 288; Holstein, 173; Prussia, 123; France, 110; Norway, 94; England 69; Sweden, 66; Belgium, 55; Austria, 43; Scotland, 35; United States, 32; Spain, 14. With regard to sexes, the proportion of suicidal females is about one in three. Of course in this account is taken the number of unsuccessful attempts at self-destruction, which are surprisingly frequent.

Suicides are most frequent between the ages of twenty and thirty years, although the strongest predisposition to them is found to exist between forty and fifty years of age.

Should we be asked to suggest a mode of treatment by which the disposition to suicide may be corrected, and the tendency, now on the increase, obviated, we would reply that the most efficacious means would be temperate habits and moral and religious training. The improvement of the higher nature, the strengthening of the individual character, and correct physiological principles as the standards by which to live will operate against a self-inspired disposition to suicide, for they will open up the true purposes and enjoyments of life, and impress us with the fact that the world is wide enough for those who are in it, and all that is expected of each individual is that according to his ability he will

Act well his part in life—
There all the honor lies.

TEMPERAMENT—MARRIAGE.

A CORRESPONDENT asks, "Are all persons of the same temperament who have the same color of eyes and hair, and who are of the same complexion? If so, should one marry another of the same complexion? In other words, is the color of the hair and eyes a test by which we may know the temperament?"

Answer. Complexion is an indication, but not the only one, of temperament. Negroes, Indians, and Chinamen may be said to have respectively one color or complexion—one color of hair and eyes, yet the Africans, the Indians, the Chinamen have all the temperaments, bilious, sanguine, nervous, lymphatic. Among Africans, we judge of the Motive or Bilious temperament, not by the dark complexion, but by the frame-work and muscular development. We judge of the Vital or Sanguine temperament in the African by his fullness of cheek, deepness of chest, fullness of abdomen, abundance of blood, fullness of pulse, and so forth. Of twenty busts of different men taken in plaster, we can, by the form and the quality of the development, recognize the various temperaments almost as well as in life.

As to persons of the same complexion marrying, we remark that if one is what may be called a medium temperament, that is to say a fair blending of each, it is perfectly proper for him to marry one of similar complexion, and a similar blending of all the temperaments. This golden mean is what nature seeks. The great extremes of temperament are induced by persons of similar temperament marrying, and thus intensifying their peculiarities until the extreme is reached. A person with such extreme temperament, then, should marry one with the opposite extreme of temperament, and if children inherit equally of the parents, the medium temperament will be the result. In proportion as a man becomes strong, hardy, enduring, and tough, by inheriting a predominance of Motive temperament, he comes to lack, in a degree, the sensitiveness and susceptibility which is possible and desirable in human character. Such a man would naturally seek a companion who had less of the hardy and more of the susceptible—in other words, he would seek in her that which he lacks in himself. It may seem singular that a delicate, sensitive lady, lacking power and endurance, as naturally tends to admire a stalwart man of firm muscle and dark complexion, as a vine reaches for the trellis. In this case, fancy is based on sound philosophy, and nature speaks with the voice of fancy the sentiments of a deep philosophy. We never heard a blonde express her admiration of a man of the same complexion, unless she had perchance become in love with and engaged to one of that complexion. But with her heart free to gravitate whither it should, the blue-eyed, fair-complexioned girl always speaks of the "fine, *dark*-looking gentleman," while the brunette with equal ecstasy speaks of the "gentleman of very fine appearance with the bright *blue* eye and *fair* complexion." We fancy that if everybody was so endowed by talent, wealth, culture, and opportunity—and therefore was considered a good match for anybody—man and woman would, in the wide circle of their acquaintance, make the right kind of matrimonial selections; but if a gentleman is cramped in means, and limited in education, and confined to a district in which there are perhaps not more than half a dozen young ladies of his acquaintance who would be considered a proper match for him, he must needs make his selection from such as he is acquainted with; but give him culture, property, and a wide acquaintance with society, so that he would know a hundred instead of half a dozen, he could have the opportunity of making such selection as nature and science would sanction; and we have no doubt that in ninety-five cases in a hundred this would be the case.

"BOUNTY ON MARRIAGE."—Our article, "Bounty on Marriage," in the February number, has elicited responses from several readers. One says, "The article in the JOURNAL, page 56, is a good one, and will probably provoke considerable discussion and serious reflection. There is no subject of all the many interesting matters we are surrounded with and which engage our attention, of equal importance with that of physical development. The true theory in that, as I conceive it, is to follow nature, and adopt the same treatment with respect to ourselves as is normal with external nature. If we desire to raise a good crop of corn or wheat, we select *ripe seed* and plant it at the *proper time*. If we wish to have good, healthy, and strong cattle, we must give them comfortable quarters, appropriate food, and sufficient exercise. So with the human family, its physical system must be carefully nourished if we would look for the happiest results. Nature requires no promptings to enter into the marriage state, if free from *social evils*. No young man or woman of suitable age is too poor to marry if in good health, of temperate and industrious habits." And we add, any proviso in our State or municipal polity which will aid such persons in forming conjugal relations will aid in bringing about a healthy state of moral and physical life in the community at large. ——

"JEANNIE," said a venerable Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar; "Jeannie, it is a very solemn thing to get married." "I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel; "but it is a great deal solemner not to."

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BRAZIL.—We published in our last number a lengthy article on this country, which seems to have excited considerable interest. We would now recapitulate in brief what has been said at length in that article, and add a few particulars more. Brazil is an independent nation, possessing a constitution eminently liberal, a delightful climate and a soil unsurpassed for fertility. Its press is free; all religions are tolerated; any free man can vote, irrespective of his color, if he has an income of $50 a year, and the educational interests are constantly improving. An erroneous statement made in the February article in reference to Brazilian slavery we now correct by saying that slavery does exist in that country, but under certain provisions which favor gradual emancipation. The external slave trade is abolished. A slave can purchase his freedom, and compel his master to receive what is considered a reasonable price for him. It is said by some that much abuse and cruelty are shown toward their slaves by some masters, but we have reason to think that such instances are rare, and where they do occur are not to be more severely censured than the barbarous conduct of some parents in Christian communities toward their own children. Many men can only be excused for their brutal conduct of others on the ground that they possess an excess of the savage in their natures.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—The article under this title in our February number has called out several replies; but they are none of them such as we can consistently publish. Most of them are quite too sharply controversial in their tone. It is but just, however, that the other side should be heard, and we will cheerfully publish a compact counter-statement of not greater length than the article of Mr. Dunn, provided that it be sufficiently well written and shall contain no *direct* reference to any particular person or article. There the matter must rest for the present. We can admit no extended controversy on the subject.

FORESEEING, ETC.—Communications on the interesting topics lately discussed under the heads of "Foreseeing and Foreknowing," "Ghosts," etc., continue to come in; but the crowded state of our columns will prevent the publication of anything more on those subjects at present. We have any quantity of remarkable dreams to be interpreted, when we can "see how to do it." But they "will not spoil by keeping."

CONVERTS TO ROME.—The *Catholic World* has an able article on the progress of Romanism in the United States, from the pen of M. Raurner, in which he makes the following statement:

"It is a curious fact that the two sects which furnish the most converts are the Episcopalians, who, in their forms and traditions, approach nearest to the Catholic Church, and the Unitarians, who go to the very opposite extreme, and appear to push their philosophical and rationalistic principles almost beyond the pale of Christianity.

[We copy the above assertion, and now ask for the facts. In the same connection, may it not be shown how many Catholics become Protestants?]

HON. GERRIT SMITH, when writing the editor, says of Phrenology, "I believe it to be an important science."

MISS S. E. CARMICHAEL.

MISS S. E. CARMICHAEL,

THE UTAH POETESS.

WE engrave the portrait of this young lady from a photograph sent us from Great Salt Lake.

It represents a strongly marked character. The figure is tall, the brain large, and the features conspicuous—slightly masculine—evidently like those of her father. The head is high, rather than long, and there is less brain back of the ears than before. Perhaps this may account for her remaining unmarried! Her intellectual faculties, including Language, are decidedly large; so is Ideality, Sublimity, Imitation, Benevolence, Spirituality, Conscientiousness, and Veneration. What may be her future career we can not predict, but she is evidently adapted to literature and other intellectual pursuits.

Watson's Art Journal publishes the following concerning Miss Carmichael:

SOMETHING NEW FROM UTAH.—A letter from Salt Lake City announces to us a Mormon poetess of considerable promise.

"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? The utter isolation, the iron social and mental limitations of this community would seem to render it the last place in the civilized world favorable to mental development; but talents, like gunpowder, must have vent, and the poet once born, no Medusa can strike him dumb The productions of a young lady of this city, Miss Sarah E. Carmichael, begin to command attention from the peculiar and adverse circumstances of her origin. A native of New York, at eight years of age she was brought to Salt Lake, where she has since resided, almost absolutely without opportunities for reading or other culture. Her parents are rigid Mormons, in humblest life, the father a day laborer. She is wholly self-educated, and now teaches a small private school. She is not supposed to sympathize with Mormonism, and seldom attends its church service, but yields tacit obedience to its severe rules which practically prohibit association with Gentiles, isolates herself from society, seriously impairing and imperiling a constitution originally delicate Several of her poems have already appeared in local prints. Remembering that her surroundings were hostile to the Union, it is noticeable how her intuitions and sympathies went down into the very heart of the controversy. The following was written December 1, 1861:

"Thy triumphs wait on the farther shore, but oh, till thy conquest comes,
Mix not the tremble of ivory keys with the passionate throb of the drum!
Let every pulse in the Nation's heart beat to the deep strain;
War, strong war, while it must be war; peace that we can retain.
Let us have no soulless pageantry, let us have no mimic strife;
We do not fence for a jeweled glove—we fight for a nation's life."

GUY, THE KING

HAIL the King! Let all the loyal
Worshipers of greatness bow
Unto him who wears the royal
Crown of goodness on his brow.
Not in earthly song or story
Is he famed, but angels sing
While they count his deeds of glory,
"Guy, the King!"

Mighty in the power of schooling
The strong passions of his breast,
Powerful in the might of ruling
Every action for the best;
He hath state that none inherit,
Honors that wealth can not bring;
For he ruleth his own spirit,
Guy, the King!

He opposeth Truth to Error,
And the dastard foes of Right
Flee in hasty, white-lipped terror
From his stern-rebuking sight.
He would scorn to wrong another;
Not for empires would he wring
Vantage from his weaker brother,
Guy, the King!

Wealth and fame he hath not any,
Worldly honors he hath few;
For on earth, alas! are many
Scorners of the good and true.
But he goeth on unfearing
Slander's bite and Envy's fling—
Smiling at the world's cold sneering;
Guy, the King!

He is patient in affliction,
He is calm when storms arise;
For he knows Heaven's benediction
Falleth often in disguise.
He is happy in the station
Fate or fortune please to bring,
If he hath God's approbation,
Guy, the King!

Sceptered power is fearful ever,
Thrones and empires topple down;
But usurping hands can never
Snatch away this sovereign's crown.
Loyal hearts, oh, rally round him,
Let his praises bravely ring;
For the God of Glory crowned him
Guy, the King!

THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—This veteran publication commenced its forty-third volume on the first of January, 1866. The number is amusing as well as instructive, and the work should be generally adopted as a family book. Every one should, at least, fortify himself with a popular knowledge of Phrenology as one of the most discriminating sciences; and the journal in question, both in illustration and description, is a lexicon which, if consulted more frequently, would prevent the man of truth from confiding in faithlessness, and he of integrity from associating with the knave.—*N. Y. Insurance Journal and Real Estate Gazette.*

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CHEAP AND EXCELLENT INK.

We like ink that is as black as midnight and glossy as a raven's wing. Bad ink is a decided nuisance. There is scarcely anything more undesirable than to receive a long letter with bad spelling and worse penmanship, on another man's business; but the annoyance is greatly aggravated if written on dull blue paper with ink about the color of muddy water.

Good ink may often be had by paying a good price for it, say about fifty cents per quart; but after the manufacturer has got up his reputation he is tempted to sell a cheap and miserable article. The best way is for all to make their own ink and save at least one thousand per cent., as ink is commonly sold at retail, between first cost and final price. But how shall we make it easily and cheaply? Thus: buy *extract of logwood*, which may be had for three cents an ounce, or cheaper by the quantity. Buy also, for three cents, an ounce of *bi-chromate of potash*. Do not make a mistake and get the simple chromate of potash. The former is orange red, the latter clear yellow. Now, take half an ounce of extract of logwood and ten grains of bi-chromate of potash, and dissolve them in a quart of hot rain-water. When cold, pour it into a glass bottle, and leave it uncorked for a week or two. Exposure to the air is indispensable. The ink is then made, and has cost from five to ten minutes' labor, and about three cents besides the bottle. This ink is at first an intense steel blue, but becomes quite black. We have recently given this ink a fair trial, "and know whereof we affirm." So far as we know it is new.—*Country Gentleman.*

"Signs"—How to Observe.—The following illustrates the action of the perceptive faculties The Rev. Dr. Hill says: "I was walking yesterday with my little girl, and showing her plants and insects and birds as we walked along. We were looking at lichens on the trees, when she suddenly and without hint from me said, 'The maple trees have different lichens from the ash; I mean to see if I can tell trees by their trunks without looking at the leaves.' So for a long distance she kept her eyes down, saying to the trees as she passed, '*Elm, maple, ash, pine*,' etc., and never failing. Now, neither she nor I would find it easy to express in words the difference between some of the elms and some of the ashes, though the difference was easy to see."

[Woodsmen, hunters, trappers, etc., can tell the points of the compass at a glance by the moss on trees, which is more abundant on the north or shady side; also by the leaning or inclination of the tops, which—if in the north—is toward the south.] ——

Sad, if True.—An exchange states that within a month after the opening of the New York State Inebriate Asylum, over 1,500 applications were made by wealthy parents for the admission of their *daughters*, who had contracted habits of intemperance from the use of wines and liquors at fashionable parties. No word of ours could make such a fact more impressive. Its bare recital awakens a shudder.

PORTRAIT OF ALEX. CAMPBELL.

DEATH OF ALEX. CAMPBELL.

Alexander Campbell was a tall, erect, well-built, and a stately-looking person. He stood about six feet high, was well proportioned, and had a strongly marked physiognomy. His brain was large and very high. The temperament was motive-mental, like that of Andrew Jackson. He was a great worker. That face means something. There is nothing passive in it. "Aggressive" is indicated in every feature. Look at the Roman nose, backed up by very large Combativeness. Look at the long and full upper lip, corresponding with large Self-Esteem and Firmness. There was authority there! Notice the very large perceptive faculties, the practical intellect, large Order, Comparison, and Human Nature! There was great generalship in that self-assured, self-relying, sagacious, and resolute organization. This is the stuff out of which pioneers, explorers, soldiers, and martyrs are made. There was a fair development of Benevolence, Hope, Conscientiousness, Spirituality, with large Veneration. It is not surprising that he should aspire to lead rather than follow; that he should break away from all restraints and set up for himself.

Alexander Campbell, the founder of the religious sect called "Disciples of Christ," was born in Scotland in 1792. He was educated for the ministry, and entered the communion of the Presbyterian Church. In 1812 he withdrew from that denomination and became a Baptist. In connection with his father, also a minister, he formed several congregations nominally Baptists, but professing anti-sectarian principles, and accepting the Bible alone as their rule of faith.

In carrying out his views he was much opposed, and finally in 1827 excluded from association with the Baptist Church. Thereupon he commenced to organize a new body under the name "Disciples of Christ," which has acquired considerable strength in Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, numbering in 1862 upwards of 350,000. In 1841 Mr. Campbell founded Bethany College, Virginia, which up to the opening of the war enjoyed comparative prosperity, and of which he was president until his death. He was the editor and publisher for many years of the *Millennial Harbinger*, a monthly journal devoted to the dissemination of his views. He died at Bethany, March 4th last.

THE TRIPLE TIE.

BY REV. HENRY G. PERRY, A.M.

'Twas on the street two strangers met, in a city far away,
(The sun, long past meridian height, left but the ghost of day;)
And one was strong and brisk of step; but the other, stoop'd and slow, [know.
Made him a motion level and true, true and level, you

Then he (the strong and brisk of step), at cue of such language dumb,
Came to a half halt, dead stop next, and still a living plumb, [surely so—
And stroked his face, and spied again, and, again, 'twas
Some sign of a thing, both fair and square, certainly strange, you know. * * *

"If you're weary and wanting, sojourner," quoth he, "why not rest?"
"Ah, brother! I'm worn and ailing enough; but, leaving the West,
I'm bound, I fear, to that uttermost bourne whither we all must go;
For, methinks, the Master's *calling*, and I must *obey*, you know."

They first took hands in a wordless way; then spake they each with care
In old-world words, with *that* for this, and a something *here* and there [glow
It was thus begun, but afterward *done*—in the deathless *Mysterious*, of genuine fellow-craft spirit, you know.
* * * * *

And there sought him soon three faithful men, under a triple tie,
Who all were sad, for well they saw that he was about to die.
So circling round, and (his *secret* apart) then to *them*, moreo'er, [four.
He told of his distant home and wife, and little children

Now I've none to trust in all the world, but you good brethren here, [dear;
In what I, dying, bespeak of you for wife and children
For the world is wicked, and I'm away, *traveling* hitherto—
Death's gavel sounds, and all I have *for them* I confide to you. * * * * * * *

And, tried and trusty, those men *did*, as just for themselves they would;
Unto the last by his dying side one or another stood,
And wiped the death-damp off his brow, and eased his pillow of pain,
Bidding him fix his faith in God as never besought in vain.

He died at high twelve—hand upon heart—just as would you or I!
His left hand, suppliant raised (as if in prayer) on high;
But the Master took them tenderly, and "palmed" them on his breast,
While the brethren said, "So mote it be!" God give his soul good rest!
* * * * * * * * *

Thence, from the Lodge, his coffined form passed under the architrave,
With the craftsmen mutely following, two by two, to the grave—
Where they gave their solemn service, and his *badge* upon the lid,
And sprigs of acacia, one by one, over their brother's head.

Ah! little he thought such parting *last*, from home and babes and wife,
To roam and *not* return, and *thus* in a strange land end his life;
But the friends he found forgot neither *orphans* nor *widow* lone, [own.
Since Masonry's care is *ever*—"dead or alive"—for its

Natchez, Miss., 1866.

Self-Improvement.—Some years since, a poor factory girl, in Lowell, by rigid economy, "laid up" enough to permit her attendance, for a short time, in the high school of that city. An intense thirst for knowledge was soon awakened, talent evinced, and a resolute purpose formed, "somehow or other," to secure a thorough education. The result is, that factory girl is the first assistant in a popular ladies' seminary in Montreal.

Keep your mouth shut when you read, when you write, when you listen, when you are in pain, when you are running, when you are riding, and by all means when you are angry. There is no person in society but will find and acknowledge improvement in health and enjoyment from even a temporary attention to this advice.

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QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly unswered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your* "BEST THOUGHTS" *solicited.*

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, *etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department*—TO CORRESPONDENTS—*and communications for the Editor, must be written on* SEPARATE *slips.*

SPECIAL NOTICE—*Owing to the crowded state of our columns generally, and the pressure upon this department in particular, we shall be compelled hereafter to decline all questions relating to subjects not properly coming within the scope of this* JOURNAL. *Queries relating to* PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, *and* ANTHROPOLOGY, *or the general* SCIENCE OF MAN, *will still be in order, provided they shall be deemed of* GENERAL INTEREST. *Write your question plainly on a* SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER, *and send us only* ONE *at a time.*

SPIRIT LOVE is a very pretty poem, but want of space prevents our using it.

TURN-UP NOSES.—The snub nose indicates, primarily, undevelopment, and if it turn up at the end, inquisitiveness. See our New Physiognomy, Part I. ($1), for full descriptions and illustrations of all sorts of noses.

LOVE OF DISTINCTION, ETC.—1. You say that the physiognomical sign of "Love of Distinction" curls the upper lip outward, and that the sign of "Self-Esteem" draws the upper lip inward. Now, how can both signs be shown on the same lip at once? 2. What do you think of lemonade, ice-cream, soda water, "and other good things?" *Ans.* 1. The two signs are not inconsistent with each other, since the first affects the lower part of the lip, and the second gives convexity to the center. In case both were strongly developed, however, they would modify each other so as to render it more difficult to determine the relative influence of the two faculties. 2. We approve of all the *good* things, but the right of ice-cream and soda water to be classed among them may be doubted.

HANDWRITING.—We receive many interesting letters soliciting us to describe character from the handwriting. This is a specimen. We "follow copy."

Janeary 18 1866 I want u to tell me if I am a lernt man or if I am arcligus man or an orater or a withy man I have herd that you can read aman's Carracter by his hand write i read in your Fre nology and if utell my Carracter by my hand writing I shall think theair is sometheng good inn your Work address your leter to Clarkesviell Green Conty Morgan township Pa John D Smith

Had Mr. Smith sent a stamped envelope addressed to himself, we should have sent him "THE MIRROR OF THE MIND," in which he could see what is necessary in such cases. As it is, we may state, judging from his letter, that his early education was sadly neglected; that he has a very "inquiring mind;" is prone to ask questions, and that he is a "doubting Thomas." We will not venture on further details at present, but again refer him to the "Mirror of the Mind," published at this office.

BEING SCARED.—Why do persons start with fear at the slamming of a door, the barking of a dog, or any other sudden noise? *Ans.* It is caused by Cautiousness and a nervous temperament, and an excitable sensitiveness. The only way to cure it is to calm the nervous system, and try to think before giving away to fear and excitement.

THE NEGRO'S NOSE.—Has the negro a bone in his nose the same as a white man? *Ans.* Yes. He has just as many bones as other men, and just as many seams in his skull, and not one surgeon in a thousand can tell a negro's skeleton from that of a white man. The bones of the face are generally a little more prominent, and the back-head more projecting.

CURIOSITY.—Is curiosity caused by predominating Individuality, or is that quality of mind to be ascribed to the reasoning faculties? Is it not Causality that gives an investigating cast of mind, and that causes the possessor to seek the why and wherefore? *Ans.* Curiosity, in general, arises from an active state of the mind. One in whom Individuality is large will always be looking. One in whom Causality is large will incline to investigate. One in whom Individuality and the perceptives are large is wide-awake to see. One with large reasoning organs has a curiosity to inquire and know. One who has Mirthfulness is sometimes said to be curious to find out everything that is witty. But the term Curiosity, as ordinarily employed, generally embodies not only the intellect in its entire development, but something of the feelings—Ideality, Spirituality, in other words, a general love for the wonderful, for the strange and peculiar. The man that is absorbed in internal speculations, who scarcely looks outward into the realm of things and transactions, can hardly be said to possess curiosity. Hence the observing powers are the means by which curiosity is exhibited, and probably to a great extent the basis of curiosity.

INFANCY AND AGE.—Does it not injure a child from four to eight years of age to sleep with an old person sixty or seventy years of age? *Ans.* Undoubtedly it does. One person receives vital support from another. Sometimes when two persons meet, one in robust health the other delicate, the latter by being near to the healthy one will feel strengthened and invigorated.

A nurse, for the sick, should be robust and hearty, so that the sick patient can, as it were, feed on the life of the healthy one.

Farmers say that a colt standing in a stall between two old horses will show his ribs and his hips, and look poor, and fail to grow as he would if he were in a stall alone or with those of his own age; and a child should not sleep with an elderly person. It is said and believed that an old lady having a hearty, warm-blooded child in bed with her is invigorated, but that the child becomes pale and thin.

Perhaps nothing can be proved on this point. At any rate, we do not recommend the experiment of trying it on the young. We have felt, in coming in contact professionally with persons of diminished health and low vitality, a degree of exhaustion which was as fatiguing to us as mowing, or sawing wood. Passing from such to the healthy, we have had spectators remark that we seemed to be talking with new life, as if we had taken a stimulant. If we had a weakly, slender child, we would hire a stout, rosy, hearty nurse, and pay her for yielding her vitality by contact and association with the child, in the room of wearing it out, as the kitchen maid does over the wash-tub and ironing-table. But the girl who works hard all day and then sleeps with a sickly child has a double duty which should not be imposed on her; but if she does not have to work much, she can let her vitality go in this way without losing any more than she would at vigorous exercise.

LITTLE-HEADED STUDENTS.—Why is it that some young men with small heads and low foreheads are first-rate scholars? Are they not generally so? and if so, why are they better and more ready scholars than those with large heads? 2. How do you account for the fact that some students learn easier and forget quicker than those who are slower to learn? 3. Is the value of a contribution the only necessary requirement to insure its publication in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL? *Ans.* Some young men with low foreheads are first-rate scholars because they have active temperaments and a large development of the perceptive organs. To be a scholar in the common acceptation of the term, is to perceive and learn what others have said. Most of school education is received through the perceptive organs, and the forehead need not therefore be high or the head large for these faculties to be well developed. They are more ready scholars who have large perceptives; but we can find you persons with large heads and large reasoning organs who are also ready scholars in consequence of having large perceptives. Large-headed students have frequently too little body to give proper support to their brain. The upper part of the forehead is large and square, and they may have larger top-heads in the region of the moral faculties, and those which give prudence and diffidence. These are imaginative, thoughtful, reflective persons. They deal in ideas more than in facts. They are not flippant, not parrot-like. They do not learn lessons quickly, but they comprehend the length and breadth of the philosophy of the subject. Many a person having active perceptives learns the grammar book through, and knows nothing really about grammar until they are seven years older, when their *reasoning* intellect begins to comprehend the why and wherefore; when they have come to be men and in business, the old grammar lessons floating through the memory are for the first time understood, for the reasoning powers have become strong enough to comprehend its philosophy.

Some students learn easier than others, and forget quicker, because they have that kind of temperament that is easily impressed, but the *temperament has* not much tenacity, or grip, or endurance. It is easy to write on the sand, and the next wave washes it out. It takes a long time to write in granite, but it endures the storms of ages. The harvest apple ripens quickly. It is rotten and gone before the winter apple begins to turn from a hard, green thing to become rich, saccharine, and luscious.

In regard to contributions for the JOURNAL, we desire to say emphatically, that the *value* of an article does constitute, or ought to, the reason for its insertion. If it have no value to the reader, it certainly should not be allowed to spoil white paper; if it be intrinsically valuable there is a corresponding strong reason why it should be inserted, and we can not conceive any other reason why an article should be inserted. If you will permit us to say it, we do not insert articles because we feel friendly to the author or because we feel unfriendly, though some articles we receive, if they were published just as written, and the man's name attached, they would be the sharpest infliction which an enemy could make upon another.

MUSIC.—I am passionately fond of music, especially sacred music, of the declamatory and majestic styles, and when I listen to the "pealing organ notes" I am often moved to tears, and forget for the time being that I am a dweller upon the earth, and seem lifted up into a world of harmonies that come and go, entrance and bewilder, and captivate and hold in trembling delight all my senses. Please tell me why it is so, and what organs are called into action. I am called an excellent singer, but (although perfectly self-possessed in company) I can not sing alone before even my most intimate friends. What is the cause and remedy? My sensible husband sent in his subscription for the A. P. J. as a New Year's present for me, and you may judge of my good sense when I tell you that it was more acceptable than anything else, a new bonnet not excepted. Yours, truly, MOLLIE. *Ans.* You have large Ideality, Sublimity, Benevolence, and Veneration, with a mental temperament, which give great emotional susceptibility. Be guarded, be restrained, lest you give way imprudently to such influences.

ORTHODOX.—The true definition of this word is sound in the Christian faith—believing the doctrines taught in the Scriptures. The word is opposed to heretical. Then why should one rant against orthodoxy? Why should one desire to be heretical and contend against the *true* faith? Surely such a one may be said to kick against the pricks.

THE LIPS.—The under lip is believed to represent the active element in love and the upper the passive. A fullness of the lower lip denotes a more demonstrative or active state of the affections than the same development in the upper lip.

PHYSIOGNOMY.—Will you be so kind as to inform me (through the columns of the JOURNAL or otherwise) the signs of character in the principal features of the human face, such as the size and shape of the nose, chin, and cheeks; the color and size of the eye, complexion, etc. *Ans.* We have published the information our correspondent seeks in previous volumes of the JOURNAL and in our "New Physiognomy" (in four Parts, $1 each), and can not now repeat.

MATRIMONIAL.—1. In entering into matrimony, what organs would you have predominate in the bridegroom's head, so that he would not lavish *all* his *smiles* on every wife *except* his own? *Ans.* Conscientiousness, Conjugality, and Inhabitiveness. 2. In a wife, what organs does it require that she may be all in all to her husband, making home the happiest place to him this side heaven? *Ans.* She should have *all* the organs of the coronal, frontal, parietal, and occipital regions well developed, and possess a good physique and a well-balanced temperament; in short, a first-rate head and body.

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SOLAR SPECTRUM.—The "primary colors" are so called, mainly, because they have never been further decomposed by any process to which they have been submitted. They as a whole are not *elementary* colors; in fact, there are but three such—blue, yellow, and red; the other four being combinations of two or all of these. You may therefore dispute successfully the *literal* signification of the term primary. 2d. Can fire literally be seen, or only the effects of it? *Ans.* What we see is really the result of the chemical decomposition of matter. The term "fire" is generally understood as applying to the decomposition of matter, which is accompanied by the evolution of light and heat.

RELATIVE AGES OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.—Of course when we some time since said that the difference in the ages of a husband and his wife should not exceed fifty years, we were not to be understood as speaking seriously. We are in favor of a small disparity, say from three to five years; yet, where parties very unequal in respect to age feel fitted for each other in other respects, we see no reason for their not living happily and harmoniously in the married state.

W. W. W.—Your head is a little above the average size, and does not therefore come under the discouraging standard "small," which you appear to deplore. You evidently possess considerable mental activity, which will give the various organs which you chiefly exercise a tendency to increase in size. Many men with large brains never amount to much, owing to dullness of temperamental constitution, while many with comparatively small heads have rendered themselves distinguished on account of their quickness and vigor. Don't despair. Proper diet, proper associations, studious habits, and a proper appreciation of opportunity will render you an ornament rather than an incubus upon society.

STUDY.—What hours of the day are best for studying? *Ans.* The morning hours are certainly better for mental occupation, as then the brain, refreshed by the night's repose, is most capable of grappling with a subject. We would not recommend any one to study much before breakfast, especially if the abstinence since supper be, as it should be, about twelve hours. We think, after taking the proper quantum of sleep, the brain as well as the body needs the support which a good breakfast gives for entering upon work vigorously and successfully.

SELF-INSTRUCTOR.—We have been importuned before to translate the "Self-Instructor" into foreign languages, but pressure of business has required our attention to other matters.

E. G. A. C.—A teacher will enable you to learn music in a tenth of the time it would take you to work it out alone. You can find one in the city near you.

CULTIVATION OF ORGANS.—Yes, Mirthfulness and Agreeableness, or any other organ, can be improved after the age of thirty-three years. The muscles can be improved, and why not the brain?

DETERMINATION OF LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE AT SEA.—This subject rather belongs to a department out of our line, but we will endeavor briefly to explain the process by which the mariner ascertains his location. To find his latitude, about noon the mariner goes on deck with his sextant, and having adjusted the instrument, proceeds to bring down the image of the sun reflected by its mirror until the lower hemisphere or limb just touches the horizon. He watches until the sun ceases to rise, and the moment it begins to fall, that the lower limb dips in the horizon, the sun has passed the meridian. The altitude of the sun, as shown by the index, is then read off and corrected; an addition of twelve minutes to the altitude as furnished by the sextant, gives the true meridian altitude of the sun. Next, taking this from a quadrant or 90°, he finds the sun's zenith distance. If the sun were ever on the equinoctial, the zenith distance would always be the latitude. But as the sun is only twice a year upon the equinoctial, and as his distance from it at times increases to more than 20°, it is necessary to take this distance, which is called the sun's "declination," into account. This declination is found in all nautical almanacs calculated for a certain meridian, which must be considered with reference to the mariner's position east or west of it; and this declination applied to the zenith distance by adding when the sun is on the same side of the equator, or subtracting when on the opposite side, gives the true latitude.

The longitude is ascertained by a reference to the time as indicated by the ship's chronometer. At the hour of noon each day, as determined by an observation with the sextant, the difference is estimated between that hour and the hours indicated by the chronometer, and that difference is the longitude east or west of the meridian taken as the basis of computation.

The speed of the vessel at any given time is found by casting the *log*, which consists of a long cord having a piece of wood of peculiar construction attached to one end, called the "chip." The chip when thrown overboard remains stationary, and drags the line out as fast as the ship sails. The line is divided into knots and half knots, representing miles and half miles, or minutes of a degree to which they bear the same proportion as the log-glass does to an hour. By comparing the number of knots run out with the time occupied by the sand in running through the glass, the rate of the vessel in passing through the water is found.

For further information on these subjects, see any good work on navigation.

UNTRUTHFUL.—Should I withdraw my love from one who sometimes departs from the truth, she being otherwise a respectable lady? *Ans.* We can not decide for you without knowing more of the case.

HISTORY OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.—Which is the best history of the Rebellion? *Ans.* The one that tells the whole truth. It is too soon to decide on the merits of the various histories in print and now printing. It is not likely that any one work will contain it all.

EGOTISM.—What is the difference between Self-Esteem and Egotism? *Ans.* About the difference between rum and grog—rum being the clear stuff—grog being rum mixed with water. Egotism takes quite as much of Approbativeness as it does of Self-Esteem. There is a spirit of quiet egotism based, perhaps, wholly on Self-Esteem—noisy egotism mainly from Approbativeness. A man wants to be appreciated, therefore blows his own horn, praises himself—is egotistical. The majority of people who pass for egotistical have Approbativeness larger than Self-Esteem.

BEST MEDICAL LEXICON.—For a brief and simple work, Cleveland's condensed Vocabulary of Definitions and Pronunciations of the terms used by speakers and writers on Medicines and the Collateral Sciences—is the best. Price. $1 50.

BEST COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR.—We can send copies post-paid for 20 cents. Address this office.

THE TEMPERAMENTS.—A. S. We have discussed the subject of temperament at various times, in previous volumes of the JOURNAL, and can not just at present recur to it. Such an answer to your queries as we could give in this department would not be satisfactory, but you will find a thorough exposition of the whole matter in our "Physiognomy," Part I. $1.

IDEALITY.—We think a person decidedly deficient in Ideality would not be likely to admire everything exquisite, beautiful, refined, and perfect. Still, flowers may be admired if one have large Color and Form. Birds may be admired with the same faculties in conjunction with love of pets. Things exquisite and perfect may be admired by that mathematical sense which appreciates perfectness and accuracy. If a person has a fine temperament, there is a relish for whatever is perfect and polished, but not that glorious appreciation of the higher forms of beauty which persons with large Ideality experience.

CONGELATION.—Why does the water in some springs freeze, while other springs, equally exposed, do not? *Ans.* The freezing in some springs is due mainly to the fact that the supply of water flows in with but little force. The fact is obvious, that the more nearly quiet the water is, the more readily it will freeze. In some springs the water bubbles up with great force, so that the entire volume of water is in a constant state of agitation, and does not stop long enough for congelation to commence.

MAY WE MARRY?—I will state my case to you as briefly as possible, and earnestly request an answer at your earliest convenience. I am the daughter of a widow in comfortable circumstances, the only single one of a family of several children. My affections have for a long time been settled upon a gentleman of whom no ill-report has ever been heard; his character is unexceptionable, and has never been assailed. But my mother does not consent to our union; her only objection, so far as stated, is couched in the indefinite phrase that "he is not worthy" of her daughter. But, doubtless, the principal trouble is of a pecuniary nature; my mother is looking higher for her daughter. We are both of age and have waited patiently for her to change her mind, but "no sign to us is given," and now my anxious query is, What is my duty? Shall I still wait for prejudice to vanish? Shall I submit to her will or my own judgment? I do not write from idle curiosity; my motive in asking the JOURNAL springs from a desire to obtain a disinterested opinion, by giving which you will confer a great favor on one who sincerely wishes to do right.—A CONSTANT READER. *Ans.* It is yours to decide. It would be well, however, to ask the advice of your clergyman; were you within easy reach, we would advise that you consult a competent phrenologist, and then, if approved, you should act accordingly.

RESPIRATION.—The lungs and respiratory apparatus are so arranged that the blood and air do not come in direct contact with each other, but are separated by a thin membrane so constituted that the blood will absorb the oxygen of the air breathed through it. The respiratory membrane is "blood-tight," but not "air-tight." Our friend is probably aware that a *sponge* will hold water.

SOUL, SPIRIT, MIND.—These terms are sometimes used interchangeably, but improperly so. The *soul* is the immaterial, immortal part of man—that part especially subject to moral government. The *spirit* has to do mainly with the disposition, the temper. The *mind* is the intelligent, the intellectual part of man—that which thinks and acts through the various faculties.

REFLECTIVES VS. PERCEPTIVES.—Are not people with larger reflectives than perceptives and but little education, more ignorant than those with larger perceptives than reflectives and no better educational advantages? *Ans.* Yes, for the reason that it is through the perceptive faculties man obtains general knowledge. Those who have large observing organs become learned, because of the store of facts they gather, and having these facts in their memory, can in their intercourse with others render them available. Many men of good perceptive power, but deficient reflective, obtain a reputation for talent, especially if they possess large Language, though they may show no depth or comprehensiveness of understanding.

WHISKY AND BRASS.—A correspondent in the September number says that he finds himself unable to read an order before superior officers, unless he is under the influence of whisky. I have been thinking it quite strange that whisky can have such an effect. Does whisky change the natural working of the various organs? I incline to the opinion that bashfulness in most cases is owing to a lack of vitality. I have noticed many persons who were anything but bold, and in most cases they were weak and delicate, the nervous system being weak and excitable. Is it not well-established that nervous people are more sensitive and have less power of combating the opinions of others than those who have a good strong muscular development? Why is it that stimulants make men bold and fearless in debate? Is it not because whisky strengthens temporarily the nervous system? I can not see why the organ of Approbativeness, which makes one bashful, would not be intensified by that stimulant which arouses Self-Esteem. *Ans.* Alcoholic liquors excite the base of the brain mainly, since that part of the brain has more to do with the body than the superior part. Hence, men who are stimulated by liquor become combative, destructive, or social, more than they do logical, spiritual, or moral. Undoubtedly diffidence or bashfulness would be increased by bodily weakness, and that physical strength is a good basis for physical courage. We suppose two men with equal Combativeness and Destructiveness, the one having good health and excellent muscular powers would feel independent, strong, bold, and courageous, whereas the other having deficient vitality would feel relatively dejected and weak. But you should remember that alcoholic liquors produce an abnormal excitement. Let a man become angry and his bashfulness subsides, let him be frightened and he oversteps modesty and deference. Whatever is calculated to intensify the energetic elements and strong animal impulses is likely to overcome bashfulness, whether it be whisky or any other powerful excitant.

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Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts set forth.

PHRENOLOGY APPLIED.
A WARNING AND A PROPHECY.

"WHAT HAS PHRENOLOGY DONE FOR YOU?"

Mr. Editor—I have read the above sentence over many times in your Journal and wondered if I could not say something you would like to hear. It is not so much what it has done for *me* or *others*, but what I have to relate bears upon the truth of Phrenology.

In the winter of 1855 a gentleman and his wife visited the rooms of a phrenologist for the purpose of obtaining charts of characters. They had been married about two years; the husband's age was thirty, that of his wife ten years younger. The former's character was delineated as having an affectionate disposition, fine taste, considerable talent, and other favorable points, besides any amount of ambition; and ended by giving this admonition: "I wish to impress this one thing on your mind—you will be a ruined man before you are thirty-five if you go on in the way you are now going—*you know what I mean.*"

His wife was represented as being timid yet confiding, yielding, and talented; the latter quality modestly denied by the lady's friends who were present, and ventured to say: "Mr. ——, you have made her out better than her husband; Mr. —— is well known in this city and elsewhere as being quite a writer and lecturer, and stands at the head of his profession; his character is as good as his profession." "Mrs. —— is such a *little home body* that very little is known about her." "Can't help that," returned Mr. ——; "it is so." After the evening lecture, Mr. —— sought out the lady and gave her some private advice, and she now enjoys the benefits of that consultation.

By-and-by a little property that had been expected before marriage came to the wife. A cloud gathered in the domestic horizon—the husband was in debt, and to help him the wife gave a portion of her all to relieve him. A few months passed and the same thing was repeated; the wife, to reduce family expenses, dismissed her help to aid her husband. Some time before this a young lady was introduced into the family to lessen the cares of the wife, and for companionship in the husband's absence. It was not long before she began to see that what at first she had hoped was only suspicion or jealousy, would sooner or later, if not in some way checked, prove a reality, and so tried every means in her power to win him back. Nothing as yet dimmed the prospect of his public horizon; he went abroad and gained name and money, and the "*little home body*" went the round of her wifely duties, and many thought her unworthy of so good a man.

Soon increasing cares and anxiety brought to the wife failing health. Gradually her means were lessened, and if she remonstrated when he wanted more, he would reply, "You will not trust me," which always silenced her; and to still show her confidence and love, she gave him her little all, which went she knew not whither. She pleaded with him as a wife only can, and at last, when but little hope remained and she felt he was preparing to leave her, she told him she would expose him; but he only told her bitterly that no one would believe her, and would call her crazy. Sometimes he would be kind and even indulgent. Still did she aid him all she could in his lectures, in her household, by her prayers; it was of no avail. *He left her for another*, and she found herself homeless and companionless, her husband unfaithful, and his age only—thirty-four! When it became necessary to make it known, the wife's friends would hardly credit that he had deserted her, and so well had he carried out his plans that many thought her insane, he having gone so far as to circulate such a report. Rumors reach his old friends that he has been convicted of forgery, and that his course is downward.

The wife has obtained a divorce on the above grounds, and wishes to give her mite respecting the prophetic words of Mr. —— and their fulfillment.

If the *little home body* ever achieves anything that Phrenology says she can, *may-be* you will hear of her again. L. H. B.

BENEVOLENCE.

BY MRS. CLARA LEARNED MEACHAM.

In this wicked world of toil and woe,
Ever the weary come and go;
Let us cheer the faltering on the way,
And *turn* the feet that, erring, stray.

In this thoroughfare of human life,
Where want and misery are rife,
Let us reach forth the giving hand
To those who by the wayside stand.

There are sunken cheeks, tear-stained and pale,
And broken-hearted beauty frail,
And weeping mothers, with grief-bowed head,
Mourning loved living ones as "*dead.*"

Let us feed the needy, clothe and cheer,
Brush from the pallid cheek the tear;
Let goodness and mercy together blend,
To be to weary ones a *friend.*

Ever list to the lonely orphans' cry,
Say still, "the orphans' God is nigh,"
Point them to a Saviour's dying love,
A brighter land, "A HOME ABOVE."

Leipsic, Ohio.

A LAMENT.

Gone to her rest,
Gone to her rest!
Gone down in the grave to sleep;
Grief is an inmate of my breast;
Grief in my heart must ever rest,
Grieving for her I weep.
Gloomy and dim,
Groping through sin,
Groping along to the grave;
Growing old with care and sorrow,
Grown faint-hearted for to-morrow,
Going down to oblivion's wave;
Going down to her, where she is I shall be;
Gladly I'll pass the gate 'twixt her and me.

MARY E. WEST.

Physiognomy—Primary Rules for its Practice.—*Rule* 1. First, take a casual glance and note the impression you have received.

2. Decide whether the person under consideration is quick or slow. If he is thoughtful, he is naturally slow; and if not, the reverse.

3. Judge whether vigorous and determined, or weak and vacillating.

4. Whether haughty or humble, gloomy or joyful.

5. Observe whether cold, formal, and bitter, or open-hearted, frank, and mild.

6. Notice whether sensual or spiritual, animal or mental.

7. Lastly, and above all, find whether governed by his passions or his intellect. A. J.

THE INQUISITIVE NOSE.

The following facts which I have learned from observation, I do not find mentioned in your new "Physiognomy," and I am not aware that they have ever been advanced before.

The horizontally long, sharp-pointed, and slightly turned-up nose, styled the Inquisitive Nose, is said to indicate, according to the development of the other faculties, an inordinate tendency to pry into other people's business, or the love of investigating, aptitude for chemistry, botany, etc., or the disposition to dig in the earth in search of treasures or food, etc. The correctness of this last assertion I can, I believe, fully prove. A corresponding formation, a protuberance, is visible on the snout of the pig, at the very point where it appears on the promontory of the mind's map of the prying, of the miser in eager search of a wrong notion, or proof of want of shrewdness, in his customer, whereon to found his scheme of making money out of him; of the flatterer who studies the little vanities and weaknesses of his intended prey; of the speculator who views the condition of the market, the chances of possible increase or decrease of supply; of the master mind in chemistry who discovers differences and relations of elements.

The hog, especially the wild, plows up the earth in search of roots, fruits, etc.; other animals also dig and scratch up the soil—the dog does, but not with his snout, nor with the intent to procure food, but to find for his master the desired truffle, or because he knows a dead body is buried, etc. The hen scratches up the soil to expose it, scattered about, to its piercing eye—the beak *takes up*, but *does not find out*, the food; every animal whose beak, snout, etc., is not its instrument of seizing alone, but of *finding out* its food, must have the protuberance of the great chemist's proboscis. The elephant, when a choice bit (cake or fruit) is thrown to him and buries itself in his hay, does not scatter the hay and *look* for the apple—he smells and feels for it with his snout, the trunk, he *digs* in the hay, and while the lower extremity of the trunk ends in his finger, the *seizing tool*, there appears on the upper the characteristic sign of the *inquisitive nose.*

The duck has the same protuberance, the goose has it, and all suckers among aquatic birds *must* have it; their beaks not only seize but also *find out* their food—they *dig* in the mud; the swan is their fellow, and I am inclined to think the stork, crane, flamingo, etc.

The white-fish and the sun-fish of the New York market have the protuberance; they stir up the mud or sand and extract from the troubled waters the food; I have observed the gold-fish doing this, and the protuberance must appear on them; they draw in mouth after mouth full of sand, to separate from it the nourishing atoms, and reject the rest.

I incline to the belief that even fish not stirring up the mud, but living by suction—herrings, the whale,—must have the *seal* of the inquisitive or digging propensity on them. About the herrings, I am almost sure that they have it; and the whale which does not look at its prey, but sucks in half a dozen or so of cubic yards of water and fish, to swallow the last and make a fountain of the first, ought to show it.

Does the woodpecker, the earth-worm, or the oyster exhibit the mark? I am inclined to think they certainly must.

Above I spoke of the flatterer, and now I will adduce a negative proof of my proposition. The nose of Napoleon Bonaparte, that unique man, is not ornamented with our protuberance, and his history shows that he did not possess the penetration it accompanies; his secretiveness was quite equal to his great moral, reflective, and perceptive faculties; it is well known how he could dissimulate and banish from his face every cue of what might be going on in his mind; but he was not in the same degree endowed with insight into the character of his followers—he was *deceived* in Jomini, Moreau, Murat, and certain other brave but either fickle or selfishly prudent men.

In the face of Christ, as the artists give it, this trait is not and ought not to be prominent, because in him there was a beautiful harmony of the noblest as of the most necessary endowments. Of the many proofs how well he was gifted with inquisitiveness I will only name one, the answer about the tribute to Cæsar; the fullness of

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the organ enabled him to discern the bare motive of the questioners; secretiveness alone would have prompted him to keep secret his opinion about so dangerous a topic; under the counsel of both he gave the admirable EVASIVE answer, silencing his *tempters*.

ADOLPHUS WURTH.

"GOING SOUTH"—MISSISSIPPI.

AFTER reading the article "Going South," in the October number (which I but recently received), I thought that perhaps I might be able to give some information that might be of use to some of your readers as far as Mississippi is concerned, at least.

The war having closed with the freedom of the negro, great numbers of Southerners who were wont to depend upon "sambo" as a visible means of support, are now thrown entirely upon their own resources, and as far as my information goes are, all through the South, rushing into the mercantile business, practice of the law, medicine, teaching school, etc., etc.

Persons emigrating from the North with a view to such pursuits must expect to meet with many competitors—some experienced, others inexperienced.

The mechanical and agricultural branches afford a wide field, there being comparatively few good mechanics in the South, and agriculture being conducted in too much of a slip-shod manner. The introduction of more labor-saving machinery, adapted to the wants of the people, and a more effective mode of farming, will entirely revolutionize Southern sentiments and amount of productions. The Southern people will then see that the abolition of slavery is among the greatest of blessings, and but the commencement of a new and better order of things.

The South has depended almost entirely upon the North for her manufactures, farming tools, etc., there being in the rural districts shops only to do repairing, and that generally by negroes, who know to perfection the art of turning iron and spoiling wood, the owners of such shops having but little practical knowledge of the business.

The richest lands in the State of Mississippi are in the first and second range of counties bordering upon the Mississippi River, and in the prairies upon the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, lying in the counties of Itawamba, Monroe, Lowndes, and Noxubee. Much of the remainder is composed of ridges or upland, intersected with creeks and rivers, upon which there is generally more or less bottom lands that produce very well, having a good deep soil, and are covered with the hard woods, oak, hickory, ash, etc. The uplands or hills are generally covered with the long or short leaf pine, having but a thin, light soil, which produces tolerably well for three or four years, when it commences to wear out, very little if any effort at resuscitation being made. Such lands can be bought cheap, from two to ten dollars per acre, while the richer lands varied before the war from ten to fifty dollars per acre, according to improvement and location.

The soil and climate appear to be better adapted to the cultivation of rice and cotton, but corn and small grains with the different varieties of vegetables do well. Apples, with attention, do very well, while peaches, plums, figs, etc., grow in the greatest abundance and of the finest varieties and flavors.

In point of healthiness, I think Mississippi will compare very favorably with any of the Northern or Western States that are more thickly settled and better cleared up. The country along the Mississippi River, in places, has the reputation of being affected with miasm and malaria, but I have seen some of the finest forms and as robust-looking people in such places as I ever wish to see. The diseases that affect the people appear to be confined more to the intermittent type of fever than any other. The climate being milder in winter, the people are more in the open air; houses, also, are built more open, and I think as a consequence there is a much less tendency to consumption and its kindred diseases than at the North. The idea of the great heat in summer I think also exists more in the imagination than in reality. The days are hot, but the nights with very rare exceptions are always cool. There is one peculiarity I have noticed in the Southern climate, that it always turns cooler after a rain or storm, and remains so for several days. I was raised in Connecticut, have lived in several of the Western States, and in Mississippi five years, but I have never suffered more with heat here during the summer than in the North or West. On the other hand, I have suffered equally as much from cold weather while it lasted as at the North or West.

At present there is some prejudice and animosity existing toward the Yankees, as all Northern and Western men are called, and who would not not expect it? With proper treatment I think it will soon die away.

The Confederate soldiers have all gone home and gone to work, and are striving to be good citizens and make the most and best of the changes that the close of the war has brought about, and are looking forward with hope to the time when all differences shall be settled, and peace and harmony once more prevail. EUGENE

HAZLEHURST, COPIAH CO.

A SINGULAR CASE.

A CASE of unusual interest, showing extraordinary tenacity of life, has recently come under our notice. It is that of a man living for six weeks with a minie ball weighing one and a quarter ounces in his brain, and after the ball was removed being fully restored to consciousness, with his intellect unimpaired and his physical power perfect.

Lieutenant Thos. W. Chandler entered the service with the First Long Island Volunteers, in the early part of the war, and served without injury until the 25th of March, 1865. After the recapture of Fort Steadman on that day, our picket line was advanced on the whole of the left. In this advance the Lieutenant received a gunshot wound in the left temple which penetrated the brain. The surgeon in charge of the division hospital probed the wound, and finding the ball had entered the brain, made no attempt to remove it, concluding that Lieutenant Chandler was fatally wounded. After remaining in the hospital for several weeks, Lieutenant Chandler desired a furlough, but was informed that he would die on the road. After a couple of weeks more he was allowed to return to Brooklyn. On his arrival the brain was oozing from the wound, and the depression showed a fracture of the cranium. He placed himself under the charge of Dr. J. G. Johnson, who opened the wound, and after elevating depressed portions of bone, found the bullet pressing in upon the brain and firmly wedged by the portions of the skull which had been driven in. With considerable difficulty the ball was removed, covered with brain. The brain oozed from the wound for several days, but is now healed, and Lieutenant Chandler is able to go around.

The case has excited great interest among the surgeons who have seen it. Lieutenant Chandler resides at No. 65 Prospect Street, Brooklyn, where he will be happy to satisfy any incredulous person that it is possible to have an ounce and a quarter minie ball in the brain for six weeks, and still survive.

A similar case of tenacity of life was shown a few years ago in New York, in the case of Bill Poole, the pugilist, who lived for a week with a ball in his heart. A photograph has been taken of Lieut. Chandler [and may be seen at the office of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL] which serves to perpetuate this unique case.—*Daily Times.*

THE VOICE.—Very young children, like the inarticulate animals, have only the faculty of voice to express the existing feeling by a cry or sound, which all persons with a little attention can understand. Thus they easily express joy or sorrow, uneasiness or want in the same style in which animals of all kinds express their feelings. With what animation a horse greets his companion whom he sees in the next field! The young of all animals express their want of food, which the mother readily understands and anxiously attends to. The range of capabilities of these animal expressions is very limited, but is sufficient for their use, and constitutes their languages. Providence has wisely, also, given to each race of animals a different voice, so there need be no misapprehension among them; but he has debarred them from articulation, which would only have filled the world with noise without sense. This faculty he has given only to that superior race, to whom also he has given a larger development of brain, and more varied and more acute faculties, whom thus he has made as a monarch over other animals; and, as it were, an intermediate god over those animals and this world, where it is his duty to govern wisely, and to diffuse happiness, and generally to act and govern likest that greater Being who created him and appointed him his office. He will thus best fulfill that divine injunction, "Be ye perfect, *even as* your Father which is in heaven is perfect." O. H.

CAUSES OF IDIOCY.

IT is very common for theorists to oppose the intermarriages of kindred on the supposition that the offspring of such unions will either be deaf mutes, deformed, or idiots though, so far as my observation extends, these natural infirmities are produced in real life by other causes. Of five families in one neighborhood, the parents were first cousins, and the children, without exception, were quite as intelligent as their parents, or the other children of the neighborhood. There was not an idiot, a deformed, or deaf mute among them. There were three idiots, however, in the same vicinity, the offspring of parents who were in no way related. One, a girl, a deaf mute, sixteen years old, rather below the middle size, in perfect health, does not know her own name or her mother, can not be made to understand a single word, sign, or gesture, has been to the asylum for feeble-minded children without benefit, yet has sufficient ability to walk about and amuse herself. Second, likewise a girl, is nearly of the same age, yet has never been able to sit alone, carry a morsel of food to her lips, or signify the possession of one spark of intelligence or reason. Third, a boy, who, like the first one mentioned above, grew to man's estate, yet was far beneath the brutes in mental capacity. Now, whatever medical gentlemen may have to say to this, the mothers of these children, and they alone, would account for this deprivation of reason in their offspring. In the first case, the mother, at a certain period during her pregnancy, was called upon to attend her own mother in the death-sickness of the latter. When her child was born, its hands and feet had then, and ever since, a corpse-like appearance, and the only noise it makes is a moan exactly resembling that of the dying woman. In the second case, the mother was frightened by some of the animals in a menagerie. In the third case, the mother became extremely angry upon seeing the intoxication of her husband and one of the neighbors. Strange as it may seem, it is a fact, that the boy always, from his infancy to the full growth of his manhood, had the appearance of being drunk, and one to have seen him, without any information as to the cause of his singular manner, would have supposed him to be intoxicated.

It is not my purpose to attempt any explanation of these phenomena. I have only given a simple statement of facts. While recounting these, other cases quite as singular, and tending to elucidate the same subject, have occurred to my memory, which I may attempt to delineate at some future time. T. D.

UNCOUTH HABITS.

MR. EDITOR: In a recent number your correspondent gave some wholesome hints relative to habits that are inconvenient to others, unpleasant to the sensitive, untidy, and offensive. Will you allow a word more? Though uncouth habits are not necessarily wicked or disgraceful, they are faults, and should be abandoned. At the table great care is necessary so to eat, and drink, and conduct in all respects as not to produce unpleasant sensations in others. Among faults at table we may mention loud breathing, making noises when eating soup, or sipping tea or coffee, opening the lips while masticating and making a kind of smacking noise. These habits are not confined to boys, though nearly all of them at some time blunder into the practice of them. But men, women, young ladies sometimes, fall into these practices.

Eating large mouthfuls should be avoided; talking when the mouth is full; eating in a greedy manner; putting the knife in the mouth, or mixing different kinds of food on the plate so that they look mussy—such as mashing a large potato, spreading stewed tomatoes over it, and then stirring it up and mixing it as one would a batch of biscuit, is offensive to most people; it looks too much like mixing horse feed, or feed for other animals with coarser fare. These hints are not intended for those who don't need them, and those who do will thank us for them when they get cured of their bad habits.

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Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.*]

SNOW BOUND: A Winter Idyl. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. 1 vol., 16mo., cloth. $1.

This is the latest and one of the best of the Quaker poet's productions. Its pictures of New England life and scenery as they were half a century or so ago, are truthful and most graphic; and the verse has all the vigor and terseness of the author's earlier productions. An excellent portrait of the author forms a fitting frontispiece to this handsome volume.

MISS OONA MCQUARRIE. A Sequel to Alfred Hagart's Household. By Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. One vol., 16mo, cloth. $1 25.

The domestic story, the first part of which is so poetically and graphically told in "Alfred Hagart's Household," is here fitly concluded. It is even more interesting than the previous volume, which is seldom the case with "sequels." Everybody who has read the story of the "Household" will wish to follow through this volume the fortunes of John Hagart.

HISTORY OF THE PLOTS AND CRIMES OF THE GREAT CONSPIRACY TO OVERTHROW LIBERTY IN AMERICA. By John Smyth Dye. New York: Published by the Author. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth. $2.

This is not properly a history of our great Civil War, but rather of its causes, or what its author believes to be its causes. Those who are curious enough to read it will learn, among other equally strange things, that Abraham Lincoln was not the only President of the United States who has met his death at the hands of the assassin, Harrison and Taylor having been disposed of in the same way. Such books as this will continue to be written and read for many years to come; but for anything that shall deserve the name of an impartial history of the late Civil War or its causes, we must wait till another generation shall have taken our places on the stage of action.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. By J. H. Phillips, M.D. New York. 1866. Paper covers. 50 cents.

This pamphlet gives the pathology, symptoms, and most successful mode of treatment. The author is a distinguished physician of the allopathic school, and has made the diseases of which he treats a special study.

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.—George W. Childs, Philadelphia, announces "A Pictorial History of the Great Civil War," by Benson J. Lossing. We shall look for its appearance with great interest. It is the author's intention to treat the subject with strict impartiality, using only such materials as, in his judgment, may not be questioned as to truthfulness or propriety. He proposes to make it a book of *facts* rather than of *opinions*, and will endeavor to give such faithful illustrations of men and things connected with this important event in the history of the United States, as shall recommend it as a standard work on its great subject for all future time. It will contain 2,000 illustrations by the author, and will be issued in not less than three volumes. The work will be sold exclusively by subscription. Price, in cloth binding, $5. Joseph Wilson, 86 Nassau St., General Agent for New York.

THE SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW YORK WOMAN'S INFIRMARY ASSOCIATION shows that this most useful and much needed institution is doing, and doing well, in its own quiet way, its great work. Its object is, to treat, and to aim to cure, the ills of Woman, incident to her organization, which, owing to the cares of a family or otherwise overtaxed system, are very prevalent. The institution being now in its second year, has a better organization than at first. The needs of patients being carefully studied, are supplied, and their improvement is as certain as human skill can make it. It is a pleasant home for invalids, and being so, conduces to a more rapid recovery than can be had in a family, where the necessary appliances are less easily used and less regularly given.

It is a Homeopathic institution, and is under the charge of Dr. J. W. Mitchell, an experienced and skillful physician and surgeon, aided by a staff of consulting physicians and surgeons, who are widely known for their professional ability, and it is indorsed by such experienced and honored physicians as Drs. Gray, Marcy, Bayard, Fowler, Guernsey, Evans, and Warner, and the late Drs. Wilson and Bolles.

The Infirmary is situated on Washington Heights (156th Street), New York city.

THE *National Temperance Advocate* and the *Youth's Temperance Banner* are monthly publications of the National Temperance Society Publication House, and should be liberally sustained. The last named is handsomely illustrated, and publishes interesting stories for the boys and girls.

THE UNITED STATES REGISTER OR BLUE BOOK FOR 1866, containing a list of all the Principal Officers of the Federal Government, and the United States Census for 1860, with much authentic political and statistical information relating to the continent of America, is a useful book for everybody. Compiled by J. Disturnell, and published by the American News Company. It can be had at this office. 75 cents.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA. — This popular and most excellent work, reprinted in this country by J. B. Lippincott & Co., has reached Part 101, which brings the matter down to the word Saxon. The price of each part is 25 cents. Payable on delivery.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE is an invaluable publication for all engaged in commercial pursuits. It is too well known to require our indorsement. Monthly. $5 a year. New York: Wm. B. Dana.

ALMANACH ET DIRECTORIUM FRANÇAIS DES ETATS UNIS POUR L'ANNÉE 1866 is a very useful publication for our Franco-American fellow-citizens, and for business men generally. Published by J. D. L. Zender. 50 cts.

IDIOCY.—We have received a copy of a very able treatise on "Idiocy: its Diagnosis and Treatment by the Physiological Method," by Edward Seguin, M.D. It discusses the subject in a very clear and satisfactory way, and contains suggestions of the utmost importance to all who have the good of the unfortunates referred to at heart. The idiot is no longer beyond hope. His condition may be improved, and Dr. Seguin here points out the means.

New Books.

[*Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable and interesting:*]

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC; its Constitution, Tendencies, and Destiny. By O. A. Brownson. 12mo., cloth, with a Portrait. $3.

POEMS by Robert Buchanan. 16mo., cloth. $1 75.

INNER ROME, Political, Religious, and Social. By Rev. C. M. Butler, D.D. 12mo., cloth. $1 75.

ESSAYS ON THE SUPERNATURAL ORIGIN OF CHRISTIANITY, with special reference to the Theories of Rénan, Strauss, and Tubingen. By Rev. George P. Fisher, A.M. 8vo., cloth. $3 50.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF BIOGRAPHY.—A Record of the Lives of Eminent Persons. By Park Godwin. New edition. Crown, 8vo., cloth. $3 50.

POEMS by Edna Dean Proctor. 16mo., cloth. $1 25.

NOTES FROM PLYMOUTH PULPIT: a Collection of Memorable Passages from the Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher, with a Sketch of Mr. Beecher and the Lecture Room. By Augusta Moore. New Edition, revised and greatly enlarged. 12mo. $2.

PRECIOUS THOUGHTS, Moral and Religious. Gathered from the works of John Ruskin. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. 12mo. $2.

SONGS OF PRAISE AND POEMS OF DEVOTION IN THE CHRISTIAN CENTURIES. With an Introduction by Henry Coppée, Professor, etc. 4to. Illus. $12.

THE CENTENARY OF AMERICAN METHODISM; a sketch of its History, Theology, Practical System, and Success. Prepared by order of the Centenary Committee of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Abel Stevens, LL.D. With a statement of the plan of the Centenary Celebration of 1866, by John McClintock, D.D. 12mo. $1 50.

OBSCURE DISEASES OF THE BRAIN AND MIND. By Forbes Winslow, M.D. $4 25.

General Items.

THE JOURNAL AND OTHER MATTERS.—Edmund W., who styles himself "an old bachelor," and who has been some years a subscriber to our JOURNAL, sends us an order for ten copies, which he intends to distribute among his friends. He has much to say in reference to the benefit its constant reading has done him; that whereas, a few years ago, he, being in poor circumstances, was wont to consider himself "a nobody," and of no use in the world, now he thinks "that he can be a little useful if he only tries."

Friend W. has something to say in behalf of female suffrage, but we are afraid our occasional contributor, John Dunn, has shown the impracticability of his (W.'s) views. W. has been something of a warrior, and figured in our recent "affair," and thinks that "all the young men who could, but would not, go to the war, should be compelled to marry the soldiers' and sailors' widows and orphan daughters, or be deprived of the right of suffrage. Take care, Edmund! you are treading on dangerous ground. Perhaps the ladies would prefer to live single than wed such pusillanimous cowards. Besides, we think that such a veteran as yourself has no right to "hang fire" in the matrimonial "line." "Cast about," old fellow, and *get sight* of some charming widow or orphan, and *fall in* with her, and don't omit from your *supplies* the JOURNAL if you would succeed in all your *operations*.

We like the tone of W.'s letter, and had we space would give it an insertion, as a single instance of what the JOURNAL has done and is doing among the lowly in the way of improving their morals, their manners, their social and pecuniary conditions.

A BELIEVER.—I am a believer in Phrenology, Hygeio-Therapy, the Bible, and the true Temperance platform. I am bound to defend and practice the Health reform. I believe in "woman's rights" when she is right, and will do what I can to influence her to do right and to *dress* right. If her wrongs can not be redressed, *she* can be re-dressed. At any rate, I hope the day will come when her lover will cease to love his dram, and her friends will not use "the weed." Please give my respects to all the girls; my compliments to those who dress healthfully; my love to the children who use no tea, coffee, or colored candy, and my best wishes to all. And may we all so live that when we are gathered "over the river," we may meet where there will be no parting.

VANCOUVER, W. T. ALPHA.

MR. THOMAS COOK, the Tourist from England, now arranging Grand American and European Excursions for parties visiting these Countries, may be addressed, in the care of Messrs. FOWLER AND WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

AMERICAN SANITARY MUSEUM.—Dr. Thomas W. Evans, now in Paris, France, desires to benefit mankind generally, and to confer honor on his native country by making known abroad a great number of useful inventions made by his countryman for relieving sick and wounded soldiers. He has issued the following circular:

Penetrated with the idea that the Sanitary Commission of the United States, by mitigating the horrors of war, had resolved one of the most urgent questions of modern times, I was one of the first persons in Europe who endeavored to acquaint the public with the organization and the results of that admirable institution. I first pub-

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lished a book (La commission sanitaire, son origine, son organization et ses résultats) in which I conscientiously exposed the efforts and the final success of the Sanitary Commission during the gigantic struggle that the United States sustained with unabated courage. Afterward appeared my French translations of military, medical, and surgical essays. By acting so, I felt I was serving both the cause of humanity and that of my native country.

After having shown the wonderful results of the Sanitary Commission, it would be just and proper now to acquaint the public with the great number of ingenious inventions made by my countrymen in view of relieving the sick and the wounded soldiers.

In order to realize this project, I intend to assemble in a collection the products of those inventions which have enabled the Sanitary Commission to fulfill its mission.

The Universal Exhibition that is to be opened in Paris in 1867 is certainly the best opportunity for the inauguration of this Sanitary Museum. During that Exhibition no civilized nation will be unrepresented in the French metropolis. The articles exhibited in such a Museum will therefore call the attention of all those who wish the welfare of mankind, and acquaint all nations with the names of their inventors.

In addressing myself to my countrymen, I am firmly convinced that they will assist me in my patriotic and humanitary enterprise. Although I am willing to purchase all such articles as may be useful, I shall gratefully accept any object that the inventors or manufacturers would wish to contribute.

I therefore most respectfully request all such persons who are disposed to co-operate in the creation of the American Sanitary Museum, to address their communications to Dr. Thomas W. Evans, 15 Rue de la Paix, Paris (France), or to M. Abner L. Ely, 22 Pine Street, New York. THOMAS W. EVANS, M.D., 15 Rue de la Paix.

PARIS, *Dec.*, 1865.

LIFE INSURANCE AND HOMEOPATHY.—In December last the directors and shareholders of the General Provident Assurance Company in London held a meeting to consider the bearing of the homeopathic medical treatment in the health and life of the company. At this meeting it was determined to make an investigation into the hitherto unexplored region of comparative medical treatment, with a view to a change of rates in certain cases, if such change was deemed desirable. The directors, after obtaining the requisite data, submitted to the shareholders a proposition "to open a section for persons treated by the homeopathic system, at a lower scale of premium than that charged on other lives." The proposition was adopted, and the company is now working on this system. The London *Homeopathic Review* is very jubilant at the matter, and says: "It is not with 'individual opinion' that our opponents now have to deal, not even with the opinion of such men as the late Archbishop of Dublin, the late Dr. Gregory, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, and the late Dr. Samuel Brown, a man worthy to rank with the illustrious Faraday—all of whom lived and died in the faith of the truth of homeopathy, not to mention a host of other names of men living and dead, in every department of literature, science, and art. It is not with individual opinion, we repeat, that our opponents have now to deal. They are now confronted with the result of an investigation directed to be made by a body of commercial men, for commercial purposes, conducted with that marvelous precision which has exalted the investigations of the assurance offices of this country to the rank of scientific verities, and indorsed by men whose intellectual faculties, when summoned to decide, must have been in the liveliest exercise; seeing that they had to determine on a question in which they were without precedent for a guide, and in which their pecuniary interests were deeply concerned."—*Underwriter's Circular.*

NO DOSE AT ALL.—A rhymster thus takes off homeopathy:

The homeopathic system, sir, just suits me to a tittle;
It proves of physic anyhow you can not take too little.
If it be good in all complaints to take a dose so small,
It surely must be better still to take no dose at all.

Another says of hydropathy, that it may be very good, but too much of it, in the time of the flood, killed more than it cured.

ADVICE TO YOUNG PHYSICIANS.—Professor James R. Wood, one of our most eminent and skillful surgeons, gave the following very sensible advice to the students in Bellevue Medical College, during its last session: "Give medicine, then, only when you can see indications to fulfill. Adopt this as a rule, and my word for it, gentlemen, *you will break every apothecary in the town in which you* live."

[This is hard for apothecaries, but good for the people.]

CLAIMANTS FOR PROPERTY, OR HEIRS TO BRITISH ESTATES.—We may name Mr. John Adams Knight, No. 4 Symond's Inn, Chancery Lane, London, as the most competent person to secure the payment of old and unsettled claims. He is an American; has resided some years in England, and is thoroughly conversant with matters of this kind.

CHEWING GUM IN SCHOOL.—A visit to the schools in a certain town in one of our neighboring States discloses the fact that there are about 300 scholars in attendance, a large majority of whom are Hollanders, and they all seemed addicted to the chewing of gum. It was a ludicrous and singular spectacle to notice the wagging of the under jaw by so many children.

We insert this paragraph simply to call attention to the fact, and warn others against its most pernicious effects. Chewing gum produces an undue flow of the saliva of the mouth and the gastric juices of the stomach; this, continued for a long time, produces a reaction in the organs producing the necessary elements in the digestion of food, and the mouth and stomach become dry, and the person dyspeptical.

Another fact was noticed—the children of Dutch parentage, although tractable, and attend to their studies with great diligence, still they need more than usual pains bestowed on them to keep them up with American children.

A NEW PORTRAIT of the late President Lincoln, photo-chromatic, colored in oil, cabinet size, has just been published by Messrs, WYNKOOP & Co., of Philadelphia, a copy of which may be seen at this office. It is from an original by Brady, and said to be the best. The form, expression, and coloring are certainly very life-like, and it can not fail to become popular. The price of the picture is $15 each.

Publishers' Department.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We again tender our thanks to our voluntary contributors for their favors so lavishly showered upon us; but they have become so numerous that we can no longer even specify them, and this general notice must suffice. It is impossible, large as the JOURNAL now is, for us to publish more than one in ten of the *good* articles that are offered us, to say nothing of the bad or indifferent ones; so our kind friends must not feel hurt or slighted if their contributions do not appear, but attribute it to want of room.

We do not wish this notice to deter those who have important facts or thoughts to communicate from writing. If you send us something better than anything we have on hand, or more timely, or in any way more fitting and desirable, we shall give it the preference; though, other things being equal, we hold that "first come first served" is a good rule.

"THE TRIPLE TIE."—We publish a poem under this title, which will find response from all members of the mystic fraternity, which it represents. The author speaks *from* the heart *to* the heart. We leave it to be judged by the head; or, should we not say, by the reason?

APOLOGY.—In our criticism of Donald McKay, we did not intend to include all Scotsmen in our charge of *his* meanness. No. We number among our dearest and most valued personal friends those of Scottish birth and blood. No, no. We have read the history of that grand old country and people, and can not forget the noble deeds of Wallace, Bruce, and the rest; nor the songs of Burns, Scott, and hundreds of other Scottish poets. Nor can we forget Saint Andrew, John Knox, John Anderson, and other worthies. No, no. We have too exalted an opinion of the honest old Covenanters who suffered martyrdom for their religious convictions to include them with their wicked, renegade sons.

TO EDITORS—A SUGGESTION.—Book publishers would be glad to send, for notice or review, copies of new books, could they do so without other expense than furnishing the books. They are willing to give copies to editors who will notice them, but publishers can not afford to prepay the same by post or express to a thousand or more editors. Now it would be well if each editor would name a place, in each of the chief cities, where books could be left by publishers to be forwarded to editors through country booksellers, merchants, or other agents, say once a week, or even once a month, with little or no cost for freight.

Editors could publish a card in their journals, for example, something like the following: "Books for the editor of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL may be left with Mr. CAPEN, 25 South Tenth St., Philadelphia; Mr. BUTLER, 142 Washington St., Boston; Mr. TWEEDIE, 337 Strand, or Mr. BURNS, No. 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell, London. Those who have established advertising agencies in the different cities could have books forwarded through them. Books are always sent to editors through regular booksellers in all the larger towns and cities; but there are thousands of newspapers published in places remote from these centers in which it would be well to have all new and useful books announced. It will give *us* pleasure to serve our friends of the country press and city book publishers by packing and forwarding any parcels left in our care according to instructions.

OUR GRADUATES.—Among those who attended our late professional class in practical Phrenology, Physiology, Physiognomy, and Psychology, we name with real pleasure and high hopes for their future usefulness the following:

Mr. J. WILMER STRONG, Rockville, Chester Co., Pa.
Mr. EDWIN S. CREAMER, New York city.
Mr. J. H. BULLARD, Bacon Hill, Saratoga Co., N. Y.
Mr. J. F. FIELD, Black Hawk, Colorado.
Mr. J. A. THOMPSON, Pittston, Luzerne Co., Pa.
Mr. WM. S. HAWKINS, West Meriden, Conn.
Mr. DANIEL F. PETRY, New York city.
Mr. CYRUS W. WHEELER, Waterbury Center, Vt.
Mr. HENRY S. DRAYTON, Jersey City, N. J.

Several others have received the rudiments, and will, in time, go through and enter the field, to lecture, teach, and delineate character. There is room to-day, in Europe and America, for at least a thousand good phrenologists who could teach its principles and apply it in a practical manner. Other studies are pursued for pleasure or for profit—why not this? Other professions are full to overflowing, while this, in many States, counties, towns, and even kingdoms, is without representatives, and almost unknown.

HOW MUCH CAN I MAKE?—This is the question usually put by persons engaging in any mercantile pursuit. Nor do professional men ignore the question of prospective "profits" which are likely to accrue in the pursuit of law, medicine, or divinity. Some there are who engage in a calling from the very *love* of it, without much thought of the lucre. This is more especially the case with the clergy who have the missionary spirit to do good, and of the physician who takes pleasure in relieving suffering. But neither the clergyman nor the physician can live without bread, and he must be paid for his services. So it is with the phrenologist. He may enter upon its dissemination with no other motive than that of bringing its teachings within the reach of his friends and neighbors. Or he may, with a view of its more extensive application, use his knowledge of it in such a way as to make it pay more largely, and thereby obtain the means to spread it broadcast over the world.

In answer to the question, "How much can I make?" we reply, *that* depends on your competency. One clergyman receives $500 a year, another $1,000, another $5,000, and another $10,000; so it is with physicians, lawyers, and phrenologists. We know those who have exceeded this larger amount. Drs. Gall and Spurzheim made their lectures quite profitable; so did George Combe; and so have the more recent lecturers and examiners.

None of the more popular lecturers receive less than $50 a night, and some receive double this amount. Phrenology affords one of the most useful and interesting themes on which one can discourse. Astronomy is interesting; so is Botany, Geology, Chemistry, Electricity, Biography; but what is *more* "taking" than illustrations of human character and the analysis of the human mind through Physiology, Phrenology, Physiognomy, and Psychology? and who would not listen attentively to instruction as to how to develop, improve, and make the most of all his faculties and powers?

Lecturers on Phrenology, good, bad, and indifferent, are few and far between; but all are no doubt paid liberally for such services as they render. Besides getting pay for their lectures, they are paid for the examinations which they make, and for books which they have for sale. Altogether, it may be made decidedly profitable. But some give free lectures, free examinations, and others make it a purely missionary work. But there is money in it for those who wish to pursue it on business principles.

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Business.

[*Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear; but we will not knowingly insert anything intended to deceive, nor of an immoral tendency. Quack Medicines, Lotteries, Gift Schemes, etc., will be carefully excluded. Matter will be* LEADED *and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 25 cents a line.*]

TAKE YOUR CHOICE!—Extracts from letters received:

LEBANON, PA., *January* 15, 1866.

Messrs. Sidney E. Morse, Jr. & Co.—Gentlemen: The Sewing Machine came safely to hand, and I assure you we are perfectly delighted with it.

——, IND., *January*, 1866.

Messrs Editors: With your permission I desire to return my thanks. * * I have had the Machine one month, and now I think I could not do without it.

M—— H——, N. Y., *January*, 1866.

Gentlemen: * * * As for the Sewing Machine, it came to hand in good time and in good order, * * * and it is already making us cheerful music in our home. Many thanks for your kind offer.

The opportunity is still presented! We will send by express or otherwise, as ordered, securely packed, a $55 Sewing Machine, *either* Wheeler & Wilson or Grover & Baker, to any person who will send us the names of

SIXTEEN NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

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SIDNEY E. MORSE, JR. & CO.,
1t 37 Park Row, New York.

THE NEW ORLEANS ADVOCATE is published in New Orleans, La., and is devoted to Christianity, Our Country, and Literature. It will contain a synopsis of Sermons preached in New Orleans. A sermon by some colored Clergyman, reported as delivered, with all its native peculiarities. Domestic and Foreign Correspondence. Editorials on Religion, Politics, and Letters. Summary of current events. A Young Men's Department, in which will be given a full report of the proceedings of the New Orleans Young Men's Christian Association. All important intelligence relating to Church or State in the South. A Ladies' and Children's Department.

To illustrate its importance, I need only inform you that there is not a Union religious paper published in the Valley of the Mississippi, from St. Louis to New Orleans. It will be conducted entirely by young men who are equal to the task, and will give the complexion of the Southern sky as seen from this stand-point.

The terms are four dollars per annum, in advance. Address Rev. J. P. NEWMAN, New Orleans, La.

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JANUARY.

Extracts from Mrs. Bright's Journal.

Have spent a pleasant day receiving New Year's calls, and a merry hour at its close comparing experiences with my husband. Had the satisfaction of hearing my dress pronounced "stylish," and the pleasure of telling him that I made it myself. Thanks to my Wheeler & Wilson, I know nothing of what somebody calls "the wife's nightmare"—dressmaker's bills! * * *

This week I have given up to the usual calls of "the season." My friends compliment me upon my good health and spirits; and I think the cause of both is the freedom from anxiety resulting from a well-ordered household, which, without vanity, and simply stating a fact, I believe mine to be. The secret of it is that I insist upon having every thing done in its season, and never suffer the work of one month to accumulate upon that of another; consequently, I have few "housekeepers' trials," and can enjoy a leisure hour without the uncomfortable sense of something left undone.

Have just paid my usual evening visit to the nursery; heard the little prayers, given the good-night kisses, and left them to slumber, sure that "all is well" with my darlings. Mine should be "a calm and thankful heart," in a happy home, a loving husband, and sweet, healthful children can make it so.

FEBRUARY.

Went to the concert with my husband. He says that music being my only extravagance, he is obliged to indulge me, in spite of a reproving conscience. This is "his little joke" at my expense; for the extravagance is, to say the least, mutual, and he knows well that I should not enjoy music, or anything else, if he did not share it with me. Moreover, he holds with me the doctrine, that money is well spent which contributes to refine our tastes and beautify our lives. Therefore the concert and all good music, wherever we meet it, comes under the head of "necessary expenses" in our domestic economy. * * *

A quiet, happy evening at home, put on record for another proof that the simplest pleasures are often the sweetest. A new book read aloud by my dear husband was the only entertainment; and my fingers were busy meanwhile—shall I tell it?—darning stockings! But that homely embroidery fitted well with Herbert Spencer's genial philosophy, and while I gained new ideas about my boy's education, I had a certain satisfaction in feeling that I was making comfortable provision for his toes also. Dear little toes! May the feet that own them stray into no by or forbidden paths.

MARCH.

"A man's work is from sun to sun, and woman's work is never done," says the old adage. But if the woman be wise enough to make herself mistress of a certain little household fairy, whose fingers never weary and never wear out, take my word for it her toil need not outrun the daylight. It is such a pretty little fairy, too, so obedient to all my behests, so swift, and so sure! I take a fancy to ornament little Alice's frock with braiding, and lo! the fairy fingers fly in and out of the complicated pattern, reproducing all its curves and angles with mathematical precision. I want a tucked skirt, and in an hour the spaces are marked, the tucks folded down, the neat stitches set like rows of seed-pearls. I have a dozen handkerchiefs to hem, and before these mortal fingers (not clumsy ones, either) could have finished a single one, the whole set are completed. The greatest charm of this fairy is that it possesses the faculty of multiplying itself indefinitely, so that every woman may command its services for her own household. And for my part, I would dispense with many luxuries for the sake of securing such services, if I were not so fortunate as to have them at command already.

APRIL.

Had a spare ticket for the last Philharmonic rehearsal, and called for Mrs. Blank, thinking she would like to accompany me. Found her up to her eyes in plain sewing—"would like to go dearly, but couldn't possibly spare the time;" which I thought very odd indeed. Her family is no larger than mine; her income no smaller; yet she never seems to have time for the simplest recreation. One is tempted to be uncharitable and ask: What can the reason be, meanness or bad management?

Spent an hour at my sewing-machine this morning braiding a sacque for Charlie. My husband laughs at what he calls my propensity for finery. But if I have a weakness—it is to see my children well dressed. Comfortable and neat, of course, they always are; and when I can make their little garments beautiful also, at small cost of time or money, where is the harm? "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like" the lilies of the field; but are not the lilies of the field, and all the other blossoms that God has clothed with beauty, examples in a certain sense, and excuses for personal adornment?

MAY.

A great misfortune happened to-day. Poor little Alice experienced her first grief in the loss of a tiny black-and-tan terrier, "Jet" by name, who died suddenly this morning. The little creature has been her pet for a year, and she is heart-broken at his death. Have been trying to devise something for her consolation, and think I will take her with me this afternoon, when I make my donation-visit to the Church Charity Foundation. * * *

Found my idea a good one. Alice was delighted with our excursion, quite falling in love with the poor old ladies and helpless little orphans at the "Home." It is her first glimpse into such an institution, and I was surprised to see the intelligent interest she manifested. One child attracted her special attention—a bright-eyed little thing called Jessie, and, singularly enough, nicknamed "Jet." I saw Alice's eyes fill up at the familiar sound, and presently her little hand stole into mine: "I should like to give her something, mamma; may I?" So allowed her to choose a book from my basket, and watched the presentation, which gave at least as much pleasure to the giver as the recipient.

JUNE.

A delightful afternoon at the Academy of Design—Frank and Alice with me, as they have been every year since old enough to go out with me at all. I think one can not cultivate artistic tastes too soon in children, so take pains to have mine see pictures, statues, curiosities—everything beautiful that is within our reach; and, from the first, I make a point of teaching them to observe and discriminate, that they may enjoy things intelligently—not merely for show or glitter. The reward of my trouble comes to me already; for Frank's comments and criticisms this afternoon were (without being in the least piggish or unchildlike) so sensible as to make him a most agreeable companion. * *

Celebrated little Helen's fifth birthday with a doll's tea-party. Invited ten little girls with their dolls, and gave up the afternoon to the entertainment, which passed off without a cloud. Confirmed in my creed, that any outlay of time and trouble which goes to make children happy is a profitable investment.

JULY.

Practiced industriously for two hours this morning, "making up," as H—— mischievously says, "for time lost at the sewing-machine." The "household fairy" has just accomplished, under my superintendence...

LADIES' COLUMN.

JANUARY.

Extracts from Mrs. Blank's Journal.

Vexed my husband this morning by refusing to receive New Year's calls. He declares that I grow more unsociable every year, and I dare say it is true; but how can I help it? The new year brings me only new cares, and still I sing "with a dolorous pitch," the same song of "stitch, stitch, stitch." * * *

A call this afternoon from Mrs. Bright. She is no younger than I, and perhaps no prettier, yet I was conscious of a contrast not at all to my advantage. How fresh, and handsome, and happy she looked! How faded, and careworn, and sad I felt. What is the secret of the difference, I wonder. * * *

Am hard at work, in mid-winter, upon garments which should have been finished in the first of the season. Poor little Ellie is still wearing her thin summer flannels, because the older children must at least be made respectable for school, and I can not do everything at once. I do my best, yet I seem to be always pursuing my work, never able to overtake it.

Little Ellie is sick to-night, tossing in her sleep, hot with fever. I sit by her crib, sewing upon the flannel skirts at last, and feel sorely that the want of them has caused her illness. Yet how could I help it?

FEBRUARY.

Tickets for the concert sent unexpectedly by a friend, but my husband did not come home, so was unable to use them for want of an escort. Got only this, by way of comfort, when he did return: "How could I know you wanted to go? You never go anywhere. And what is the use of my coming home, to sit alone down stairs, when you always stay in your own room? Don't blame me for your disappointment; it is your own fault." Is this true, really, and am I then so much to blame? God knows it is not for my pleasure that I sit alone evening after evening, plying the weary needle; not for my happiness that I know him seeking his enjoyment in people and things apart from me. Yet what can I do? Is it not a hard alternative when one has to choose between neglecting one's husband or one's children? * * *

Nothing pleasant to record this evening, which is, alas, nothing new. Busy all day with my needle; too tired and dull to welcome my husband at night very cheerfully; considered "cross" in consequence, and tempted to deserve the title by being so in reality. Do marriage and maternity necessarily mean slavery? Taking my daily life for example, the answer would be a bitter affirmative.

MARCH.

Have accomplished little or nothing this week, owing to little Ellie's illness. She has been just sick enough to want continual petting and nursing, and of course it is only I who can do it to her satisfaction. Why is it that children always tyrannize over their mothers, I wonder!

Looked wofully this morning toward the pile of work which has accumulated during Ellie's illness. Stockings to darn, trowsers to patch, aprons to mend, frocks to make, shirts to cut out! One pair of weary hands to do it all—one heavy heart to bear all the complaints and annoyance that arise when it is not done. There is a reason for all things, it is said, but I confess I can not see why my life should be wasted in this hopeless sort of toil. I would not complain if the results were adequate to the labor; but I have so little to show for my day's work; so much more than I can possibly do is left undone. Yet I give myself wholly to these household duties, even to the neglect of what I feel to be better things. My mind is narrowed down to the range of my work-basket, my aspirations confined to the circle of my needle; yet even that poor ambition meets perpetual failure.

APRIL.

Refused an invitation to go the Philharmonic with Mrs. Bright, who looked surprised when I gave want of time as an excuse. She seems to have plenty of time for going out, though one would think her family cares would confine her as much as mine. Perhaps she neglects her children to take her pleasure! When a mother goes to so many concerts and lectures, reads all the new books, entertains company, and all that sort of thing, it's very apt to be the case that the children's stockings are not darned, nor their petticoats mended! * * *

Worked since early morning and till near midnight on a spring dress for Annie to wear to school. Had to go to bed at last and leave it unfinished, with the pleasant anticipation of her disappointment to-morrow. "She is so tired of wearing her old merino!" And no wonder. The children are known by one dress before I have time to make them another; although they have no superfluous work on them either. Annie complains sometimes, poor child, of her untrimmed frocks; and I answer her with mild moralities about the beauty of simplicity and the sin of vanity; which silence without satisfying her, and leave me self-reproached for preaching what I would not practice, except through necessity.

MAY.

A most unhappy record to-day. Came down to breakfast worried and irritable, and found Arthur holding a young canary-bird in his hand. "Look, mother!" he exclaimed eagerly, "Harry Warren has given me this dear little bird; his mother let me choose the prettiest one in the nest." "And what are you going to do with it?" I asked impatiently, some evil spirit making his happy excitement utterly distasteful to me. "Why, keep it, of course. You'll get a cage for it, papa, won't you? I've wished for a bird so long;" and his imploring look at me should have been enough to dispel the hateful feeling. But not so. I answered hastily: "No such thing. Your father can not afford to buy cages, while so many things are more needed. Carry the bird back again; I can't be bothered with it." Almost before the speech was ended, I had repented; but it was too late then to recall it. Arthur was too proud to remonstrate, and without a word marched out of the room, coming back no more. My husband gave me one look—that was all. The meal passed in miserable silence; the day has gone by as wretchedly. Arthur avoided me in proud resentment—my own conscience my sorest punishment.

JUNE.

Spent the afternoon shopping on Broadway and Canal Street. Getting into the stage, tired and heated, my hands full of small parcels, and my spirits dejected in the recollection of how much money I had spent, and how little I had to show for it, I encountered Mrs. Bright and two of her children—all three looking provokingly like her name! They were dressed so charmingly in the freshest of spring attire, and had been to the Academy of Design. "Had I visited the Exhibition this year? Was I not delighted with those lovely girl-faces of Wentler's? those delicious little landscapes of Shattuck's?" and so on, and so on, till I felt more dejected than ever in my painful consciousness of a contrast, not to my advantage, that Mrs. Bright's presence always forces on me. She takes life easily. I wish I had her secret. * * *

Poor Ellie gone to bed in tears. She and her doll were invited to Helen Bright's birth-day party, but the doll—significantly named Flora McFlimsey—had, like her namesake, "nothing to wear." Ellie would not go without her, and I feel self-reproached for her disappointment. I ought to have dressed her doll long ago; but how can I, with so many human dolls wanting dresses?

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vision, six new shirts for his lordship; not to speak of a host of brown holland aprons for Charlie and Helen, and some stout gingham frocks for Alice—these last for country wear; which, according to my practical view of things, was time very well "lost!" Still, I must not neglect my music, for I know its value too well as one of "the ties that bind" us in household unity and harmony. * * *

A busy day packing for the country. We have been fortunate enough to secure board so near the city that my husband can attend to his business, and still spend the evenings with his family. My house is in order, my summer sewing all done, the children provided with everything needful; and I look forward to a happy holiday.

Have arranged our little apartments so that they begin to look homelike. Two or three engravings on the walls, some books, my work-basket, and Alice's canary in the window, give the familiar aspect; while the lovely outside views of woods and river, upland and meadow, atone for all deficiencies within.

AUGUST.

Went down to the river for a swimming lesson to-day. Frank learned to swim last summer, and has undertaken now to teach the children and myself. No great progress as yet: but we all splashed about, and had a merry time. A sudden cloud came up while we were still in the river, and gave us a shower bath in addition to the plunge. The effects of the rain-drops upon the water, seen from the midst of them, was exceedingly beautiful. * * *

Some new arrivals from the city this afternoon, among them an acquaintance—Mrs. Blank. Met her unexpectedly on the piazza, and had the pleasure of rendering her some little service, which she appreciated almost too gratefully. Am glad of the opportunity to improve my acquaintance with her. * * *

Went up to Mrs. Blank's room to ask her to join us in a "crabbing" expedition. Found her sewing, as usual, and too busy to go. I discovered at last, however, the reason why she never has time for anything; she attempts to do her family sewing without a sewing machine! No wonder her work is never done. Gave up the crabbing party, and told her of my experience of the "household fairy;" which so astonished and delighted her that she is determined, at any sacrifice, to have one for herself.

SEPTEMBER.

Have tested an idea which came to me some ago, and found it worthy of record. It was simply to suggest for Alice a permanent instead of temporary interest in the little orphan Jessie, and show her how to turn it to good account—which I did accordingly; and it is now one of her chief interests to work for little "Jet." She saves her pocket-money to buy books, or playthings, or small articles of dress for her, and gives up many of her play-hours to sewing for her. What she can do is of course nothing very important in itself, but I encourage it for its influence upon her own character, and see already the good effects. Her sense of responsibility makes her thoughtful and womanly; and where before she was rather inclined to self-indulgence, this new interest has taught her practical lessons of self-denial. May these be only first fruits of a life rich in good works and charity. * * *

Attended a bright little dinner-party last night at Dr. R——'s. Met several celebrities of the pencil and the pen, who for once were as enjoyable personally as in their books and pictures.

OCTOBER.

Celebrated the anniversary of our wedding-day by a drive in the Park, a stroll down the Lovers' Walk, and a row across the lake. The day was heavenly, with its soft, misty sunshine and brilliant autumn foliage, and our own hearts harmonized

JULY.

Bridget's evening out, and I took her place in the nursery to guard the sleeping children. A feeling, half ludicrous, half pitiful, took possession of me as I sat there sewing; a wish that I was servant instead of mistress, that I might have the privilege of at least one evening in the week to spend as I pleased! Ridiculous, of course; nevertheless it is painfully true that I do not have as much time for recreation as my own servants.

Third of July, and to-morrow the awful Fourth must be endured, with its multiplied miseries of run mad, frightened babies, servants "on a rampage," etc. Wish I could have escaped into the country, as Mrs. Bright did; but, alas! there is a mountain of sewing to be leveled before I can attain to the breezy hills and shady woods that I sigh for. * * *

Baby grows thin and fretful—the heat seems unusually oppressive this summer—and his father is very impatient to get the children out of town. "How long before you can be ready?" he asks almost daily. I am straining every nerve to get through the necessary work, but it will be August before the children can be ready.

AUGUST.

Out of town at last through much tribulation. My husband declared that the children must wait no longer if they went without clothes; so packed up what remained of my work to finish in the country and started off yesterday. The journey very unpleasant, owing to heat and intolerable crowding; but our boarding-house promises to be comfortable, and the country around is beautiful, with ample range for the children. Found (to my advantage) that Mrs. Bright and her children had been here since the 1st of July, and was a favorite in the house. Under her directions much more attention was paid me than I should otherwise have received, and in many ways she has been exceedingly kind. I remember (to my shame!) that I have sometimes had uncharitable thoughts about her. * * *

There is a remedy, we are told, for every evil under the sun. Mrs. Bright asserts, with encouraging confidence, that a Wheeler Wilson is the remedy in my case. I have seen for myself how easily her household cares sit upon her. I have also seen that her children are not neglected, as I once imagined. If a sewing machine is as efficient a helper as her experience seems to prove, what price would be too dear to pay for it?

SEPTEMBER.

Have discussed the sewing-machine idea with my husband, and find, to my satisfaction, that he heartily approves of it. A little economy in other expenditures will enable us to purchase one, and my heart is already lightened in anticipation of the burden of fall work. For the last week, at least, I will give myself up to the full enjoyment of these lovely September days, with their misty skies and faintly-turning leaves. I will roam the fields with the children in search of wild grapes, take swimming-lessons in the river, join "crabbing parties," and "bob for eels!" Also, I will explore the windings and hidden springs of that laughing brook in the woods, and in some green nook, with rippling water and murmuring leaves about me, I will read Jean Ingelow's poems. Who can tell? Perhaps the time is coming when I shall have leisure to read when I please. Just now, an idle hour with a volume of poems seems the rarest luxury. * * *

Home again, and the burden of household cares dropped for a while, must be taken up once more. Fall sewing, fall house-cleaning, pickling and preserving; sending the children to school, and getting settled generally. But I bring to the task new energy—boon of rest and hope.

OCTOBER.

The important purchase has been made, and I am really the owner of a sewing machine. I walk around it with a sort of with all its loveliness. Thirteen years since we were married, and it seems only yesterday! But such happy, loving years press lightly. On the lake, floating in one of those fairy-like skiffs among the swans and water-lilies, H—— grew poetical, and repeated those four loveliest stanzas of "The Miller's Daughter."

"Look into mine eyes, with thine, true wife."

But as for me, I could only think of the sweet old hymn, "When all Thy mercies, O my God!" for one verse had been in my mind all day:

"Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store."

Paid my annual subscription to the "Association for the Relief of the Industrious Poor." This charity especially interests me, because it is based on a sound principle—employment furnished to the destitute, and full value paid for the labor. Thus self-respect is preserved while distress is relieved.

NOVEMBER.

Another birthday to be recorded; not celebrated by a doll's tea-party—Alice is too old for that—but not less lovingly commemorated. Her father's gift was an engraving of Ary Scheffer's "Temptation," one of a set of Scriptural subjects which he is collecting for her, and in which she takes great enjoyment. Frank bought her a dainty copy of "The Children's Garland from the Best Poets;" and my own gift was the published record of a beautiful life not long since ended, the "Memorial of Alice B. Haven"—rather mature for her present age; but she will appreciate and, I trust, emulate its sweet lessons of faith and charity in after years. * * *

A busy and unpleasant day, spent chiefly in making up on my sewing machine a number of garments for Christmas distribution among the poor. * * *

An hour at the piano with Frank. It is one of my fancies that the influence of music at home and the power to produce it themselves, goes a great way toward keeping boys out of mischief; so have taken pains to teach Frank carefully, as well as Alice, in anticipation of the time when we can afford masters. * * *

DECEMBER.

A merry evening with the children, preparing decorations for our Christmas tree. The little ones, who still keep faith in Santa Claus, were safe in bed, but Frank and Alice assisted gleefully in making cocked hats, cornucopias, and candy boxes, and even papa condescended to lend a helping hand. We adhere religiously to all the time-honored observances of Christmas—endeavoring to make it not only a merry holiday, but a special occasion for inculcating by precept and example the sacred lessons of Him who came to bring "peace on earth, good-will to men." * * *

Packed and sent away the usual "Christmas boxes"—a gown for Widow McCaulay, a basket of groceries for Mary O'Neil, a doll for little motherless Janie Thompson, and other such simple offerings. With the longing in my heart to do so much more, this encourages me: "A cup of cold water only shall not lose its reward."

To-day brings the close of the year marked with fewer cares than blessings; and the last page of my diary, not always faithful in recounting them. Let the final record at least be one of thankful acknowledgment for the "unnumbered comforts" that have surrounded me. Also, a prayer for the "calm and thankful heart" that is free alike from "murmurs" and "vain confidence."

awe, fingering the mysterious hooks and gauges, and wondering shall I ever comprehend and make available its delicate mechanism! Mrs. Bright assures me that I shall, under the careful instructions furnished by Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson. I go this morning to their beautiful rooms on Broadway for my first lesson.

Gave Arthur for his birthday a present which will make him forget my unkindness about the canary-bird. It was, in fact, the same bird, which I took pains to obtain, and for which I bought a pretty cage; denying myself a new pair of gloves that I need in order to do so. A small enough sacrifice to atone for my fault! Hung up the cage in the dining-room window, and laid a little note on Arthur's plate, signifying his ownership. The quick tears in his eyes, the warm color flushing his brow when he read it, expressed everything without words. I knew that he understood all I mean by the gift; and his look of loving gratitude made me able, for the first time, to forgive myself.

NOVEMBER.

Fall sewing almost done; thanks to my invaluable sewing machine. It has been all that I hoped—more than I dared to anticipate—in the way of assistance; and, indirectly, other advantages flow from it. My husband looks up with a smile when I take my seat after dinner: "Not quite so exclusive as you used to be!" And the children: "Oh! mamma sits down stairs every evening now. Isn't it a great deal nicer, papa?" It is pleasant to feel that my presence is the attraction for all of them; and I inwardly resolved that it shall not be lacking in future. I will "use all diligence" to retain and perfect the family reunion, not forgetting to be thankful for the opportunity to do so. * * *

Played and sang with the children this evening while they practiced some Christmas carols for their Sunday-school concert. Looked over my shoulder—hearing a manly base suddenly in the "Three Kings of Orient," and met my husband's eyes, with a look in them that said: "This is what I like." So prolonged our rehearsal till the children's bed-time; and finished the evening with a game of chess, in which I had the satisfaction of checkmating him—purely by accident, as he conceitedly declared.

DECEMBER.

A couplet from Stoddart's charming version of "The Children in the Wood" has flitted through my brain all day:

"And leaf by leaf the rose of youth
Came back to Lady Jane."

Truly I am younger as well as happier, now that the weight of a forever-unfinished task is lifted from me. I shall never cease to be grateful to Mrs. Bright for introducing me to her "household fairy." It has proved to me more than that—a household angel. * * *

"Merrie Christmas" is at hand once more, and all hearts are attuned to its gladness. The children are full of important secrets. Mamma has hers also; among them a marvelously-dressed doll that will gladden Ella's heart, and a braided dress that will satisfy Annie's wildest desires. Suspicious-looking parcels are smuggled into the house from time to time, showing that papa has his little mystery, too, and I think I shall not much longer covet that copy of "Melodies and Madrigals!" We do not forget, either, these little children of God in whose homes no Christmas-trees grow. Our good cheer shall be shared with them, for His sake who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

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On Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—Spurzheim.

WHAT WE OWE TO ASIA.

Dr. Draper says: "Asia has always been regarded as the birthplace of man. The researches of comparative philology afford abundant evidence that the present inhabitants of Europe are of Oriental descent. But the activity that existed in the early history of the East has long ago given way to stagnation. There is nothing to excite locomotion. Vast multitudes during their whole lives scarcely leave the place where they were born. There are no improvements in food, in clothing, or in habitations. As their ancestors lived in past times, so do they. They do not seek to get rid of tyranny. The sense of political improvement is lost. The people only appreciate tranquillity and rest. It was not always thus in the East.

"In times of which history has failed to preserve any account, that continent must have been the scene of prodigious human activity. In it were first developed those fundamental inventions and discoveries which really lie at the basis of progress of the human race—the subjugation of domestic animals, the management of fire, the expression of thought by writing. We are apt to overlook how much man must have done, how much he must have added to his natural powers in pre-historic times. We forget how many contributions to our own comforts are of Oriental origin. Their commonness hides them from our view. If the European wishes to know how much he owes to the Asiatic, he has only to cast a glance at an hour of his daily life. The clock which summons him from his bed in the morning was the invention of the East, as also were clepsydras and sun-dials. The prayer for his daily bread that he has said from his infancy, first rose from the side of a Syrian mountain. The linens and cottons with which he clothes himself, though they may be very fine, are inferior to those that have been made from time immemorial in the looms of India. The silk was stolen by some missionaries for his benefit from China. He could buy better steel than that with which he shaves himself, in the old city of Damascus, where it was first invented. The coffee he expects at breakfast was first grown by the Arabians, and the natives of Upper India prepared the sugar with which he sweetens it. A school-boy can tell the meaning of the Sanscrit words sacchara canda. If his tastes are light and prefer tea, the virtues of that excellent leaf were first pointed out by the industrious Chinese. They also taught him how to make and use the cup and saucer in which to serve it. His breakfast-tray was lacquered in Japan. There is a tradition that leavened bread was first made of the waters of the Ganges. The egg he is breaking was laid by a fowl whose ancestors were first domesticated by Malaccans, unless she may have been—though that will not alter the case—a modern Shanghai. If there are preserves and fruits on his board, let him remember with thankfulness that Persia first gave him the cherry, the peach, the plum. If in any of these pleasant preparations he detects the flavor of alcohol, let it remind him that that substance was distilled by the Arabians, who have set him the praiseworthy example, which it will be for his benefit to follow, of abstaining from its use. When he talks about coffee and alcohol, he is using Arabic words. A thousand years before it had occurred to him to enact laws of restriction in the use of intoxicating drinks, the prophet of Mecca did the same thing, and, what is more to the purpose, has compelled to this day all Asia and Africa to obey them. We gratify our taste for personal ornaments in the way the Orientals have taught us—with pearls, rubies, sapphires, diamonds. Of public amusements it is the same. The most magnificent fireworks are still to be seen in India and China; and as regards the pastimes of private life, Europe has produced no invention that can rival the game of chess. We have no hydraulic construction as great as the Chinese Canal, no fortifications as extensive as the Chinese Wall; we have no artesian wells that can at all approach in depth to some of theirs. We have not yet resorted to the practice of obtaining coal gas from the interior of the earth; they have borings for that purpose more than 3,000 feet deep."

PORTRAIT OF A SOUAKINY.

True Courtesy.—Real courtesy is widely different from the courtesy which blooms only in thes unshine of love and the smile of beauty, and withers and cools down in the atmosphere of poverty, age, and toil. Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young, to listen to the kindly voice of age; who can hold cheerful converse with one whom years has deprived of charms. Show me the man of generous impulses, who is always ready to help the poor and needy; show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress, surrounded by the protection of rank, riches, and family. Show me the man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy, the respect that is due to woman as woman, in any condition or class; show me such a man, and you show me a gentleman—nay, you show me better, you show me a true Christian.

THE EASTERN NUBIANS.

The Eastern Nubians are tribes of roving people who inhabit the country between the Nile and the Red Sea: the northern division of this race are the Ababdeh, who reach northward in the eastern desert as far as Kosseir, and toward the parallel of Deir border on the Bishari. The Bishari reach thence toward the confines of Abyssinia. The mountain of Offa, fifteen days' journey distant from Assouan, is their chief seat. The Hadharebe are still farther southward, and reach to Souakin, on the Red Sea. The Souakiny belong to this race. Macrizi speaks of these nations as partly Christians in his time: he calls them Bejawy, or Bejas. It appears that their country contained many churches, or religious establishments, previous to the devastation of northern Africa by the apostles of Islam. The Bejas appear to have been the descendants of the people who in ancient times, under the name of Blemmyes, are described by Strabo and other writers as a powerful nation in the Nilotic countries. Being troublesome neighbors to the Roman governors of Egypt, they were driven out by Diocletian, who brought the Nobatæ of Libya to occupy their country. The latter are in all probability the Barbára, the present inhabitants of the valley of the Nile.

The present Bishari are extremely savage and inhospitable; they are said to drink the warm blood of living animals: they are for the most part nomadic, and live on flesh and milk.

The physical characters of this race have been described by many travelers who have visited some of their tribes. Among these are MM. Salt, Burckhardt, Du Bois-Aymé, Belzoni, and Wilkinson. The notices left by various writers as to their history have been carefully collected by M. Quatremère and the learned Professor Ritter. By these writers they are described as a handsome people, with beautiful features, fine expressive eyes, of slender and elegant form; their complexion is said to be a dark brown, or a dark chocolate color. Belzoni, in describing the Ababdeh, says that "their hair is very crisp. Their head-dresses," he adds, "are very curious. Some are proud of having their hair long enough to reach below their ears, and then formed into curls, which are so entangled and matted with grease that they can not be combed. That they may not derange their *coiffure*, they wear a piece of wood resembling a packing-needle, with which they scratch their heads." The annexed figure of a Souakiny will serve as a specimen of their portraits.

THE

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—*Young.*

SAMUEL FENTON CAREY.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL FENTON CAREY.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

MR. CAREY has a powerful organization, and doubtless inherits it from a strong and healthy stock. There is no indication of disease, and we infer that he has lived a consistent and proper life. His danger lies, if anywhere, in undertaking too much, but he has such an abundance of vital power that he can perform more service, get along with less food, and endure more fatigue than one in fifty. He should be known for his executiveness, propelling power, perseverance, will, and power to resist and overcome. Thrown upon his own resources early in life, we infer that he has had cares and responsibilities upon him from his youth up; hence his self-reliance and independence have become developed. To play second to another would be contrary to his inclinations, but to take the lead and become captain would be entirely in accordance with his desires. He is ambitious to accomplish something worthy of a man, but does not care very much what others may say of him, be it praise or blame, when he thinks himself in the right. He is careful to decide matters in his own mind, considering them even from a religious point of view, and when satisfied that his course is right, he is likely to push ahead without regard to consequences. He has integrity, and would insist that right, as he understands it, should be done between man and man. He has strong sympathies, and would be kindly and generous according to his means. He is not over-credulous—on the contrary, he is slow to believe, and requires almost positive proof to convince him of the truth of anything not within the reach of his senses. But he has trust, and hope, and some devotion, but his leading moral traits are manifested through Benevolence and Conscientiousness. He is more cautious and prudent in action than in expression; he has openness and frankness manifested without restraint, and he is not one to lie low, and keep dark, or play the fox. His nature comes bubbling up spontaneously in speech, and he lets it out as it comes. Intellectually, he is quick to perceive and comprehend; he understands principles as well as facts and details, and although not abstract nor particularly metaphysical in tone of mind, still he would know the why and the wherefore of things. He remembers what he sees better than what he reads or hears; he remembers faces and places better than names and dates, but that which he has realized and experienced is ever present with him.

In planning ways and means he would excel; he is inventive, and seldom or never at loss for

means to accomplish a desirable end. He would display rare qualities in generalship and management. He should engage in some responsible pursuit wherein men, money, and machinery are comprehended. He would make a good superintendent in any public work, and if educated for it would succeed well in the law. One quality for which he should be remarkable is that which gives intuition or ability to read the motives of strangers at the first interview. He seems to scent the spirit of a person, to know at a glance whether or not to trust him. His affections are strong—he appreciates woman, enjoys her society, and would never consent to such a thing as a life of single blessedness. As a neighbor he would be kind, obliging, and friendly. He values his home, and if able would surround it with objects of interest and beauty; he would also enjoy traveling, would like to see the world, but would be unhappy without a central home of his own.

He is fond of variety; short stories and short tasks please him best. He certainly has versatility of talent. All things considered, he is not only well qualified for the enjoyments of life himself, but capable of contributing largely to the enjoyment of others. If trained to write and speak he could do either, and with about equal facility, though it would probably come more natural for him to speak.

BIOGRAPHY.

Samuel Fenton Carey was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, February 18th, 1814. He is the youngest son of William Carey, who emigrated from New Hampshire to the Northwest Territory before Ohio became a State. He was a lineal descendant of John Carey, of the Plymouth Colony. The mother of Samuel F. (Rebecca Fenton) was a native of the State of New York, and is a sister of Gov. Fenton's father. William Cary removed from Cincinnati with his family in 1814 to a farm some six miles distant, then a wilderness. The place is now known as College Hill, it being the location of the "Farmers' College" and the "Ohio Female College," both of which institutes are located on the Carey farm. It is an interesting and noteworthy fact that the Farmers' College was founded by Freeman G. Carey, and the Ohio Female College by his brother Samuel F., and that they spent their patrimony in building these noble institutions as monuments on the paternal estate.

Samuel F. graduated at Miami University in the class of 1835. The words "*inter primos*" were inserted in his diploma, he being one of the first scholars in his class. He, shortly after his graduation, entered the Cincinnati Law School, and received its honors in 1837.

He was admitted to the Cincinnati bar in 1837, and at once took rank with the first young members of the bar. His practice increased very rapidly, and when he quit the profession, in 1845, no man of his age in the State had a larger practice or more enviable reputation as an advocate. Having secured a competence, and being ambitious to secure the name of a philanthropist, he quit the bar in spite of the remonstrances of many of his admirers and enlisted all his energies in the Temperance reform. It is safe to say that he has made more public addresses, been heard by a greater number of persons, made larger contributions of time and money to this great reform than any other man in the United States. He has been repeatedly heard in all the principal cities and towns in twenty-six States, and all the British provinces of North America.

No less than 400,000 have been induced by him to sign the pledge of total abstinence, and a multitude that no man can number bless his name. He early became a Son of Temperance, and in 1848 was chosen the head of the Order in North America. During the two years of his official term he visited twenty-two States and provinces, and the Order was more than doubled in the number of its membership. For some twenty years he was the gratuitous editor of Temperance papers of of large circulation and has written, several valuable tracts which have been widely distributed and read.

As early as 1840 he acquired a great reputation as a political speaker, taking an active and prominent part in the Harrison campaign. In every Presidential campaign since that time his services have been sought and appreciated. There is probably not a man in the United States who is regarded as his equal on the stump. In the late civil war he was indefatigable in his efforts to fill up the ranks of the Union army, and in that very important work no one has been more successful.

His style of speaking is *sui generis*, and is peculiarly his own. A distinguished writer has said of him that "he speaks like a Greek, with the ease, the grace, the naturalness of the ancient orators." His speeches are the happiest combination of logic, argument, wit, sarcasm, pathos, apt illustrations, and felicitous anecdotes. He plays upon the passions and feelings of an audience with consummate skill. His personale gives force to his utterances. He is five feet eleven inches in height, weighs 200 pounds, dark complexion, large head, with an unusual amount of hair, large black and speaking eye, with a full, clear, and well-modulated voice. He never becomes hoarse, never tires, and often speaks three or four hours in the open air for successive days and weeks. He uses no notes nor manuscripts, and weaves in every passing incident with most happy effect.

It has often been remarked that his manner and style more resemble those of the late distinguished Thomas Corwin than any other of our public men.

It is a matter of universal surprise that Ohio has not availed herself of his great talents and ability to represent her in the councils of the nation, especially at such times as these, when such men are needed. The reasons probably are, first, his ambition has not taken that direction; and, second, his prominence as an advocate of a great moral reform has led the more unscrupulous and cunning seekers after place and power to make the impression that he would not be an available candidate.

He acquired the title of General during the Mexican war, when he occupied the position of paymaster-general of Ohio. With distinctly marked characteristics for the commander of an army, he has never been in the field.

Mr. S. F. Carey is fifty-one years of age, and weighs 196 pounds. His father attained the age of eighty years; mother, seventy-four. His grandfather died from the effects of an injury, His grandmother lived to be eighty-three years of age. In tracing the ancestry for seven generations back, scarcely any of them died under eighty years of age.

SITTING BY THE FIRE.

BY E. L. DOUTHIT.

Of what is she thinking, the poor old crone,
Who sits by the smoldering fire alone?
With her old gray cat in that cabin small,
With its cleanly floor and its white-washed wall.
She lives, and no human being shares
Her joy or woe, her hopes or cares.
In yonder corner her warm bed stands,
The cover was woven by her hands;
Near by, arranged on a clean white shelf,
Is seen a row of wonderful delf.
Her gray hairs fall adown her cheek,
So wrinkled, yet with look so meek,
As she gazes into the fitful glow,
And dreams the dreams of long ago.

Of what is she thinking, the poor old crone,
As she sits by the smoldering fire alone?
She thinks of the time when a ribbon rare
Bound her beautiful raven hair,
When her neck and brow with the lily vied,
And the red rose paled her cheek beside—
She thinks of a time long, long ago,
When the moonlight fell down white as snow,
When she silently went through the dark-green wold,
A stolen tryst with her lover to hold;
She thinks again of a kiss so sweet,
Of the lover kneeling at her feet,
Of the whispered words, "Some brighter day
I will take my darling far away."
She thinks again of her lover gay,
As he rode on his coal-black steed away.

Long years have passed; no lover gay
Has been to bear his bride away;
But her hope so great has not grown dim—
Unbounded faith has she in him
That he will come some brighter day
And bear her spirit far away
To realms where Christ and angels reign,
Where she may join the ransomed train
In singing praises unto God,
The giver of eternal good.

GORILLAS.—Our (Melbourne, Australian) Museum now boasts three stuffed gorillas, male and female, and a young one, which was with the female, its mother, when they were shot by M. du Chaillu, in his present African expedition. The male measures six feet nine inches, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head. His girth round the shoulders is five feet six inches, and under the arms he measures four feet eight inches. We look at him a long time without being able to conceive that we have been promoted through such a brute step by step, to our present organism and rank in life. But some of our fellow-citizens, of a more scientific turn, grow savage if they are denied the privilege of monkeyfying themselves down to the views of the later lights; and, for my part, I say every man to his taste, and I care not to argue the point.—*Melbourne letter.*

[If it be claimed that man is simply a developed monkey, it ought to be admitted that he may grow into something more than man. But we do not see any more difficulty in the direct creation of a man than of a monkey.]

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FIRE-ARMS.

THEIR HISTORY, AND THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS IN BREECH-LOADERS.

WHATEVER may be our views in regard to the necessity of war and the value of improvements in the instruments of death, we must, at least, regard gunpowder, and the inventions which have accompanied its use, as among the most powerful agents in forming the history of modern civilization. It is now regarded as a settled point, we believe, beyond the bounds of controversy, that if nations *must* fight battles with each other, the more deadly the weapon, the less sanguinary the result.* Be this as it may, it is intensely interesting to trace the history of these instruments of destruction from the awkward "hand-gun" of the fourteenth century, with its "touch-hole" and "match," to the light, trim, and almost automatic breech-loader of the present day.

To Americans, the subject of modern improvements in fire-arms has an interest beyond what men feel in warfare and human death—an interest common with that which we feel in the progress of our country westward. The crack of the rifle has preceded the hum of civilization in this country, from the shores of the Atlantic to the western borders of Kansas and Minnesota; and it is impossible to estimate the influence which it has exerted in the opening up of this immense territory. Every improvement in the rifle shares, in its due proportion, the importance to be attached to the rifle itself. The *improved* rifle is not of interest only to the fancy sportsman contemplating a summer stroll among the Adirondacks, but to the pioneer hunter and the settler; to the statesman watching the progress of government westward, with an eye, perhaps, to the formation of new States and the majority in the Senate. It may be difficult to estimate the time wasted and the opportunities lost in drying powder and *priming* the old flint-locks, but it is certainly true that the percussion-cap has been of real and permanent value to the material prosperity of our Western territory. Flint-locks bear about the same relation to the percussion-caps as the latter do to the metallic cartridge. Our people are in too much haste to lose time on ramrods and loose ammunition; the percussion-cap must, in its turn, yield its very existence to the metallic cartridge, and, like the flint-lock, pass out of use and become an antiquarian curiosity. Our space will permit only a cursory glance at some of the most notable and valuable improvements in the breech-loading rifle of the last few years. Much of the inventive talent of the country has been turned in this direction during the late war, and, as a nation, we undoubtedly take the lead. But first a brief sketch of

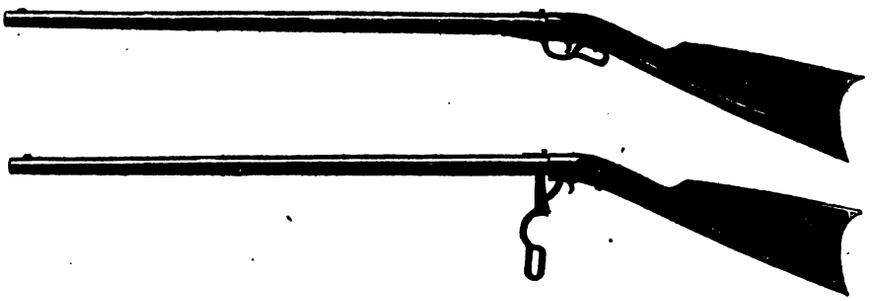
THE HISTORY OF FIRE-ARMS.

The invention of gunpowder has been attributed to a German (Schwartz) of the fourteenth century. But we read in several *classical* writers of a people in India who defended themselves by "casting thunderbolts and lightning from their walls"—Alexander the Great declining to attack them on this account. Old Hindoo laws and medical works also refer to this material, and the Chinese Chronicles mention "fire-works" as early as 618 before the Christian era. From China the use of "fireworks" found its way through Arabia to Greece—afterward developed into what was known as the "Greek fire." The *use* of gunpowder for practical purposes was unknown in western Europe until the fourteenth century; by the middle of this century (1350) the use of *artillery* seems to have been common. This old artillery, which, like powder, had its origin in China and the East, seems to have been excessively heavy, without gun-carriages, being mounted on scaffolding and carried from place to place in separate pieces. The artillery of the present day is the result of a tedious series of invention and improvements, extending through five hundred years of war, experiment, and study.

The invention of *portable* fire-arms is credited to the Italians in 1430, about one hundred years *after* the use of artillery. They differed at first *only in size* from the cannon themselves, having a "touch-hole" at the top, to which a *match* was applied. These primitive guns were soon improved by placing the hole at the side, with a "pan" to hold the priming. They were first introduced into England under Edward IV., when that king landed in 1471, before the battle of Tewkesbury, during the war of the Roses. The English attached a sight to the breech to assist the aim, and the cross-bow suggested the use of a trigger to convey the match to the priming. This was known as the "*match-lock*." The Chinese are hardly yet beyond this. The crooked stock was next devised among the Italians and Germans, who were the principal manufacturers. The next improvement was the "*wheel-lock*," invented by the Dutch; it consisted of a steel wheel which was made to ignite some *iron pyrites* communicating with the powder. The "*flint-lock*," which has retired from service only within the last thirty years, was an invention of the sixteenth century, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, about three hundred years ago. The "*fulminating pill*" was considered an improvement upon the *flint*, but it soon yielded to the *percussion-cap*, which is now struggling like its predecessors, each in its turn, with a new rival, the metallic cartridge. It is difficult to see room for further improvement, but the experience of the past teaches us not to foretell the future. The chances are, however, that the metallic cartridge will have as long a reign at least as the old flint-lock, and probably all future improvements in fire-arms, if we have not already reached perfection, will *retain* this feature.

THE RIFLE.

The idea of attaining greater accuracy in firing, by giving the ball a circular motion, seems to have occurred to our ancestors at a very early day. About the year 1520, we find the spiral groove in use, though the principle seems afterward to have been abandoned. Twenty years before that date there were guns at Vienna with *straight* grooves, probably for no other purpose than to provide for the refuse matter in the barrel when reloading after firing. In the latter part of the seventeenth century (1662) we find the practice of "rifling" alluded to as *old*. The importance of this principle seems to have impressed itself more and more strongly upon the minds of those interested in fire-arms, until, at the present day, it is considered an indispensable requirement for all military and sporting purposes. The great drawback to the use of the rifle, and the reason of its comparatively late introduction into general military service, has been the difficulty of introducing a ball larger than the bore of the piece to fill the spiral grooves. It is interesting to trace the experiments which have been made, and the ingenuity which has been exhausted in the effort to surmount this difficulty. The *first* and most natural idea was to *load* the gun at the *breech* with a ball larger than the bore and filling the grooves. It will surprise most of our readers to learn that the idea of breech-loading rifles is upward of two centuries old, and that there are about sixty specimens of breech-loaders at the museum of artillery in Paris preserved to us from the seventeenth century.* All these experiments, however, were laid aside as *useless*, for with *loose ammunition* it is almost impossible to prevent the escape of gas at the opening in the breech and the fouling of the weapon. A few breech-loaders of this kind, for loose ammunition, or rather paper cartridges, have been patented and used within the last fifteen years;† and the Prussian army is furnished with a celebrated one called the "needle gun;" but the disadvantages of their use so nearly balance the advantages that the old muzzle-loader with the "Minie ball," easily holds its own against them. The many and futile experiments in *this* direction have caused several scientific men, in Europe and America, to give their opinions *against* the use of breech-loaders in *general*, forgetting the vast and important change which the *metallic cartridge* has



HOWARD'S NEW RIFLE, THE THUNDERBOLT.

* It is a curious fact that the improvements in this direction have steadily kept pace with modern enlightenment and the progress of liberal Christianity.

* Among these old relics is the *revolving cylinder*, not, however, turning with the motion of the hammer, as in the present day.

† The celebrated "Sharp's rifle" belongs to this class.

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effected in the subject of gunnery. The United States Government began the manufactory at Harper's Ferry, about twenty years ago, of a "breech-loader" for loose ammunition, which, for absurdity, weight, and awkward proportions, challenges the most cumbrous ideas of the fourteenth century. The apparent impracticability of loading the gun at the breech turned the attention of ingenuity and science, *as a last resort*, to the *ball* itself. The most important experiments in this direction have been made in France, though an Englishman (Greener) claims a share in the last and greatest improvement. M. Delvigne in 1826 made a "shoulder" near the bottom of the bore on which the ball was hammered by the ramrod into the grooves. Colonel Thouverin, in 1842, used a steel stem projecting from the base of the barrel for the same purpose. Delvigne again used a conical ball with a hollow cylindrical base. In 1847, Captain Minie invented the elongated bullet with a hollow base, into which is inserted an iron thimble, larger than the cavity itself, which presses the lead into the grooves, by the force of the gases, at the time of explosion. This ball is now used in the United States Springfield rifle, and in the "Enfield" of the English service. It is very effective, and was a valuable improvement. With no advantage, however, over the ball of the metallic cartridge, it is inseparably connected with the troubles and uncertainties of muzzle-loading and percussion-caps. It has done good service, but, with its companions, it must become, like the flint-lock, a relic of the past.*

BREECH-LOADING RIFLES.

When the reader is told that upward of fifty breech-loading rifles were presented in the month of March, 1865, to the inspection of the United States Commission at Springfield, which is now in session at Washington, he will appreciate the difficulty of giving each invention even a passing notice in a general article like the present. The majority of these, however, are of little importance compared with the recognized superiority of a few, though most of them are great improvements over the old muzzle-loading rifle. Those requiring loose ammunition or paper cartridges may be set aside as passing out of public notice and behind the age. Among these are Sharp's, the Merrill rifle, Colonel Greene's, and several others. Another class belong to what may be called the "hinge" system, in which the barrel, instead of being firmly fixed to the stock, moves upon it by a joint. The unavoidable weakness of these rifles has given them the name, among experts, of "broken-backed," and they are hardly regarded as holding a place among first-class breech-loaders. Of these, the most celebrated are the Burnside, the Wesson, and the Maynard. The latter rifle long held a high place in the estimation of sportsmen and the public. Patented as early as 1851, it is perhaps the eldest of our metallic cartridge fire-arms; with the Maynard primer, it has been popular for the comparative ease and certainty with which it is loaded and fired, and now that it has yielded to the superior strength and convenience of its younger rivals we owe it respect as the pioneer among breech-loading sporting rifles.

The most important class of breech-loaders, however, and that most worthy the attention of those intending to provide themselves with rifles, are those in which the barrel and stock are firmly bound together beyond all chance of weakness, which use the *regular* metallic cartridge, and which has an arrangement for withdrawing the old shell with certainty and ease. Of these we can mention but four varieties, which are now the principal ones in market: the *Spencer* rifle, *Ballard's*, *Henry's* volcanic repeater, and *Howard's* breech-loading rifle, the *Thunderbolt*. The latter is, we believe, the *last* improvement, and as such, as well as for the novelty and originality of its construction, deserves especial notice. It came, unfortunately, too late for the great Rebellion, being patented last year, 1865. It arrived a "day after the fair" perhaps, but the young stranger will find plenty to do, along with its older brothers, in our Western border-lands, not to mention the Adirondacks, the forests of Maine, and the numerous resorts of amateur sportsmen.

THE SPENCER RIFLE.

This rifle, patented in 1860, has been used to a considerable extent in our armies during the late war. The soldiers who have carried it generally speak of it in terms of the warmest praise. It is a "repeater," firing seven shots in *rapid succession*. The cartridges are inserted at the butt-plate, and being forced through a passage in the breech by a spiral spring are carried into the barrel successively by the motion of the guard; the hammer resembles that of ordinary rifles, and is cocked by a separate motion. The sporting rifle carries nine shots. Whether the repeating principle is of any use to the sportsman, comparable with the weight and machinery accompanying it, is a question which each must answer for himself; *we* think it is not, but those who differ from us will find a good weapon in the Spencer rifle; it is by no means, however, a *light* or *graceful* piece.

BALLARD'S RIFLE

is much lighter and more symmetrical than either of the great repeaters. It is comparatively simple in construction, and convenient to handle. It is a single shooter. The recoil-block is carried down by the opening of the guard, leaving the caliber exposed; a cartridge is then inserted by the fingers into the barrel, and the recoil-block returned by closing the guard. The piece is then at half-cock. There is a "finger-piece" under the barrel which is pulled back to withdraw the old shell. This rifle is a good one for sportsmen, though there are several others of a kindred nature and of equal merit, perhaps.

HENRY'S VOLCANIC REPEATER

has also, like Spencer's, seen service in the late war, and, in general, it seems to have given entire satisfaction to the regiments which have used it. This rifle discharges *fifteen* cartridges in succession, and the same motions which renew the charge serve to cock the piece. The cartridges are carried in a tube along the bottom of the barrel. As to sporting purposes, the same remarks apply to this rifle as were made of the Spencer; the repeating principle is of doubtful advantage to the sportsman, while the extra weight and machinery is considerable. The variation in weight, too, must affect the aim to some extent. The volcanic repeater is of more symmetrical proportions than its rival, though it is also somewhat heavier.

HOWARD'S RIFLE,

to which the inventor has given a name suggestive of quick, sharp, and sudden action, the *Thunderbolt*, seems to be peculiar to itself in nearly every respect, nothing about it, either in appearance or internal arrangement bearing the slightest resemblance to any other rifle. On account of this novelty, which is a very noticeable feature, as well as the fact that it is the last improvement in so important a branch of our national manufactures, we will describe it more in detail.

Most of the foregoing rifles have been before the public several years, and their names, appearance, and merits have become more or less familiar to our readers. The first specimen of this rifle, however, which was turned out of the manufactory at New Haven, Conn., bears the date of March, 1866, and we append a cut of the new gun for the benefit of those interested in such matters. A glance at the engraving will satisfy the reader of its graceful and symmetrical proportions. The hammer being within the breech-piece, nothing meets the eye with the exception of the sights from the muzzle to the butt-plate. Next to strength and accuracy, grace, symmetry, and lightness are the essential qualities of a sporting rifle. The new gun leaves apparently little to be desired in this respect. As to strength, the barrel seems almost to be of one piece with the stock, and we are informed that the *breech-piece*, which is secured to the wooden stock, was in the original model of *one piece* with the *barrel*. Convenience in manufacture and cleaning has altered this arrangement slightly, but without affecting the strength. The fact that it can be made in this way shows the marked simplicity of the gun. The mode of loading and firing this rifle is as follows: When the guard is lowered, a chamber is thrown open on the under part of the barrel; a cartridge is thrown in and the guard closed. The piece is then ready to fire, the concealed hammer being cocked without the attention of the operator by the same motions. The shell of the exploded cartridge is extracted surely and easily by lever power while the guard is lowered in reloading. The latter is an advantage over all the breech-loaders with which we are acquainted, except, of course, the repeaters. No gun, perhaps, can be loaded and fired, and the old shell extracted, with so few motions and such simple ones as this; and it is curious to compare the rapidity which has been attained in firing this rifle—upward of twenty shots a minute—with the slow and tedious process which must have accompanied the old matchlocks of the fifteenth century. The inventor claims for the new rifle superior force and accuracy from the fact that the ball and cartridge are *forced* into a *tight* chamber and well into the grooves by *lever power*. Whatever the merits of this new rifle may be, it is now fairly before the world, and it may be tested by the public. *We* think it is a very great improvement upon anything which has preceded it, and that it is destined to become the most popular rifle in the country. It will certainly become in time a valuable acquisition to our military power.

CONCLUSION.

We have sketched, in a general way, the leading features of interest, and the most important changes, in the history of fire-arms from the awkward efforts of the 15th century to the smooth, light, and graceful breech-loaders of the present day. The tedious handling of the former compares strangely with the wonderful rapidity in firing attainable by the latter. All the steps by which this vast improvement has been reached are intimately connected with the whole political history of Europe and America; and even the much-talked-of "balance of power" among the nations depends in no small degree upon the efficiency of arms. As for our own country, the matter has a more peaceful and legitimate interest; and viewed in any light, the subject of improvement in fire-arms is an intensely interesting one.

* The Whitworth gun of the English service dispenses with the Minie ball by the shape of the bore, which, instead of being rifled, is *hexagonal*, the several sides having the same spiral twist as the ordinary grooves. When a ball corresponding in shape is inserted, it receives, of course, a circular motion as it emerges. The "Lancaster" system reaches the same end by a slightly oval bore twisted upon itself. Greene's breech-loader is made with this system of rifling.

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TROUBLE IN SCHOOLS.

SEMINARY mischief and College "scrapes" form the staple of interest and excitement to large numbers of the young; and as there is a mistaken public sentiment among youth and some grown-up people on the rights and duties of pupils in schools and colleges, we insert an extract from a letter recently received by the parents of a young man at a literary institution, and the reply.

"Since I last wrote we have had very exciting times here. Yesterday ——— was expelled (he is the wild young man I have often told you about), and the offense with which he was charged was not *proved* against him, but only suspected; but as he would neither confess nor deny the charge, he was expelled. His expulsion will be a blessing to us all; but I don't like the principle involved, that a person may be expelled if he will not confess. Do give me your advice on the subject, as others have been threatened with expulsion unless they expose those engaged in any "scrape," while perfectly innocent themselves; for if I should be called on to give information, I don't know what would be my duty in that case."

THE REPLY: "*Dear Son*—In your letter of the 6th you propound some queries respecting the rights and duties of faculty and pupils which lie at the very foundation of the whole system of instruction and education. In the first place, the endowment or establishment of a school presupposes the benefit of the pupil. For his good the faculty exists; and all there is of a school, from the staking out of the ground for the erection of the edifice to the graduation of the last pupil, has its incipiency, its progress, and its completion with one motive, one purpose, one end, viz., the development, training, and benefit of the pupil. Is it a pleasure *per se* for parents and teachers to endure the privations and perform the labor of establishing and maintaining schools? Parents not a few deny themselves needed comforts to pay the expenses of a loved boy at school. Many a sister makes herself a martyr to toil and privation to maintain a brother in seminary or college. It is to be presumed the entire administration of a school aims at the pupil's benefit. How preposterous, then, is it for pupils to regard the faculty as their foe and band together to oppose it; or, in other words, to consider it necessary or honorable to stand by each other in evil-doing, or in contravention of rules! Is Government, in a country like ours, an enemy of the people? Is it honorable for a citizen to refuse to testify or even to enter complaint against violators of law? Is it not rather his duty to aid justice in repressing infractions of wholesome laws, and especially so when called upon to testify in court? Then who can doubt the duty of a pupil to stand by his *Alma Mater*, to second her efforts for the just maintenance of order? The pupil who joins a band for the screening of wrong-doers in connection with school discipline is as much a rebel as any Southern secessionist. Then hesitate not a moment in exposing wrong-doers if called on by the faculty to testify. When, in civil affairs, it is known that a person was present, or if it be suspected he was present when some unlawful act was committed, he is put upon the stand, and 'under the pains and penalties of perjury' he is compelled to tell 'the whole truth,' unless he swears that by so doing he would 'thereby criminate himself.' Pupils take a mean and narrow view of duty in respect to each other and the faculty, while at the same time they comprehend clearly the duty of the citizen to the Government and feel bound to fulfill it. He should regard the school government in like manner, and respect it as his friend, not as his enemy.

"In regard to the expulsion of ———, I have no doubt every pupil of worth and judgment will approve it five years hence; and the expelled himself, after he shall have finished 'sowing his wild oats,' will doubtless approve it too, how much soever he may then be chafed by sorrow and shame. His refusal to exculpate himself is *prima facie* evidence of his guilt; besides, he had a bad reputation for which he is blameworthy, to plead against him. My advice to you, then, is, to tell the truth, against yourself even, if rightfully called on to testify; and why should you hesitate in respect to *any* wrong-doer? It is not the witness that condemns; it is the violated law that brings the penalty. If your fellow-students are determined to violate law and trample on the rules, let them do it in secret, not in open day, or in the presence of the innocent, if they would escape their just demerits. Never allow yourself to be overawed by that mistaken, not to say mean and vicious, public sentiment that regards the truthful and honorable young man as a traitor to good fellowship who refuses to lie to screen the guilty or to become 'partaker of their sin.'

"Trusting to your love of truth and good sense to guide you aright, I remain your affectionate father."

PHENOMENA OF PLANTS.

PLANTS exhibit some phenomena supposed to arise from the state of the air, which accurate observers regard as prognosticating changes of weather.

When the flower of the chickweed expands boldly and fully, no rain will fall for at least four hours after. When the chickweed half conceals its miniature flowers, the day is generally showery. If the chickweed entirely shuts up its white flower, let the traveler put on his great coat, and the plowman give up his day's work.

If the flowers of the Siberian sow-thistle keep open all night, there will certainly be rain the next day.

The different species of clover always contract their leaves at the approach of a storm.

If the African marigold does not open its flowers about seven o'clock in the morning, you may be sure it will rain that day, unless it thunders.

The unusual fruitfulness of white thorns and dog-rose bushes is the forerunner of a severe winter.

There are several plants, especially those with compound yellow flowers, which, during the whole day, turn their flowers to the sun, looking toward the east in the morning, the south at noon, and the west at night; a fact particularly observable in the sow-thistle.

The flowers of the chick winter-green droop in the night, to keep the dew or rain from injuring the tender pollen.

One species of wood-sorrel shuts up or doubles its leaves before storms and tempests; a rule which the sensitive plants and cassia also observe.

The flowers of both species of tragopogan open in the morning at the approach of the sun, and without regard to the state of the weather, regularly shut up about noon, from which fact the plant has obtained the name of Go-to-bed-at-noon.

The four-o'clock (mirabilis) is well known from its remarkable property of opening its flowers at four in the afternoon, and not closing them till the same hour in the morning.

The evening primrose is noted for its remarkable property of regularly shutting with an audible popping noise about sunrise, and opening at sunset.

The tamarind tree, the water lily, the marigold, and the false sensitive plant, in serene weather expand their leaves in the day-time and contract them in the night. The flower of the garden lettuce opens at seven o'clock and shuts at ten.

A species of serpentine aloes, whose large and beautiful flower exhales a strong odor of the vanilla during the time of its expansion, is cultivated in the Imperial Garden in Paris, where it does not blossom till toward the month of July, and at about five o'clock in the evening, at which time it gradually opens its petals, expands them, droops and dies, and by ten o'clock in the same evening it is totally withered.

The cereus, a native of Jamaica and Vera Cruz, exhibits an exquisitely beautiful flower, nearly a foot in diameter, the inside of the calyx a splendid yellow, the numerous petals of a pure white, and emits a highly fragrant odor during a few hours in the night, and then closes to expand no more.

The flower of the dandelion possesses very peculiar means of sheltering itself from the heat of the sun, as it closes entirely whenever the heat becomes excessive.

Linnæus enumerates forty flowers possessing this kind of sensitiveness, and divides them into three classes:

1. Meteoric flowers, which less accurately observe the hour of folding, but are expanded sooner or later, according to the cloudiness, moisture, and pressure of the air.

2. Tropical flowers, that open in the morning and close before evening every day; but the hour of their expanding becomes earlier or later as the length of the day varies.

3. Equinoctial flowers, which open at a certain and exact hour of the day, and for the most part close at another determinate hour.—*Ex.*

THE celebrated mechanical duck of Vaucanson is now being exhibited in the Rue de Paris, at Havre, in a small museum which takes its name from that illustrious mechanician. The bird, standing on a sort of box, shakes its wings, eats, drinks, and imitates nature so accurately that the other day a dog flew at it, without, however, doing any mischief.

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MIRTHFULNESS.

THERE is no subject which is better appreciated than that of Wit or Mirthfulness. Every one seems to know what it means, except, perhaps, a few unfortunate individuals who are not at all, or but slightly, endowed with it; but notwithstanding everybody seems to know its meaning, writers find the greatest difficulty in defining it.

That there is in the mind of man a primitive individual faculty which enjoys sport and gayety, which appreciates the witty, the ludicrous, the droll, the comical, the incongruous, and the eccentric, there can be no doubt; and we take pleasure in saying that it is one of the distinguishing characteristics of man. It is not permitted to the lower animals to laugh or comprehend the causes of laughter.

FIG. 1.—JOSEPH C. NEAL.

The organ of Mirthfulness is located on the upward and outward part of the forehead—a little outward of what may be called the *corner* of a square forehead. It will be seen on fig. 1 where the figures 23 are inserted. On fig. 2 the organ is shown small at the figures 23. Observe the difference between those foreheads: how square the corner of one! the other, how it is rounded off and deficient! Fig. 1 is a likeness of Joseph C. Neal, who, thirty years ago, was an editor in Philadelphia, and one of the most racy and witty writers of his day. He has been called the Dickens of America. He is the author of a book, now out of print, entitled "Charcoal Sketches." He employed his wit in a calm philosophic manner sometimes, but evinced a remarkable tendency to chastise vice and ignorance, and meanness and immorality, with those brilliant polished shafts of wit which were calculated to make vice ashamed and seek reformation.

FIG. 2.—W. H. BLANEY shows a small development of Mirthfulness. The reader will observe how narrow and flattened the corners of the forehead are at 23—the location of the organ of Mirthfulness. Observe also the difference between the expression of countenance of fig. 1 and fig. 2. Where Mirthfulness is well developed, it tends to give a lighting up to the countenance and to raise the corners of the mouth, especially when the person speaks.

The reason why writers differ so much in their definition or explanation of wit is, that the organ of Mirthfulness acts through or in conjunction with so many combinations of other faculties that the wit of no two persons seems to be alike. It acts with Ideality, Imitation, Causality, Comparison, and all the perceptive organs; with Hope, Constructiveness, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Secretiveness, Friendship, Parental Love, and Amativeness. It will act with any one, two, or with all these, and the several modes of its manifestation are a puzzle to the metaphysician. At one time we find it sparkling through the pages of a pleasant author, or beaming in the good-humored sallies of a fascinating friend; at another, delighting us in the skillful caricature; and again, charged with virulent ill-nature, infusing its bitterness in biting sarcasm, barbing the arrows of ridicule or furnishing the sting to the pungent satire. One of the most witty definitions of wit was that by Dr. Henniker, who, on being asked by the Earl of Chatham to define wit, answered: "Wit, my Lord, is like what a pension would be, given by your Lordship to your humble servant, '*a good thing well applied.*'"

FIG. 3.—This is a likeness of Judge HALIBURTON, who was the author of "Sam Slick, the Yankee Clockmaker." Those who have read the work will remember the richness of the humor, the keenness of the wit, as well as the sound sense and intellectual force embodied in that work.

Phrenology throws light on the subject, and explains the various phases of Wit. One who has large Ideality and Imitation with but little Self-Esteem, will show his wit by caricaturing, and by making distorted or exaggerated imitations of other people's queer conduct. Ludicrousness, in word, action, or dress, on the part of others, causes laughter in the observer. Discrepancy excites laughter; and Comparison appreciating the unfitness, excites the spirit of ridicule in the observer and he laughs. This is illustrated by the man at a public educational dinner, who thought he was giving a witty sentiment when he offered "the three R's—Reading, Riting, and Rithmetic." As other men had sometimes given the three M's or the three D's in a similar manner, he thought he had found an appropriate association of alliterative initial letters; but his ignorance of the method of spelling those words was recognized by those who were good spellers as a grotesque blunder, and being so innocently made on his part it excited laughter; of course there was no wit in his three R's as applied to the three words referred to, though laughter was excited in those who appreciated the ridiculous blunder and ignorance. We think nothing is more laughable than an effort of smartness that fails. Innocent ignorance is ludicrous, and that which is incongruous, raw, unwitty, or disadjusted is an occasion of laughter.

A bull or blunder must be genuine, or at the moment supposed to be, in order to amuse us by its incongruity; one or two examples may be mentioned. The first printed article of a new Burial Society in Manchester, England, ran thus: "Whereas many persons find it difficult to bury themselves," etc. When Lord Eldon brought in a bill for abridging the liberty of the press, an Irish member moved as an amendment, "That every *anonymous* work should have the author's name printed at full length on the title-page." This is akin to what an Irish boy, once employed in our office, wrote, viz.: "Fac-simile of the handwriting of C.***** L.****, written by himself." Again; an Irishman being asked what he meant by the word coffin, said: "A coffin is the house a dead man lives in." Again; a merchant having suddenly died left on his desk a letter to one of his correspondents unsealed. His sagacious clerk seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom, "Since writing the above, I have died." In each of these cases the ludicrousness consists in the incongruity of the expressions when the end desired by the speaker is considered. The same principle may be applied to the following epitaph in Chichester (England) churchyard: "Here lies the body of John, the only *surviving* son of John and Mary Thompson."

When one is caught in a blunder or mistake, and with dextrous mental skill avoids the inference being made to his disadvantage, he manifests wit. A quick, clear perception of the ridiculousness of his position and the sharp turning to get out of it, shows wit on his part.

It is related of a raw son of Erin, that at his first effort to saddle a horse he put the saddle on wrong end forward, and when about to mount, some one present told him the saddle was on the wrong way, and the instant he became aware of it, he replied, "Arrah, but how do you know which way I am going to ride?" There was wit on his part, but it is not that which excites our mirth; it is the ludicrous idea that he should suppose the horse would accommodate himself to the saddle instead of the saddle to the motion of the horse.

There is a story of a Nottinghamshire publican, Littlejohn by name, who put up for a sign the figure of Robin Hood, with the following lines below it:

"All you who relish ale that's good,
Come in and drink with Robin Hood;
If Robin Hood is not at home,
Come in and drink with Littlejohn."

Mr. Littlejohn having died after making his place and business a great success, the man who succeeded him thought it a pity to lose so capital a sign and so much excellent poetry, and determined accordingly to retain both. This he could do by erasing his predecessor's name, Littlejohn, and supplying his own in its place. The lines then ran thus:

"All you who relish ale that's good,
Come in and drink with Robin Hood;
If Robin Hood is not at home,
Come in and drink with *Samuel Johnson*."

The wit consisted in the fact that Mr. Littlejohn, bearing the name of Robin Hood's squire, appropriated Robin Hood for the name of his house so

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that he could work his own name in as the friend of Robin Hood. But that did not excite laughter, yet the wit was appreciable; but when *Samuel Johnson* thrust his excellent name in, it was incongruous, and therefore laughable; but the wit was in the laugher, and not in the man who was the occasion of it.

FIG. 4.—BLACK HAWK.

FIGURE 4.—The American Indian indicates a great deficiency in the element of wit. His character is sedate. He is taciturn, silent and grave. The organ of Mirthfulness in his head is small. This faculty is a special endowment of the human being; and the more the man is civilized, the more abundant and the more polished is his wit.

Sometimes Benevolence is exercised in conjunction with Mirthfulness; sometimes Benevolence and Ideality join with Mirthfulness; sometimes Approbativeness; sometimes Secretiveness and Amativeness; sometimes all together, as when the Irish hod-carrier rescued the lady's parasol which was being blown away, and handing it to her said, "Och, if you were half as strong as you are handsome it never would have got away from you." She replied, "I do not know which most to thank you for, your kindness or your compliment." He responded, "Niver mind; a single glance at your beautiful bright eyes pays me for both," and he again bent himself to his work. The wit of this consists in embracing an opportunity to say a brilliant, pleasant thing without being rude, and we admire it more than we laugh at it.

FIG. 5.—HORACE MANN had the organ of Mirthfulness, as well as Casuality and Comparison, large. His forehead was broad and square at the top; and his writings and lectures on the gravest subjects sparkle with wit. Nothing is more common than for him to introduce mathematical illustrations and spice them with wit of the most racy character; and probably he did quite as much for the cause of education, reform, and good morals in his writings and public discourses by lashing error and making it look contemptible and ridiculous, as he did in his direct appeals in favor of order, virtue, and refinement.

FIG. 5.—HORACE MANN.

Another class of witticisms takes the form of satire or sarcasm. This originates from a co-operation of Destructiveness, Combativeness, Self-Esteem, and Mirthfulness. Thus when persons are provoked they are apt to give sharp cuts and use wit for the cutting edge. An example or two of this kind of wit will illustrate it. A so-called poet had, with laborious and useless ingenuity, written a poem in which he had avoided the use of the letter A. He read it to the king, who, tired of listening, returned the poet thanks, and expressed his approbation of the omission of the letter A, but added that the poem would, in his estimation, have been still better if, at the same time, all the letters of the alphabet had been omitted. Here we have Wit, Destructiveness, Secretiveness, and Self-Esteem.

Sheridan was one day much annoyed by a fellow-member of the House of Commons who kept crying out every few minutes, "Hear, hear." During the debate he took occasion to describe a political cotemporary that wished to play rogue, but who only had sense enough to act fool. "Where," exclaimed he with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more knavish fool or foolish knave than he?" "Hear, hear," was shouted from the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of laughter.

FIG. 6.—AMIABILITY.

FIG. 6.—We offer as another contrast, fig. 6 and fig. 7. How broad and square the forehead of fig. 6 at the upward and outward portions! How the corners stand out where Mirthfulness is located! Now look at fig. 7. How narrow and contracted! indeed, the whole reasoning development as well as Mirthfulness is weak. The whole top of the forehead seems to be pinched up. Though fig. 6 has a sober look, he appears as if all he needed was a flash of wit or a burst of fun to make his face shine, while fig. 7 looks as if it would be harder work to make him laugh than it would to bring a smile from the granite face of the Indian. His face is sour, the corners of his mouth are drawn down, and there is nothing of gayety or joyousness; besides, his whole top-head is narrow and deficient, showing no taste, sentiment, or imagination.

A poor traveler was passing along the road and respectfully inquired of a couple of young fellows where the road he was traveling led to. Thinking to be facetious at his expense, and of making sport for themselves, one of them answered, "To Hell!" The traveler instantly replied, casting a furtive glance at them and at the scene around, "By the lay of the land and the look of the people I must be near to it." Thus he threw the joke upon them and released himself from the advantage which they sought to obtain over him.

Another still more conspicuous instance of turning the tables upon another in the way of cutting sarcasm is the following, which we regard as unsurpassed in the whole realm of wit: Two sons of the Green Isle, traveling, came in sight of a gibbet or gallows; and as it seems to be a standing joke among the Irish to rally each other on the subject of hemp and gallows and hanging, one of them said to the other, "Pat, where would you be if that gallows had its due?" "Och," he replied, "I would be walking alone." This is breaking one's weapon over his own head; this is hanging Haman on his own gallows.

But there is a class of jokes embodying Mirthfulness, Comparison, Approbativeness, and Secretiveness, with a slight touch of Combativeness and an abundance of Friendship, Destructiveness being left out of the question. These arise when one person good-naturedly aims to practice an innocent joke or witticism at the expense of his friend, knowing it will be kindly taken. In our office there was a leaky gas-pipe, and one of our people got a long pole and fastened a taper to the end of it, and with this torch was trying to find where the gas was escaping. when Dr. W., a very talkative and mirthful man happened to be present, said, "I'll tell you where to put it," when the torch-bearer catching the spirit of the joke and throwing down his torch, said, "Had I known *you* were here I should not have hunted for the leak." The Dr. was so full of the joke he could not speak quickly enough to say as he was going to, "Put the torch to your mouth and you will find where the gas leaks." We suppose the Dr. has told the story a hundred times; and it gratifies his Mirthfulness as much to tell the joke at his own expense as if he had thrown the load on his friend, as he intended.

FIG. 7.—MOROSENESS.

One of our young men was nailing up a box, when another of our assistants, the torch-bearer above referred to, happening to pass, inquired, "Can't you, by striking heavier blows, save time?" The reply was this, "Yes, if the hammer was as hard as your head" "Or," said the other, "if the boards were as soft as yours" It will be perceived that the wit of these statements was in the quickness of the turn—the retorting each one's joke upon himself and making it applicable on the instant. And it was all the more significant and piquant for having occurred in a phrenological office.

The richness of the wit will, we doubt not, be a sufficient excuse for the sharpness of the following:

Sir William Congreve, the inventor of what is known as the Congreve rocket, and other fireworks, was one day walking with a lady in a

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church-yard when they came across an epitaph of a great musician, containing this pretty statement, which they greatly admired:

"He has gone where, alone, his music can be excelled."

The lady remarked, "Sir William, that epitaph needs but the change of a single word to be applicable to you." "Ah," said he, "do you think so? Which word is it, pray?" "The word '*fireworks*' in the room of music," was her quiet but mischievous reply. The brilliancy of her wit hardly redeems the statement from the charge of irreverence. Rev. Sidney Smith, however, for the sake of the wit, often strained a point of propriety.

This faculty takes special cognizance of whatever is odd, droll, comical, eccentric, or differing from that which is usual. If one comes into a place with unfashionable garments, with a short-waisted, swallow-tail coat, when everybody wears long-waisted, broad-skirted coats; or if one comes with a narrow-brimmed, bell-crowned hat, when the style is to have a broad brim and straight crown, or whatever is a caricature upon custom, excites the tendency to ridicule. On the stage, nothing makes more fun or more excites the spirit of ridicule than a man thus oddly dressed. Whatever is grotesque excites mirth, not because it is witty, but because the faculties of Imitation, Comparison, and Perception recognize the eccentricity and employ Mirthfulness and perhaps other faculties in appreciating and ridiculing the eccentricity. This is the basis of all caricatures. Funny papers draw their life from this mental basis. Incongruities of every kind are seized upon by this class of faculties, and Mirthfulness acts as a merry maker for the rest. If a man has his vest buttoned askew, his cravat turned round under his ear like a hangman's knot; if he wear one boot and one shoe; if a lady were to be seen with her bonnet wrong side before (if, with some fashions, the difference between the front and rear could be detected), it would excite the spirit of ridicule in all beholders, not because there is anything in the bonnet that is ridiculous or anything ludicrous in the lady, but because of the misadjustment of the two.

There is much humor and fun in some of the Artemus Ward style of writers, even in their bad spelling, in the blunders made on purpose; and there is wit also in a mock solemnity. Some of the sharpest wit and funniest sayings are couched under the guise of the soberest phraseology. Those who have read the Chronicles of "Uncelpsalm" entitled the "New Gospel of Peace," will appreciate what we mean. It is possible for a man to appreciate the wit which is perpetrated at his own expense quite as highly as by him who inflicts it, or the listeners who are entirely disinterested.

Now, what is the use of wit? Why is man endowed with Mirthfulness? In the first place it is the basis of gayety; it gives the mind joy, and serves to smooth over many of the rough passages of life. Our better half has the organ of Mirthfulness large, and we have many a time seen "the maid of all work" thrust into a troubled state of fear and anxiety by some grave accident like the tipping a wash-tub half full of suds and clothes on the kitchen floor; upsetting a cook-stove with a wash-boiler on it by carelessly knocking out a loose leg and spilling everything on the floor; the turning over a dinner-table with all the dishes on it into one grand heap, half the things being broken; under such circumstances the mistress regards it in the most ludicrous light, and has half an hour's hearty laugh at the grotesque accident and at the alarm and anxiety of the poor girl. We need not say that this looking at accidents in a ludicrous light serves to take off nine-tenths of their cutting edge; the loss is forgotten; the inconvenience is bridged over; and the memory of it is a perpetual feast of amusement and pleasure, though it might have cost many dollars to repair the damage.

Many persons can never see another meet with an accident, even though it be a friend, without looking at in a ludicrous light. If a man stumble or fall without hurting himself, we think nine out of ten would laugh inwardly if not outright to see the elegant hat soiled and his immaculate gloves smouched, more especially if the man were one of the dilettante, elegant stamp, whose pride is in his clothes and in his stately walk. Some of the funniest of picture books are a compilation of accidents, blunders, and mishaps. Who has not laughed at John Gilpin's hasty ride, though so full of terror and danger to him and everybody on his route?

FIG. 8.—NEW HOLLAND WOMAN.

FIG. 8—shows large Mirthfulness in the New Holland woman, and the face is lighted up with a smile. The physiognomy, as well as the phrenology, indicates Mirthfulness. The reader will notice the elevation of the corner of the mouth and that peculiarly cheerful expression of the eye in harmony with those of fig. 1 and fig. 3, and contrast with figs. 2, 4, and 7. The upper part of the forehead is broad and square at the location of Mirthfulness. See 23 in fig. 1.

Another of the uses of Mirthfulness is to give us an appreciation of the ridiculous so that we shall be led to avoid it in our conduct, and the more amply developed one has this faculty the more keenly will he appreciate the pain of being ridiculed. There is also in Mirthfulness the power to aid in the formation of good taste by teaching us what is incongruous, and giving us a disposition to avoid it; while Ideality, located just behind it, inspires us to cherish the beautiful, the harmonious, and the perfect.

As we have said, animals do not have this quality. They have secretiveness, and they occasionally play tricks on each other, but there is no sense of wit or mirth in these transactions. We once saw a little dog chased by a big one in play, which ran close to the edge of a high bank with the big, clumsy one following him with all his might, and just at the edge the little one made a short turn, and his eager adversary went headlong end over end down the bank forty or fifty feet; but as it happened to be a sandbank, and stood at an angle of forty-five degrees, he rolled down to the bottom in a cloud of dust and an avalanche of little stones. Everybody who saw it shouted with laughter; but the little dog stood at the top of the bank looking down at his discomfited playmate with a face as sober as if nothing had happened—he did not "see where the laugh came in." The big dog gathered himself up, shook the sand out of his ears, and with a good deal of labor climbed up again, and went to play as usual, and he did not appreciate the ludicrous trick, or the comical figure he had been made to cut, and did not seem to feel that he was being laughed at, and that he "owed one" to his associate. The little dog might not have anticipated such a result by running close to the bank, but to us it looked precisely as if he understood it so far as the trick was concerned, but he did not see it in the light of mirth or fun.

FIG. 9.—The Laughing Doctor shows Mirthfulness not only large in the head, but in a state of extreme activity. His love of wit and fun is awake—highly excited, while that of fig. 3, fig. 5, and fig. 6 is latent—waiting to be aroused or called into action.

Rev. Sidney Smith was an eminent example of a really witty man; the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is a living example of this faculty, and is brimming over with wit. No weapon is stronger than wit and ridicule in the work of making wrong-doing and meanness odious. Many persons who have a dull conscience can be made to feel the lash of sarcasm and ridicule, and the cause of morality and religion has a right to act through any of the human faculties to produce an aversion to vice and to make the way of the transgressor hard. Dr. Gall, in endeavoring to convey an idea of the faculty which produces wit, cited the writings of Cervantes, Racine, Swift, Sterne, and Voltaire, and we might add Neal, author of the Charcoal Sketches, Seba Smith, author of Maj. Jack Downing's Letters, and many others of later time. The writings of Horace Mann, though full of sound philosophy, and beaming with beneficence, also sparkle with wit, and gleam with holy sarcasm against insolent vice and rapacious selfishness.

Mirthfulness enters largely into the writings of Washington Irving, Charles Dickens, James Russell Lowell, and indeed into those of all the most popular and genial authors. It crops out in all the most successful lecturers; in many preachers, especially those who arouse the popular heart as revivalists; and we could name a score who have been remarkable for devotion and also noted for wit and humor, and have employed true wit as a means to make vice and immorality appear ridiculous as well as criminal, and to sting meanness and lash error and sin into shame and repentance.

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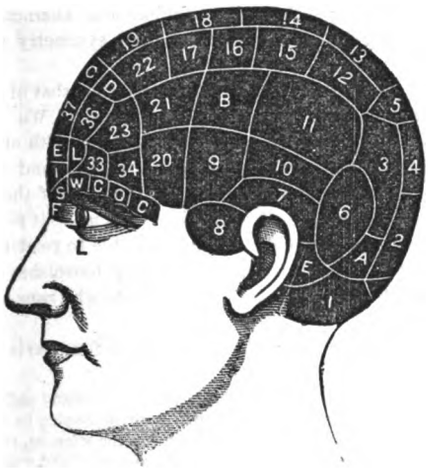

FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM.

"Signs of Character."

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—*Spenser.*

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OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY.

PARENTAL LOVE (2).—Fr. *philogéniture.*—The love of offspring or young children.—*Webster.*

A particular feeling which watches over and provides for the wants of offspring.—*Spurzheim.*

This faculty produces the innate love of young and delight in children.—*Combe.*

LOCATION.—The organ of Parental Love is situated above the middle part of the cerebellum (2, fig. 1), and corresponds with the occipital protuberance. Fig. 3 shows it large, and fig. 4 small.

FUNCTION.—"It is a remarkable ordination of nature," Mr. Combe says, "that the direction of this feeling bears a reference to the weakness and helplessness of its objects, rather than to any other of their physical or moral qualities. The mother dotes with fondest delight on her infant in the first months of its existence, when it presents fewest attractions

FIG. 2.—FEMALE HEAD.

to other individuals; and her solicitude and affection are bestowed longest and most intensely on the feeblest member of her family. On this principle, the youngest is the reigning favorite, unless there be some sickly being of maturer age, who then shares with it the maternal sympathies. The primitive function of the faculty seems to be to inspire with an interest in the helplessness of childhood; but it gives also a softness of manner in treating the feeble and the delicate even in advanced life, and persons in whom this organ is large in combination with Benevolence are better fitted for the duties of a sick-chamber than those in whom Philoprogenitiveness is small. The natural language of the faculty is soft, tender, and endearing. It is essential to a successful teacher of children. Individuals in whom the organ is deficient, have little sympathy with the feeling of the youthful mind, and their tones and manner of communicating instruction repel, instead of engaging, the affections of the scholar. This is the cause why some persons, whose manner, in intercourse with their equals, is unexceptionable, are nevertheless greatly disliked as teachers; and children are generally in the right in their antipathies, although their parents and guardians, judging by their own feelings, imagine them actuated altogether by caprice."

ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES.—The feeling is beautifully represented in the following lines from Byron's "Cain."

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

"ADAH. Where were then the joys,
The mother's joys of watching, nourishing,
And loving him? Soft! He awakes. Sweet Enoch!
(*She goes to the child.*)
Oh, Cain! Look on him; see how full of life,
Of strength, of bloom, of beauty, and of joy,
How like to me—how like to thee, when gentle.
For *then* we are *all* alike: is't not so, Cain?
Mother, and sire, and son, our features are
Reflected in each other.
Look! how he laughs, and stretches out his arms,
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
To hail his father; while his little form
Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk not of pain!
The childless cherubs well might envy thee
The pleasures of a parent! Bless him, Cain,
As yet he hath no words to thank thee, but
His heart will, and thine own too."

The organ may be readily verified by any one who will take the trouble to observe. It is easily found on the head or the bare skull, and its manifestations are equally striking. "Those who possess the feeling in a strong degree, show it in every word and look when children are concerned; and these, again, by a reciprocal tact, or, as it is expressed by the author of Waverly, by a kind of 'free-masonry,' discover at once persons with whom they may be familiar, and use all manner of freedom. It is common, when such an individual appears among them, to see him welcomed with a shout of delight. Other individuals, again, feel the most marked indifference toward children, and are unable to conceal it when betrayed into their company. Romping disconcerts them, and, having no sympathy with children's pranks and prattle, they look on them as the greatest annoyances. The same novelist justly remarks, that, when such persons make advances to children for the purpose of recommend-

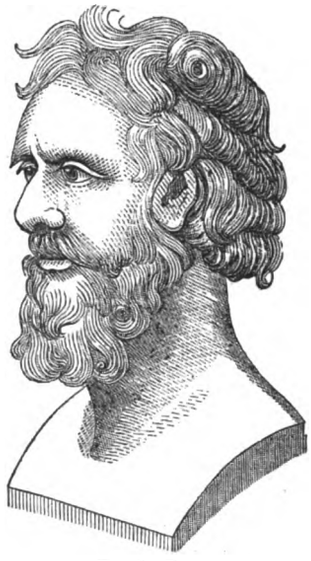

FIG. 5.—PLATO.

ing themselves to the parents, the awkwardness of their attempts is intuitively recognized by the children, and they fail in attracting attention. On examining the heads of two persons thus differently constituted, a large development of this organ will be discovered in the one, which will not be found in the other."

The organ of Parental Love is more prominently developed in the female than in the male head. It is this, in part, that gives its proportionally greater length from the forehead to the occiput in the former. Figs. 4 and 5 indicate this and other differences between the heads of the two sexes. Of course there are exceptions to this general rule. Sometimes the back-head is found small in women, and also occasionally very large in man. In these cases it will generally be found that the woman resembles her father and the man his mother. Some races and nations have this

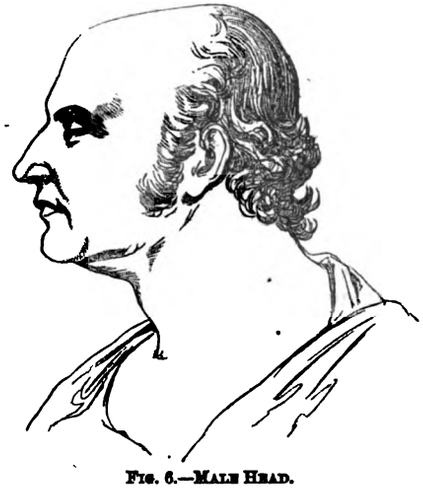

FIG. 6.—MALE HEAD.

faculty more strongly developed than others. It is particularly well developed in the negro, who makes an excellent nurse. In selecting a person to take care of children, always, if possible, take one in whom this organ is full.

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DEFICIENCY.—"Among twenty-nine infanticides, whose heads Drs. Gall and Spurzheim had occasion to examine, the organ of Philoprogenitiveness was very feebly developed in twenty-five. Dr. Gall has oftener than once made the remark, that it is not this defect in development alone which determines a mother to child-murder, but that individuals deficient in this respect yield sooner than others to those unfavorable circumstances which lead to the crime, because they are not endowed with that profound feeling which, in the heart of a good mother, will rise victorious over every such temptation."

PERSEVERANCE.—The act of persevering or persisting in any undertaking; continued pursuit or prosecution of any business or enterprise begun.—*Webster.*

Perseverance results mainly from the action of Firmness, which see.

PHRENOLOGY—Fr. *phrénologie.*—The science of the special functions of the parts of the brain, or of the supposed connection between the various faculties of the mind and their special organs in the brain.—*Webster.*

Phrenology is a science and an art. It is the science of the existence, organization, and mode of action of the mind as embodied, and as related through the body to whatever else exists.—ED.

PHRENOLOGY AS A SCIENCE.—The term "Phrenology" means, strictly, Science of the Brain. This term, in itself, relates only to the immediate material organ and instrument of the mind. It is, however, proper enough; for it is the special characteristic of Phrenology to take the brain into the account—to take the common-sense and practical view which looks at the mind, not as it ought to be, nor as it may be claimed that it must be, but as it is. Mind must (to us who are in the flesh) act through a material instrument. Other mental philosophies have not sufficiently considered this, nor the necessary limitations which such an instrument imposes upon mental action, nor the indications derivable from such an instrument about mental action. As these limitations and indications are of the very utmost importance, and as their introduction with their right dignity into mental science totally revolutionizes it, and makes it for the first time worthy the name of a science, it is eminently proper that they should characterize the name of the science in its new shape.

PHRENOLOGY AS AN ART.—Every science has its corresponding art. The principles of science, when modified into application to the practical demands of life, become the rules of their corresponding art. Phrenology, as an art, consists in judging from the head itself, and from the body in connection with the head, what are the natural tendencies and capabilities of the individual.

PHYSIOGNOMY—Fr. *physiognomonie.*—The face or countenance with respect to the temper of the mind; particular configuration, cast, or expression of countenance.—*Webster.*

The art or science of discerning the character of the mind from the features of the face.—*Lavater.*

In its most general sense, Physiognomy (from φυσις, nature, and γνωμονικος, knowing) signifies a knowledge of nature; but more particularly of the *forms* of things—the configuration of natural objects, whether animate or inanimate. As restricted in its application to man, it may be defined as a knowledge of the relation between the external and the internal, and of the signs through which the character of the mind is indicated by the developments of the body.—ED.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.—Physiognomy seems to have attracted considerable attention among the ancients, but it was with them rather a fanciful art than a natural science. Pythagoras and his disciples believed and practiced it; and Plato mentions it with approbation in "Timæo." Aristotle is said to be the author of a treatise on it, which Diogenes Laertius cites in his "Life of Aristotle." The Sophists generally taught the correspondence between the internal character and the external developments, without being able to explain it.

When the physiognomist Zopyrus declared Socrates to be stupid, brutal, sensual, and a drunkard, the philosopher defended him, saying, "By nature I am addicted to all these vices, and they were restrained and vanquished only by the continual practice of virtue."

The Greek authors on this subject, whose writings have been preserved, were collected and published at Altenburgh, Germany, in 1780, under the title of "Physiognomiæ Veteres Scriptores Græci."

Among the Romans, physiognomy had its professors who disgraced it by connecting it with prognostications of future events; just as the astrologers of the day degraded astronomy. Cicero seems to have been somewhat devoted to it. He defines it as "the art of discovering the manners and disposition of men by observing their bodily characters—the character of the face, the eyes, and the forehead." The remark of Julius Cæsar on the physiognomy of Cassius and Antony is well known,"* and we have a very striking physiognomical description of the Emperor Tiberius by Suetonius.

BENEFITS OF PHYSIOGNOMY.—But, *cui bono?* This question is sure to come up, and may as well be answered here as elsewhere. What *good* will it do?

"Know thyself!" is the injunction of the ancient philosopher; and wise men in all ages have considered self-knowledge as the most useful and important of all learning. Physiognomy furnishes us with the key to this knowledge. It enables us to read our own characters, as legibly recorded on our physical systems, to judge accurately of our strength and our weaknessess, our virtues and our faults; and this self-knowledge is the first step toward self-improvement. Without a knowledge of our physical, mental, and spiritual nature, we must go blindly about the work of developing or disciplining ourselves in either department. One might as well undertake to repair a steam-engine or a watch without any knowledge of mechanism. Knowing ourselves aright, we can, as it were, reconstruct ourselves on an improved plan, correcting unhandsome deviations, moderating excessive developments, supplying deficiencies, molding our characters, and with them our bodies, into symmetry and harmony.

Next to a knowledge of ourselves is that of our fellow-men. We are social beings. We are brought into daily and hourly contact with other social beings. Much of our happiness and success in life depends upon the character of the intercourse we hold with them. To make it pleasant and profitable we must be able to read men as an open book. Physiognomy furnishes the alphabet, which, once learned, "he who runs may read."

See our new "Physiognomy," in four parts ($1 each).

PORTA, Giovanni Battista Della, a natural philosopher and mathematician, was born in Naples in 1540. He devoted a great part of his life to the sciences, established two academies for their promotion, and was the inventor of the camera obscura.—*Appleton's Cyclopedia of Biography.*

Porta wrote a large number of treatises on scientific subjects, and in 1598 published a folio entitled "De Humana Physiognomia," which entitles him to be considered one of the founders of modern physiognomy.

A NEW SIGN.—If length of the nose from the root downward is the sign of Apprehension, and height at the lower end, of Inquisitiveness, is not height, at the upper end, next the brain, above Attack, a sign of *Preparation?* It looks reasonable for one to have preparation before attack; and as that quality must be at the root of thorough and successful attack, so does this sign appear at the root of the nose.

I have a cousin, now a very successful schoolteacher, who, at the age of twenty-one, had a Roman nose, or large Attack, and at that time he was very overbearing in his conduct; but being driven by loss of fortune to exert himself, and feeling his qualifications as a teacher not thorough, he set himself about making them so, and now in all he does I think he is remarkable for that trait, and his nose has become thoroughly Grecian—not by the sinking of the sign of Attack, but by a rise above, and there is now almost no depression visible at the root. J. T.

WHAT IS DUST?—A curious experiment has been made by Dr. Reichenbach, of Vienna. He believes in the existence of a cosmical powder or dust which exists all through space and which sometimes becomes agglomerated so as to form large and small meteorolites, while at other times it reaches the surface of our earth in the form of an impalpable powder. We know that meteorolites are mainly composed of nickel, cobalt, iron, phosphorus, etc. Well, Dr. Reichenbach went to the top of a mountain, which had never been touched by a spade or pickaxe, and collected there some dust, which he analyzed, and found it to contain nickel, and cobalt, and phosphorus, and magnesia. People have wondered where the minute quantity of phosphorus, so generally distributed on the surface of the earth, came from. The doctor, however, has discovered it in the mysterious invisible rain, which henceforth must be looked upon as quite as necessary for vegetation as the water which falls from the clouds.

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* "Would he were *fatter:* but I fear him not;
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much:
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything;
Such men are never at heart's ease
While they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are very dangerous."

SHAKSPEARE, *Julius Cæsar, Act I.*

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Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

TO THE BOYS.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

"WHY don't you say something to the boys?"

That was the question we were asked the other day. And we balanced our pen on the top story of the pen-rack and thought the matter over.—Sure enough, why didn't we say something "to the boys?" They need a lecture badly enough; but we don't propose to lecture them; they wouldn't be any worse off for a good fifteen-headed sermon, but we are not exactly in the sermonizing line. The fact is, that boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty-six require delicate diplomacy and astute management. Like the celebrated animal of Hibernian fable, they must not know that they are being "driven to Cork." Fancy a small human being like ourself attempting to "lecture" people that could look over the top of our head without the least difficulty! Why, we shouldn't have the face to do it.

But there are some things we should like to say to them, in a gossiping, friendly sort of way. We don't mind confessing (to the "PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL" alone, and in a strictly confidential spirit) that we are rather partial than otherwise to boys. We like 'em—that is, when they have fairly outgrown the cat-persecuting, sugar-stealing, orchard-robbing, and generally diabolical stage peculiar to the species. A frank, straightforward, honest young man who looks you pleasantly in the eye and says what he has got to say as though he meant it, is—well, he's *almost* equal to a frank, straightforward young *woman*, and that, according to our ideas, is saying a good deal. But, boys, there are some characteristics on which you are capable of improvement still. You are not perfect yet—no, not by several points of the compass!

To begin with,—why don't you talk a little more truth and reason, and a little less nonsense, to the girls? "You *do* talk sense?" That's altogether a mistake. Just remember what the chief topics of conversation were last evening. How do you suppose it would read, phonographed by an experienced reporter? Wouldn't it bring the color into your cheeks, and make you feel a little ashamed of yourself? "The girls like it." Now do you think that is an honest conclusion to come to? Have you ever given them a fair chance? Did you ever try the experiment of rational conversation? The girls can not very well help themselves, if you go off on the creamy tide of flattery and trifling. They will have to follow too. Did you ever notice the change that comes over the spirit of the dream when half a dozen gentlemen, talking politics, literature, or every-day events, are invaded by the apparition of a young lady in their midst? If they were hatching high treason, or plotting a bank burglary, they couldn't sheer away from the subject under discussion with more instantaneous speed, taking refuge in the shallow platitudes of weather, fashion, and hollow commonplace. Very complimentary to women in general, isn't it?

Boys, don't fall into this egregious error! Talk to a girl as though she had the ordinary allowance of brains, and, take our word for it, she will find some way of expressing her gratitude.

We should like to say a few words about that cigar, and that package of tin-foil in your pockets, and those occasional glasses of wine or—something stronger—that you believe in, as a part of your manly privileges! But perhaps it isn't worth while. If your own common sense and strong wills do not induce you to abjure such customs, no remonstrance of ours would produce any effect! "A sensible woman, to hold her tongue," you will probably say. Pity we can't return the compliment and say, "Sensible *men!*" That's our own private opinion, however, and in no way connected with the matter in hand!

There is another fatal mistake you are some of you making. You fancy that it won't do for you to marry—that you can not afford it. The question is, Can you afford to live solitary and single all your days—to degenerate into units in life's great sum? It is all very well to talk about independence now, while the world lies stretched out before you and you have youth and health and strength at your command. But you may think differently when you are a buttonless, frayed-out old bachelor with rheumatism, and all the other isms, and nobody in the world that cares enough about you even to hear you grumble! You can't afford to marry? Every man with arms strong enough to work, and a heart strong enough to love, can afford to marry! Start on a capital of nothing at all, if need be, and your manly energy must do the rest! If you can't earn a living as clerk, lawyer, or broker in the East, go and hew a living out of the grand forests and aureate mines in the West. Demand it of the responsive South—compel it of the frozen North. If you want it, you will be pretty sure to get it, and a wife is surely worth *some* trouble!

The fact is, that you don't, as a general thing, do the girls justice. Because you are poor and obscure, you fancy they will not listen to your suit. Nonsense! You may be as awkward as Caliban, as plain as Cromwell, as poor as Job in his most poverty-stricken days, but if they fix their little fancies on your five or six feet of humanity, they will have you, and love you, and cherish you as tenderly as if you were a royal prince with all the graces of a Chevalier Bayard. It's a way women have! It is *you* they like—not money, or rank, or exterior charm; *you*, strange as it may seem! If you are a boy worth anything at all, there is a demure little girl somewhere who is just silly enough to believe in you most implicitly, and that little girl will be the best ally you can have in fighting the battle of a livelihood!

Suppose you think over this subject well and seriously before you decide finally and irrevocably to live and die an old bachelor!

Moreover, don't allow yourselves to be discouraged because you are not what the world calls a "ladies' man," because you can not dance as gracefully, or hold a fan as skillfully, or whisper pretty complimentary nothings as readily as somebody else. You will find that nobody wants a "ladies' man" for a companion through life, agreeable as he may be in ball-room or promenade.

Don't blush when you are caught in a rusty coat, or an old-fashioned hat, going sensibly about your business; don't fancy that your character will stand any higher for wearing expensive kid gloves every day, or hiring somebody to do for you what you can a great deal better do for yourself. Don't be foolishly extravagant for fear some brainless fool will think you are "mean." Just ask yourself what is best and right, and then go ahead and do it, no matter what people say or think. And if you have been unfortunate enough to do a foolish thing, don't shrink away from the consequences, but stand up and meet them like a man. Oh, boys, how many of the evils of this world are brought on by a little lack of moral courage!

Have we gossiped long enough? Perhaps we have; perhaps there will be no room in the columns of the "PHRENOLOGICAL" for those sly hints we were about to whisper regarding the letters you write to your particular feminine friends and the long evenings you dream away, careless and purposeless, and the dollars you throw away, when dimes would be all-sufficient, and the tight boots you wear, in bold defiance of coming corns, and the indigestible restaurant dinners you devour, as if there were no retributive dyspepsia impending, and the number of pairs of kid gloves you wear per annum, and forty other things which are none of our business. Do not suppose, however, that we are not actively interested in all these matters just because we happen to be a woman. We *could* say a great deal about them, only we have concluded to be merciful this once, and besides, as we said before, we always *were* partial to the offenders as a class! Perhaps they won't do so any more.

FAITH.

HAVE confidence, dear friend, in love,
And let thy doubts depart;
'Tis born in the bright realms above,
Close keep it in thy heart.

'Twill soothe thee, when distressed with pain
To know loved ones are near,
'Twill drive pale sorrow from the brain,
And dry the falling tear.

Oh, trust in friendship's storied might,
It hath strange healing powers;
Its flow of sympathy o'er bright
Will soften life's sad hours.

Cast not the precious pearl aside,
Friends are not easy won—
But follow her, whate'er betide,
Her light's a radiant sun.

Center thy faith in the Divine,
Look t'ward a home on high,
Where joy and peace serenely reign,
Where friendships never die.

In Heaven's ark of safety rest
Till summoned hence away,
Then mayst thou dwell among the blest,
And bask in endless day.

A. D.

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WANTED—A HOME.

A STRANGE QUESTION.

DOES some one want a daughter? If so, please listen to my story. I am not yet twenty years old; I am an adopted child in a rather large family; I have little personal knowledge of my relatives, except that I am of legitimate birth. I am kindly treated by most of these by whom I am surrounded, still there is bitterness in my lot. There are some conditions in life that depress the mental powers and deprive the soul of the elevation of which it is capable. I think my own one of those. I feel so strong a yearning for those advantages which can make me a more perfect creature in soul and body, and to have them combined with the sweetness of home which my fancy so vividly pictures would be a pleasure inexpressible.

ASPIRATIONS.

I have a strong, deep love of art, and though untrained, my hand is not unskilled in portraying any object that draws my attention, or the fancies and visions that flit over my brain; these productions of my hand are admired by many, and purchased by a few; but I know too little of the rules, and have no advantages of study and teaching, and no proper place in or materials with which to practice my art for general sale that might enable me to better my condition and perfect my skill. I love the beautiful in art and nature, the glories of the sunrise and sunset, a grand or beautiful landscape; a picture full of that subtile charm which comes only from a masterly imitation of nature, thrills my heart with a delight so deep and strange, that with the longing for some one to sympathize and understand, it becomes almost a pain.

EDUCATION.

My opportunities for education have consisted of some common schooling, and my love of reading which I have had from childhood, and which I have been kindly allowed to gratify in a great degree.

SOUL AND BODY.

In the great and noble thoughts of writers, ancient and modern, I have drank delightedly, and my mind accompanied them in their soul-searchings with eagerness, wondering at the great mystery of human life and the workings of the soul, and its undoubted influence upon the body which enshrines it. That the influences around us, and the impressions the soul takes from its surroundings, do affect the body and mold its forms and expressions, I am fully satisfied. This I mistily felt long ago; but those around me, I think, never thought of it as a possibility; and my unassisted mind traversed many dark and devious ways ere it learned the way in which soul and body could be improved and perfected, and with faith and care make realities the possibilities of both.

"HINTS TOWARD PHYSICAL PERFECTION."

I know that by using as rightly as I am able the advantages I do possess, I have advanced considerably in increasing the harmonious relation of soul and body, and improved both physically and morally. In the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL I first found many truths which struck me forcibly, and which experience and observation have confirmed. I afterward purchased "Hints Toward Physical Perfection," by D. H. Jacques, and in it found numberless valuable hints and truths and really useful knowledge which I have endeavored to reduce to practice. These have not deceived or misled me in as far as my condition in life permits me to practice them; and were I but free from uncongenial surroundings, encircled by sweet home associations, loved by older and wiser hearts, with these refining influences and advantages, I feel that I could become fitted to give and receive pleasure in the companionship of kindred minds which would form a link strong as relationship; gratitude would in no wise express the feelings which would be mine. I have a strong natural love and yearning for home, but that which has been mine has ceased to seem home in that full, deep, sweet sense which my heart ever pictures it.

AN INWARD VOICE.

In one of my lonely rambles, I was looking at the blue, misty horizon and thinking how wide the world was, and how if my soul were but winged I could fly on and find some one who would recognize my need of help, and whose hearts would receive welcome and cherish me, to whom I might be a daughter, and I am sure I could have for them an affection no less strong. There are such in this great, wide world, my heart said, but I have no way or means to find them and acquaint them with my strange-seeming wish. "Make your pen speak for you," said an inward voice; and with many fears and doubtings I commenced to write this, but should perhaps have abandoned it ere this but for the encouragement of a friend to whom I confided my design and asked advice, and who is older and wiser than I, but who sympathizes with me, and helps me as far as possible though possessing a family of her own; so hoping, yet doubting, I have written, and now await the event with a prayer for higher help and guidance. ALICE.

CELIBATE'S SOLILOQUY.

To *wed*, or *not* to wed? That is the "question,"
Whether it's as well for a bach. to suffer
The *peculiarities* of single life,
Or take a loving damsel to the parson's
And stand the consequences? To eat, to sleep,
No more?—Aye, there is much more!
Even a thousand *unnatural* "bonnets,"
Besides all the "responsibilities"
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Which won't pay expenses. To eat, to sleep—
To sleep! Perchance to wake—aye, there's the rub!
For in that "sleep," so-called, what *squalls* may come,
When we have shuffled off our pantaloons,
To get up in the cold! "That's what's the matter"—
What makes us leave "interesting widows;"
For who would bear an old bachelor's woes,
Maidenly revenge (the *coquette's* deviltry),
The pangs of despised love, "your own's" *delay*,
Certain "hints" from the old folks, and the spurns
That *patient* merit at last gets—from the girl!—
When he might his—*storekeeper* please
By getting married? Who would beget "jokes"—
"And nothing else"—by "single-*distressedness*,"
But that the dread of something—or other—
In the state of matrimony (from whose bourne
No bachelor returns) ties the tongue,
"And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?"
Thus "conscience" doth make us bachelors all brave;
And thus the native hue—of greenness
Ripens to the golden luster of rich thought,
And flirtations of "great pith" in the *single*
Barrel of life "go down!" and thence *may* "pop"—
But *never* touch "the question." BLUNDERBUSS.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

I HAVE often noticed that those were the happiest who seemed to think of self least. There is nothing to be compared with the sweet satisfaction of imparting comfort and solace to the bereaved in their afflictions, or to the sick and dying in those gloomy hours which sooner or later will come to all.

Well do I remember, when teaching in the pleasant village of C., a distressed family whose unwelcome guests were poverty, sickness, and death. Learning of their condition, I dismissed school for a few days and entered that dwelling as nurse, cook, comforter, and "maid of all work."

Never shall I forget the deep feeling of joy and gratitude which filled to overflowing the hearts of this suffering family as I ministered to their many necessities. The treasures which earth affords could bear no comparison with the rich reward I then and there received in my own soul!

In reviewing the past, I find those were the happiest hours of my life which were spent in attempting to soothe the aching hearts and to help the needy and the suffering. I would not exchange the blissful memories of such scenes for all the miser's shining gold.

How many we see in our intercourse with the world who are blessed with an abundance of wealth, and yet who seemingly never bestow a penny or a thought on the cheerless homes and desponding hearts around them. No wonder such souls are like barren deserts. What know they of the joys of active charity? of God-like benevolence? The pearly tear of gratitude which wells up from a warm and throbbing heart, they never saw! The blessing of those ready to perish, rested down on their heads—never! The elevating spirit of love for humanity never warmed or expanded their dwarfed and selfish hearts. "How can I best increase my riches and promote my own selfish interests generally," is the only problem they seek to solve! Heaven help all such in the last trying hour, when the world with all its vanities recedes from their view! Then will they hear that voice saying, "I was an hungered, sick, and in prison, but ye ministered not unto me." H. J. S., GLOVER, VT.

THE GRAVE OF THE INDIAN WIFE.—The most affecting story I ever read was of an Indian who, driven from his humble home, had first to bury his wife beneath a neighboring tree. Over the precious grave he planted a vine; it clung to the tree as the live Indian's soul to the Great Spirit. Year after year, from day to day, he visited the tree, with the vine sending its perfume of flowers and clusters of fruit toward the heavens as if it were the symbol of her pure spirit. When he came again, the white man, his ruthless dispossessor, had been there—had cut down the tree—had torn off the vine, and burned it to black ashes on the very grave! Words can not finish the story.

W. H. G.

IT would seem to be dangerous to walk abroad when the leaves shoot and the flowers display their pistils.

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Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—Cabanis.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—Hosea iv. 6.

CHOLERA—IS IT CONTAGIOUS?

We think it expedient to say something in reference to the cholera question which is now being much discussed in scientific circles, and agitating the public mind. We take up the subject mainly for the purpose of allaying apprehension so far as we can by a succinct review of certain facts which have come to our knowledge.

Cholera sometimes assumes the *epidemic* character. This is the cholera which, according to the announcements of the learned, will probably visit the shores of America in 1866. Many start at the word "epidemic" and interpret it as synonymous with contagious. Here is their mistake, an error calculated to induce anxiety, dread, and even terror—the tendency of which feelings is to predispose those who experience them to the very disorder they would fly from. An epidemic is a plague—a pestilence—a visitation of Providence, if you will—a chastisement for the sins of the people. The Bible record furnishes several instances of such visitations, and it may be safe for us to attribute their infliction in modern times to the same sad cause. Epidemic cholera exists by force of a poison mysteriously disseminated through the atmosphere. Of the nature of this poison we are as yet quite in the dark. It moves in the form of a volume or field, occupying more or less space, and is transferred by the prevailing winds from place to place. Hence cholera is not *brought*—it *comes*, preceding sometimes persons who in their fear fly from place to place to avoid it. Wherever it goes, all those within its influence who may be predisposed by certain conditions, such as indigestion, debility, uncleanness, and especially fear, are likely to be affected.

It is notorious that even in densely populated cities where this epidemic has raged with the most fearful virulence, a physician rarely contracts it. Were it *contagious*, physicians would be the readiest victims from the very nature of their vocation.

The testimony of physicians and eye-witnesses in reference to the main features of the recent cholera epidemic in Asia and Europe clearly demonstrates its non-contagious character.

Dr. Jameson says that of between two hundred and fifty and three hundred physicians engaged in cholera practice in Bengal, Hindostan, only *three* took the disease.

At Bombay, *none* of the hospital attendants were attacked, though they were assisting the patients day and night.

The Madras report shows that in the hospital of the Royals only one out of one hundred and one attendants was attacked, and at the receiving hospitals for cholera patients at Trinchinopoly, St. Thomas du Mount, and Madras, the attendants were numerous and sometimes shared the same bed with patients, yet *not one* took the disease.

Dr. Lefevre, physician to the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, Russia, reports as follows:

"In private practice, among those in easy circumstances, I have known the wife attend the husband, the husband attend the wife, parents their children, children their parents—and in fatal cases, where from long attendance and anxiety of mind we might expect the influence of predisposition to operate, in *no instance* have I found the disease communicated to the attendants."

During the prevalence of the epidemic at Moscow, five hundred and eighty seven persons affected with cholera were admitted into a hospital where there were already eight hundred and sixty patients laboring under other diseases. *Not a single one* of the latter took the cholera.

An extreme case occurred at Warsaw where Dr. Foy, and ten others, in the course of certain experiments, having for their object the ascertainment of the communicability of cholera, inoculated themselves with the blood of cholera patients, tasted their dejections, and inhaled their breath without receiving the disease. Many other similar facts could be presented. One thing, however, is certain, that in crowded, filthy, and ill-ventilated places, where health at any time is at a discount, the disease takes an *apparently* infectious character. The truth is that the occupants of such miserable places are more constitutionally predisposed to the disease than their more fortunate fellow-citizens who breathe pure air, and reside in clean and well-regulated dwellings.

If we are to be visited by the scourge this year or the next, it would be well for us to observe all the rules which health prescribes—to eat plain, wholesome food, avoid stimulants of all kinds, to wash frequently and thoroughly, to take abundant exercise, courting the sunlight and air of outdoor life, and above all to preserve a cheerful spirit, a kindly disposition, and placing our trust in a merciful Providence. These are the best sanitary measures, and if carefully observed will reduce the record of cholera mortality even below the standard of the ordinary weekly returns of mortality in our city.

TALL AND SHORT.

As regards country and town life, M. Villerme has ascertained, contrary to the generally received notion, that the inhabitants of towns are, on an average, a little taller than those of country districts. M. Quetelet found the same rule to apply in Brabant, where, after nearly ten thousand measurements, he ascertained that town people are, on an average, three quarters of an inch taller than country folk. Much discussion has taken place in connection with the question at what age we cease to grow. M. Quetelet shows that, in Belgium, at any rate, men not only grow between twenty and twenty-five years of age, but even on to thirty. Among nine hundred soldiers and recruits whom he measured, this was perceptibly the case, although the increase was, of course, but small. Dr. Knox, of Edinburgh, some time ago, observed a similar fact; young men leaving the University at twenty or twenty-two years of age, and returning seven or eight years afterward, had increased not only in breadth but in height.

The average height of conscripts, twenty years old, taken from the whole of France, for renewing the Imperial armies, is found to be five feet three inches and a half. Were it not that the French are very accurate in these matters, one might almost doubt whether the average was so low. Only one French soldier in forty is above five feet eight inches high; many of them barely reach five feet. It is the opinion of army surgeons that the maintenance of large standing armies tends to lessen the average height of the population of a country, by various direct and indirect agencies. Mr. Cowell, one of the factory inspectors, some years ago, measured as well as weighed many of the factory operatives at various ages; but as Lancashire mill folk are very prone to wooden shoes of formidable thickness, and as it is not stated whether Mr. Cowell included or excluded these substantial understandings, it may be well to pass over his tabulations unnoticed. Young men in a good station in life are rather taller than those who have more privations to bear. Of eighty Cambridge students, between eighteen and twenty-three years of age, the average height was over five feet nine. It appears to be pretty certain, from the average of a large number of instances, that the height remains constant only from about the age of thirty to that of fifty—a slight average growth until the former limit, a slight average diminution after the latter. Among all the adults of all classes measured by M. Quetelet, he found that fully developed and well-formed men varied from four feet ten inches to six feet two inches, with an average of five feet six inches; and fully developed and well-formed women varied from four feet seven inches to five feet eight inches, with an average of about five feet two inches.

M. Virey says: "Tall men are generally much more weak and slow than short men, for all exertions both of body and mind. If men of high stature are preferred, for their fine appearance, in the body-guard of princes, and in the service of eminent persons, they are certainly neither the most robust nor the most active; but they are docile, candid, and *naive*, little prone to conspire for evil, and faithful even to the worst master. In war they are more fitted for defense than attack; whereas an impetuous and brusque action suits better for short and vivacious men. Tall men are mostly tame and insipid, like watery vegetables; insomuch that we seldom hear of a very tall man becoming a very great man. Little men manifest a character more firm and decided than those lofty and soft-bodied people whom we can lead more easily both morally and physically." Let all little men rejoice at such an opinion as this, and especially at the following incident: An Empress of Germany, in the seventeenth century, to gratify a whim, caused all the giants and dwarfs in the empire to be brought to court. As it was feared that the giants would terrify the dwarfs, means were taken to keep the peace; but instead of this, the dwarfs teased, insulted, and robbed the giants to such an extent, that the lengthy fellows complained with tears in their eyes; and sentinels had to be posted to protect the giants from the dwarfs.

Nevertheless, "*size is the measure of power*," that is, other things being equal, among which "*quality*" is the most important; a cannon is greater than a pocket-pistol; a telescope than a spy-glass; a horse than a pony, and so forth.

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LARGE MEN.

THE Chicago *Evening Journal* says: "Kentucky was first settled by men from Virginia, the hardiest among the inhabitants of the old commonwealth—men who possessed unusual resolution and strength of bodily constitution. They traveled seven or eight hundred miles without roads, through an unbroken wilderness, inhabited only by wild beasts and savage Indians. Men of such a stamp, arriving in a new and perfectly wild country, were compelled to adopt the most simple and most natural habits of life, living in well-ventilated cabins, and whose daily bill of fare was corn bread and the wild meat of the country, and with abundance of labor in the open air. These simple habits of life, practiced by such a hardy stock, could not fail to give to their offspring great size and the most perfect physical development. Thus for two generations the men of Kentucky surpassed in size and physical endurance those of any other State. But at this time but few of these large men are to be seen—a mere remnant of a former generation remains.

"The average height of the men in the interior of Ohio is five feet ten and a half inches, five inches above that of the Belgians, two and a half inches above that of the English recruits, and one and a half inches above that of the Scotch Highlanders. Of the two hundred and thirty individuals taken promiscuously for measurement, fifty-nine (one fourth) were six feet two inches. The great size of the Vermonter may safely be attributed to the character of the country and climate, which are favorable to industry and simple habits of living."

The excessive use of tobacco on the part of many young men tends to stunt and stop their growth. They become thin, cadaverous, spindle-shanked, lantern-jawed, and lank from this cause. The use of whisky, beer, etc., is another cause of the degeneracy of the race. Still another is in the fact that young men sap the foundations of their constitutions by bad habits, excesses, and by violating the laws of their being. Young ladies lace tight, feed on condiments, keep late hours, fail to sleep plentifully, and thus become fashionably effeminate and small. Where all this must end it is easy to predict. But we can mend—we can improve—we can transmit an improved or a degenerate posterity. Reader, how is it with you? Are you on the right track? Or are you going down, *down*, DOWN?

IS IT GOOD FOR THE BOYS?

BOYS think tobacco is good—at any rate they persist in trying to use it though it makes them ill, as if they thought it would prove to be good. A boy nine years of age was recently brought in for examination by his mother, and having a twenty-two inch brain, we advised him never to touch tobacco, because it had such a tendency to induce the blood to the brain and keep the body lean and little. We remarked that if he ever expected to be a full-sized man he must keep clear of tobacco as he would of any other poison. The mother remarked that she had seen enough of the use of tobacco to make her very earnest in training her boy relative to its use. She said her husband used tobacco for ten or more years, becoming lean, bilious, and sickly; that when he became so weak and ill that he could hardly walk or sit up, he would smoke several cigars a day. Finally the doctors informed him that he must quit using tobacco or go to his grave. This brought him to his senses, and he resolved to try the experiment. From that day he used tobacco no more, and in three months' time he went from a weight of 130 up to 185 pounds, and became as hardy, healthy, and robust a man as could be seen in a day's ride. That woman thinks tobacco is not good for boys, and she is sure it is not good for men. She is determined that her boys shall be kept from it. If parents could *realize* the extent of the evil resulting from the use of tobacco, especially by youth, they would certainly refrain from setting them the bad example. The appetites of *all* tobacco-users are *perverted*, and they are in an abnormal condition of body and mind.

TELEGRAPHING.

A CORRESPONDENT, engaged in telegraphing, writes us as follows: "Perhaps you can give me some information relative to the matter of preserving my health. I am a telegraph operator, and obliged to labor at my desk from twelve to fourteen hours per day in order to satisfy my employers. Allow me to suggest that you do not recommend telegraphing to persons who love good health. Your views are respectfully solicited."

To reply to this correspondent properly, the questions naturally arise—Is telegraphing a necessary business? Can its proper duties be performed and the health of the operator be maintained?

We think we must answer these questions in the spirit which governed a case of church discipline in Massachusetts about thirty years ago. An acquaintance of ours, a member of the Church, was engaged in running a blast-furnace, and it is customary, universally, to keep such furnaces running Sundays. The church of which our friend was a member called him to account for working a portion of each Sunday. It was shown on investigation that a blast-furnace could not be neglected on Sunday, that it took more than a week to get it started or "fired up," and that it must be attended to night and day, month after month, in order to make iron. The questions then naturally came up—Is iron necessary? Can it be made without working to some extent on Sunday? If it can not, and somebody must attend it, may not a Christian do that service rightfully as well as a sinner, or a non-professor of Christianity?

That grave body decided that iron was indispensable, that it could not be made in a blast-furnace without being looked after on Sunday, and that if iron must be made and worked at on Sunday, a member of the Church may do it. And the good brother was permitted to go on his way exonerated from blame or censure.

Now telegraphing is necessary; somebody must do it, and we can not therefore recommend everybody to keep out of it. We doubt whether it is worse to be a telegrapher than to be an ordinary book-keeper, engraver, watchmaker, type-setter, or to follow a hundred other useful and necessary pursuits.

Were we to have subject to our direction a strong, brawny, muscular young man, well adapted to being master of a vessel, manager of a cattle train on a railway, or of a mine, or a lumber mill, or to follow the employments of farming, ship-building, etc., we would not recommend him to enter into those lighter occupations. Our private opinion is, that telegraphing might, in the main, be done by women as well as by men. Ten thousand women are to-day balancing between starvation and vice on the one hand, and occupation and virtue on the other. Let them do the lighter work, and let the men who are able to do it, make iron and railroads, and subdue the wild lands and make them blossom with culture and wealth.

Our young men are rushing to the cities. Ten young men want to be merchants where one is willing to manufacture or produce something to be bought and sold as merchandise; and it is a shame and a scandal that it is so. There is hardly a State in the Union, even the oldest of them, that is half subdued and cultivated as it ought to be. Men push away from the seaboard to the West. They go a thousand miles to find land and room in which to work, while the State of New Jersey, small as it is, has a million of acres of land to-day lying waste, and which, located as it is between the two great markets of New York and Philadelphia—more money could be made by garden and fruit culture than could be made on the richest prairies of the West by raising ordinary crops.

But how shall the telegrapher maintain his health? The answer to this question will cover the employments of the editor, teacher, artist, engraver, and all other workers in sedentary pursuits. In the first place, sedentary men generally eat too heartily. A breakfast of ham and eggs, and a dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding with strong coffee will not answer for an indoor man. If one is in the forest, in the harvest-field, or is building houses, or ships and navigating them, he may eat heartily, digest, and convert such food into blood, bone, and muscle. Men should not use tobacco; one half of the nervousness, dyspepsia, and ill health of indoor men may be traced to the use of tobacco or other stimulants. Probably three fourths, if not eight tenths, of all the telegraphic operators in the country either smoke or chew or both, and otherwise dissipate, and then charge the twelve or fourteen hours' confinement with the whole of the difficulty. We recommend such persons to eat but little oily food, to partake freely of fruit, to avoid coffee, tobacco, alcoholic liquors, and to take plenty of vigorous exercise.

No man who has an hour's time at his disposal need become dyspeptical for want of exercise. If he has no wood to saw, let him use the light dumb bells; or if he has nothing in his hand "but his fist," let him take gymnastic exercise and strike out from the shoulder, and swing his arms, and thus get ample exercise. This will really build him up in strength, and he will have good digestion and circulation. With an hour's exercise in the morning, or a few leisure moments which can be used when unemployed, during business hours, one can get as much exercise as is needed for health. Let a person sit near a window where the sunlight comes pouring in, and its influence will strengthen, and toughen, and stimulate to health as it does plants.

If one works but fourteen hours a day, and can get eight or nine hours' sleep, which he needs, health can be maintained. In such cases *free* gymnastic exercise, that is without apparatus, must be interjected in the intervals of business. An engraver, a tailor, a watchmaker, a telegrapher, or a book-keeper can, ten times a day, stand up and take all sorts of free gymnastic exercise a minute or two at a time, and do as much, nay more, work at his vocation than to plod continuously, and thereby build up and maintain health and vigor. Who will not try it?

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On Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight;
Lovely, but solemn it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

Some years since a temperance man moved with his family from South Carolina to the West. The scarceness of the population and the continual travel past the place rendered it a necessary act of humanity in him frequently to entertain travelers who could not go farther. Owing to the frequency of these calls, he resolved to enlarge his house, and put up the usual sign.

Soon after this, an election came on; the triumphant party felt that it was a wonderful victory, and some young bloods of the majority determined, in honor of it, to have a regular "blow out." Accordingly, mounted on their fine prairie horses, they started on a long ride.

Every tavern on their route was visited, and the variety thus drank produced a mixture which added to the noise and boisterousness of the party. In this condition they came, about a dozen in number, to our quiet temperance tavern. The landlord and lady were absent—the eldest daughter, fourteen years of age, and five younger children, were alone in the house.

These gentlemen (for they called themselves such) asked for liquor.

"We keep none," was the reply of the young girl.

"What do you keep tavern for then."

"For the accommodation of travelers."

"Well, accommodate us with something to drink."

"You will see by the sign that we keep a temperance tavern."

"A temperance tavern?" (Here the children cluster around their sister.) "Give me an axe, and I'll cut down the sign."

"You will find an axe at the wood-pile, sir."

Here the party, each one with an oath, made a rush to the wood-pile, exclaiming:

"Down with the sign!" "Down with the sign!"

But the leader, in going out, discovered in an adjoining room a splendid piano and its accompaniments.

"Who makes this thing squeak?" said he

"I play sometimes," said she, in a modest way.

"You do? Give us a tune."

"Certainly, sir;" and taking the stool, while the children formed a circle close to her, she sung and played "The Old Arm Chair." Some of them had never heard the piano before; others had not heard one for years. The tumult soon hushed, the whip-and-spur gentlemen were drawn back from the wood-pile, and formed a circle outside the children.

The leader again spoke: "Will you be so kind as to favor us with another song?"

Another was played, and the children becoming reassured, some of them joined their sweet voices with their sister's.

One song would touch the sympathies of the strangers, another melt them in grief; one would arouse their patriotism, another their chivalry and benevolence, until, at length, ashamed to ask for more, they each made a low bow, thanked her, wished her a good-afternoon, and left as quietly as if they had been to a funeral.

Months after this occurrence the father, in traveling, stopped at a village, where a gentleman accosted him:

"Are you Col. P——, of S——?"

"I am."

"Well, sir, I was spokesman of the party who so grossly insulted your innocent family, threatening to cut down your sign, and spoke so rudely to your children. You have just cause to be proud of your daughter, sir; her noble bearing and fearless courage were remarkable in one so young and unprotected. Can you pardon me, sir? I feel that I can never forgive myself."

TRUTH.

From the most remote ages, even from that unfortunate hour when our first parents lost Eden, there have been in the world two great powers diametrically opposite in character, waging an incessant warfare with each other—a warfare which will only cease when "the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat." These contestants are Truth and Error.

The long duration of this warfare has been marked by alternations of success. At times, even when circumstances seemed most unfavorable, Truth has risen like a giant, and victorious over its prostrate foe, unfurled its glorious banner to the breeze of heaven, proclaiming far and wide to rejoicing millions its triumph. But, alas! more frequently, Error has obtained the ascendancy, and flaunted its black flag with malignant glee in the faces of an oppressed and misguided humanity.

Civilization advances hand in hand with Truth. Truth imparts vigor, earnestness, and efficiency to the progress of improvement. Whatever is sound and substantial, upon which may be built a structure worthy of our respect and admiration, must have Truth for its corner-stone. And unless this element be an ingredient, the whole fabric will sooner or later topple down into utter ruin.

The record of past ages, thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers now no more, bears impressive witness to the corroding, subverting influence of Error.

The testimony of many an ancient city once the pride and glory of mighty nations, of the existence of which a few shattered columns are now the only silent remains, confirms our assertion. Corrupt civil institutions, intestine war, or foreign embroilments, all born in and promoted by Error, led to their fall and destruction. Thus was

"The glory of Athens, the splendor of Rome,
Dissolved and forever like dew in the foam."

But let us turn from the contemplation of these melancholy evidences of Error triumphant, to single out here and there some bright event which Truth inspired, the beneficial results of which are still seen and cherished. Alone stood Martin Luther before the Diet at Worms, and boldly enunciated his religious convictions amid the thunders of Rome and the threatenings of legislators. Truth through him achieved then a glorious success, and flashed the light of the Reformation from nation to nation. The reign of bigotry and superstition had ended, henceforth God's providence might be interpreted in the pages of His revealed Word. How great a triumph was here! a triumph which caused the very arches of heaven to reverberate with the vocal demonstrations of joy and gratitude poured forth by the angelic hosts; while the baffled legions of hell shrank back with muttered imprecations into the deeper recesses of their terrible abode.

Again, in the 17th century, Truth achieved a grand success. Galileo, rejecting the false sophistry of the ancient philosophers, demonstrated conclusively the revolution of the earth and planetary bodies around the sun. Hitherto the Ptolemaic system had been taught, which fixed the earth as the center of the universe, and around such a system, backed up by the ingenious subtilties of speculative philosophy, clustered political and religious prejudices. To assert a different doctrine was heresy; to maintain it, was to subject the teacher to inquisitorial torment and death. Science found no sympathy when she would propagate new doctrines to the overthrow of old fallacies. Galileo, in the presence of the inquisitors, bowed with age and wrung with torture, abjured his former declaration; but its light had already flashed forth, and no abjuration could check its progress. The truth was known—science rejoiced. The darkness which had hung over creation was dispelled, and the wonderful dispositions of its eternal Author were exhibited in a clear and exalted light. Galileo felt the power of truth within his soul, and notwithstanding his recantation was moved to say, "And yet it moves."

Since that time there have been oft-recurring successes in science, in art, in politics, in the moral condition of the human race, each giving new impulse to the onward march of civilization, and inscribing new victories on the empyrean banner of Truth. The conflicts between Truth and Error have shaken nations, revolutionized ideas, and wrought wonderful transformations in the political aspects of governments. The Western Hemisphere has not been without a participation in these conflicts, and within the last few years—years of fearful struggle—Truth accomplished one of her greatest triumphs over one of the bitterest partisans of error, human slavery!

Though to the devout mind, contemplating human affairs, the moral condition of mankind may occasion a shade of sadness, yet when we raise our eyes lit up by that serene coadjutor of Truth, Faith, and calmly wait the dispensations of that Being

"Who moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,"

it will become more and more impressed upon our convictions that at last, amid even the crash of spheres and a burning world, Truth will arise, like the phœnix from its ashes, and become forever imperishable. H. S. D.

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PORTRAIT OF FREDERICK DOUGLAS.

FREDERICK DOUGLAS.*

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

FREDERICK DOUGLAS stands not far from six feet high, and is well proportioned. He is thin, however, rather than stout, but is very tough, wiry, hardy, and enduring. There is considerable of the motive and mental temperaments, with less of the vital, which gives him a Cassius-like "lean and hungry look." He is a natural worker, and could not live a passive, idle life. The brain is of full size, high in the crown and full at the base. If his forehead does not indicate the philosopher, it certainly indicates the practical observer and the man of facts. If he have not large Ideality to give him poetical feeling and imagery, he has Sublimity, which imparts a sense of the grand and majestic. If he have not the sense of obedience or subserviency toward men, he has respect for Deity and regard for subjects sacred. Indeed, there is nothing of the sycophant about him, nor could he be any man's humble servant. On the contrary, there are indications of dignity, will, self-reliance, and sense of independence. Does this face express submission or a feeling of inferiority? It is quite the contrary. Nor does it ask favors—it demands its rights. There is no bending of the knee or fawning here. Combativeness is clearly expressed. Destructiveness is not wanting, and Executiveness is seen in every line and wrinkle. Yet it is not a repulsive face. There are high soldierly qualities there. With his love of liberty and sense of honor he would not yield a point when in the right, and would defend himself, his friend, or a principle to the last.

Intellectually, there are literary abilities, especially descriptive powers. There is large Language to make him copious in expression; and there are large perceptive faculties, enabling him to be a good observer, fond of travel, and disposed to look into all subjects of a scientific or practical nature. There is less of the abstract, metaphysical, or merely theoretical, but it is eminently an available intellect.

Morally, there are both Benevolence and Veneration. He has also a fair degree of Hopefulness, but is not easily elated. His sense of justice is quite as active as it could be supposed to be, considering the circumstances of his birth and life.

Socially, he is friendly, affectionate, and even loving; would enjoy the domestic relations as well as other men. This is indicated both in the face and in the brain. He has fair Constructiveness, and would exhibit mechanical talent. Acquisitiveness is moderate. He would probably make money easier than keep it; is far from being wasteful, yet he is disposed to be generous and open-handed. Caution is moderate, hence he is the opposite of an irresolute, timid, chicken-hearted person; indeed, he is decidedly "plucky," and would venture wherever occasion should require, without a feeling of hesitancy or fear. He is mindful of appearances, regardful of his honor, and would do nothing which would lower him in the estimation of himself or the world.

To sum up, it may be stated that he is proud-spirited, self-relying, and independent, with great energy, strong, practical common sense, uncommon powers of observation, and strong affection. He is kind-hearted, devotional, and in every way a thoroughly go-ahead personage. Such a person will hoe his own row, paddle his own canoe, and try to be always his own master.

BIOGRAPHY.

Frederick Douglas was born at Tuckahoe, Talbot County, Maryland, in 1817. His mother being a black and his father a white, he combines the qualities of both races. Until the age of ten he worked as a slave on a plantation; then he was sent to Baltimore, where he was hired from his master by the proprietor of a ship-yard. Here his indomitable spirit secretly cherished the hope of casting off the shackles which galled him. By persistent and clandestine effort he learned to read and write, and making good progress in his occupation earned good wages—for his owner, receiving for himself but a small pittance. At the age of twenty-one he availed himself of an opportunity, and fled from Baltimore northward. He made his way to New Bedford, Mass., where he worked on the docks and in various shops, supporting himself and his family (for he married soon after his arrival in New Bedford) by daily labor. In 1841 he attended an anti-slavery convention at Nantucket, and in the ardor of his enthusiasm made a speech which was so well received, that at the close of the meeting he was offered the position of agent by the Society, to travel and address the public on the subject of slavery. This he accepted, and immediately set about, and during four years went from place to place through the New England States lecturing. Subsequently he visited Great Britain, and delivered public addresses in the principal cities and towns there, receiving a cordial welcome, and being honored with large audiences.

In 1846 his friends in England subscribed £150 ($750) for the purpose of purchasing his freedom in due form of law. After his return to the United States in 1847, Mr. Douglas took up his residence in Rochester, N. Y., where he commenced the publication of "Frederick Douglas' Paper,' which was conducted with considerable ability, in the interest of the anti-slavery movement. This paper was suspended some years since.

In 1845 he published an autobiography, entitled "Life of Frederick Douglas," which excited no little interest. This work he revised and enlarged in 1855, under the name of "My Bondage and my Freedom."

Mr. Douglas is at present engaged in traveling and delivering public addresses, and otherwise laboring in behalf of his brethren of the South.

A SENSATIONAL clergyman out in Wisconsin told his hearers that he should divide his discourse into three parts. The first should be terrible, the second horrible, and the third should be terrible horrible. Assuming a dramatic tragic attitude, he exclaimed, in a startling, agonizing tone, "What is that I see there?" Here, a little old woman in black cried out with a shrill treble, "It is nothing but my little black dog; he won't bite nobody." The thread of the conversation was so badly broken by this curious interruption that the terrible horrible head was never reached.

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* We have often been requested to give a portrait and sketch of this distinguished personage. Until now, however, it has not been convenient, nor have we had a perfect photograph from which to engrave a likeness.

It should not be inferred that we take sides with either of the political parties, because we publish leading representatives of both; and we try to make our descriptions as impartial as the truth. We do not hold ourselves accountable to men, but to our Maker, and we could not afford to flatter any man for his entertainment, or to amuse the public. We shall neither add to nor subtract from the real merits of any man, but simply describe him as we find him.

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THEODORE TILTON.

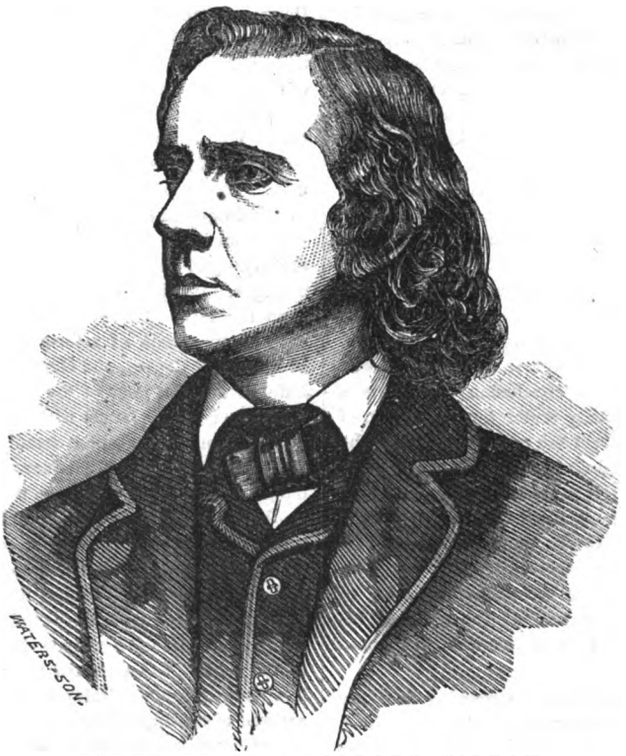
This gentleman has an excellent frame-work as a foundation for a constitution. He probably descended from a sound and vigorous ancestry. There are no indications of disease or of premature decay, but the brain predominates over the body. The nervous system has a greater degree of activity than the vital system has of strength, and the tendency to over-headwork uses up not only the interest of his vitality, but draws freely on the principal. He is a little prodigal of his health, and should try to save it; to use his brain less and his body more. He should obtain frequent respites from mental labors and take more bodily exercise, and thus secure to himself an almost certain immunity from disease and thereby insure long life.

Intellectually, he should be known for his powers of observation, his quickness of perception, and disposition to examine all things. He should also be known for his powers of analysis and description, and for his keen, practical judgment. He sees all that comes within the range of his vision, and has the mental caliber to understand and appreciate it. He reads character intuitively, and knows at a glance the motives of men.

His social nature is distinctly indicated. His affections are warm, and in the domestic circle his loving nature is evinced with tenderness and ardor. His regard for the welfare of children and others dependent upon him is conspicuous. His interest even in pets would be quite strong should he indulge the feeling. He will see that everything about him which requires his attention is properly cared for and protected.

He is naturally generous, and where his means will admit, he exhibits the largest charity. He has considerable executiveness and force, which are manifested chiefly in the line of discussion. He is one of the kind to drive the nail home in argument and clinch it; is not cruel, however; there is no malice—nothing of the spirit of revenge. Still, his rebukes are sharp and pertinent, rather than deficient in edge. Farther than this, he is disposed to take a lenient view of the shortcomings of others, and make all necessary allowances.

He is well developed in the religious faculties—faith, trust in Providence, and devotion are well indicated. True, his faith is in accordance with his judgment, but his interior perceptions of religious duty are influential. He is not over-credulous, believes only that which seems probable, and is not disposed to accept everything on trust, yet he is quite open to conviction, liberal in spirit, and is the opposite of a bigot. His religion is more a matter of knowledge than of feeling; he can and does take impressions as it were through the top-head as through a skylight, instead of through the ordinary doors and windows of mental observation alone. His disposition and tone of mind are essentially derived from his mother, and yet he is not lacking in manly dignity or independence. He is careful and painstaking, but not over-solicitous. He appreciates and defends his rights and interests, appreciates property, understands its worth, but does not look to "lucre" as the mainspring of action. He would be free in the use of his means, and, as we have said before, especially in the line of benevolence. He is not close-mouthed, not over-politic; among his friends he talks freely, is disposed to communicate his thoughts, plans, and purposes, and inclined to seek the opinion of others, and to canvass their judgment in regard to his own undertakings. He has good constructive talent, can plan and block out work. In a professional way he would exhibit fine poetic talent, with literary taste and judgment. With practice or training would excel as a speaker or as a writer, probably in both departments. His sentiments would be warm and hearty, appealing forcibly to the emotions and the higher nature, and take grounds partaking rather of an ultra than a conservative character. He has a fertile imagination and a strong tendency to the poetical. His mirthfulness is a prominent quality—his wit being keen, but more often employed as a plaything than as a scourge, though he does not hesitate to employ it in conjunction with conscience and destructiveness to lash meanness and injustice when necessary.



PORTRAIT OF THEODORE TILTON.

A BRIEF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The following letter, in reply to ours asking for particulars, is characteristic, and speaks for itself:

Willard's Hotel, Washington, *March* 28, 1866.

Mr. S. R. Wells:

My Dear Sir—In answer to your request for my biography, I have only to say that I was born in New York city, October 2d, 1835; that I have as yet done nothing worth mentioning; and that I can not tell when I shall die. This is the whole story. Yours truly, Theodore Tilton.

PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES.

Mr. G. W. Bungay sends us the following personal sketches of Messrs. Douglas and Tilton, as they appear from his stand-point.

I. FRED. DOUGLAS.

How shall I paint the portrait of a black man? Can it be done with blots and lines of ink, leaving the uninked paper to represent the whites of the eyes and the ivories? But the subject of my sketch is not entirely black; there is mixed blood in his veins. He belongs, however, to the negro race, and is in all respects one of its noblest types. Physically, mentally, and morally he is a grand specimen of manhood, and any race might be proud to claim him as a representative man. Notwithstanding his unpopular complexion and the unfashionable kink of his hair, he is decidedly good-looking; and he never appeared to better advantage than he did on Monday evening, the 29th of January, at the Academy of Music in the city of Brooklyn. The doors of that splendid hall did not turn on golden hinges to receive him. A few of its managers were afflicted with color-phobia, and were so blinded with prejudice they could not see the star of genius shining through the midnight of a man's color. The mean minority was overruled, however, and the distinguished orator was invited to the platform. The *élite*, the literati, the aristocracy of the city of churches hastened to the hall like guests to a festival, filling it to its utmost capacity; and when the famous speaker stepped toward the footlights he was greeted with cheer upon cheer. After bowing his acknowledgments, he proceeded modestly with his lecture; like all men of true genius he is modest and utterly devoid of affectation. His voice accords with his physique and manner, and

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takes its tone from the sentiment uppermost in his mind—now soft and tender—now ringing like gold coins dropped upon marble—now harsh and strong like the clanking of breaking chains. As he warms in the discussion his face fairly gleams with emotion and his eyes glow "like twin lights of the firmament." His hearers are charmed with his magnetic utterance, and wonder how a colored man, born a slave, excluded from the advantages of education, obtained such a command of elegant English, and how he was taught to be so accurate in his pronunciation. As he advances, their wonder culminates in admiration of the solidity of his logic, the beauty of his illustrations, and his thrilling touches of humor and pathos; and they are forced to the conclusion that he is a natural orator speaking under the inspiration of genius, and they forget the color of his skin, the crisp of his hair, and the fact that he comes of an oppressed race. His style of eloquence would command attention at the mass meeting in the public square, or in the House of Commons. His radical opinions were received with the most enthusiastic cheering from the *crême de la crême* of the city of Brooklyn, and at the close of his splendid argument he was honored with three hearty cheers.

Mr. Douglas is no meteor streaming over the heavens and disappearing in the darkness, but a star of the first magnitude, growing brighter and brighter in the firmament of fame. His reputation is national, and it is not confined to this country. He is known wherever the English language is spoken, and is so popular in England that the announcement of his name never fails to draw an audience. Though upward of fifty years of age he has the force and power and fire of his earlier day, and may be considered as in the maturity of his manhood. He writes almost as well as he speaks; but there is no magnetism in types. His style is clear, even, forcible, incisive, and epigrammatic. In person he is tall, six feet in height, straight, and of good mold. Notwithstanding his complexion is of a dark-brown, his features are not of the negro cast, his nose being aquiline and his lips thin. In his manner he is a gentleman, and he has long been a welcome guest at the fireside of many of our best families.

Those who have seen his grand head, now partially silvered, will not easily forget him; and those who have heard him will remember his words, which are like apples of gold in pictures of silver, because they are fitly spoken. Few persons can write and speak equally well, or, rather, few excel in both writing and speaking. Many of the greatest authors utterly fail when they attempt to make speeches—and there are orators who lose all their power and vivacity when they put pen to paper. The chief requisite of the speaker is readiness of perception combined with fluency and feeling—the writer needs patience added to knowledge. If the speaker presents his subject with grace and spirit on the spur of the moment, less will be required of him than of the writer who has had time to think and select his language, Not a few speeches that made a sensation when they were first spoken have passed into oblivion because they depended on passing events for their force, and were mere echoes of popular opinion. The speeches of Douglas do not consist of cant phrases, hackneyed arguments, and anecdotes. He reasons, and the understanding is aroused; he scatters the flowers of rhetoric, and the fancy is delighted; he appeals to humanity, and the heart throbs fast with emotion. Who is this man so original, so delicate, so comprehensive, so eloquent?—he is a colored man. Who commands such fascinating language, and indulges in such fine flights of imagination?—he is an ex-slave. Who is he who speaks with the majesty of Sumner, but with more fire?—he is a nigger. He sprang out of his chains like Pallas from the head of Jupiter, already armed. He entered the arena of reform with Garrison, and Phillips, and Rogers, and Gerrit Smith, and in debate he was the peer of the strongest men that dared to measure lances with him. Sneered at, hissed at, mobbed, stoned, assaulted, he stemmed the tide and came off conqueror. When it was dangerous for white men even to speak the truth on the question of slavery, he did not equivocate nor palliate an evil with soft words—he lifted up his voice like a trumpet and told the people of their transgressions. He has lived to see slaves of his color freed from their chains and vindicate their manhood, their courage, and their patriotism in the field. He has heard the proclamation of freedom to his race on this continent, and has been assured of the amendment of liberty by the action of the legislative bodies of the several States.

In his great speech at the Academy of Music he hurled a bolt at the theological thunderer of Brooklyn Heights. He said, "I do not find fault with Mr. Beecher, though I do not always agree with him. I remember that, not many years ago, he declared that if he could abolish slavery on the instant, or, by waiting twenty-five years, could have it so abolished that its overthrow would wholly redound to the glory of the Christian Church, he would prefer the latter. I presume he was entirely sincere in this preference; and yet if I were a Maryland slaveholder, and Mr. Beecher were my slave, and I had a rawhide, I could take this opinion out of him in less than half an hour."

In a later speech delivered at the Cooper Institute, he paid a glowing compliment to his friend Tilton, and said that he (Tilton) was the only white man in whose presence he forgot that he was a negro.

II. THEODORE TILTON.

In some respects Mr. Tilton is one of the most remarkable young men of Gotham. His off-hand speeches at public meetings have always been happy and seldom failed to bring down the house, and his position as editor-in-chief of an influential journal, and the reputation he has won as a graceful writer of verse have made him notorious, if not famous; indeed, his bold and graphic editorials, his elaborate lectures, and his poetical effusions have made his name familiar as "a household word" in all parts of the country, so that his fame is of more than metropolitan growth. Some of his poems have been transferred from the poet's corner in the newspapers to our school readers, and song books, and histories of the war. He is the author of the first war-song after the late outbreak, and one of the best efforts in that line of literature; it has been copied in every important compilation of verse relating to the rebellion. Unlike many of the younger poets, he is never in haste to rush into print. He writes and re-writes, and polishes, and seasons his verses before he ventures to expose them to the sun and air of publicity; Tennyson and Browning are his models, and in some instances he unconsciously imitates them. Not that he lacks originality and scope, for his "Captain's Wife" is one of his best efforts, and is enough to stamp him as a man of true poetic emotion and genius if he never writes another line, and it is entirely free from the style of these modern masters of verse.

Mr. Tilton commenced his public career when a mere boy in years though a man in stature and judgment. He stepped out of the free academy into the editorial sanctum, and seemed to be "native to the element" of newspaper life. Passing rapidly through all the phases of reportorial and editorial experience, he soon stood on the topmost round of the ladder he had chosen to climb. He writes his leaders as he does his poems, when the inspiration is in him, for he does best when his heart beats its feeling into thoughts. The double-leaded article in the *Independent* comes from his pen. The great event of the week kindles a sentiment which crystallizes into an idea in the columns of his newspaper. He has the element of popularity in his nature, and friends cleave to him as particles to a magnet. Though born to lead, he has the nice faculty of controlling others, without the exhibition of authority. He leads others because he is strong in his own will. He convinces his vast parish of readers because he never doubts himself. There is in his writings and speeches thought that implies a habit of deep and refined reflection—a knowledge which lies beyond obvious and mechanical research; besides, he is a word-artist—his language is apt, copious, and well arranged. His speech is totally unlike the voluminous periods that roll over the drowsy ears of uninterested auditors. He is frank and confiding, prefers to say and write pleasant things, is given to sallies of wit and humor, is fond of society, true in his friendship, and magnanimous to those who have crossed his path in defiant and threatening attitudes. He has the discretion of older men blended with the enthusiasm of youth, and his practical common sense is not lost in the light of his poetic fire.

Not more than thirty years of age, he has won a reputation as poet, editor, and orator some would give a dukedom to possess. He is known in all parts of the country, and could he be persuaded to leave his editorial desk and accept invitations as a lecturer, he would draw immense audiences, because he has the electric energy, the playful fancy, the ready wit, and the fiery logic of the popular speaker. In his elaborate efforts there is a beautiful mosaic work of mirth, pathos, philosophy, and argument which reminds one of Wendell Phillips; if he has less grace of diction than the orator of the modern Athens, he has more magnetism; and if he has not such a wonderful and happy command of classical allusion, his poetic taste leads him to cull illustrations from nature that are fresh and fragrant and equally acceptable to a discriminating audience. His impromptu speeches are arguments on fire,

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burning their way into the public mind and lighting up the path of progress. His steps are along the channel worn deep with the foot-prints of reformers. When the original abolitionists were few and far between, and their visits were not considered angelic, but visitations rather, he espoused their cause and ran the risk of being sent to Coventry in their company. When they were exposed to ridicule, contempt, and insult, and threatened with suits of feathers and tar, and greeted with showers of paving-stones and unmerchantable eggs, he voluntarily and eagerly sought their society, and stood near them on the platform to share their odium and their stripes of persecution; this is now a white plume in his cap. He was with them in his minority, and has always been true to his earliest convictions. He shared their perils and deserves a part of the honor which has crowned their labors. The colored people look upon him as their friend, and his appearance at a public meeting of negroes is sure to raise a storm of applause.

In person he is tall and commanding, and when excited in debate, majestic. His head is large and thickly covered with a heavy sheaf of soft brown hair which hangs over his coat collar, giving him a spiritualistic look. His face, free of mustache and whiskers, is closely shaved and pale, though of a clear and healthy tone. The most casual observer will see in it indications of thought and feeling. It is such a face as a child can trust and caress. His eyes are blue, large, and magnetic, lighting up pleasantly in conversation; but they are usually dull in repose, hence the photographer seldom does him justice. I have referred to Mr. Tilton's eloquence and poetry, and can give the reader a better idea of his skill in the use of words by a few brief quotations than by further word-painting. At the New England dinner, a short time since, the following toast was given:

"*Woman*—The strong staff and beautiful rod which sustained and comforted our forefathers during every step of the Pilgrims' Progress."

Mr. Tilton, who was called upon to respond, spoke as follows:

"*Gentlemen:* It is somewhat to a modest man's embarrassment, on rising to this toast, to know that it has already been twice partially spoken to this evening—first by my friend Senator Lane, from Indiana, and just now, most eloquently, by the mayor-elect of New York, who could not utter a better word in his own praise than to tell us that he married a Massachusetts wife. [Applause.] In choosing the most proper spot on this platform as the stand-point for such remarks as are appropriate to such a toast, my first impulse was to go to the other end of the table—for hereafter, Mr. Chairman, when you are in want of a man to speak for Woman, remember that Hamlet said, 'Bring me the *recorder!*' [Laughter.] But, on the other hand, here, at this end, a prior claim was put in from the State of Indiana, whose venerable senator has expressed himself disappointed at finding no women present. So, as my toast introduces that sex, I feel bound to stand at the senator's end of the room, not, however, too near the senator's chair, for it may be dangerous to take Woman too near that 'good-looking man.' [Laughter.] Therefore, gentlemen, I stand between these two chairs—the army on my right [General Hancock], the navy on my left [Admiral Farragut], and hold over their heads a name that conquers both—Woman! [Applause.] The chairman has pictured a vice-admiral tied a little while to a *mast;* but it is the spirit of my sentiment to give you a vice-admiral tied life-long to a *master*. [Applause.] In the absence of Woman, therefore, from this gilded feast, I summon her to your golden remembrance. You must not forget, Mr. President, in eulogizing the early *men* of New England, who are *your* clients to-night, that it was only through the help of the early *women* of New England, who are mine, that your boasted heroes could ever have earned their title of the Pilgrim Fathers. [Great laughter.] A health, therefore, to the Women in the cabin of the Mayflower! A cluster of mayflowers themselves, transplanted from summer in the old world to winter in the new! Counting over those matrons and maidens, they number, all told, just eighteen. Their names are now written among the heroines of history! For as over the ashes of Cornelia stood the epitaph 'The Mother of the Gracchi,' so over these Women of that Pilgrimage we write as proudly 'The Mothers of the Republic.' [Applause.] There was good Mistress Bradford, whose feet were not allowed of God to kiss Plymouth Rock, and who, like Moses, came only near enough to see but not to enter the promised land. She was washed overboard from the deck—and to this day the sea is her grave and Cape Cod her monument! [Applause.] There was Mistress Carver, wife of the first governor, who, when her husband fell under the stroke of sudden death, followed him at first with heroic grief to the grave, and then, a fortnight after, followed him with heroic joy up into heaven! [Applause.] There was Mistress White—the mother of the first child born to the New England Pilgrims on this continent. And it was a good omen, sir, that this historic babe was brought into the world on board the Mayflower between the time of the casting of the anchor and the landing of the passengers—a kind of amphibious prophecy that the new-born nation was to have a birthright inheritance over the sea and over the land. [Great applause.] There, also, was Rose Standish—whose name is a perpetual June fragrance, to mellow and sweeten those December winds. And there, too, was Mrs. Winslow, whose name is even more than a fragrance; it is a taste; for, as the advertisements say, 'children cry for it;' it is a *soothing syrup*. [Great laughter.] Then, after the first vessel, with these women, came other vessels, with other women—loving hearts, drawn from the olden land by those silken threads which afterward harden into golden chains. For instance, Governor Bradford, a lonesome widower, went down to the sea-beach, and, facing the waves, tossed a love-letter over the wide ocean into the lap of Alice Southworth in Old England, who caught it up, and read it, and said, 'Yes, I will go.' And she went! And it was said that the governor, at his second wedding, married his first love! Which, according to the new theology, furnishes the providential reason why the first Mrs. Bradford fell overboard! [Great laughter.] Now, gentlemen, as you sit to-night in this elegant hall, think of the houses in which the Mayflower men and women lived in that first winter!

"Think of a cabin in the wilderness—where winds whistled—where wolves howled—where Indians yelled! And yet within that log-house, burning like a lamp, was the pure flame of Christian faith, love, patience, fortitude, heroism! As the Star of the East rested over the rude manger where Christ lay, so—speaking not irreverently—there rested over the roofs of the Pilgrims a Star of the West—the Star of Empire; and to-day that Empire is the proudest in the world! [Applause.] And if we could summon up from their graves, and bring hither to-night that olden company of long-moldered men, and they could sit with us at this feast, in their mortal flesh, and with their stately presence, the whole world would make a pilgrimage to see those pilgrims! [Applause.] How quaint their attire! How grotesque their names! How we treasure every relic of their day and generation! And of all the heirlooms of the earlier times in Yankeeland, what household memorial is clustered round about with more sacred and touching associations than the *spinning-wheel!* The industrious mother sat by it, doing her work while she instructed her children! The blushing daughter plied it diligently, while her sweetheart had a chair very close by! And you remember, too, another person who used it more than all the rest—that peculiar kind of maiden, well along in life, who, while she spun her yarn into one 'blue stocking,' spun herself into another. [Laughter.] But perhaps my toast forbids me to touch upon this well-known class of Yankee women—restricting me, rather, to such women as '*comforted*' the Pilgrims." [Laughter.]

Mr. Tilton has written a good deal of *verse* and some *poetry*, enough of the latter to make a volume. Acrostics are seldom equal to the lofty mission of the poet, but there is merit in the following:

This grass upon her grave is rankly grown:
Her memory, still too fresh for graven stone,
Endures as written on our hearts alone.
Oh, loving friend! when we thee hither bore,
Dim were our eyes and black the weeds we wore;
Our grief hath since grown less—our love grown more!
Sweet gift of God!* whose gift we could not keep!
If ever angels watch where willows weep,
A wall of folded wings shall guard thy sleep!

"The Harp of Andrew Marvell" is an echo of the old poet's ode to Cromwell. It concludes as follows:

Meanwhile, I lay thee on the ground,
Oh, harp! nor smite thee to a sound,
For now no poet's stroke
Hath power to break a yoke.

But when the tardy earth hath rolled
Her kingdoms to the age of gold,
At last a poet's song
Shall crumble down a wrong!

"The Victory of Life," "The Fellowship of Suffering," are true poems of a deep religious tone. I will conclude with the following effort, which deserves a place among the best ballads of ancient or modern times.

"Oh, loitering ship!" a sailor cried,
"Now speed me home, to wed my bride!"
The ship through flying spray,
Went bounding on her way.

"Oh, midnight bells! my watch is done;
Oh, happy morrow! haste thy sun."
Then down he lay, and slept,
And in his dream he wept.

He dreamed that suddenly the waves
Stood fixed and green, like churchyard graves,
And then a mournful bell
Rang out a funeral knell.

"Land, ho!" the deck-watch called, with cheers.
The sleeper wakened from his tears;
"Oh, day of joy!" he said,
"This night shall I be wed."

With eager feet he leaped ashore,
And stood at Mary's cottage door;
The bride—in white all dressed—
Was in her grave, at rest!

A VERY loquacious lady offered to bet her husband $25 she would not speak a word for a week. "Done," cried the delighted husband, instantly putting down the money, which the lady as soon took up and put in her pocket, observing, naively, that she would secure it until the bet was decided. "Why," said the husband, "I have won it already," and required her to fork over. "Not at all," said the lady, "you are mistaken in the time—I mean the week after I am buried." The lady went shopping the same afternoon.

* *Theodosia*, signifying, in the Greek, *given by God*.

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NEW YORK,
MAY, 1866.

"IF I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Foe.*

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OUR NATIONAL CURSE.

IF "drink" has caused the ruin of Ireland, why may it not cause the ruin of America? Certain it is, our country numbers, to-day, something more than 400,000 habitual drunkards—imported and native; and who that indulges habitually in the use of alcoholic liquors can say that he may not soon be added to the list? Better men than you, who now take but one or two glasses a day, have fallen. Ireland's curse threatens to become America's curse. Shall we permit it? Is it not enough that one such national example should be presented? Look at Ireland! What other country on the globe is more beautifully or more favorably situated for health, wealth, and happiness? With a climate the most genial; an atmosphere the most soft and salubrious; a soil of great richness; water soft and pure, and the shamrock—a beautiful species of clover—"always so green," Ireland may well be called the "gem of the sea." It is not surprising that it should be the land of loving hearts, of wit, poetry, and of sweetest song. Then why her poverty? One will answer, "A bad government;" another, "the Roman Catholic religion;" but *we* say, "*drink.*" Correct this—make every Irishman a sober man, and he would rise at once to thrift, intelligence, and independence. His intemperance keeps him in poverty, keeps him in ignorance, keeps him down.

We will not deny nor discuss the objections urged against the government imposed upon him, or the religion he cherishes; those are separate matters. We are looking after the effects of intemperance on *that* and on *this* people. What do we see? Thousands of our fellow-beings without culture, grown gray in ignorance, and clothed with rags. Consider what *might* have been the circumstances of those millions had they been temperate, educated, and virtuous! What a power! Look at them now! How weak, how helpless, how shorn of the strength and vigor of a true, ennobling manhood! Shall it be so with native-born Americans? Yes, *if we drink!*

The Christian Young Men's Associations are now moving in the Temperance cause. The Father Mathew Societies are reclaiming thousands. Rev. Alfred Taylor, of Philadelphia, has issued a circular to young men, in which he says:

"There is a great work for us to do—a special work, which must be done now—a work in which every young man can do something—a work which can never be done better than it can be done now. Our remaining great national curse must be fought and conquered. The power of the STRONG-DRINK interest must be broken. The spread of drunkenness must be stopped, or we are lost. The putting down of drunkenness, and the reforming of drunkards, is a work worthy of Him whose name we bear. How can we help on with the work?

"*Let every young man set an example of abstinence from strong drink!* There is no occasion for a healthy man to use liquor at all. It does not strengthen the arm; it does not clear the head; it does not brighten the eye; it does not make the footstep firmer; it does not make the man who uses it more industrious, more useful, more lovely, or a more worthy member of society. It does not make him more of a gentleman. Even when sick, strong drink is better avoided, or used sparingly, under positive medical prescription. Many men make drunkards of themselves by continuing to use, as a beverage, strong drink which has been prescribed as a medicine. Young man, you do not so continue the use of epsom salts, castor oil, or mustard plasters, after recovery from sickness.

"To drink liquor is dangerous. To abstain from it, in spite of temptation to use it, is noble. The temptation is presented everywhere. In the restaurant where we eat our dinner, the cut-glass decanters of fiery poison face us like batteries posted for our destruction; in the social gathering, the mixture of alcohol and logwood, which bears the high-sounding name of some celebrated wine, is thrust upon us under the guise of hospitality and good cheer; at the wedding, some intoxicating mixture is set before us, and we are told that we are guilty of rudeness if we do not partake of it; in the family closet, the jug of brandy, or the bottle of vile 'bitters,' invites to the private pursuit of a course which proves, in the end, even as bitter as gall and wormwood. If by abstaining you can prevent one friend or brother from becoming a drunkard, the sacrifice, on your part, of the pleasure of pouring filthy stimulants down your throat, will not be in vain.

"*Awaken the people to action.* Present indications show that the people are beginning to think on this matter as they have not thought for years. People will listen to addresses and lectures on the subject as they have not listened to them, and will crowd to temperance meetings as they have not before crowded. We dare not neglect such a favorable time for following up the work as this points the present to be. What, then, is our duty?

"To use every possible individual effort, in personal example, in writing, speaking, and laboring for the reform of drunkards and the suppression of drunkenness.

"To labor as bodies of Christian men, to arouse the people by public meetings and otherwise. No work comes more legitimately within the sphere of Young Men's Christian Associations than this. No work can be more readily done. No work promises better or speedier results.

"Open your halls and churches. Call the people together. Get your best speakers—ministers, lawyers, statesmen, merchants, clerks, anybody who has heart and brains to speak, and voice to command the people's attention. Persuade the men and the women that there is a mighty work to be done, and show them how to do it."

RIGHT ON.

OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.—There is one great principle which characterizes our times more decidedly than any period of the past. Mind is advancing in all that can promise glory and happiness. It is soaring high into the realms of the material universe, and unfolding its God-announcing wonders; it is piercing deep into the dark recesses of our little world, and reading power, and wisdom, and goodness in the handwriting traced by the finger of God upon the tablets of his own workmanship; it is disseverring matter, and displaying the magical properties of its component parts; it is subduing the long-established tyranny of the old elements, and compelling them to yield their power subservient to the good of man: mind is, in short, obtaining a glimpse of the true God through the media of His Word and His Works, and unraveling the mysteries of the nature of man, developing the transcendent powers with which he is endowed, unfolding the laws to which he is subject, physically and spiritually; and, more than all, if anything can be more, is abandoning error—ay, breaking the thralldom of sin, and becoming free to take a high stand in the moral grades of the universe. Thus progress is onward. Heaven says, "Come up higher," and obedient man would obey. Let us keep "right on," in the right direction, guided by His light, and we shall surely reach the haven of eternal peace.

THE POPULATION OF PARIS.—The present population of Paris is 1,667,841, which, with the garrison of 28,300, makes 1,696,141.

[Just a few more than we have in New York, but we shall soon overtake, and then lead the fine French capital. We are much younger than Paris, and exceed a million!]

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Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts set forth.

"THEY BEST SUCCEED WHO DARE."

MARTYRS of science, philanthropists, poets, sages who live in the hearts of millions, and will "in millions yet unborn," are attestations of the above proposition, no less truthful to-day than when uttered centuries ago by Ossian, "king of bards."

History is full of proof that to dare to be good, intelligent, noble, and wise—to develop a pure and beautiful selfhood is to succeed; that these possessions are not the result of genius, but rather the acquirements of perseverance, is proved from the early history of those who have adorned the temple of science and halls of art with gems long sought for in the mines of knowledge or deep-drawn from the well of thought. From obscure birth, poor parentage, and advantages exceedingly limited, they have plodded slowly along, watching for opportunities and catching them by the fore-lock, toiling early and late, subsisting on a scanty diet, with apparel scarcely sufficient for the demand of nature, enduring scoffs, sneers, and discouragements, yet aspiring, hoping, "daring;" thus have many of our noblest humanitarians, our brightest scholars, our most profound philosophers "worked their passage to the halls of fame, won their laurels, commanded a nation's respect, and finally been canonized by those who once bestowed naught but sneers and rebuffs—nevertheless unseen levers aiding up the mount of glory; such in many respects is the history of Luther, Harvey, Fulton, Copernicus, Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Bonaparte, Franklin, Fulton, Grey, Webster, Elizabeth Carter, Caroline Herschell, Sophie Germain, Mrs. Farnham, Ida Pfeiffer, Demosthenes, Tasso, Columbus; all that have stamped their era with their own originality have done so amid untold obstacles, the most perplexing and unyielding, such as ever overcome those who keep not the guiding-star in view, and dare to assert their birthright to an independent selfhood and wisdom-crowned humanity.

From the noble and illustrious examples of the past and present, let the young be nerved to action, remembering that the true aim of life should be to get the best development of mind, soul, heart, body, *all* that pertains to us as an organized, intelligent part of the great family of God. If you wish to obtain a scholarship that will make you wise, useful, and respected, that shall unfold your best capabilities, and enroll you among the fraternity of the learned, assert your *will*, and success is yours; by the enlargement and cultivation of activity you can change yourself into fate—be your own architect; no matter if poverty and obscurity be your lot, your victory will be much brighter for the polish given it by the rough and seemingly unyielding circumstances with which you come in contact. Let each one desirous of making life a success, inscribe upon the long winter evenings approaching, "Sacred to learning!" and let no amusement, whatever it may be, interfere with these dedicated hours; be determined to conquer obstacles and gain an education that shall be an ornament, a blessing, and a power. Be constantly on the alert for a new idea with which to enrich the mind; you may find them on any scrap of paper you may chance to pick up. Dr. Johnson said he "never took up a scrap of paper, however small it might be, without obtaining a new idea." The celebrated Jonson was a bricklayer, and with trowel in one hand and Horace in the other, he enjoyed many rich feasts he might otherwise have lost, and but for such application the world might never have heard of "rare Ben Jonson." Elihu Burritt found labor and study not incompatible; while his daring intellect wielded mathematics and the languages, his hand was no less dextrous at the anvil. Vauvenargue triumphed amid war, reverse of fortune, sickness, and everything calculated to crush the hopes cherished in life's morning, still the moral purity and beauty of his writings have immortalized his name, and posterity will reverence what many of his own time failed to comprehend.

Instances proving the *will* to be sufficient to overcome every impediment to the acquirement of knowledge might be adduced from a thousand sources. Milburn, the blind orator, while unable to see more than one letter at a time, fitted himself for college, entered and studied with marked success. Prescott the historian labored under similar difficulties, and signally triumphed. France will ever bless Montesquieu for his indefatigable labors in giving to the world his "Spirit of the Laws," then and now so much admired and meditated upon by the learned; but it was wrought out under disappointments and discouragements such as few meet with.

Set your mark high with a *determination* to reach it, and "to fail" is impossible. Rochefoucauld, the polite philosopher, says, "Those who apply themselves too much to little things commonly become incapable of greatness." Aim, then, for an expanded, disciplined, refined intellect obtained by deep study and reflection, convert knowledge into selfhood, make it a part of yourself—knowledge not not thus convertible is worse than useless, producing a mental dyspepsia, as surplus food produces a like effect in the physical organism.

To the open soul each avenue in God's domain rolls in its flood of knowledge, musical, grand, sublime, making in this "tower of the edifice of humanity" melodies vibrating sweet concord with those ascending essences which speak the Deific in all. The fountains of knowledge, though millions have drank its elixir for ages unnumbered, is still replenished from springs untasted. In God only is the Ultima-Thule of knowledge. "Success to him who dares." Dare to aspire to purity, nobleness, benevolence, humanity; thus obeying the spirit of that injunction, "Dum vivimus vivamus," and death, so called, will be but life begun. C. B. H.

PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

DID you ever think how many worlds there are? You may perhaps say, "Yes, our own world, the invisible world, and the countless millions of worlds which gem the sky at night, and whose number the human mind can not comprehend." Yes, these, all these. But there are other worlds—as one may say, worlds *within* worlds, as all vegetables and animals teem with other and more minute forms of life, and by the aid of the microscope we can discern a whole busy world in a drop of water.

So in the higher stage of human existence. Look, and you will perceive innumerable worlds. In the great universal world of mankind move the circles of worlds which find their elements in classes and conditions. We see the religious world, the social world, the literary world, the political world, the musical world, and the world of Art—all these blending and intertwining, yet distinct and separate.

A nation is to itself a world. Its institutions, its laws, its customs separate it from all others, whose people seem as "outsiders." And within these general or national worlds are others existing, comprised in states, communities, and neighborhoods; and these in turn divided into worlds made up of social circles and promoting happiness through kindred sympathies, pursuits, and tastes. And still more distinct and nearer to each individual world is the world which holds the bosom friends, the relatives, the home circle.

But there is still a separate world in the mind of every human creature. We carry a world within our bosoms, a world of thoughts, emotions, aims, desires, passions, virtues, and vices, a world to which no other can entirely assimilate, and with which no other can wholly sympathize. This last and least world is the most curious and incomprehensible of all. The conception of it is almost too vast for human mind to grasp. Of the millions who have lived, and now live, those who are ushered into existence every moment and those who go out, each separate beating heart is the center of a world of thought and feeling; and yet there is a Power so omnipresent that not one action, word, or thought of the least, the meanest, escapes its all-seeing eye, and a mercy so full as to stoop to heed and answer the cry of the lowest. Even in the spirit of animal existence is His care extended, for our Saviour says a "sparrow shall not fall to the ground without our Father;" and though wonderful our organization, and great the capabilities with which He hath endowed us, yet one of us is but an atom, a grain, a dust in the immensity of God's creation.

With all the adoration which the weak human heart can hold should we bow to Him who holdeth heaven and earth, and life and death. I need no angel from heaven, no soul from the invisible world, to tell me that God liveth. Do not heaven, earth, and our own frames proclaim Him? How darkened must be reason's throne in the soul-world of the skeptic who, perceiving the thoughts which move in his own mind, feeling the vital currents coursing in his own body, walking a perfect earth, scanning the wondrous heavens and breathing the air which sustains him, can attribute all to chance!

But though in this present state of existence the great mass of humanity are divided into separate worlds, each more or less indifferent to all the rest, and all inevitably narrowing down to the individual world in each human breast, do you not think that when in another and better world, with our capabilities enlarged and our affections purified and strengthened, ourselves pure and dwelling with the pure, that the love our hearts shall give spontaneously will flow merely in narrow channels toward a few, where all are the beloved of God? In that heaven where we shall be enabled in all truth to love our neighbor as ourselves, our souls will be so expanded through God's love as to joyfully and equally embrace all heaven's bright host; and the love which links heaven's dwellers in eternal bliss will flow ever upward to its Infinite Source. Our natures may be so elevated as to embrace millions with a love as ardent and deep as that we now bestow on the few who make up the world of our affections. Of each heart which loves its Creator may be said,

"For He who makes His love to be
A refuge and a healing balm,
Sees what is possible to me—
Not what I am." BERTHA.

HORACE MANN AND PHRENOLOGY.

COMPARED with the other sciences, Phrenology seems to have few friends, and to gain them slowly. It is not yet popular. Occasionally we find such a person as Horace Mann advocating it, and trying to elevate it above the low level at which too many put it, but for this he is not honored, except by the friends of the science; instead, it is wondered why a man of such abilities should have seen any good in such a subject, and remarked with regret that this was his *weak* point; we say, not so, and claim that this was a *strong* point. He had the good sense to see Phrenology in its true light—as a valuable science, which, if understood and applied, would be of great benefit to the human race, and "knowing, he dared maintain," and in the future, if honored for any one thing in particular, it will be for this, when such remarks as were made by Dr. Holmes, to show his contempt for the science, will be forgotten or remembered with the same feeling which we now have for learned men of the past who ridiculed the steam-engine and other useful arts and sciences. Horace Man believed in that saying which was cut in bold relief on that Grecian temple of old, "Know thyself," and he knew of no better way to accomplish the same than by being well versed in Phrenology; this, he saw, would give man a complete knowledge of himself; which was what philosophers for ages had been trying to accomplish. Therefore he took much interest in it, and recommended it to the world by example and precept. For this we honor him the more, and are glad to claim him as a friend and advocate of Phrenology, and wish that there were many more like him. J. P. N.

FRIENDSHIP.—I *like* to make friends. What would this world be if one must go through it ever empty-handed? With no arm to lean upon when weariness overcometh; with no tender voice to reanimate when disappointment overwhelmeth; no loving smile—no fond caress to ease the ache and heal the wound to which the unwary soul so often exposes itself in the tiresome passage from the cradle to the grave! It seems to me—I speak in all reverence—that even the love of the Divine One—our Saviour—would hardly satisfy these craving, hungry hearts, if we possessed not *human* affection as well. To be a friend; that means to be true—to be kind—to be patient—to be trusting—unselfish in prosperity—staunch in adversity—constant even through disgrace. It is a great thing to be a friend; very few of us realize how great. A FRIEND.

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MORALITY.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In these times, when the moral sense of our communities has been *blunted*, in a measure, by the series of startling events that have taken place during the four past historic years, it is well enough to look around us and see in what manner the morals of our people can be improved.

Is it feasible to think of inculcating religious and moral teachings by legal obligation? I think it is entirely so. Some persons in carping criticism may say that this is approximating to the old Puritanic times, when compulsory attendance at church was exacted. To these I would say, if some of the old Puritanic customs were in vogue among us at the present day, we would have a far more tractable class of citizens.

During recent times the people of New England have thought it no invasion of the citizen's liberty to compel their children to be educated, in order that they may not come to manhood shiftless and incapable, and thus be a burden on community. And in the same manner, without any further violation of *jures civis*, could not a law be enacted to the end that all men should receive some religious instruction? Men and women yearly go down to their graves without a ray of divine light ever falling upon their benighted souls.

Ignorant men are mischievous neighbors, and usually hostile to the weal of the State; but how much more so are those totally devoid of any moral or religious principles! "A godless population is a population ungovernable except by a despotism," is a manifest truism. A people must be religious to be capable of permanent liberty. It is vital to free government that its citizens should have a knowledge of God's government.

Law, you will say, can not fashion devout worshipers nor make virtuous citizens. But that argument scarcely warrants an inference that the law is powerless in the premises, and can do nothing to place the citizen in a more advantageous position to become devout and virtuous. I would not go so far as to make it necessary to be moral or religious in order to receive the elective franchise—for church and state would in this manner be connected; but I would compel the children of citizens to attend some religious meeting of instruction *at least once a week*. Thus, when one generation has passed away, and the whilom children have become citizens, then a more universal moral tone would pervade our community.

C. MARCELLUS.

[We are decidedly in favor of the religious education. The family altar at home is the right place to begin this work. But the question is, how to induce godless parents to adopt religious practices? The first question which would naturally arise would be what kind of religion should be taught? There are more than a thousand modes of worship among men; and more than three hundred different creeds among Christians. Who can fix on the right mode? Shall it be Roman Catholic? or shall it be Protestant? High Church, or Low Church? New School, or Old School? Quaker, or Shaker? Or shall the proposed law simply compel parents to choose? If left for the *majority* to settle the question, the Catholics would have it all their own way. The question is open. Readers may consider it, clergymen and legislators may act upon it.

BLANK PRIZES.—A gentleman in Sumpter, Mich., writes us that a number of his neighbors have been wickedly swindled by lottery and jewelry dealers in New York. He says, "He sent them ten dollars, for which they sent him two tickets which were expected to draw $250! but as they now say they were only agents for the company, he must send them twenty dollars more—and then they would send him the greenbacks, the jewelry, or the prizes. And now he can hear nothing from them. He calls on us to expose the swindlers—instead of which we simply publish his statement in part, and again warn our friends to trust their money to nobody whom they do not know or who has not an established reputation for honorable business transactions. The verdant greens who expect to get $250 for $10 are still living, and not only patronize the mock auctions, the gift enterprises, and the lotteries, but the quack medicine men who advertise specifics for all complaints, put up in *large* quart bottles, with the name of the maker on the label! "None others genuine." Pills for headache, backache, and heartache, "only 25 cents a box." But it takes all sorts of people to give variety, and to furnish a support for rogues.

A GOOD LETTER.

A YOUNG MAN'S GRATITUDE.

SMITHFIELD, OHIO.

MY DEAR SIR: I wish I had been at your lecture in the Medical College of Pennsylvania. Knowing you as I do—your advice is received as flowers receive the gentle rain. You brought me to your hospitable house, and introduced me there to your friends when you did not know me. It puzzles me how you dared it; but you are a phrenologist, and that accounts for the mute language of passing glances. I was unknown and a stranger in the midst of strangers, and you knew me at a look. You saw that I did not feel at home, and you brought me to a happy one. I often remained up to twelve at night with you, surrounded by scientific books and papers, and I listened with pride and pleasure to your animated conversation—you did not know where to stop, and I did not feel tired. I was not absolutely well-dressed, though I *could* have dressed, and wherever I am I can not forget you.

With reference to "haunting and reciting in taverns," I never did it. I have been in many battles; I have seen comrades strewn like October leaves around me; shot and shell have burst and whizzed about me. In the camp, even where letters are hard to get, I got yours, and obeyed its gentle dictates. I have had the means to follow the extravagant habits of less meditative young men than myself; and on pondering your letter I refrained, while I shunned the society of the low and vulgar. I have been wild, but not intentionally bad; I had many examples, but nature within me prompted the caution, and I recoiled from the temptation.

Speaking of "drinking"—this place is not like your town; not a drop of liquor is allowed to be sold here. This is the difference. If a drunken man were to pass through this place, he would be a *natural curiosity!* The young men would sneer at him—the old men would shake their heads—old women would hold up their hands and exclaim, "wretched!" "wretched!"—little children would run screaming, and hide, frightened out of their wits; even dogs (unaccustomed to the sight) would bark at him as he'd stagger on! This is no place for so foul a character. Nature seems to shine, to make the living horror more visible, and to unvail to the shuddering conscience the dark and serious volume of violated law! A man who takes what is vulgarly termed "a horn," even moderately, is not respected.

I keep myself close to study. I am going to lecture, as you encourage me. I sent to Fowler and Wells for books, charts, etc., etc. I am a downright student now. Who can truly estimate the pleasures of Phrenology and Psychology but he who bathes in their pellucid fountains! and those who revel in those studies as the butterfly in a field of flowers! There are mines to delve into—gems to bring up, more brilliant than the gold of Ophir and the gems of Samarcand. There are delights that I never dreamt of, and they rise before me. Gross men can never see them, for the mind is obtuse and clouded—the brain filled with heavy vitiating matter. Many thanks for your attentions, they have followed me even from your home to mine, and were present in the midnight bivouac! I am even imitating your style. You have made me another man. You promised me a new scene for fancy, a new hope, and a distant imperishable splendor or gleaming out before the eye of reason, and I shall remember you. Yours, very truly, S.

MR. EDITOR: However we may be involved in the cobwebs of metaphysics, or lost in the mazes of their confusion—however we may give up ourselves to philosophical disputation—however we may abandon ourselves to the tangled and ill-natured arguments of the "wrangler," we can not avoid admiring the freshness and the beaming mentality of the young. Their *wonder* is even pleasing; they see the light behind the cloud. There is nothing so beautiful as a young mind, unvitiated by debauchery and untrammeled by the settled habits of dissipation, looking higher and higher for something that dazzles it with its conception.

The author of the above letter, if he only recollected, took much of his improvement from your publications, but in the strength of his friendship he has forgotten that.

I look upon a letter like the above as a *title*. Titles are honorable, and encouraging distinction—they prompt ambition to a noble struggle—they stir and elevate, and fling the intellect upon its own resources to obtain them.

We plant a seed (what a pleasant duty! We should *all* be planting)—we plant it—it sprouts and blossoms—it becomes a living splendor! Coax the young plant—study it—revolve the doctrine of its existence—turn it round and round, and however you turn it, it is ever beautiful, and speaks of an imperishable *something* which it typifies. There is no greater proof of it than that we feel it, and *consent to it without an argument*. It belongs to Psychology, the science of the *never-ending soul*, and it points to a permanent and future dwelling in a scene that never changes—eternal as the heavens. "The only amaranthine flower an earth is virtue; the only lasting treasure, *truth!*"

The advice of the young is impulsive; that of more experienced men may be as full of color and even enthusiasm, but if such a one be advanced in the finer and higher studies of spiritual existence, the base of that advice is Truth, whose colors are those which are stranger and more pleasant than those of fiction. Byron says, knowingly, "truth is stranger than fiction." It does not follow that because a man is old or middle-aged he can not sparkle. Youth should not forget its older friends. In fact, if an old man be a learned man, it is *then* that he sparkles *most*, for it takes toil and *years of experience* to paint and varnish the vehicle of knowledge. The best masters and companions for the aspiring young are the *aspiring old*.

T. F.

BUSINESS COLLEGES FOR LADIES.

WE have colleges for ladies of which our country may well be proud; but *science* is taught in them, not *business*. Those schools are for the wealthy—for daughters from happy homes. Those schools are not within the reach of the bereaved poor, however worthy and gifted. Can we not have colleges where theory and practice are combined, exclusively for the ladies? Colleges where every woman who wishes to make herself useful can have a few months' instruction and training? Colleges for rich and poor? Let no line of caste be drawn in schools in this democratic country.

Look at the amount appropriated by Congress in the "land grant for agricultural colleges," by which grant to some States thirty thousand acres are allotted for each representative and senator in Congress! Can there not be an appropriation also for business colleges for ladies? Do not the times call for it? Does not duty to the living, as well as duty to the fallen hero, urgently *demand* it?

Elevate woman—give to her active hand and brain employments that are congenial to her taste—employment that will support her honorably, and you raise her above temptation. Such employment of time would be health-invigorating, and soul-expanding. No energetic business woman will ever die of sentimentalism. Here is where a grand specific lies;

"For woman falls by love—not lust."

Man need not fear that by such a course of business training woman would usurp his "place of power." She would truly be his "helpmate." There are places for all. Look at the broad West, with the inviting fields open for enterprise. How gladly would thousands of our returned soldiers with their brides hasten to the Western States and Territories, there to delve for the buried wealth of the rich mines, would the Government only give them an outfit! Give them the remaining army wagons, the army horses, the tents, the blankets, the provisions, their guns, "McClellan's thousands of shovels," and the "American flag," and let them go. Were this privilege granted to the soldiers, we should soon see whole colonies on their winding way. "They would make the wilderness blossom as the rose." Give them a percentage on all the treasure they would unearth, to pay them *well* for their toil, and the balance would soon pay the *last* dollar of the "public debt." Thus there would be room for all!

Let us have business colleges for the ladies, sustained by the Government, as the military school at West Point is sustained. Let all the surroundings be pleasant, and let them be free institutions. A few months of energetic study and labor would enable the student to prepare for business, consequently the expense to Government for each pupil would be but a trifle. Let those colleges be similiar in the manner of instruction to the ordinary business colleges, with the exception that all teachings be suitable for ladies instead of gentlemen. Let there be a commercial training, together with other branches of business that women *has* followed with honor and profit. Let there be beneficent facilities for ladies to prepare for the professions. Let the fine arts be taught and appreciated, with all their beautifying influences. Contemplate the good that would emanate from such colleges. Young genius there

"Would warmer glow, and proudly feel
The spirit burn with emulative zeal;
Buoyant with lofty hopes, the soul would rise
Imbued at once with nobler energies."

LEIPSIC, OHIO. MRS. CLARA L. MEACHAM.

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Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.*]

THE WOMEN OF METHODISM. Its three foundresses—Susanna Wesley, the Countess of Huntington, and Barbara Heck; with sketches of their female associates and successors in the early history of the Denomination. By Abel Stevens, LL.D. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1866. 16mo. Cloth, $1 50.

To the lover of religious literature, few if any more attractive volumes than the one before us can be offered. True working, persistent propagandist and practical Christians, as well as devoted and prayerful disciples of Jesus, were the early professors of Methodism, and among the foremost of them were the three accomplished, noble-hearted, and zealous women, biographical sketches of whom form the principal portion of Dr. Stevens' most admirable volume. The style in which the stories of these three worthies is told is chaste, unpretentious, lively, facile, and well suits the subject. The sketch of Susanna Wesley is particularly good, and the whole will be read with interest, not only by Methodists, but by religious people of all denominations.

SPENCERIAN KEY TO PRACTICAL PENMANSHIP. Prepared for the Spencerian Authors. By H. C. Spencer. New York: Ivison & Phinney. 1866. 12mo. Cloth, $1 75.

This handsome, well-arranged, and copiously illustrated manual leaves little to be desired in the way of introduction, so far, at least, as it can be put into words and figures. It treats of the theory of Penmanship, of position, of movements, classifies and analyzes the letters of the alphabet, points out the common faults in forming each letter, and, what is better, tells us how to correct them (an admirable feature in the work); gives directions for teaching, etc. It should be considered *indispensable* to the teacher, and exceedingly useful to every person who desires to write a legible and handsome hand. What a blessing it would be to us poor, overworked editors if all our contributors would take lessons from it in Spencerian Penmanship!

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES. By L. Agassiz. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1866. 16mo. Cloth, $1 50.

A volume upon any subject connected with natural science from the pen of the learned and gifted Professor Agassiz is sure to be interesting and instructive, and can not need our indorsement. We have here something of the poetry as well as the facts of science, and to any one who has a taste for the study of the earth and its pre-historic records, these papers have the charm of a romance, and especially is this the case with the sketches headed "America the Old World," "The Fern Forests of the Carboniferous Period," "Mountains and their Origin," and "The Growth of Continents."

PHYSIOGNOMY, OR SIGNS OF CHARACTER. Part IV. New York: Fowler and Wells. 1866. Paper. $1.

The concluding part of this important work is now in press and will be ready about the time this paper will reach our subscribers. We defer any extended notice till our next, and will only add that it does not fall behind the previous parts in interest, and contains chapters on "Grades of Intelligence;" "Animal Heads;" "Comparative Physiognomy;" "Graphomancy and Chiromancy;" "Exercises in Expression:" "The Secret of Beauty;" "Childhood, or Effects of Training;" "Character-Reading;" "Miscellaneous Addenda;" and "Recapitulation." Orders for this Part and for the whole work may be sent at once.

LUCY ARLYN. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. 16mo. Cloth, $1 50.

This story possesses considerable merit as a picture of American life, and illustrates the author's acknowledged power and skill as a story teller, though in the latter respect it is inferior to some of his previous works. Modern Spiritualism plays an important part in the story, and is handled with a good deal of dramatic effect.

A NEW COOK BOOK. Among our most enterprising and popular book publishers we may name Messrs. DICK AND FITZGERALD, of New York. But it must not be inferred that we indorse or approve all the works they publish. Their list embraces many very excellent, nay, almost indispensable, publications. Discriminating purchasers will select what they want. Among their latest re-issues is

MRS. CROWEN'S AMERICAN LADY'S COOKERY BOOK, with 1,200 Original Receipts for Preparing and Cooking Soups and Broths, Fish and Oysters, Clams, Muscles, and Scollops, Lobsters, Crabs, and Terrapins, Meats of all kinds, Poultry and Game, Eggs and Cheese, Vegetables and Salads, Sauces of all kinds, Fancy Desserts, Puddings and Custards, Pies and Tarts, Bread and Biscuit, Rolls and Cakes, Preserves and Jellies, Pickles and Catsups, Potted Meats, etc. The whole being a Complete System of American Cookery. Illustrated with several Diagrams. Price, post-paid, $2. See the advertisement for other works published by these gentlemen.

ANATOMICAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL PLATES. A New Edition of the set of six Plates by DR. TRALL, embracing the Heart and Lungs, Dissections, Nervous System, the Eye and the Ear, Digestion, Circulation, and the Skin; nicely Colored, as in life, and Mounted, ready for use. Physicians, Lecturers, and others, may now be supplied for $20. They may be sent by express. Besides the above, which have been out of print for some time past, we have the following:

SURGICAL ANATOMY OF THE NECK. Size of Life. A capital dissection. Colored. $1 25.

ANATOMY OF THE MALE AND FEMALE PELVIS. One of each. Showing each in their various parts. $1 25 cents each. May be had at this office.

SUGGESTIONS TO YOUNG MEN ON THE SUBJECT OF MARRIAGE, AND HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES AND TO HUSBANDS AND WIVES. By John Ellis, M.D. New York: C. S. Westcott & Co. 1866. 12mo. Paper, 25 cents.

Works on the same subject and of greater pretensions are by no means scarce, but we know no one that contains more really trustworthy practical information and useful advice than this. The author very rightly goes back to childhood and early youth, and points out the early violations of the laws of our being from which results much of the unhappiness of married life. We should be glad to see Dr. Ellis' pamphlet widely circulated, and can cordially recommend it, not only to all who are married or who expect to marry, but to every man and woman who has the welfare and progress of the race at heart.

THE CIVIL LAW.—In answer to repeated inquiries, we may state, young men about entering upon the study of the law should read, 1st. Hoffman's Legal Study, an introductory treatise. 2d. Blackstone, as a whole, or in the condensed form edited by Devereux. 3d. Kent's Commentaries. 4th. Walker's American Law. All the law books specially noticed below are valuable treatises, and indispensable to a thorough knowledge of legal principles. These works may be obtained by post or express from this office.

1. HOFFMAN'S LEGAL STUDY. Designed for the student in the outset of his career. 2 vols. 8vo. Sheep, $7 50.

2. DEVEREUX'S KINNE'S BLACKSTONE. Blackstone reduced to questions and answers. 1 vol. 8vo. Sheep, $4 50.

3. DEVEREUX'S KINNE'S KENT. The most material parts of Kent's Commentaries reduced to questions and answers. 1 vol. 8vo. Sheep, $4 50.

4. WALKER'S AMERICAN LAW. A treatise on American Jurisprudence in general. 8vo. Sheep, $7.

BROOM'S LEGAL MAXIMS. A compilation of the maxims of common law, with their explanations. 8vo. Sheep, $6.

A TREATISE ON THE NATURE, PRINCIPLES, AND RULES OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. By Alexander M. Burrill, Esq.; a learned and highly interesting work. 8vo, pp. 800. $7.

HALSTED'S DIGEST OF THE LAW OF EVIDENCE. Recommended by the first Jurists. 2 vols. $11.

A TREATISE ON THE MEASURE OF DAMAGES. By Theodore Sedgwick, Esq. Improved edition. 1 large vol. $10.

DEAN'S, BRYANT, AND STRATTON'S COMMERCIAL LAW. An admirable book for the student on Mercantile relations. 1 vol. 8vo. $4 50.

COOPER'S JUSTINIAN. The Institutes of Justinian translated, with notes and references. 8vo. $7.

INSTITUTES OF INTERNATIONAL LAW. Public and private. By Daniel Gardner, Esq., a book of authority. $6.

ABBOTT'S FORMS OF PRACTICE AND PLEADING. Adapted to the Middle and Western States. 2 vols. 8vo. $12 50.

Parties wishing law publications other than those mentioned, can obtain them through us.

NORTH AND SOUTH.—Messrs. Fowler and Wells have issued in a neat pamphlet of eight pages, the speech of Alexander H. Stephens, delivered before the Legislature of Georgia on Washington's birthday, on the Restoration of the Union. It should be widely circulated North and South, and will do much to allay sectional and hostile feeling. Price 5 cents, prepaid.

IOWA PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.—We are indebted to Hon. E. M. Wright for valuable public documents of the State of Iowa, among which are "Census Returns of the Different Counties," "Criminal Returns," "Agricultural College Annual Report," and "Report of the Auditor of State."

A "HEAD CENTER." MESSRS. ROCKWOOD & Co., Photographers, 839 Broadway, N. Y., sent us a fine "carte de visite" of the O'Mahony—Irish-American "Head Center" of the terrible "Fenians. Colonel O'Mahony looks calm and quiet, cool and self-possessed, and very much like an intelligent Irish gentleman. It is true there is lightning in his eye, and thunder in his voice, and fight in his Roman nose, with an intellect to plan, and energy to execute. Beware! Don't step on his toes!

THE STRUCTURE OF ANIMAL LIFE.—Six Lectures delivered at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in January and February, 1862. By Louis Agassiz, Professor of Zoology and Geology in the Lawrence Scientific School. 8vo, pp. viii., 128. Cloth, $2 75.

GRANT AND HIS CAMPAIGNS: A Military Biography. By Henry Cappe, A.M., Editor of the United States Service Magazine. 8vo, pp. 520. Portraits and Maps. Cloth, $3 75.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MAN; designed to represent the Existing State of Physiological Science as applied to the Functions of the Human Body. By Austin Flint, Jr., M.D., Professor of Physiology and Microscopy in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, etc. Introduction: The Blood, Circulation, Respiration. 8vo, pp. 502. Illustrated. Cloth, $5.

THE PHENOMENA OF PLANT LIFE. By Leo H. Grindon, Lecturer on Botany, etc. 12mo, pp. 93. Cloth, $1 25.

MAN AND THE GOSPEL. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 12mo, pp. iii., 455. Cloth, $2. 25.

LIFE OF THE MOST REVEREND JOHN HUGHES, D.D, first Archbishop of New York, with extracts from his private correspondence. By John R. G. Hassard. 8vo, pp. 519. Cloth, $4 50.

LYRA CONSOLATIONIS; or Hymns for the Day of Sorrow and Weariness. Edited by Horatius Bonar, D.D. 16mo, pp. viii., 317. Cloth, $2 25.

SCHOOL FOR AMERICAN GRAPE CULTURE: a brief but thorough and practical guide to the Laying out of Vineyards, the Treatment of Vines, and the Production of Wine in North America. By Frederick Muenih, a citizen of Missouri. Translated from the German, by Elizabeth H. Cutter. 16mo, pp. 139. Boards, $1 25.

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THE HISTORY OF FRANCE, from the most remote period to 1789. Vols. 14 and 15. The decline of the French Monarchy. By Henri Martin. Translated from the fourth Paris edition by Mary L. Booth. Royal 8vo, pp. xvi., 546, viii., 623. Maps. Cloth, $8 50.

SPIRITUALISM IDENTICAL WITH ANCIENT SORCERY, New Testament Demonology, and Modern Witchcraft; with the testimony of God and man against it. By W. McDonald. Cloth $1 50.

NEW POST OFFICE DIRECTORY. Alphabetical List of Post Offices in the United States, with the names of Postmasters (except at suspended offices) as published by the Post Office Department, with an appendix, etc. Roy. 8vo, pp. 238. Paper, $1 73; cloth, $2 25.

UNIVERSAL PATHFINDER AND BUSINESS MAN'S POCKET COMPANION. Being a guide for all People to all subjects, and to all Lands. By M. N. Olmsted. 16mo, pp. 186. Paper, $1; Cloth $1 25.

POEMS OF RELIGIOUS SORROW, COMFORT, COUNSEL, AND ASPIRATION. Selected by F. J. Child. 16mo, pp. 238. Velvet cloth, $2.

THE ETHICS OF THE DUST. Ten Lectures to little Housewives on the Elements of Crystallization. By John Ruskin. 12mo, pp. 250. Cloth, $1 50.

TRIBUNE ALMANAC and Political Register for 1866. 16mo, pp. 96. N. Y. Paper, 25 cents.

A DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE for general use, with engravings, maps, and tables. The best thing of the kind yet published. $2.

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING, AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE. An excellent book for young people, illustrating the family proverb. By Cousin Alice. 12mo. $1 25.

CRAIK'S SEARCH OF TRUTH. 12mo. $1 50. A good book.

MUSIC.—Adams & Co., Boston, have lately published "Lost Marguerite," and "Love Never Sleeps," by L. H. Gurney; "There's no Such Girl as Sally," by Felix Krupper; all charming songs.

Horace Waters, New York, issues "Pleasant Memories," a collection of Popular Polkas, Schottishes, etc.; "L'Africaine," "Transcriptions Brillantes," and "My Last Home."

From Oliver Ditson, Boston, we have "Lord Dundreary," a Polka; "Dernier Pensée Musicale," from Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," and "Eureka," a Polka, by L. B. Whitney.

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD from the Earliest Records to the Present Time. By Philip Smith, B.A. Vol. 3. Ancient History. From the Triumvirate of Tiberius Gracchus to the Fall of the Roman Empire. 8vo. Pp. xvi., 783. Maps and Plans. Cloth. $4.

NEW LAW AND FORM BOOK; containing Instructions for Ordinary Transactions, with numerous Precedents and Forms, designed for the use of Business and Professional Men, County and Town Officers, Minors, Mechanics, and Farmers, and adapted to California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Montana. Third Edition, revised. 8vo. Pp. 735. Sheep. $8 50.

MACKENZIE'S TEN THOUSAND RECEIPTS. An entirely New Edition, carefully Revised and Re-written, containing Improvements and Discoveries up to October, 1865. 8vo. $3.

AMERICAN READY RECKONER; containing Tables for rapid calculation of Aggregate Values, Wages, Salaries, etc. By B. H. Day, Esq. 16mo. Pp. 192. Cloth. $3.

BOOK OF PRAISE. Psalms and Hymns of the Reformed Dutch Church. With Music. Half cloth. $3.

ARCHITECTURE. Designs for Street Fronts, Suburban Houses and Cottages. Comprising in all 382 Designs and 714 Illustrations. By M. F. Cummings, Architect, Troy, N. Y., and C. H. Miller, Architect, Toledo, Ohio. Large 4to. 52 Plates. Cloth. $11.

THE BOSTON MACHINIST. Being a complete School for the Apprentice as well as the advanced Machinist. Showing how to Make and Use every Tool in every Branch of the Business. With a Treatise on Screw and Gear Cutting. By Walter Fitzgerald. 18mo. Pp. 80. Cloth. 90 cents.

MAN AND THE GOSPEL. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 12mo. Pp. 455. Tinted paper. Cloth. $2 25.

THE WOMEN OF METHODISM: Its Three Foundresses, Susanna Wesley, the Countess of Huntington, and Barbara Heck. By Abel Stevens, LL.D. 12mo. Pp. 304. Cloth. $1 75.

THE GOVERNMENT AND LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES. A View of the Rise, Progress, and Organization of the State and National Governments. 8vo. Pp. 500. Sheep. $5 50.

A NEW POPULAR HEALTH JOURNAL is announced, to be edited by Dr. R. T. Trall, and published in the interest of the Hygienic Medical System, embracing, in all their relations, the subjects of Bodily Development, Mental Hygiene, the Laws of Life, the Conditions of Health, Normal Agriculture, Progressive Sociology, and the Treatment of Diseases without Drug Medicines.

THE METHODIST—One of the ablest of our religious weeklies, offers to subscribers two very interesting books in connection with the paper, for which see advertisements.

MUSIC.—Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, and Mr. Horace Waters of New York, appeal to those with musical faculties, offering their newest and choicest productions in our advertising pages. All we know or can say of those gentlemen is in their favor.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH is publishing sermons bearing on the subject as, a special inducement for parties to subscribe. We are glad to note the fact that clergymen are now giving some attention to physiology.

THE EXAMINER AND CHRONICLE is believed to be one of the most influential, as it certainly is one of the handsomest and best edited Baptist newspapers in America. It has swallowed up and concentrated in itself at least two or three other papers, and may most appropriately be called "the cream of the Baptist press." While we can not specially recommend the peculiar doctrines advocated by any particular religious journal, we may speak of the meritorious qualities of all. We would have our readers send stamps for a sample copy.

MESSRS. SCHERMERHORN, BANCROFT & Co. advertise several educational journals of real merit, which have, collectively, an immense circulation and the most healthy influence.

THE AMERICAN FARMER claims to be the *cheapest* journal of the kind in America. How the editor "makes it pay" at $1 a year we do not know. It is a good-looking octavo of thirty-two pages, with illustrations, and is well-printed on excellent paper.

THE AMERICAN ARTISAN is a first-class weekly, devoted to inventors, manufacturers, mechanics, and publishes the official list of "Claims" of all Patents issued weekly from the United States Patent Office; Reports of Law Cases relating to Patents; the whole forming an Encyclopedia of General Information on a variety of topics connected with the Industrial Arts, the Progress of Invention, etc. It is handsomely illustrated and elegantly printed. Send for a sample.

"THE FIELD AND FIRESIDE," "THE KEY STONE," and "THE RURAL JOURNAL" are all published by William B. Smith & Co., of Raleigh, N. C. Prospectuses, on another page, give full particulars as to objects, terms, and time of publishing. These gentlemen also announce several new books by native writers, which promise to become popular. We wish the best success, to all useful endeavors in the line of literature among our Southern fellow-countrymen.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN AND ALBANY CULTIVATOR have been consolidated, and now appear weekly in one handsome quarto, devoted to the great foundation interest of civilization, AGRICULTURE in all its departments. Farmers should not be without a first-class weekly, and the *Country Gentleman* professes to be this.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.—This is the unique title of a very spirited monthly adapted to the comprehension and instruction of BOYS and GIRLS. If continued as it commenced, it must become as popular as *Peter Parley* in his palmiest days.

THE CHRISTIAN INQUIRER, organ of the Unitarian Church, edited with marked ability, may be said to take the lead among the papers of this denomination in America.

WATSON'S ART JOURNAL—now advertised—has already been favorably noticed in the A. P. J. We are glad to note "progress and improvement" in every department of its handsome pages.

In passing, we may state, for the information of the Editor, that one of the Latter Day Saints recently called at our office and denied the correctness of his statement—the *Art Journal's* correspondent—concerning the poetess Miss Carmichael, who was said to be not in affinity with said Saints. *Our* informant declares her to be *thoroughly* "one of them."

THE HOME JOURNAL occupies a field in literature almost as distinct and as much its own as that of the PHRENOLOGICAL. It is every way a crisp, lively, racy, gossipy, fashionable paper, intended to meet the wants of the upper ten thousand rather than the masses on the common plane. We clip:

"A lady writing from London says: 'Brides' dresses are all made of satin. I saw one, last week, at Madame S——'s, Hanover Square. The skirt was edged with a ruching of *tulle* and a beading of large pearls; tunic of Brussels lace, looped up with orange blossoms; high square body, trimmed with lace and pearls; tight sleeves to correspond; Brussels lace vail; wreath of orange blossoms.'"

"A Western soldier, who has been through all the campaigns, and shared in many of the fiercest battles of the war, writes from his home 'that he never realized the horror of war till he got home to Indiana, and found his girl married to a stay-at-home dry goods clerk.'"

"The yellow hair *furore* is raging in London, and women with the darkest tresses are dyeing them carrot-color. Grayness or baldness in two years is the penalty."

"Ladies are beginning to wear boots, in Paris, of which the heels are in gold and silver!"

"At a baby convention in Massachusetts, fifteen mothers were present, and, on a vote for the prettiest, each baby got *one vote*."

"Mr. W. H. Weisman, recently married a Miss Farthing. He asked for a Farthing and received as-sent."

"At Yreka, California, a woman was divorced at noon, and married again at two P.M. on the same day."

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER is one of the largest, oldest, ablest, and most conservative of our New York religious and secular weeklies. It is the organ of the Old School Presbyterians, and opposes the "radicals always and everywhere," including most of the "isms" and "ologies." It was among the first to exclude from its pages those "paying" but disgusting quack medicines to which many otherwise respectable family papers are open. This paper offers liberal premiums, and has already given away more than two hundred sewing machines. Ask the proprietors for a specimen copy.

THE AMERICAN BAPTIST is one of the most outspoken—we may say radical—of the religious press. It demands "the elective franchise for all Americans." Of course it is thoroughly reformatory in all things, and asks for a thoroughly Christian government, without any compromises with wrong. The A. B. is in no respect "behind the age," but fully up to the most advanced post.

THE SCOTTISH AMERICAN—barring its anti-republican sentiments—is a very interesting journal, giving, as it does, each week, a well-digested summary of Scottish and English news, with popular stories. This must render the paper acceptable to all, but more especially to the sons and daughters of "dear old Scotia" now residing in America. It has recently donned a new dress, and is a good-looking paper.

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To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your* "BEST THOUGHTS" *solicited.*

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, *etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department*—TO CORRESPONDENTS—*and communications for the Editor, must be written on* SEPARATE *slips.*

SPECIAL NOTICE—*Owing to the crowded state of our columns generally, and the pressure upon this department in particular, we shall be compelled hereafter to decline all questions relating to subjects not properly coming within the scope of this* JOURNAL. *Queries relating to* PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, *and* ANTHROPOLOGY, *or the general* SCIENCE OF MAN, *will still be in order, provided they shall be deemed of* GENERAL INTEREST. *Write your question plainly on a* SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER, *and send us only* ONE *at a time.*

SKINNING EELS.—I have seen eels after having been beheaded, skinned, eviscerated, and cut into pieces four inches long, wriggle and move considerably. Are they alive, or is it the involuntary action of the nerves and muscles? *Ans.* The lower orders of animals, such as the snake, the eel, and the turtle, have but little brain, and their sensations, and the governing forces of their bodies, are distributed in ganglia, or nervous knots, distributed over a considerable extent of the system; while in man the motive force is located in the brain. When a man has his head severed or disconnected from the body, his dying struggles are comparatively short. It is reported, and we believe truly, that a turtle will live a day or two with the head off.

2d. What is the reason that we put an apostrophe between the O and C in o'clock? *Ans.* The apostrophe indicates a contraction. The real phrase is "of the clock;" O'Connell, O'Connor, O'Neil, and O'Reilly are similar instances. James O'Connor means James of Connor, the son of a man named Connor.

3d. What organs are needed to become a good player of chess, checkers, or billiards? *Ans.* The two former require all the Perceptives and good reasoning Intellect, with Constructiveness. The latter requires the same as the former, and a steady nerve and muscle, and especially the organs of Form, Size, and Locality, to give a knowledge of distance, direction, and angles, and then a large development of Weight, to judge of the proper force required to propel the balls, and large Order, to give system and method.

4th. Are not pleasure and pain about equal in the life and experience of persons generally? *Ans.* Certainly No, ten thousand times No. Ninety-men in a hundred have a hundred times more enjoyment than suffering—more pleasure than pain—more joy than sorrow; and wicked as the world is, a man can scarcely be found who does not entertain ten amiable, kindly, and honest emotions where he does one the reverse of these.

5th. Do you change the place of address of the JOURNAL when your subscribers move? *Ans.* Certainly, always, if they give us notice something in this form, being careful to state where it is now sent, namely, "Please change the address of the JOURNAL, now sent to John Jones, Springfield, Hampden Co., Mass., to Pittsfield, Berkshire Co., Mass. This will insure its change correctly. ——

HEADS OF INFANTS.—Do those organs which are apparently large in the heads of infants continue relatively so through life? *Ans.* The new-born infant usually has that part of the brain most largely developed which is specially necessary for the maintenance of the animal functions. The base of the infant brain is relatively much larger than the superior part. Nature, true to herself, economizes in every possible way. Since only a part of the infant brain is necessary to be well-developed at birth, and since the intellectual and moral organs are not required during the helplessness of infancy, and since extra largeness of brain would be a great inconvenience, nature kindly denies them at first any development of brain which can be avoided. Hence the little, low, narrow forehead, the germ and only the germ of the intellectual organs being needed, only these seem to be given. The middle part of the head, that presides over the bodily functions, is more amply developed. As a child increases in age, and begins to notice external objects, and becomes old enough to understand, and strong enough to do, it is marvelous to note how the front or intellectual part of the brain expands. Young mothers frequently bring their little ones to us when they are only two or three months old to tell whether their little contracted foreheads indicate idiocy. We generally tell them to watch the growth of the forehead, to mark the head at six months, and twelve months, and eighteen months, and if they have any alarm about the subject, then they may bring them to us. Sometimes the organs that are largest in infancy remain largest, but very little can be inferred in regard to what the shape of a child's head will ultimately be, under twelve months old, as it changes after that age very rapidly. ——

PHONOGRAPHY — TACHYGRAPHY. — Can you give any information as to the relative merits of the two systems of shorthand writing above named? I wish my children to learn the best. *Ans.* The phonographic reporters employed in our office have given the subject some attention, and they seem decidedly in favor of Phonography. True, they understand Phonography thoroughly, and are not so familiar with the other, but they have given it pretty sharp investigation, and we think a candid one, and their verdict is quite decided. The author of the system of shorthand which he calls Tachygraphy has complained to us because we did not "drop hook and line," and investigate and introduce his system. We replied to him by offering him or any one of his students a seat in our office for a month, for the purpose of having a practical test of his system; this he declined, and we have concluded to adhere to the excellent system of Phonography. This may not be perfect, but we think it the best system of shorthand the world has yet seen, and that mankind are not half thankful enough for it.

IS MAN A CREATURE OF CIRCUMSTANCES? *Ans.* Yes, most decidedly. But what are the circumstances? What is the meaning of the word? That which "*stands around.*" Man's organization is a circumstance. Is he strong or weak? healthy or diseased? educated or ignorant? fine-grained or coarse-grained? is he Christian or heathen? These are circumstances, and they modify the whole life.

Now, a boy whose circumstances amount to a good constitution, a harmoniously balanced brain, a wise and good parentage, good training and good society, what shall hinder him from being a good man? He has everything to help him. Suppose the same boy, organized in the same manner, placed in the hands of coarse, low, base, vicious people, reared without culture, except that which tends to vice? Their respective conditions would be vastly different at manhood. These are all circumstances. But the chief circumstance of a man's being is organic constitution.

But in the sense in which the term *circumstances* is generally used, it may be said that man occupies a half-way position, he being influenced in about the same degree either way.

Every child has a right to good circumstances, by having good parentage, good society, and all good surroundings. But unfortunately this too often is not the case.

REJECTED ARTICLES.—*Mr. Editor:* I sent you a short poem entitled the "Mystic River," with a former letter, and as you have not noticed it in any manner, I am inclined to think the letter was not received. I do not wonder at all at your silence on the subject of the poem, providing you have received it—there is nothing strange in that—but, wouldn't it be well to notice "Communications Received," in your "Notes to Correspondents," and thus quiet the uneasy minds of many young and ambitious literary aspirants? *Ans.* Formerly, when communications were much less numerous, we were wont to occasionally publish lists of them for the information of the writers. It would now take something like a column of our valuable space each month merely to name all the articles which we receive. We are thankful to our generous contributors for their good intentions, though we can not find the time and space to say so to each of them individually, but they must *wait and see* what the results of their ventures may be. We will return articles which we can not make use of, provided a request to that effect and stamps for return postage accompany them, but can not agree to do so otherwise. We have no recollection of our correspondent's "Mystic River," but should our explorations in our copy drawers bring it to light, its meanderings shall be duly noted. ——

MARRIAGES OF CONSANGUINITY.—Would it be wrong to marry my niece? We are entirely different in everything but our feelings. She looks very much like her father. Is very short, with square shoulders, dark complexion, dark eyes, and hair as black as jet, which will curl. I resemble *my* father—am six feet in height, very slender, with drooping shoulders, *very* light blue eyes and straight brown hair. *Ans.* Our views in opposition to marriages of consanguinity have been too often expressed in these columns to require repetition. To all general rules, however, there are exceptions, and some marriages of persons closely related have proved in every way happy in their results. We can not take the responsibility of deciding for our correspondent in the case before us. ——

STAMMERING.—In 1864 we published a lengthy article on this subject in the JOURNAL, and can not repeat it every year. The article has been transferred to our "Illustrated Annual for 1865," which costs 12 cents by mail.

ORIGINALITY.—1. Is it possible to have very large Imitation, and yet be original? 2. What faculties, and in what degree, are indispensably requisite to form an easy, rapid, and elegant penman? *Ans.* 1. Yes, why not? One can be original if he have any talent for it, and he can be imitative if he have large Imitation. If one have Constructiveness, Causality, and Ideality, he can invent, strike out a new course, and rise above his cotemporaries; at the same time, if he have large Imitation, he can copy others in a thousand things. One with large Imitation is less likely to strike out a new and independent course, even though he have large organs as a basis of originality, than one who has but little Imitation and strong individualism, and only average organs of originality. 2. To be an elegant, easy, and rapid penman, one wants the perceptive and mechanical organs large—with large Ideality and Constructiveness, and an active temperament.

GRAY HAIR.—I am a young girl, just twenty; for about three years my hair has been getting gray; it is pretty light, and does not show very much; but I would like to know the cause of it, and if it can be remedied or not. I have never used anything on it except cold water. I think I obey the laws of health pretty well, as regards diet, bathing, and so on. Am a large and healthy girl. Might it be hereditary? My father's hair is not much gray, but his beard began to turn when about twenty-five. My mother's hair began at about the same age to get gray that mine did. Please answer through the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and oblige JENNIE. *Ans.* We should use no hair dyes, no cosmetics, nothing but soft water, comb, and brush. We think it hereditary.

ABOUT REPORTS AND REPORTING.—1. What are the necessary qualifications of a good reporter? *Ans.* Good sense and a good education.

2. What is the salary or amount generally paid to reporters for their services? *Ans.* There is no general salary. Raw hands are lucky to get ten dollars a week, and the best get all the way from $1,000 to $3,000 a year.

3. Are there more than enough reporters at present to supply the demand? *Ans.* We think not.

4. Can you refer me to any book or books from which I can get some idea of the business of a reporter, his manner of working, etc.? *Ans.* No, there are no such books. There are text-books. Send us your name and address, and a three-cent stamp, and we will send you a list of the phonographic text-books, and the price of each.

SOMNAMBULISM.—How do you explain somnambulism? *Ans.* In somnambulism the sensitive, emotional, and volitional powers, and all the faculties of perception, conception, memory, imagination, belief, reasoning, and intuition are in full activity, while the external organs of sense and intellection are apparently in a state of profound slumber. Hence, when brought to their ordinary state of consciousness, somnambulists have no recollection of what has passed; but when brought again to the somnambulic state, they recollect what happened to them in the previous similar state. In 1858 we published an extended series of articles on Psychology in this JOURNAL, to which we refer inquirers. See also the new library of Mesmerism and Psychology. ——

AT WHAT AGE?—At what age can you judge the character of a child? *Ans.* Any time from a year and a half upward.

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TEMPERAMENT—HAIR.—In a person of predominant mental temperament, does *fine* dark hair and skin *invariably* indicate a predominance of the motive above the vital temperament? *Ans.* The fineness of the hair is a sign of the mental temperament, not of the motive; but the dark complexion, if there be not plumpness, indicates more a leaning to the motive than to the vital temperament.

2d. What causes the hair upon the face to be sometimes of two different shades, or of what is it an indication? *Ans.* This question we can not answer, and if we could, we can see no possible benefit to come from it. That a pig's tail sometimes curls we know, and we are not aware that to know why would do us any good.

MYOPIA, or Short-sightedness, is owing to an undue thickness or convexity of the lenses or humors of the eye, so that the rays of light reflected from the object looked at are brought to a focus before they reach the retina, consequently a short-sighted person must bring the object he would examine unnaturally close to the eye, to obtain a distinct image of it on the retina. A skillful oculist can adjust glasses to eyes so affected, and render the sight good. We see no objection to a short-sighted person marrying a person with excellent eyes provided the latter be willing; if, however, one with imperfect vision is fearful of entailing that misfortune on posterity, he would not act uncharitably toward the world by remaining single.

MARVELOUSNESS.—Why do you call Marvelousness and Spirituality the same, when they should be defined and located as two separate organs? *Ans.* This questioner seems to settle the matter by a square assertion. We beg modestly to differ with his assertion, and reply to his question. We think Spirituality, or a perception of the spiritual, is the function of that organ. Credulity, Wonder, Marvelousness are lower forms of its action, or the action of Spirituality in conjunction with a weak or uninstructed intellect, or of an excitable or disordered mental condition.

GOING SOUTH.—Would it pay for a young man of good business talents to learn telegraphing and go South as an operator? *Ans.* We think it will pay for a young man of good business talent to go South, but should not advise telegraphing, unless the individual feels specially attracted to that business. It is in agriculture, manufactures, and mining that the best openings for business are to be found in the Southern States.

POLITICS.—We can not open these pages to the discussion of *party* questions. We shall not refrain from the consideration of great principles where the perpetuity of our institutions is concerned, but we will not dabble in party politics, nor in sectarianism. It is useless for correspondents to try to draw us into either.

DR. CULVERWELL AND HIS QUACK REMEDIES.—Whatever may have been the merits of Dr. C.'s publications, certain it is his name is now being prostituted by base pretenders and quacks. No confidence whatever can be placed in the drugs prescribed by those who use his name. They are impostors.

PUNCTUATION.—Yes, there is a work on this subject entitled "Wilson's Punctuation," which we can send you by mail for $1 60.

RURAL LIFE.—Where one finds a confining occupation injurious to his health, it is his duty to seek some mode of employment which will give him out-door exercise and the means of improving his physical condition. Health is a too important matter to be subordinated to external and secondary considerations.

As a general History of England, we name "Keightley's" as one of the best, which can be obtained through us on receipt of price, $4 50.

DAILY BATHS.—In our December number for 1865 we have given full directions in reference to this matter; which see, under head of "Beauty, Vigor, and Development."

OCCIPITAL RIDGE.—This is much more prominent on the skulls of some persons than on others, and must be distinguished from the organ of Amativeness.

CHEST EXPANSION.—F. P. T. does not get the "hang" of the exercise which we have printed several times for the benefit of the narrow-chested. In our December, 1865, number, will be found full directions for expanding the lungs, in language sufficiently intelligible for even sub-mediocre understandings.

ENGINEER.—See our article on Engineering in the January number.

HANDWRITING.—L. L. Fine and Regular in the specimen before us.

We are obliged, for want of space, to omit several answers already in type for this department.

Publishers' Department.

PHRENOLOGY IN CALIFORNIA.—Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to visit personally the great gold States of the Pacific. Every post brings us cordial invitations to lecture there, and judging from the extensive demand for our publications, and the very large circle of JOURNAL readers, the EDITOR would say good-bye to Gotham, and take steam thither, did not his duties at "headquarters" prevent. Hurry up that Great Pacific Railroad, or put on a better class of steamers, and we will think about a visit—combining business with pleasure—to the land which is paved with gold and silver. But we are more interested in the *people* than in the *metal*. The West contains the pioneer spirit of the continent. We want to meet it.

WICKED CHEATS.—We are in the daily receipts of letters from "our country cousins," asking us to inquire into the merits of bogus watch and jewelry concerns. One advertises to send a $50 watch for $5 24; a gold chain and a finger ring, said to be worth "ever so much," to be had for almost nothing. Had we not ocular evidence, we would not credit the verdancy of those who send their money, or who ask our agency in trying to get something for almost nothing. The foolish victims are caught in a very poor trap; and, like those who patronize quack doctors, express their regrets when it is too late. How respectable newspapers can lend themselves to advertise bogus jewelry, wicked lotteries, gift enterprises, and quack medicines, all of which are cunning tricks to cheat, swindle, and deceive, we can not see. But there *are* persons who rather sympathize with and have a fellow-feeling for rowdies, rogues, and robbers. One way to put a stop to the matter is to refuse to take a paper that advertises for the swindlers.

BEST THOUGHTS. — J. C. writes from Mobile, as follows: "I see in your A. P. J. that best thoughts are solicited. My best thoughts are, I wish you to inform, through your next number, the scoundrel (I had almost written thief) who steals my JOURNAL out of this post-office that I will pay one year's subscription for him if he sends me his address and stops stealing mine. I get about one out of every three you send me." [This is a generous, not to say Christian proposition, of returning "good for evil." It is certainly most provoking to have such interruptions. We are *very* careful to have all JOURNALS properly and promptly mailed from this office. But we can not personally follow each JOURNAL to its destination. One way to correct the matter is to appoint honest post-masters and faithful clerks. Would it not be well to require them to undergo a phrenological examination, and thus judge of their fitness before giving them an appointment?]

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—Captain John Vine Hall, of the Great Eastern, used the following prescription for the cure of drunkenness for seven months, and was effectually relieved from all desire for liquor.

TO BE TAKEN TWICE A DAY.

Sulphate of iron, five grains; magnesia, ten grains; peppermint-water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm.

Captain Hall may be a very sensible captain, but he may not be a good physician. Instead of the above apothecaries' prescription, *we* would advise a few drops of "aqua pura" morning, noon, and night, and *no alcoholic stimulants whatever!* Careful attention to this will prove a perfect cure for drunkenness, and leave the patient in good condition, and secure the best results. We stake our professional reputation on the fact, and can procure a thousand testimonials in its favor. Try it.

AUT NUNQUAM TENTES AUT PERFICE. [Translation—Either never try, or persevere.] This is a good motto, and may be safely adopted by all. That word "PERSEVERE" should be engraved on the minds of all whose motives are good, all who would correct and overcome bad habits; who would improve and elevate themselves. Perseverance is indispensable to greatness. Would you learn a trade or an art? persevere. Would you attain a scientific or professional education? persevere. Would you tunnel a mountain? Place a telegraph around the globe? Explore unknown countries? Would you do anything great, good, or useful? PERSEVERE!

THE "LAUGHING DOCTOR" is settled in Allegany Co., N. Y., where he will be happy to talk, laugh, and sweat sick folks out of their ills.

"WHO IS W. H. WINTEMUTE, of 389 Broadway?" There is no such person stopping at this house. Is he not an impostor?

"THE THUNDERBOLT!"—What a terrible name for such an innocent-looking thing as the new, graceful, convenient, and elegant rifle just introduced by the Howard Brothers, and now first described in the A. P. J.! We give an interesting history of Fire-Arms, with illustrations, in our present number. We will add nothing more. The "Thunderbolt" will, in good time, "speak for itself."

INTERESTING TO FRUIT-GROWERS.—The American Pomological Society will hold its eleventh session in St. Louis, Mo., commencing on Thursday morning, September 4th, 1866. All Horticultural, Pomological, Agricultural, and other kindred institutions in the United States and British Provinces are invited to send delegations, as large as they deem expedient; and all other persons interested in the cultivation of fruits are invited to be present and take seats in the convention.

THE ELEVENTH NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION will be held in the city of New York, at the Church of the Puritans, Union Square, on Thursday, the 10th of May, at ten o'clock Addresses will be delivered by person. to be hereafter announced. Mrs. E. C. Stanton, President; Miss S. B. Anthony, Secretary; Office, 48 Beekman Street, New York. Ladies will now have a chance to have a hearing,

A BRIGHT BOY.—*Gentlemen:* The picture of the Family Cat, in the JOURNAL, was shown to my little boy, one year and seven days old, upon which he started back in great alarm; nor would he allow his hand to be placed upon the life-like picture. Being put in possession of a pair of shears for a weapon, however, he attacked it without fear, hitting pussy in the eye. It seems to me that the above incident proves either a splendid engraving or a bright boy, or both. S. C.

A GOOD WORK FOR AGENTS.—Our new PHYSIOGNOMY, with more than a thousand illustrations, in one large and very handsome volume, promises to surpass, in attractiveness, as a subscription book, any work hitherto published; a new edition is now printing, and sample copies may soon be had.

OUR PREMIUMS.—We have been desired to extend the time for forming clubs, to enable parties now canvassing to complete their work, and we have decided to extend the time to the first of July. See page 62, February number, for full particulars. Additions may be made to former clubs at

MR. J. T. HOOVER, of the U. S. Coast Survey, Washington, will please accept our thanks for valuable public documents.

MR. BURNHAM, of Springfield, advertises "The Best" Business College, "where the young and middle-aged of *both sexes* are fitted for business pursuits."

How *can* young men and young women be expected to "keep their eyes on their books" in the presence of each other? We "reckon" the young men who go there will get New England wives, whatever else they may get. So look out.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—Mr. J. S. Thompson, assisted by competent artists, is giving a series of excellent popular Friday evening concerts, of vocal and instrumental music, in Dodworth's Hall, 806 Broadway, under the patronage of many of our leading citizens. We hope Mr. Thompson, who is one of our very best teachers, may be liberally patronized.

BUTTER TO SELL.—The best advice we can give on the point is this: Write a note to Mr. William Rhodes, firm of Hall, Van Bergen & Co., 72 Front Street, New York, and he will tell you all about it. Any produce consigned to him will be sold at the best rates and *honestly* accounted for.

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MUCILAGE.—Dr. King, of Americus, Ga., proposes, for a consideration, to instruct those who wish to know how to make this useful article. We have tried a bottle, and know it will *stick*.

"WHO IS B. H. ANDERSON, Cheap Jeweler?" We don't know. Probably one of the hundred or more rogues who send circulars with tickets to the country, offering to send $50 watches on receipt of $5 24. "Call the police."

PHRENOLOGY IN INDIANA.—We hear favorable reports of the lectures delivered in this State by Mr. J. H. Everett, of Bryan, Ohio. This gentleman makes it a point to call the attention of his audiences to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, many of whom become subscribers. In this way seed is planted which will take root and perpetuate itself. ——

We would call the attention of all those requiring good-fitting boots and shoes to the advertisement of Slater, the well-known boot-maker, in another column. ——

ENIGMA.—I am composed of 43 letters.

My 30, 17, 23, 14, 25, 37, 12 was a much-loved general.

My 13, 40, 11, 33, 8, 32 is a color.

My 23, 31, 18, 12, 2, 5 is a name forever disgraced.

My 20, 2, 21, 42, 34, 17, 36 is a scourge of the human race.

My 24, 35, 6, 10, 41, 26, 19 I hold in high esteem.

My 1, 40, 3, 12, 2 is a part of the system much neglected.

My 9, 5, 7, 35, 36, 1, 15, 8, 4 is one of the organs of the brain.

My 43, 39, 3, 10, 38, 34, 4 is a kingdom.

My 22, 36, 27, 35, 23 is an island off the coast of Texas.

My 16, 41, 29, 38, 40 is a town in Ohio.

My whole is an article which furnishes its possessor with a fund of unceas amusement and instruction. L. L.

WACOUSTA, MICHIGAN.

Business.

[*Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear; but we will not knowingly insert anything intended to deceive, nor of an immoral tendency. Quack Medicines, Lotteries, Gift Schemes, etc., will be carefully excluded. Matter will be* LEADED *and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 25 cents a line.*]

TAKE YOUR CHOICE!—We have already given away more than

TWO HUNDRED

Sewing Machines, as premiums for getting subscribers to the

NEW YORK OBSERVER.

Sixteen New Subscribers will secure a $55 Sewing Machine, either Wheeler & Wilson or Grover and Baker. See advertisement in the April number.

Sample copies and circulars sent to any address *free*.

Terms, $3 50 a year, in advance.

SIDNEY H. MORSE, JR. & CO.,
37 Park Row, New York.

FOR SALE, LOW.—One Powerful Wind Grinding Mill, with Machinery complete, and warranted strictly as represented. A. P. BROWN,
1t. Syracuse, New York.

THE SIGNET OF KING SOLOMON; OR, THE FREEMASON'S DAUGHTER. By Aug. C. L. Arnold, LL.D., author of "Womanhood," "Rationale and Ethics of Freemasonry," etc. New Edition, Revised, and Enlarged. Beautifully Illustrated.

The Author, through the medium of fiction, illustrates the principles of the institution of Freemasonry, or, rather, to reveal its high and glorious ideal, which *The Knight of the Temple* is an embodiment of this ideal, which may be said, indeed, to inspire all noble and elevated souls. The work should be in every family.

Bound in fine cloth. 12mo. Price $1 25. Sent free of postage on receipt of the price. Address

MASONIC PUBLISHING AND MANUFACTURING CO.,
430 Broome Street, New York.

CUTTER, TOWER & CO., Stationery Warehouse, corner of Beekman and Nassau streets, where the trade can be furnished with all kinds of Stationery at the lowest market prices. Also, a new and valuable paper-fastener, at $2 per thousand, for lawyers and all others that need papers fastened by tape, etc. 1t.

CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.—Published weekly, by the Unitarian Association of the State of New York. Terms $3 50 per annum, delivered by the Carrier, and $3 to Mail Subscribers—in all cases in advance. Single copies, seven cents. Subscriptions received at the Office of the Association, 522 Broadway, James Miller's Bookstore.

The *Inquirer* is the organ of the Unitarian denomination, setting forth, not the mere opinion of any individual or wing, but the broad principles, the catholic spirit, the central religious thought and aims of our many-sided but wonderfully coherent "household of faith." It will aim to express and foster the newly-awakened life, the earnestness, the hopeful spirit and noble activities of which our people exhibit manifest and cheering indications.

As an advertising medium, the *Inquirer* presents peculiar advantages. It is largely circulated among the active business men of the country.

EASTERN HYGEIAN HOME, Florence Heights, N. J.—This place, which is beautifully situated on the east bank of the Delaware River, on an eminence overlooking the finest fruit and garden lands of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, is now ready for the reception of invalids and Hygienic boarders. Accommodations for 300 persons.

R. T. TRALL, M.D., Proprietor.
H. T. ROWLAND, M.D., } Associate
MRS. O. F. MCCUNE, M.D., } Physicians.
For circulars, address
EASTERN HYGEIAN HOME,
2t. Florence, N. J.

WESTERN HYGEIAN HOME, St. Anthony's Falls, Minn.—This institution will be re-opened for patients and Hygienic boarders on the 1st of May, 1866, under the management of R. T. Trall, M.D., and his Associates. Accommodations for 500 persons. For further information and circulars, address

WESTERN HYGEIAN HOME,
St. Anthony, Minn.

N.B.—The second term of the Minnesota Hygeio-Therapeutic College will commence on the second Tuesday in June. 2t.

THE NEW ORLEANS ADVOCATE is published in New Orleans, La., and is devoted to Christianity, Our Country, and Literature. It will contain a synopsis of Sermons preached in New Orleans. A sermon by some colored Clergyman, reported as delivered, with all its native peculiarities. Domestic and Foreign Correspondence. Editorials on Religion, Politics, and Letters. Summary of current events. A Young Men's Department, in which will be given a full report of the proceedings of the New Orleans Young Men's Christian Association. All important intelligence relating to Church or State in the South. A Ladies' and Children's Department.

To illustrate its importance, I need only inform you that there is not a Union religious paper published in the Valley of the Mississippi, from St. Louis to New Orleans. It will be conducted entirely by young men who are equal to the task, and will give the complexion of the Southern sky as seen from this stand-point.

The terms are four dollars per annum, in advance. Address Rev. J. P. NEWMAN,
New Orleans, La.

GEMS OF SACRED SONG.—A New Volume of the Choicest Pieces of the Best Composers, with Piano Accompaniments; a beautiful collection of popular music, uniform with the previous volumes of the "Home Circle Series," now consisting of seven volumes, the whole forming the most complete and valuable library of Piano Music published, to which will soon be added, "GEMS OF SCOTTISH SONGS," now in press. Price of each, Plain, $2 50; Cloth, $3; Cloth, full gilt, $4. OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington Street, Boston. tf.

GUIDE BOOKS.—We furnish all Maps of Cities, Towns, Counties, States, and of the World, at publisher's prices, and send the same by post or express from this office on receipt of pay.

CONCRETE HOUSES.—The first part of the Manual of Instructions for Building with Concrete; or How to get the Best House at the Least Cost, will be ready for delivery April 12th, 1866. Price 25 cents. S. T. FOWLER,
14th Street, above 5th Avenue, Brooklyn, Long Island, N. Y.

NEW SPORTING RIFLE!—Howard's Breach-loading Rifle, the Thunderbolt, Patented 1865. The latest improvement!

This Rifle is regarded by every sportsman who has seen it as the most *convenient* and *beautiful* fire-arm yet offered to the public. The proprietors would call special attention to its strength, accuracy, and simplicity. Specimens may be seen at this Office, 389 Broadway.

HOWARD BROTHERS, Proprietors.
Price $25. Liberal terms to the trade.
Address, by mail, 12 Whitehall Street, New York. 1t.

MUCILAGE.—Every family should know how to make this useful article free of cost. Send 25 cents and get the recipe from DR. A. KING,
Americus, Ga.

HIGHLAND WATER-CURE.—H. P. Burdick, M.D. (Laughing Doctor. See PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, December, '58), and Mrs. Mary Bryant Burdick, M.D., Physicians and Proprietors.

Send for a circular.

Address ALFRED, Allegany Co., N. Y.

A CURIOSITY FOR THE LADIES.—There is on exhibition at the salesroom of Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, No. 625 Broadway, the first Sewing Machine (No. 1) made by that Company, the present number being 220,000. Let the interested compare the Machine sold in 1851 for $125 with those now offered for $55. The former owner of this Machine gives its history as follows:

This Machine was finished early in 1851, and I learned its use from Mr. Wilson himself. I was thus, you see, the first to work the Wheeler & Wilson Machine, and learned on the first Machine they ever manufactured.

In 1854 I earned with the Machine $295, besides doing my own housework and taking care of my baby. In 1856 we came to Davenport, and brought the Machine with us. I believe it is the first Machine ever brought to Iowa.

I run that Machine almost constantly for more than fourteen years, on all sorts of work, from the finest dressmaking to the heaviest tailoring. I quilted a full-sized white bed-spread with it which has been exhibited three times at the Fair. It took me three weeks to do it with my other work; but it could not have been done by hand in as many years. I have even stitched leather with it, and at the time I exchanged it (in 1865), for No. 192,320, it worked just as well as when made.

It is perhaps unnecessary for me to add that I believe the Wheeler & Wilson to be vastly superior to any other machine made.

Yours, respectfully, P. E. B.

Time tries all things. Use only furnishes the final test. Opinions of the skillful may be of value, but time is needed to confirm them. All failures have had their advocates. It is noteworthy that the Sewing Machine for which the highest premium was awarded at the World's Fair here in 1853 long since sunk into merited oblivion. The past fifteen years has seen numerous Machines, with high-sounding pretensions, rise with a flourish, confound the simple, and vanish. So will it be while credulity lasts.

The Wheeler & Wilson Company fixed upon the "Lock Stitch" as the one best suited to the general purposes of sewing, for beauty, permanence, elasticity, and economy of thread, and experience has confirmed the preference. It was at liberty, then as now, to make a chain-stitch machine; and even now, at a cost of less than ten cents each, can adapt its Lock-Stitch Machine to make the chain-stitch as well as the lock-stitch; but, not believing in the stitch, has steadily refused to give it any kind of indorsement.

While this Company has given to the public the best fruits of inventive genius, it has guarded it from a multitude of traps. Attachments have been added for various purposes, as hemming, binding, braiding, cording, etc., but it has been kept free of all useless complications. *Simplicity of parts*, and adaptation to the widest range of work, has been the constant aim. Instead of boasting of a variety of useless stitches and movements, it claims to make but *one kind of stitch*, and that with the *fewest movements possible*. Hence the Machine may run constantly for fourteen years, like the No. 1 above-mentioned, or a lifetime, even, and work just as well as when new. With a complication of parts and movements, it would require monthly repairs and adjustments. As the purchase of a Sewing Machine is, or may be, an act for a lifetime, care should be had in getting what *time* and *use* have approved.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

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Advertisements.

[*Announcements for this or the preceding department must reach the publishers by the 10th of the month preceding the date in which they are intended to appear. Our edition is now very large, and we must go to press early in order to reach subscribers promptly. Terms for advertising in this department, 25 cents a line, or $25 a column.*]

EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENT!—CLARK'S SCHOOL VISITOR sent free! This popular Day School Magazine, published Monthly at 75 cents a year, filled with Choice Original *Stories, Poems, Music, Dialogues, Sketches of Travel, Natural History, Puzzles, Rebuses, Phonetics, Engravings, etc., etc.*, will be sent one year FREE, to one person *who will act as Agent*, at any Post-Office in the United States. For further particulars, address, with five cents for return postage,
J. W. DAUGHADAY, Publisher,
1308 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CHILDREN ALL ARE SINGING—The Charming Songs contained in the "MERRY CHIMES," L. O. Emerson's New and Popular Book of Juvenile Music, containing nearly two hundred pieces, every one a favorite. Most decidedly the best collection published, and following in the path of its predecessor, "THE GOLDEN WREATH," of which no less than a *Quarter of a Million Copies have been printed.* Price 50 cents. Sent post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston. 1t.

THE CHRISTIAN MELODIST.—A NEW REVIVAL HYMN AND TUNE BOOK. It contains nearly 200 hymns and tunes, both old and new, and is one of the best books for revival meetings that has yet been issued. Among the new and beautiful tunes we would mention the following: "Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord," as sung by the soldiers in the army, and has been the means of the conversion of hundreds of souls; "Mariner's Hymn," "Let go the Anchor," "Lion of Judah," "Shall we meet you all there?" "Sinner, come, will you go?" "Jesus died for you," "Oh, let not your hearts be troubled," etc. Price, paper covers, 30 cents, $3 per dozen; board covers, 35 cents, $3 60 per dozen. Mailed at the retail price. Sample sheets, 5 cents each, 50 cents per dozen, $3 per hundred, mailed.
HORACE WATERS, Publisher,
1t. No. 481 Broadway, New York.

A LIBRARY FOR LECTURERS, SPEAKERS, AND OTHERS.—Every Lawyer, Clergyman, Senator, Congressman, Teacher, Debater, Student, etc., who desires to be informed and posted on the Rules and Regulations which Govern Public Bodies, as well as those who desire the best books on the art of Public Speaking, should provide himself with the following small library:

The Indispensable Hand Book	$2 25
The Art of Extempore Speaking	2 00
The Right Word in the Right Place	75
The American Debater	2 00
The Exhibition Speaker	1 50
The Manual of Parliamentary Practice	1 25
Dwyer on Elocution	1 00
Bronson on Elocution	2 00

We will send one copy each by first express on receipt of $12; or separately, by mail, post-paid, at the prices affixed.
Address, FOWLER AND WELLS,
389 Broadway, N. Y.

GREY HAIR.—How to Restore it to its ORIGINAL COLOR.
ALDRICH'S IMPERIAL POMADE WILL CERTAINLY DO IT.
Composed of purely vegetable ingredients. The *quickest*, most *efficacious*, and *certain* in its effects of any article ever manufactured. *Every Bottle Warranted.*
Cures Dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out, and allays itching of the scalp.
For sale by
GABANDAN & MARSH, 679 Broadway,
CASWELL & MACK, Fifth Avenue Hotel,
HELMBOLD, 594 Broadway,
HEGEMAN & Co., Broadway,
KNAPP, 362 Hudson Street.
Druggists generally.
Wholesale Agents, F. C. WELLS & CO., 115 Franklin Street, New York.
S. A. CLARK, Proprietors,
Woonsocket, R. I.

WEED'S HIGHEST PREMIUM SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE
Has only to be seen and operated to be Appreciated.
Call and see for yourself before purchasing. Please bring samples of various kinds of thread (such as is usually found at stores) and various kinds of fabric, which you know the former most popular Sewing machines either can not work at all, or, at best, very imperfectly.
SUPERIORITY
over any other machine in the market will be seen at a glance.
1st. It runs easily and rapidly, and is so constructed as to endure all kinds of usage.
2d. No breaking of threads in going over seams.
3d. No imperfect action of the feed at uneven places in the work.
4th. The Weed-stitch catches of itself, and will sew from the finest lace to the heaviest leather, and from 200 cotton to coarse linen thread.
5th. The Weed Machine will do beautiful quilting on the bare wadding without using inner lining; thus leaving it soft as if done by hand.
6th. The variety of fancy work that can be done on the WEED MACHINE with so little trouble makes it equal, if not superior, to six machines combined; for instance, it Binds, Hems, Tucks, and Sews on the band at the same time, and in fact, the WEED No. 2 MACHINE, as before stated, is equivalent to a combination of any six ordinary machines.
Orders for Machines may be sent through the AMERICAN ADVERTISING AGENCY, 389 Broadway, N. Y.
Below we give a few prices:

No. 2. Oil Black Walnut, Ornamented with Hemmer	$60
No. 2. Oil Black Walnut, Half Case, Ornamented with Hemmer	65
No. 3. Extra Oil-Polished Black Walnut, Half Case, Large Table, beautifully Ornamented	75

WEED SEWING MACHINE CO.,
506 Broadway, New York.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.—*The Practical Farmer's own Paper.* The cheapest and best AGRICULTURAL and HORTICULTURAL Journal in America. Illustrated with numerous engravings of Farm Buildings, Animals, Fruits, Flowers, etc. Only *one dollar a year.* Read what is said of it by the press.
The place of the Genesee Farmer has been more than equally well supplied by the American Farmer.—*Germantown Telegraph.*
It opens with fair promise of success.—*Country Gentleman.*
Eminently worthy of a liberal patronage.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*
It bids fair to become a standard farmer's paper.—*Farmer*, Fond du Lac, Wis.
Well printed and well got up at the low price of one dollar. Eminently worthy of a liberal patronage.—*Working Farmer*, New York.
The Farmer is a first-class Agricultural Journal from its very first "Peep o' Day."—*Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia.
Promises to be a valuable monthly.—*Utica Herald.*
Five copies for $4, eight copies for $6, and any larger number at the same rate, or 75 cents a year. A free copy to the getter up of a club of ten.
Postmasters and all friends of agricultural improvement are respectfully solicited to obtain and forward subscriptions.
Specimen copy set to all applicants on receipt of ten cents. JOHN TURNER,
Publisher and Proprietor,
tf. Rochester, N. Y.

KNITTING MACHINES FOR FAMILIES AND MANUFACTURERS. *Something New and Invaluable for Family Use.*
We offer the public the simplest, strongest and best Knitting Machine in the world.
It occupies but little space—is portable, and can be attached to a stand or table—weighs about 40 lbs.
It will knit a variety of stitches; the breakage of needles is trifling; the cost of needles is insignificant, and the most delicate material can be knit pure and spotless, as the needles are not oiled.
Orders for Machines may be sent through the AMERICAN ADVERTISING AGENCY, 389 Broadway, New York.
Send for a circular. Agents wanted.
DALTON KNITTING MACHINE CO.,
537 Broadway, New York.

CHURCH CHOIRS ARE SATISFIED that the best book for their use is "THE HARP OF JUDAH," by L. O. Emerson. Letters from all directions confirm the opinion that no collection of Church Music recently published has given such general satisfaction. Choirs the most fastidious in their tastes, and having the reputation of being "very hard to please," have acknowledged the "HARP OF JUDAH" to be just the book they want. Price $1 38 per copy. $12 a dozen.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston. 1t.

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ÆSOP'S FABLES.

ILLUSTRATED.

THE ASS AND THE LAP-DOG.

THERE was an Ass and a Lap-dog that belonged to the same master. The Ass was tied up in the stable, and had plenty of corn and hay to eat, and was as well off as Ass could be. The little Dog was always sporting and gamboling about, caressing and fawning upon his master in a thousand amusing ways, so that he became a great favorite, and was permitted to lie in his master's lap. The Ass, indeed, had enough to do; he was drawing wood all day, and had to take his turn at the mill at night. But while he grieved over his own lot, it galled him more to see the Lap-dog living in such ease and luxury; so thinking that if he acted a like part to his master, he should fare the same, he broke one day from his halter, and rushing into the hall began to kick and prance about in the strangest fashion; then switching his tail and mimicking the frolics of the favorite, he upset the table where his master was at dinner, breaking it in two and smashing all the crockery; nor would he leave off till he jumped upon his master, and pawed him with his rough-shod feet. The servants, seeing their master in no little danger, thought it was now high time to interfere, and having released him from the Ass's caresses, they so belabored the silly creature with sticks and staves, that he never got up again; and as he breathed his last, exclaimed, "Why could not I have been satisfied with my natural position, without attempting, by tricks and grimaces, to imitate one who was but a puppy after all!"

THE VIPER AND THE FILE.

A VIPER entering into a smith's shop began looking about for something to eat. At length seeing a File, he went up to it and commenced biting at it; but the File bade him leave him alone, saying, "You are likely to get little from me, whose business it is to bite others."

THE MOLE AND THE MOTHER.

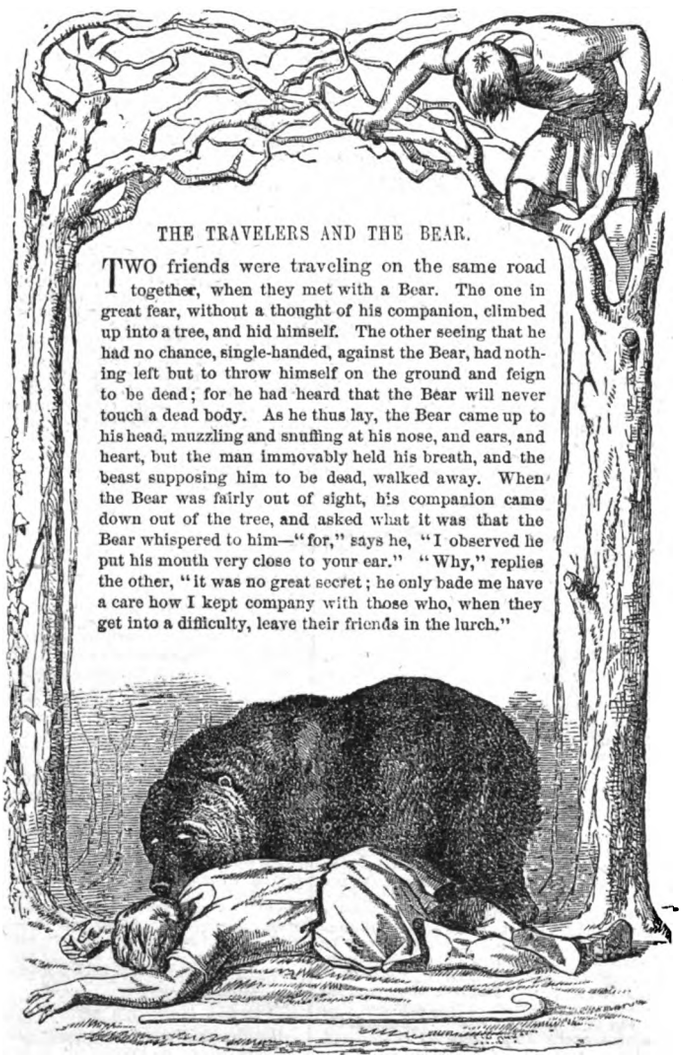
SAID a young Mole to her Mother, "Mother, I can see." So, in order to try her, her Mother put a lump of frankincense before her, and asked her what it was. "A stone," said the young one. "Oh, my child!" said the Mother, "not only do you not see, but you can not even smell."

Brag upon one defect, and betray another.

JUPITER, NEPTUNE, MINERVA, AND MOMUS.

JUPITER, Neptune, and Minerva (as the story goes) once contended which of them should make the most perfect thing. Jupiter made a Man; Pallas made a house; and Neptune made a Bull; and Momus—for he had not yet been turned out of Olympus—was chosen judge to decide which production had the greatest merit. He began by finding fault with the Bull, because his horns were not below his eyes, so that he might see when he butted with them. Next he found fault with the Man, because there was no window in his breast that all might see his inward thoughts and feelings. And lastly he found fault with the House, because it had no wheels to enable its inhabitants to remove from bad neighbors. But Jupiter forthwith drove the critic out of heaven, telling him that a fault-finder could never be pleased, and that it was time to criticise the works of others when he had done some good thing himself.

THE ASS AND THE LAP-DOG.



THE TRAVELERS AND THE BEAR.

TWO friends were traveling on the same road together, when they met with a Bear. The one in great fear, without a thought of his companion, climbed up into a tree, and hid himself. The other seeing that he had no chance, single-handed, against the Bear, had nothing left but to throw himself on the ground and feign to be dead; for he had heard that the Bear will never touch a dead body. As he thus lay, the Bear came up to his head, muzzling and snuffing at his nose, and ears, and heart, but the man immovably held his breath, and the beast supposing him to be dead, walked away. When the Bear was fairly out of sight, his companion came down out of the tree, and asked what it was that the Bear whispered to him—"for," says he, "I observed he put his mouth very close to your ear." "Why," replies the other, "it was no great secret; he only bade me have a care how I kept company with those who, when they get into a difficulty, leave their friends in the lurch."

THE TRAVELERS AND THE BEAR.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PHYSICIAN.

AN old Woman, who had become blind, called in a Physician, and promised him, before witnesses, that if he would restore her eyesight, she would give him a most handsome reward, but that if he did not cure her, and her malady remained, he should receive nothing. The agreement being concluded, the Physician tampered from time to time with the old lady's eyes, and meanwhile, bit by bit, carried off her goods. At length after a time he set about the task in earnest and cured her, and thereupon asked for the stipulated fee. But the old Woman, on recovering her sight, saw none of her goods left in the house. When, therefore, the Physician importuned her in vain for payment, and she continually put him off with excuses, he summoned her at last before the Judges. Being now called upon for her defense, she said, "What this man says is true enough; I promised to give him his fee if my sight were restored, and nothing if my eyes continued bad. Now then, he says that I am cured, but I say just the contrary; for when my malady first came on, I could see all sorts of furniture and goods in my house; but now, when he says he has restored my sight, I can not see one jot of either."

He who plays a trick must be prepared to take a joke.

THE BOY AND THE SCORPION.

A BOY was hunting Locusts upon a wall, and had caught a great number of them, when, seeing a Scorpion, he mistook it for another Locust, and was just hollowing his hand to catch it, when the Scorpion, lifting up his sting, said: "I wish you had done it, for I would soon have made you drop me, and the Locusts into the bargain."

THE ASS AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

AN Ass hearing some Grasshoppers chirping, was delighted with the music, and determining, if he could, to rival them, asked them what it was that they fed upon to make them sing so sweetly? When they told him that they supped upon nothing but dew, the Ass betook himself to the same diet, and soon died of hunger.

One man's meat is another man's poison.

JUPITER AND THE BEE.

IN days of yore, when the world was young, a Bee that had stored her combs with a bountiful harvest, flew up to heaven to present as a sacrifice an offering of honey. Jupiter was so delighted with the gift, that he promised to give her whatsoever she should ask for. She therefore besought him, saying, "Oh, glorious Jove, maker and master of me, poor Bee, give thy servant a sting, that when any one approaches my hive to take the honey, I may kill him on the spot." Jupiter, out of love to man, was angry at her request, and thus answered her: "Your prayer shall not be granted in the way you wish, but the sting which you ask for you shall have; and when any one comes to take away your honey and you attack him, the wound shall be fatal, not to him but to you, for your life shall go with your sting."

He that prays harm for his neighbor, begs a curse upon himself.

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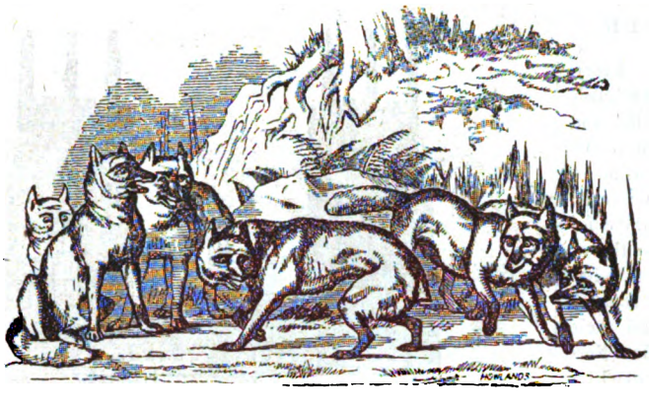
THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL.

A FOX being caught in a trap, was glad to compound for his neck by leaving his tail behind him; but upon coming abroad into the world, he began to be so sensible of the disgrace such a defect would bring upon him, that he almost wished he had died rather than come away without it. However, resolving to make the best of a bad matter, he called a meeting of the rest of the Foxes, and proposed that all should follow his example. "You have no notion," said he, "of the ease and comfort with which I now move about: I could never have believed it if I had not tried it myself; but really, when one comes to reason upon it, a tail is such an ugly, inconvenient, unnecessary appendage, that the only wonder is that, as Foxes, we could have put up with it so long. I propose, therefore, my worthy brethren, that you all profit by the experience that I am most willing to afford you, and that all Foxes from this day forward cut off their tails." Upon this one of the oldest stepped forward, and said, "I rather think, my friend, that you would not have advised us to part with our tails, if there were any chance of recovering your own."



THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL.

THE MOON AND HER MOTHER.

THE Moon once asked her Mother to make her a little cloak that would fit her well. "How," replied she, "can I make you a cloak to fit you, who are now a New Moon, and then a Full Moon, and then again neither one nor the other?"

THE FARMER AND HIS SONS.

A FARMER being on the point of death and wishing to show his sons the way to success in farming, called them to him, and said, "My children, I am now departing from this life, but all that I have to leave you, you will find in the vineyard." The sons, supposing that he referred to some hidden treasure, as soon as the old man was dead, set to work with their spades and plows and every implement that was at hand, and turned up the soil over and over again. They found indeed no treasure; but the vines, strengthened and improved by this thorough tillage, yielded a finer vintage than they had ever yielded before, and more than repaid the young husbandmen for all their trouble. So truly is industry in itself a treasure.

MERCURY AND THE WOODMAN.

A WOODMAN was felling a tree on the bank of a river, and by chance let slip his axe into the water, when it immediately sunk to the botton. Being thereupon in great distress, he sat down by the side of the stream, and lamented his loss bitterly. But Mercury, whose river it was, taking compassion on him, appeared at the instant before him; and hearing from him the cause of his sorrow, dived to the bottom of the river, and bringing up a golden axe, asked the Woodman if that were his. Upon the man's denying it, Mercury dived a second time, and brought up one of silver. Again the man denied that it was his. So diving a third time, he produced the identical axe which the man had lost. "That is mine!" said the Woodman, delighted to have recovered his own; and so pleased was Mercury with the fellow's truth and honesty, that he at once made him a present of the other two. The man goes to his companions, and giving them an account of what had happened to him, one of them determined to try whether he might not have the like good fortune. So repairing to the same place, as if for the purpose of cutting wood, he let slip his axe on purpose into the river, and then sat down on the bank, and made a great show of weeping. Mercury appeared as before, and hearing from him that his tears were caused by the loss of his axe, dived once more into the stream; and bringing up a golden axe, asked him if that was the axe he had lost. "Aye, surely," said the man, eagerly; and he was about to grasp the treasure, when Mercury, to punish his impudence and lying, not only refused to give him that, but would not so much as restore him his own axe again.

Honesty is the best policy.

THE WIND AND THE SUN.

A DISPUTE once arose between the Wind and the Sun, which was the stronger of the two, and they agreed to put the point upon this issue, that whichever soonest made a traveler take off his cloak, should be accounted the more powerful. The Wind began, and blew with all his might and main a blast, cold and fierce as a Thracian storm; but the stronger he blew the closer the traveler wrapped his cloak around him, and the tighter he grasped it with his hands. Then broke out the Sun: with his welcome beams he dispersed the vapor and the cold; the traveler felt the genial warmth, and as the Sun shone brighter and brighter, he sat down, overcome with the heat, and cast his cloak on the ground.

Thus the Sun was declared the conqueror; and it has ever been deemed that persuasion is better than force; and that the sunshine of a kind and gentle manner will sooner lay open a poor man's heart than all the threatenings and force of blustering authority.

THE WIND AND THE SUN.

THE ASS CARRYING SALT.

A CERTAIN Huckster who kept an Ass, hearing that Salt was to be had cheap at the sea-side, drove down his Ass thither to buy some. Having loaded the beast as much as he could bear, he was driving him home, when, as they were passing a slippery ledge of rock, the Ass fell into the stream below, and the Salt being melted, the Ass was relieved of his burden, and having gained the bank with ease, pursued his journey onward, light in body and in spirit. The Huckster soon afterward set off for the sea-shore for some more Salt, and loaded the Ass, if possible, yet more heavily than before. On their return, as they crossed the stream into which he had formerly fallen, the Ass fell down on purpose, and by the dissolving of the Salt, was again released from his load. The Master, provoked at the loss, and thinking how he might cure him of this trick, on his next journey to the coast freighted the beast with a load of sponges. When they arrived at the same stream as before, the Ass was at his old tricks again, and rolled himself into the water; but the sponges becoming thoroughly wet, he found to his cost, as he proceeded homeward, that instead of lightening his burden, he had more than doubled its weight.

The same measures will not suit all circumstances; and we may play the same trick once too often.

THE LIONESS.

THERE was a great stir made among all the Beasts which could boast of the largest family. So they came to the Lioness. "And how many," said they, "do you have at a birth?" "One," said she, grimly; "but that one is a Lion."

Quality comes before quantity.

THE POMEGRANATE, THE APPLE, AND THE BRAMBLE.

THE Pomegranate and the Apple had a contest on the score of beauty. When words ran high, and the strife waxed dangerous, a Bramble, thrusting his head from a neighboring bush, cried out, "We have disputed long enough; let there be no more rivalry betwixt us."

The most insignificant are generally the most presuming.

THE ONE-EYED DOE.

A DOE that had but one eye used to graze near the sea, and that she might be the more secure from attack, kept her eye toward the land against the approach of the hunters, and her blind side toward the sea, whence she feared no danger. But some sailors rowing by in a boat and seeing her, aimed at her from the water and shot her. When at her last gasp, she sighed to herself: "Ill-fated creature that I am! I was safe on the land-side whence I expected to be attacked, but find an enemy in the sea to which I most looked for protection."

Our troubles often come from the quarter whence we least expect them.

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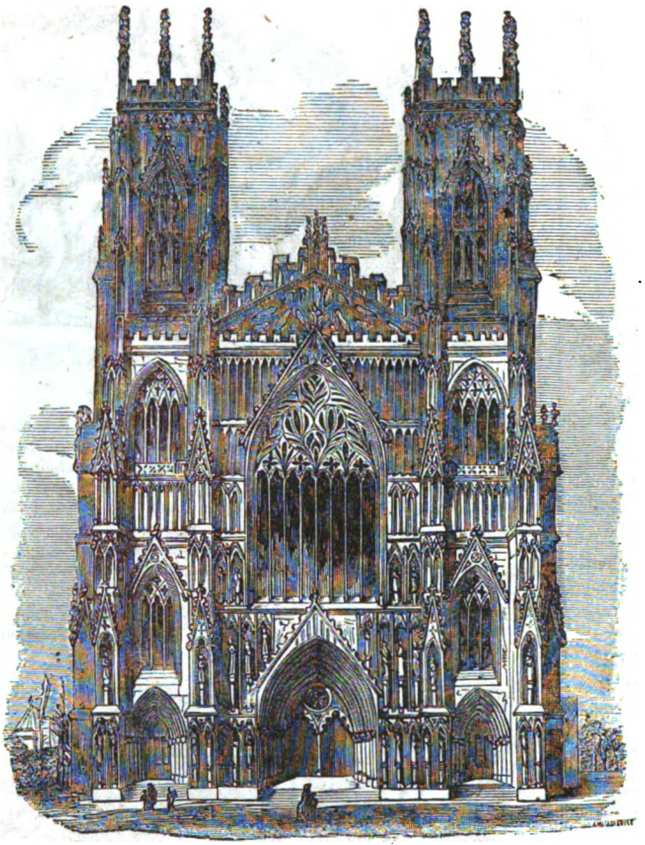
YORK AND ITS MINSTER.

THE old city of York, England, has a history which goes back to the earliest periods in English annals. It was probably built by the Romans soon after their invasion of Britain, and about the year 70, under the name Eboracum, was made the capital of the province Maxima Cæsariensis. Under the Saxon Heptarchy it became the chief city of Northumberland, and subsequently of Deira. When William the Conqueror invaded England, the citizens of York stubbornly resisted his advance. They were defeated, and their town leveled to the ground by the ruthless Normans. It was partially rebuilt, but destroyed by fire in 1137, and then again rebuilt. York has always borne a most conspicuous part in the intestine wars and political revolutions of the kingdom. It is a walled town, a considerable portion of the stone inclosure is a remnant of the ancient Roman structure.

Among the most striking features of old York is its large and beautiful minster, representations of which we give herewith. It is the largest and finest church edifice in England, and occupies the site of a former cathedral built in the seventh century. It was commenced in 1171, but not completed until 1472. The shape is that of a cross, with a square tower rising from the intersection of the transepts to the height of 235 feet. The two towers shown in our picture, flanking the grand or western entrance, are 196 feet in height. The extreme length is 524 feet, and the greatest breadth 222 feet. There is an east window 78 feet high and 80 feet wide, filled with stained glass, representing some 200 historical events. The west end, with its massive towers of red gray stone, is so delicately and beautifully carved that it seems covered with a vail of lace. There are two rows of niches down the front, some of which are still filled with statues of the Apostles and martyrs, while inside is an elaborate screen, which contains the statues of the kings of England from William I. to Henry VI. During the administration of Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, many of the cherished monuments were destroyed or defaced by the unceremonious Independents. Still enough remains to enlist the highest interest and admiration of the visitor.



YORK MINSTER—FRONT VIEW.

The summit of the towers on the western end can be reached by a flight of stone steps, 365 in number, and from their elevation a fine view is obtained of the city and surrounding country. Standing in the interior of this vast edifice, the eye is confused by the labyrinth of grand columns which, forming aisles, stretch away into the distance like a forest of pillars.

YORK MINSTER—FRONT AND SIDE VIEW, SHOWING TRANSEPT AND GREAT TOWER.

Americans who visit England should not fail to visit York and this grand old cathedral, where they may attend religious services every day of the year, and where they may hear the best church music. Dissenters who object to the "forms" of English church worship, forget their objections when in this grand old temple made vocal by the many voices singing praises to Almighty God.

THE LORD'S TABLE. — It is related of the Duke of Wellington that when he remained to take the sacrament at his parish church, a very poor old man had gone up the opposite aisle, and reaching the communion-table, kneeled down close beside the Duke. Some one —a pew opener probably— came and touched the poor man on the shoulder, and whispered to him to move further away, or to rise and wait until the Duke had received the bread and wine; but the eagle eye and the quick ear of the great commander caught the meaning of that whisper. He clasped the old man's hand, and held him to prevent his rising, and in a reverential undertone, but most distinctly, said, "Do not move; we are all equal here."

Honest poverty is no crime, and God is no respecter of persons. "It is the mind that makes the man;" not worldly honor, wealth, or station.

HOPE.—Hope is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed friend company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way, all the miseries of our pilgrimage. It tells the soul such sweet stories of the succeeding joys; what comforts there are in heaven; what peace, what joy, what triumphs, what marriage songs and hallelujahs there are in that country whither she is traveling, that she goes merrily away with her present burden.

So long as life remains to us, our duties are unfinished. There is no room for idleness here.

THE

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S. R. WELLS, EDITOR,

Is devoted to **The Science of Man**, in all its branches, including PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, SOCIOLOGY, etc. It furnishes a guide in **Choosing a Pursuit**, in selecting a **Wife** or a **Husband**, and in judging of the dispositions of those around us, by the **external "Signs of Character."**

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—*Young.*

SOLOMON FOOT.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

EULOGY of departed worth is a common tribute the world over, nor is it uncommon for eulogists to magnify the virtues—real or imaginary—of those who have occupied conspicuous places. The terms "great," "splendid," "magnificent," and even "God-like," are applied to persons, sometimes, it must be admitted, quite inappropriately. But when taken all in all, we do not know of an instance in which the phrase, "a splendid man," could be more suitably applied than in the case of Solomon Foot. He was well formed, and stood not far from six feet high; was in every way well proportioned, and weighed not far from one hundred and eighty pounds. He had a healthy, youthful, and spirited expression, set off with a magnificent head, adorned with silky, frosted hair. In public he was only known as a statesman; but in private, where best known,

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE HON. SOLOMON FOOT, OF VT.

he was highly cherished as one of the kindliest of friends, one of the most affectionate of husbands and parents, and one of the most generous of benefactors. He was modest and unassuming, yet dignified and manly. He was resolute and executive, but never harsh nor severe. His

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justice was always tempered with mercy, in the spirit of which he abounded. In him was great devotion, with faith, hope, and humility beautifully blended. Intellectually, he was the equal of the best in our country. His opinions were well formed, and his judgment seldom questioned or reversed. Ideality and Sublimity were prominent, and he was chaste and elegant, with a fine imagination, without wild extravagance. There was oratory, poetry, imagery, and artistic feeling combined in him. See what a forehead! how ample in all its parts! So of the face—the eyes large and speaking, the nose prominent but not belligerent, the mouth well cut but not too large, the chin prominent but elegant, and the whole a splendid model for the sculptor's chisel. It is unnecessary to specify each feature or faculty in detail; but we may say, there was nothing wanting in this, which is required to make an intelligent, high-minded, Christian nobleman—noble, not by inheritance alone, but by culture and acquirement. Were the question put as to what he could do best, we answer, there would be but little choice between the pulpit, the forum, and the university. He could have excelled in either, also in authorship, as a teacher in any department, or he could fill any place of trust.

But what were his faults? Was he not human and frail? Yea, verily, but he was not *perverted*. Thoroughly temperate in eating, drinking, and in all things save almost perpetual mental labor, he was only anxious for the good of his country and humanity, and that he might grow in grace. He would not steal, he would not rob, he could not murder. Was he selfish? No. Was he jealous? No. Was he profane? No. Was he sensual? No. Was he cruel or vindictive? No; but quite the opposite. Was he timid? No; neither was he over-confident. He was neither a gormand nor an epicure, neither prodigal, though generous to a fault, nor miserly, though saving. He was affable, polite, respectful, kindly, highly capable, but not forward or boastful. He had too much integrity, too much nobility, to become a popular tool for a party. When may we hope to place such a man as this in the Presidency? With such a mind at the helm, the ship of state could never founder on the rocks nor strand upon the shoals. Reader, look on this splendid face, read the following biographical sketch, and, so far as you can, follow his noble example.

BIOGRAPHY.

This distinguished man was born in Cornwall, Addison County, Vermont, November 19, 1802. His father, Doctor Solomon Foot, was a physician in the practice of his profession in that town. Two years afterward he removed to Rutland, where he died. Young Solomon was pretty thoroughly educated, and was graduated with distinction from Middlebury College in 1826, and soon afterward took charge of the Castleton Academy as principal. He held this position, however, but a year, at the close of which he accepted a position as tutor in the University of Vermont, at Burlington. In 1829 he occupied the post of professor of natural philosophy in the Vermont Academy of Medicine, and was at the same time principal again of Castleton Academy.

Having chosen the law as his profession, he availed himself of whatever intervals of leisure were afforded him from his scholastic engagement to study the principles of jurisprudence.

In 1834 he removed to Rutland, where he continued his legal studies, and in the fall of that year was admitted to practice at the bar. Two years afterward he was elected a representative from Rutland to the Vermont Legislature, which office he held for several years—holding during three sessions the position of Speaker.

He was the State Attorney for Vermont from 1836 to 1842. In 1842 he was elected to represent Vermont in the National Congress, and in 1844 re-elected thereto. Declining a re-election he turned his attention specially to his professional matters, which he conducted vigorously until 1851, in which year he was elected to the United States Senate by the Vermont Legislature.

In this capacity he acted for his native State up to the time of his death, winning universal respect for his great integrity, high moral character, fine intellectual acquirements, commanding the admiration of all. His death occurred on the 28th of March last.

The following most solemn and affecting account of the death-bed scene we copy from the *Independent*:

The last days of the dying statesman were the most victorious of his life. Declining slowly toward the grave, he was not only conscious of his approaching end, but saluted it with welcome and good cheer. He conversed freely with his family and friends concerning his religious hopes, the state of his worldly affairs, and the manner of his burial. Many of his associates in public life called upon him to say farewell—to all of whom he spoke with great serenity and courage. Some of these interviews were extremely affecting. Senator Foster, President of the Senate, sat by his bedside a few hours before the close of the scene, and heard the dying Christian speak in the most exultant strains of joyful hope—"a scene," said Mr. Foster, "which, if the whole Senate could have witnessed, would have made every Senator regard the parting hero as a man to be envied." It is not improper to say that the personal relations between Mr. Foot and Mr. Foster were something more intimate than ordinarily exists between man and man, or even between friend and friend; and at their leave-taking, Mr. Foster suddenly stooped over the prostrate form of his friend, put a kiss on his forehead, and retired in tears. Mr. Foot's religious views were what are termed Evangelical. At three different times, shortly before his death, he repeated the following verse:

"Jesus, the vision of thy race
Hath overpowering charms;
I shall not fear death's cold embrace
If Christ be in my arms.
Then while ye hear my heartstrings break,
How sweet my minutes roll,
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul!"

When he saw his wife and family sobbing around him, he exclaimed, "Why these tears? There is no occasion for weeping. This is heaven begun below! I am only going home a little sooner—that is all." To Senator Doolittle he said, "It seems as though a company of angels were all about me, and hovering over me, to bear up a sinking spirit from its mortality." The Secretary of War happened to say, "We are all in God's hands," and the sick man responded, "Yes, and he is dealing with me in great mercy. The Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice!" When Senator Fessenden called, his old friend grasped his hand, and exclaimed, "My dear friend Fessenden, the man by whose side I have sat so long, whom I have regarded as the model of a statesman and parliamentary leader, on whom I have leaned, and to whom I have looked more than to any other living man for guidance and direction in public affairs, the grief I feel is that the strong tie which has so long bound us together must now be severed. But, my dear Fessenden, if there is memory after death, that memory will be active, and I shall call to mind the whole of our intercourse on earth." The next morning, at eight o'clock, he desired his attendants to raise him in bed, and to withdraw the window-curtains, that he might view the dome of the Capitol for the last time. While he thus lay gazing, the twenty-third Psalm was read, and his wife knelt at his bedside and offered prayer. When she arose he folded her in his arms, and then, as his breathing became choked, he said, "What! can this be death? Is it come already?" Suddenly uplifting his hands and eyes, he exclaimed, "I see it! I see it! the gates are wide open! beautiful! beautiful!" and so expired. As noble an exit as can befall a man!

HELP FATHER.

"MY hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said farmer Wilber, as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Could I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her crotchet work. "I should be glad to if I only knew what you wished written."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you could, Lucy," he said, reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"It would be a fine story if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a powerful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master-hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier, as I can see, since I put on specs."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long, dull lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted work to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cosily in his easy-chair, enjoying his weekly paper, as it can only be enjoyed in a country home, where news from the great world beyond comes seldom and is eagerly sought for.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "Thank you, daughter, a thousand times," took away all sense of weariness.

"It's rather looking up, where a man can have an amanuensis," said the father. "It's not every farmer that can afford it."

"Nor every farmer's daughter that is capable of making one," said mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing, if they were able," said Mr. Wilber—which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways, who never think of lightening a care or labor! If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant step and an unwilling air which robs it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father; give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he can not afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.

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WORKING POLITENESS.

THAT'S what we need! Politeness that we can put on and wear about our daily work—politeness that is always on hand—a stock of politeness that we can use out of without economizing the article—something strong and substantial for every-day use. We can get plenty of French bows and complimentary speeches for great occasions—what we need is the family article!

We need a politeness that is tender and gentle toward women and little children, whether they are clad in velvet or rags—a politeness that does not get behind its newspaper when a shabby female enters a crowded car—that does not squirt its tobacco juice over its neighbor, and keep its feet in its proper place—a politeness that endures disagreeable things rather than to complain—a politeness that is as careful of other people's feelings as of its own corns! We need a politeness that says "Thank you" for the most trifling service, and does not disdain to give you a pleasant, cheering smile as it goes by about its allotted tasks—a politeness that never offends a woman's ear by coarse word or phrase—that takes the baby out of the overburdened wife's arms, and remembers to ask about her over-night headache, and takes interest in her little housekeeping cares. A woman can't very well be cross if her husband is ceaselessly polite! We require a politeness that sets a chair for the weary errand-boy while he is waiting, and does not disdain to help a crooked old apple-woman across Broadway—a politeness that does not appropriate four seats in a railroad car, and refrains from going to sleep on the most comfortable settee in a steamboat. Anybody can be polite on great occasions—it is the petty incidents of daily life that try men's souls!

We require politeness that treats servants like human beings—that walks in the streets without staring every other lady out of countenance—that can endure to bear its trailing skirts accidentally stepped on, without turning on the culprit a face like an infuriated Bengal tiger—that does not snatch a coveted piece of goods out of another person's hands at a store, with "*I'll* take this!"—that does not talk audibly at opera and theater, and that refrains from saying in a loud whisper, after a long inspection of the lace on the bonnet directly in front, "Mere imitation!" We stand in need of a politeness that says to weary store-clerks, "I am very sorry to have given you so much trouble!" and does not tell every merchant that she can buy better goods than his, at a less price, at any other establishment in town! We want a politeness that respects the children's little secrets, and sets their baby blunders right without hurting their feelings—that sympathizes with the chambermaid's toothache, and speaks a word of pleasant notice when the cook appears in a new calico dress with palm leaves rather larger than cauliflowers—a politeness that prefaces every demand to inferiors with the magic words, "If you will be so kind." A politeness that does not say, "It's always just so," when the husband comes home too tired to go out for an evening's amusement, and that gets up an artificial interest in the Congressional debate that he insists on reading aloud to the family circle—that never says to a dear particular friend, "Mercy! how thin you are getting!" or, "Dear me! how very unbecoming that bonnet is to you!" and listens in a heroic spirit of self-sacrifice to the endless yarns of the intolerable old lady who comes to spend "a social day," instead of discovering an errand to be done in some other room!

We want a politeness that will make the bore believe himself the most entertaining companion in existence—that will repress the wittiest *bon mot* for fear it should hurt the feelings of some obscure guest—that never repeats a morsel of spicy gossip, and that always believes the best until the worst is proved—a politeness that overlooks an army of faults for the sake of the one virtue that lies beyond—that looks through awkward manners and rude language for the sterling worth underlying them. We need a courtesy that sits down by the domestic fireside to entertain its country cousin as willingly as if she were Queen Victoria's royal self, and never smiles when she eats green peas with a knife and drinks her tea from the saucer—a courtesy that is perfectly unconscious (apparently) of rustic phrases and atrocious grammar, and immolates itself cheerfully on the shrine of "sight-seeing," and "going trading," during the long, bright days that *might* be so much more delightfully spent. We want something that is never for an instant laid aside or forgotten—the refinement and cultivation of manner that belong only to nature's nobility. If you want to judge whether or not a man is really polite, watch him when he speaks to an inferior, or gives an order to a servant. If you would like to know a woman's real character, observe her at home among her children and domestics. When people go out into the world, they put on their politeness just as they put on their best clothes and most sparkling jewelry—a sort of external adornment, but it is not every one who thinks it worth while to observe the "small sweet courtesies" of life in the routine of every-day existence.

If a married man comes home from his daily avocation tired and worn out, and yet remembers the pleasant "Good-evening" to his wife, and never grumbles when the tea is smoking and the beefsteak overdone, *that* is politeness. If a single man asks the plain, unattractive girl to dance at an evening party, not because he wants the pleasure of a polka with her, but because nobody else has invited her, that is politeness. If he gives his seat in a stage to a weary little seamstress returning home from her day's labor, that is politeness. And if a pretty damsel listen with an interested face to the embarrassed conversation of an ineligible gentleman while her favorite beau is talking with some one else, that is the very extreme of politeness. Heroism in little things constitutes politeness—petty acts of self-denial—imperceptible sacrifices—trials for which you receive neither credit nor applause! And if politeness is not one of the cardinal virtues, it most assuredly ought to be! We can all of us behave bravely enough in the stress of a great emergency, but what miserable cowards we are about the small tribulations that are scattered over life as thickly as daisies in a pasture field! We could all die for our country if it were necessary; but if the coffee is muddy, or if cold pork salutes our optics instead of the expected broiled chicken—*that* is quite a different matter! A body is justifiable in grumbling and making himself generally disagreeable under such circumstances as these!

The fact is, we are not half polite enough to each other! We want more of the little amenities that spring straight from the heart—we want more working politeness. Remember, this is everybody's business. Shall we not institute a reform?

PANOPHONICS.

THE panophonic alphabet, or universal alphabet of nature, was devised in the winter and spring of 1860–1. It claims to represent philosophically all the elementary sounds of human speech. Being based on nature it is never arbitrary, each mark or sign representing accurately a sound. It is claimed, also, that being universal in character, all things may be equally well represented by it. Such being the case, it furnishes a common tie to link together the various nations of the earth in one grand brotherhood; and hence appeals to the philanthropist, to the educationalist, to the missionary or student of foreign languages, to the merchant, to the linguist, to the statesman, and to civilization in general; in fine, it appeals to all who are interested in human welfare, as an improvement which should be availed of as a mighty lever for the elevation of man.

Its principles are simple, because natural; it is easily acquired, because of the strict and entire correspondence between sound and sign. Discarding wholly all alphabetic forms now in use as arbitrary and unphilosophical, and ignoring all the received systems of orthography, it claims to be based upon the following strictly logical principles:

First. The correspondence between sound and sign, so that one shall be suggestive of the other.

Second. The number of elementary sounds and the number of alphabetical signs is the same.

Third. As a natural sequence of the first two stated principles, any given sound shall always be represented by the same sign, and any given sign shall always represent the same sound. Upon this natural basis a most beautiful, attractive and philosophical system of alphabetic and orthographic representation has been wrought out, and it is proposed to issue, as soon as the requisite means can be obtained, such works as may be necessary for the elucidation of the same, and its full presentation in proper form. In order to carry out his undertaking, the author earnestly solicits the co-operation of all who may feel interested in a movement of so much importance.

It is proposed to issue—1st. A series of brief articles bearing upon the subject, and preparing the mind by facts and arguments for a more thorough appreciation of the movement. 2d. A *circular*, presenting that portion of the Universal Alphabet required in the representation of the English language, with directions for its use, and a few examples showing its practicability. 3d. A work of one hundred pages, "more or less," giving a full account of the origin and nature of

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the Panophonic Alphabet, showing its adaptability to the representation of any and every language now spoken, or to be spoken, with illustrations from the principal languages of America, Europe, and Asia. 4th. To issue, first, a *periodical* devoted to the phonic movement, and printed, in whole or in part, in the new style; second, a *word-book of the English language*, setting forth the ordinary alphabet and spelling beside the new, discarding the *a b c* succession; third, works adapted to the instruction of children and adults. *Charts* and diagramic illustrations are also to be prepared, for use in the lecture-room and school.

Thus there lies before the founder of this system work more than sufficient to occupy his whole energies and time for the remainder of his natural life. Who will assist him?

Those who may become interested in this undertaking will obtain further information by addressing J. Madison Allen, in care of Thomas Middleton, Woodstock, Vt.

Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Osborn.*

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Hosea* iv. 6.

TRICHINIASIS, OR THE PORK DISEASE.

THIS disease has created a considerable stir in this country, and materially affected the pork trade. It, however, appears that no well-authenticated cases have been discovered in the United States to warrant public apprehension. All our information upon the subject is derived mainly from foreign sources. In Germany and northern France, where the middle classes subsist in a great measure on dietary preparations of pork, such as sausages, dried ham, etc., this disease has sometimes assumed the character of an epidemic.

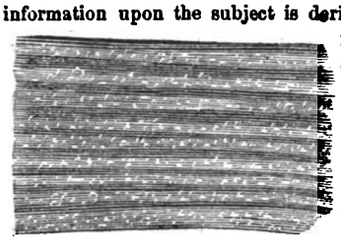

FIG. 1.—INFECTED MUSCLE.

Elaborate microscopic investigations have brought to light the cause of the malady and suggested its prevention. The trichina is a minute worm, visible only to the naked eye when inclosed in its chalky capsule or shell, and then appearing as a fine white point in the mass of the muscle infested. Fig. 1 is a representation of muscular tissue with trichinæ encapsuled or in the chrysalis state, as seen by the naked eye. Under the microscope these insidious worms present the appearance shown in fig. 2. It is in this condition that they are usually introduced into the human stomach, where, during the process of digestion, the calcareous shell is dissolved and the trichinæ released. Once in a free state, they very soon acquire growth and vigor sufficient to perform the office of reproduction. The young parasites

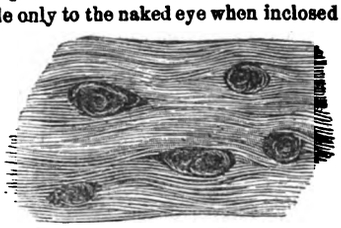

FIG. 2.—ENCAPSULED TRICHINÆ.

FIG. 3.—MALE TRICHINA.

are brought forth in great numbers from a single pair of trichinæ. Fig. 3 exhibits the full-grown male, and fig. 4 the full-grown female, with young just produced, as they appear when magnified about 200 diameters. The newly-born swarm immediately commence their depredations by piercing the membranes of the stomach and intestines, and make their way to the voluntary muscles, which seem to be their peculiar food, and in the fiber of which they prosecute their work of destruction with marvelous rapidity. Fig. 5 shows the trichinæ devouring the muscular tissue. The symptoms of the affection are acute diarrhea,

FIG. 4.—FEMALE TRICHINA AND YOUNG.

dysentery, peritonitis with intense pain in the muscles, nervous prostration, muscular spasms, and finally paralysis and death. The muscles which lie nearest the digestive organs are first attacked, but the trichinæ soon find their way to the muscles of the chest, neck, and back, and by degrees reach the extremities. In fig. 6 we have a magnified representation of the parasite approaching the encapsuled state, and in the lower part of the figure, a representation of the path the worm makes for itself in the muscular fiber. The muscles upon which it feeds become useless in proportion to the number of ultimate fibers destroyed. Such is the minuteness of trichinæ, and such their fertility, that a single ounce of flesh may contain a million of them. Hence it can not be wondered at that fatal results follow so rapidly the eating of infected food. Although trichinæ have been found in animals of different species, yet the pig is the only one from the eating of the flesh of which fatal results have followed. For the benefit of those who esteem pork a delicacy (which we are far from doing), we would say that when this kind of meat is thoroughly cooked by the application of heat, the parasites, if any there be in it, are destroyed. In Germany, pork is eaten very extensively, almost raw, especially the lean or muscular parts. It is said that in Berlin the animal consumption of swine amounts to 100,000 head. In America, although the consumption of pork is large, especially in the Western States, yet the exemption from this disease is evidently due to the almost universal practice of cooking before eating; to say nothing of the superior quality of American swine. The Hettstadt tragedy, which occurred not long since, and has been tolerably well circulated through the papers in this country, furnishes the alarming record of eighty-three persons dying in a short time after dining off the flesh of one poor pig—a "measly" one, so said the butcher who killed it.

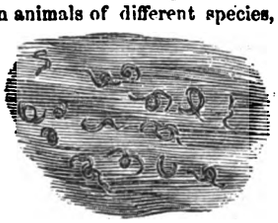

FIG. 5.—FREE TRICHINÆ.

In Magdeburg, Dresden, Weimar, and other places, trichiniasis has prevailed to a considerable extent. Only two or three months ago a wholesale poisoning from eating trichinous pork occurred in Hederaleben, an important German village, where out of 300 persons who ate of the meat, more than 100 are now in their graves. From these instances it is not surprising that the Germans should be much excited on the subject, especially as that article of sustenance which they regard with so much favor is the cause of their distress.

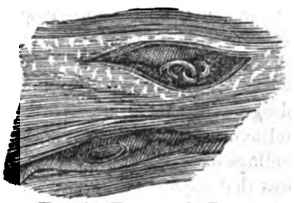

FIG. 6.—TRICHINA'S PATH.

An American physician who has given considerable attention to this subject, says as follows:

"It is well known that the common red 'earth-worm' or 'angle-worm' is infested with trichinæ, and in this way fowls and swine may become the subjects of the disease, as they devour the worm greedily. An opinion obtains with many persons that what is known as 'measly pork' is more liable to be infected with trichinæ than any other. What facts there are to sustain this belief we are not acquainted with, but the 'measles' in the hog is genuine *scrofula*, and it is a significant fact that the disease just mentioned should have derived its name from *scrofa*, a *sow*. The ancients, however wild or erroneous may have been their theories, were nevertheless close and accurate observers of facts. In this way the *name* of the disease is made to indicate its *origin*. It is safe to conclude that more disease and deaths are caused by eating pork *without* trichinæ than *with* them. To those who are determined to eat swine-flesh in spite of the trichinæ and the law of Moses, we would give some advice in regard to the manner of rearing them. 'As filthy as a hog,' is common comparison; yet the pig is sometimes libeled. He has his likes and dislikes, and though he seeks his food among verdure or in the filthy gutter, yet he will not eat unsound or unhealthy food. If he is shut up in a close pen, and made to swim in his own excrements, he certainly is not responsible for his dirty plight. The fact is now pretty well understood in Germany that the pigs which have been infested with trichinæ were brought up in this manner, and gave evidence of bad health before they were slaughtered."

One thing is certain, that to avoid trichiniasis altogether it is best not to eat swine-flesh. If, however, the reader is too fond of the well-larded "flesh-pots" to renounce it, let him or her see to it that the meat is thoroughly examined and well cooked before it tickles the palate.

"BEAUTIFUL wether!" as the gentleman said when he chanced to get a tender piece of mutton on his plate at dinner.

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PHYSICAL CULTURE.

A SERMON BY THE REV. J. L. CORNING.

Text: "Glorify God in your body."—1 CORINTHIANS vi. 20.

THERE is no visible temple whose aisles and arches echo with such manifold hymns of ascription to the great Father of life as the human body. There is in the throbbing anatomy of an ephemeron a tribute to the greatness of the Infinite Creator grander than all infinite nature. Every man carries about with him a mechanism, the vastness, delicacy, and intricateness of which are almost infinite. The soul and the body stand related to one another as jewel and casket. Beyond question the jewel would appear the more wondrous of the two when rightly appreciated. An intelligent inhabitant of another sphere, contemplating with even a partial survey the sublime organization of the first human body, would have said that such a piece of divine architecture never was built to crumble away. He would have expected the mountains to disintegrate into atoms and the stars to fall out of the firmament sooner than a human frame to resolve itself from its comely proportions into a heap of chaotic ashes. Yet considering the intricacy of this mechanism, by what delicate contrivances its parts are mutually adjusted, one would say that man should be endowed with almost infinite wisdom and sagacity to guard it against damage.

PHYSICAL CULTURE PROGRESSIVE.

Contrary to this, however, physical science for sixty centuries has stumbled through a path of blind empiricism to a growth but now simply rudimental. The earth has teemed with elements which would sustain the body, and elements which would destroy it, and only experiment has availed to distinguish between them. The corn and the wheat have sprouted beside the nightshade and the hemlock. No philosopher could tell beforehand that aconite and digitalis were possessed of deadly qualities, and would paralyze the action of the heart. Experience was requisite to tell that carbonic acid gas would produce asphyxia. Thus it would seem that the pathway of six thousand years has been thick with pitfalls of ignorance into which the human family have been blindly stumbling. This mystery of mortality is only solved in the light of man's immortal destiny. The body is like some of the palaces and cathedrals of the former ages which kings took down to replace with nobler architecture. Amid the ashes of the material rises the temple of the immaterial.

ERRORS OF THE AGES.

The mind of man has swung to two opposite extremes in its estimate of the human body, one of idolatry and irreligion, and the other of ascetic contempt and morbid pietism. Apollo was the deity of Greece, and Hercules of Rome, the one idealizing physical beauty, and the other physical strength. The whole of Roman ethics put a premium on muscle, and so in fact did much of the Grecian; and you know what grand metaphors the wrestling matches of Olympia and the amphitheater furnished to Saint Paul, with which he set forth in energetic phrase a picture of moral strife and achievement. In all ages, and the world over, this vulgar species of materialism out of which boxers and bullies have been made has held more or less sway with man.

Asceticism was a reaction of physical idolatry. The old hermits who flew from gluttony and license into starvation and solitude only leaped out of Scylla into Charybdis. Anthony and Ambrose made their bodies impediments instead of servants by excessive abstinence and resultant chronic dyspepsia. It is a huge folly to think that gauntness of cheek necessarily implies plumpness of soul. Martin Luther thought he had got out of the orbit of temptation when he got into his cloister cell with a table d'hote of bread and water; but even then he was compelled not seldom to fling his inkstand at the devil intruding his infernal shape into the doorway; and the grand old reformer lived long enough to learn the value of a good slice of sirloin, and to prescribe a hearty laugh as a panacea of spiritual despondency, and a sovereign preventive of engorged hepatic ducts.

THE TRUE COURSE.

The golden mean of physical care lies between the gladiatorial ring and the scant cupboard of a monkish cell.

It ought to be considered by every young person a moral obligation to become acquainted with and loyal unto physical law. You can not delegate this responsibility to another. It rests upon yourself. You may give your watch over to the care of the jeweler, but you have no business to give your body over to the care of a physician. If you were a great king with a scientific physiologist appointed and paid to follow you everywhere like a shadow, you might be an exception to this rule. But none of you expect to attain to that equivocal dignity. To man, jealous for the vigor and productiveness of his physical powers, every day, yes, every hour will bring its special demand for vigilance. One of the healthiest men that I ever saw told me the other day that he had to watch his physical condition as an engineer watches a locomotive, to keep it sound. Such vigilance became necessary because he was one of the few among mankind who had determined to get the largest amount of possible work out of his body and brain.

A LESSON FROM THE BRUTE.

I made a visit of neighborly civility the other day to a certain quadruped whom I accidentally saw win a race on the ice not long since, and after a fine ride behind this noble horse I made very careful and extensive inquiries into his sanitary habits, and found them of the first quality. Ventilation, cleanliness, diet, system, shelter, and all else were attended to with scrupulous fidelity. Hence he was never out of condition, his joints always well oiled, his skin always sleek, his muscles strong and supple, and his spirits fairly magnificent, and this without bitters or tonics. There was a practical lesson in that stable which I wish all young people might learn—that the business of life imperatively demands that a man or a woman should never be out of condition. The ideal of right living is that you and I should never have sick-headache and be laid on the shelf, that we never should be foundered with dyspepsia and surfeiting, that we never have dullness of brain by reason of blood too highly carbonized.

NECESSITY FOR DIETETIC CARE.

The brevity of time, and the mighty work committed to time, should be the grand stimuli to physical care. It is one of the most encouraging signs of the times that physiological knowledge is becoming widely diffused among the people. Time was, and that not many years ago, when there was an embargo upon it, and a few of the learned held the monopoly. Now the youth of our schools are to some extent indoctrinated in the fundamental laws of life. Do you suppose it would be possible in figures to estimate the loss that the world has sustained in the matter of life and labor by reason of the ignorance of men concerning physical law? What did the world lose when Raphael sickened of a fever, as a consequence of physical immoderation, and died in his thirty-seventh year? What did the world lose when Starr King, one of the finest brains that America ever produced, perished by exposure in the very dawn of his intellectual manhood? What did the world lose when John Summerfield, by sheer neglect and over-exertion, fell a victim to consumption before he was thirty? What did the world lose when Theodore Parker, in the very flower of his mental strength, fell a sacrifice to excessive study? You may depend upon it that there is no ignorance for which the world has had to pay so dearly as physiological ignorance. How many young men die prematurely by their neglect, and leave widows and orphans to be cared for by the world's precarious charities!

A mother said to me the other day, "Sir, I had cherished fond expectations that my daughter, just ripnaing into womanhood, would do some good service to the world, and now she is an emaciated, coughing invalid. She was a melancholy sight—cold feet, cold hands, feeble pulse, impaired digestion, all owing to imprudence and neglect."

THE PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

You would be astonished if you knew with what little promise on the score of physical vigor I undertook the work of the ministry here ten years ago, and a little more to know the fact that I have not been compelled to vacate my pulpit for a single Sabbath by reason of ill-health. There are certain vows which I made in the beginning, and which have rarely been violated, and then not without extreme cause. First of all, that, as far as human endeavor could avail, I would never allow physical vitality to sink beyond a given level requisite for work. To this end many subordinate rules have been requisite, as these: to eat generously when nature admitted, and sparingly when moderation was obviously suggested; to breathe fresh air the principal part of the time; and, chief of all, to sleep by the wholesale and by the retail, retiring early for the purpose. The principle of Lord Bacon is a good one: "There is a regimen of health beyond the rules of physic; what a man finds good of, and what a man finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health.

YOUTH THE SEASON OF IMPROVEMENT.

The period of youth is pre-eminently the time to form correct physical habits. Old age can at

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best tinker and patch up damaged bodies, and thus partially atone for early neglect. I saw a man the other day, who, in my opinion, is already suffering from incipient softening of the brain caused by the use of tobacco, who is fated to die prematurely by the indulgence, and who is now removed almost beyond the possibility of remedial influence. If you have never arrived at that point in the process of evil habit at which appetite is a rushing torrent, and will a feather or a straw borne on its surface, I pray that you may be spared the horrible fate. If there is anything calculated to drive a man to the very madness of despair, it is the haunting presence of such a consciousness as this.

THE TIME TO FORM GOOD HABITS.

The art of physical self-control, the power to say "No" when appetite and passion solicit—these are acquired, if ever, in the earlier periods of life. It is a discipline fairly sublime in its moral qualities, and its relation to the formation of both body and character, when a child has for the first time compelled himself or yielded to the solicitation of a parent to refuse a sweetmeat or a deleterious narcotic for some high advantage that may result from the refusal. And right here there is a most lamentable neglect in family culture. The fireside should be a gymnasium of moral discipline Here, in this arena, conscience and will should be pitted against appetite and passion. Very early should a parent look well to the insidious habits which undermine physical vigor, and with this, enervate intellect and blunt the moral sense. The true art of family government is to teach children to govern themselves. They are not the best horses that are driven with blinders. The precaution may be needed in the process of breaking, but a horse is never fully broken till he can walk up to a locomotive with his eyes open. So depend upon it, parents, your children must see and confront life with its congregated perils at some time or other, and the difficult problem for you to realize is to inoculate the tender mind with such principles of truth, and harness it up with such appliances of moral strength, that when the stress of the temptation comes, as it will full soon enough, to tax the bravest muscle, there may be in readiness a panoply of resistance.

THE ARGUMENT FROM TRADE.

There is a fashion among men who adventure in pecuniary enterprises to lay in store capital for future reliance. You do not call a man financially prosperous who spends his whole yearly income. True thrift is based upon accommodation. What is vulgarly called the "rainy day" of life comes upon all men, and when it comes, blessed be the man that has a pile of mortgages and stock certificates convertible into cash upon emergency.

So in physical culture there is a law of thrift and wealth which may be justly denominated the law of capital. A green old age is never attained without a man has the coin securities of blood and nerve and fiber in his body, and this coin is the reward of early habits of economy. Temperance and moderation are the indispensable requisites of comfort and cheer in a man's declining days.

EXAMPLES.

You know that history furnishes some memorable instances of vigorous longevity, as Wesley who died at eighty-eight; Alexander Von Humboldt who died at ninety; Father Waldo, once chaplain of the United States Congress, who lived to pass one hundred; the lamented Professor Silliman, of Yale College, who passed gently to his heavenly rest at eighty-six; and the honored ex-president of Union College who was recently gathered to his fathers at the age of ninety-three. The secret of longevity in these memorable examples is precisely paralleled to the law of capital and finance. Physically, some men always live up to their income and intrench on the principal, and such men always die before their time. Other men, and they are the few and far between, use up vitality sparingly, economizing and hoarding at every point, and these, accidents and congenital disorders excepted, are sure of a vigorous and smiling old age.

The rule of preserving the body is to keep the body under, not by ascetic crucifixion, but by manly and comprehensive self-control.

WHY TEMPERANCE REFORMS FAIL.

I have heard it frequently said of late that the temperance reform is a failure. It certainly is such, as compared with the hopes and expectations of certain enthusiastic advocates, and it will be a failure until physical self-control is learned as a comprehensive instead of a restricted science. The over-laden trencher opens the door to the intoxicating cup, and not until men are well fed, I mean wisely and moderately dieted, will they be exempt from the direful solicitations of false stimulants. Physical life is the arena in which thought in the brain and truth in the heart exercise themselves in the attainment of manly vigor. Mortality is written as an inevitable fate upon the body, but out of its perishing elements the soul should emerge all clad in beauty and vigor for its immortal pathway.

THE ECLIPSE.

An occasional contributor sends us the following neat poetic allusion to the total eclipse of the moon which occurred March 30th.

We looked at the moon askance, that night when it rose,
As sadly we pondered its destiny o'er,
For from wond'rous accounts we were led to suppose
That coming events cast their shadows before.

But its beams were as mellow as mild was its light,
Its disk as unclouded, its pathway as clear,
Its mien was as steady and free from affright
As that it had borne any night in the year.

Could it be she moved onward not knowing her fate?
Could it be the invader was coming by stealth—
Was creeping in ambush, or lying in wait
To despoil her of brightness, the source of her wealth?

Oh, who to her presence a message will bear
To warn off the shadow that threatens to fall
On her clear, gentle face that sadly must wear
A frown that will gather its gloom over all?

Now the hour, portentous, approaches apace,
The sun and the earth their intrigue mature—
The shadow moves on, and in silent embrace
Clasps the moon, darkly hiding her light, pale, but pure.

Oh, darkness appalling, go back to your lair!
I feel on my forehead the touch of your lips,
And shrink from the gloom your dark features wear,
For the world is in shadow, the moon in eclipse.

INEZ LADD.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

If there be any bond in life which ought to be sacredly guarded from everything that can put it in peril, it is that which unites the members of a family. If there be a spot upon earth from which discord and strife should be banished, it is the fireside. There center the fondest hopes and the most tender affections. How lovely the spectacle presented by that family which is governed by the right spirit! Each strives to avoid giving offense, and is studiously considerate of the others' happiness. Sweet, loving dispositions are cultivated by all, and each tries to surpass the other in his efforts for the common harmony. Each heart glows with love; and the benediction of heavenly peace seems to abide upon that dwelling with such power that no black fiend of passion dare rear his head within it.

Who would not realize this lovely picture? It *may* be realized by all who will employ the appointed means. Let the precepts of the Gospel be applied as they are designed to be; and they will be found to shed a holy charm upon the family circle, and make it what God designed that it should be, the most heaven-like scene on earth. A.

HINTS TO PREACHERS.—A correspondent of the *Northern Christian Advocate* suggests the following thoughts, which ministers of all denominations may ponder with profit:

"Never make an apology in the pulpit—you will lessen yourself by so doing. Don't make long introductions to your sermons—a portico should never be as large as the house. Do not make a repeater of yourself, by repeating the same thoughts in your firstly, secondly, thirdly, lastly, and in conclusion. Never defend yourself in the pulpit against any evil thing said of you. You are set for the defence of the gospel, and not of your own reputation. Keep your account with God and not with men, and he will defend you. Don't preach long sermons, for long sermons do no good, but often do harm. Every moment you detain your hearers after they become weary, you damage them and yourself also. But the length of a sermon is not always to be measured by the time taken in its delivery. A sermon that has neither height, depth, nor breadth, must necessarily be a long one. Or a sermon which does not interest the hearers, will always be a long a one. As long as you can hold the fixed attention of your hearers, it will be safe to go on, but when you can neither gain nor retain such attention, close as soon as possible. Do not preach wordy sermons. Give your hearers as many thoughts in as few words as you possibly can. Let your motto be *Mullum in parvo*. Never shun to declare all the counsel of God, for you may safely preach a whole gospel everywhere."

[Now, a "hint" to the sexton may be useful. Let him see to it that the church is *well ventilated*, and that preacher and people have plenty of "fresh air" to breathe this warm weather instead of that old, sooty, musty, *dead* air which was hurriedly shut in after the last crowded meeting. Entering an unventilated church with its damp smell is something like entering a dark vault in which corpses have lain, and it is suggestive of "death" and the "grave." Think of a tired preacher inhaling and exhaling for an hour and a half at a time, two or three times a week, such a compound of poisonous gas, and that, too, when almost prostrate with over-brain work. Is it any wonder that so many are laid up with bronchitis, sore throat, consumption, dyspepsia, etc.? Besides, pure air, even with poor preaching, will keep the people from going to sleep.]

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HOW DO WE TALK?

"CONVERSATION is the greatest blessing of social life?"

Is it? What is conversation? In what does it consist? And where is the dividing line between conversation and gossip? How do people talk in stages and cars, steamboat and ferry lines? "Pleasant weather"—as though every mortal with eyes in his head and the sense of feeling in his bones couldn't judge for himself on this topic. "Likely to rain before night"—a still more startling piece of information. The fact is, we Americans are too reticent about what we read and learn, and really, actually *think*. We float too much on the surface—we have a horror of going down deep. We like good, substantial reading; the standard authors of this country and England are familiar to every man or woman who pretends to the slightest degree of literary culture, and we grasp eagerly at every novelty that issues from the press, but we do not like to talk "books." We fancy, very erroneously, that it makes us appear pedantic; we have a horror of seeming too learned, especially among ladies. And so, by way of avoiding Scylla, we run point-blank upon Charybdis, and talk incoherently upon the weather.

Has the reader ever sat in the midst of a room full of young people, and smiled inwardly to hear the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." How comically the half-connected sentences blend into each other, a senseless stream of words "Coming home from the last matinée"—"Harry's mustache"—"flirting in the most ridiculous manner with Katy"—"the trimmings on Mrs. Mode's dove-colored dress"—"two new bonnets. with the sweetest French flowers"—"Jim's *delightful* side-whiskers"—"walking down Broadway with a young lady on each side of him"—"never, never speak to her again, as long as I live"—"gray horses with delicious long tails"—"eating ice-cream at Delmonico's"—"four dollars and a half a yard at the very least"—"well, I never!"

And this is conversation! This is the ennobling, refining element that is supposed to be "the greatest blessing of social life!"

There is a great deal to be said upon our peculiar choice of phraseology. It will never do to be accused of talking "dictionary," so we converse in a style not very far removed from the provincial dialect of a camp of English gipsies. A slang phrase, originating in the column of a newspaper, or set afloat on the wings of a popular anecdote, flies over the country with telegraphic swiftness, and becomes incorporated with our language in an incredibly short space of time. We relish the innovation. A fine sunset, glowing with tints of carmine and liquid gold, is "splendiferous"—a perfect rainbow, arching sublimely as an epic poem, is "jolly." We do not walk, we "peg along"—we do not destroy, we "gobble up." Instead of withdrawing, we "skedaddle" or "mosay," and when we hear that our neighbor's mischievous boy has been "spanjazzled," we merely infer that his offenses have at length received their merited punishment. Our expression for differing in opinion from a friend is that we "don't see it;" and if he is defeated in the course of argument, he "dries up." Should a man become the victim of a practical joke, he is "sold;" and when he fails in business, he "bursts up;" while our highest degree of commendation is concentrated in the one comprehensive word, "bully."

Truly there is nothing like an original style of conversation! The general diffusion of knowledge has apparently succeeded in strewing these flowers of speech broadcast over the land, on the universal education plan, and they flow in silver modulations from the scarlet lips of beauty quite as frequently as they are growled out from beneath a heavy mustache.

This is all wrong, from beginning to end. Is it not barbarous, literally barbarous, to corrupt a grand old language like ours into such absurd trivialities? Talking is an art, and as such it should be cultivated, especially among our ladies, who have it in their power to influence the whole tide and current of social life. Of what use is all the education that we lavish upon our girls if they can not sustain a creditable part in conversation? Take any young lady of the present day, and observe the stages of chit-chat by which she gradually develops—stages that are too typical of her mental growth. From fourteen to sixteen, Moore's poems and Bulwer's novels engross her tongue and thoughts—she fancying her *mind* is being cultivated! From sixteen to twenty, gold bracelets, tarlatan dresses, and opera nights merge gradually into Tommy Stevens' beautiful eyes and diamond engagement rings, winding up with a bridal vail and plenty of foolish girl-confidences. From twenty to twenty-five, she can talk about nothing but the trials incident to baby's teething and her nurse girl's abominable imposition. And after twenty-five, servants, Brussels carpets, preserves, and point lace collars form the staple of her thoughts and remarks. Yet she has probably been expensively educated, and considers herself a person of most charming manners.

We have more than once observed a significant recoil among gentleman when they are threatened with an introduction to a young lady "of remarkable conversational powers." Probably it is because the terms are regarded as synonymous with strong-minded females in spectacles who read Greek and talk transcendentalism through their noses. This ought not to be. Talking should be as easy and graceful an accomplishment as singing or playing. Our language is beautiful and comprehensive; books, newspapers, and pamphlets are within the reach of everybody, and there is no excuse for a lack of cultivation and polish. It is as easy to select a musical and expressive word to denote our meaning as to couch it in slang phrases, and it gives infinitely more grace and polish to general conversation.

We talk too carelessly and rapidly as a nation; we use too many provincialities. Indeed, it is said that by the voice and dialect alone it is easy to distinguish Southerner from Northerner, New Yorker from Vermonter, even the residents of one city from those of another. Our speech is peculiar and indistinct, probably because we do not take sufficient pains to pronounce our words clearly and correctly, and we are too prone to drawl and lisp. As to actual grammatical errors, we wish we could say they were confined to the uneducated few, but such is by no means the case. We have heard some college graduates—men who move in refined society—declare that they "done" so and so, and that they "don't know nothing about it." Of course all this is mere habit, but it is a very disagreeable habit, and ought to be plucked up by the roots. We are a great people, and growing greater every day, but we never shall be a perfect people until we learn the use of our tongues and train ourselves into good talkers.

DEATH'S MYSTERY.

BY FRANCES LAMARTINE.

'Tis but a little thing to die,
And leave earth's faded flowers
To whisper requiems o'er our tomb
In autumn's dreary hours.

Ah! who would not be *glad* to die,
And close the weary eyes,
To waken in a brighter world,
Beyond the starry skies?

How can we even *wish* to stay
In this dark world of care,
When one brief pang, one struggle here,
Would make us happy there?

Ah! surely we would never grieve
To leave Time's fading shore,
And soar away to fadeless realms,
Where dying comes no more.

Then who would call the loved ones back
From out the Shepherd's fold,
To tread again Life's thorny track,
'Neath skies so dark and cold?

It *surely* is not *sad* to die
And leave earth's transient joy,
To drink of heaven's undying bliss,
And love without alloy.

Oh! 'tis a *happy* thing to die!
To lay this form away,
And change earth's home for one on high,
Earth's night for heaven's day.

'Tis grand and beautiful to die!
Our great Redeemer died
To wash away each trace of sin,
And make us purified.

Then tremble not when death shall come—
'Tis but the Saviour's call;
'Tis but His love that wafts us home
Where no dark shadows fall.

'Tis changing weariness for rest,
Time for eternity;
And this bright change to happiness
Is Death's dark mystery.

So while we stand on Time's dark shore,
Let every tear be dried,
For we shall find our loved and lost
Beyond Death's moaning tide.

EMBARRASSING.—On a certain wedding occasion that we have read of, a pecky and inquisitive old lady, who came without invitation, bustled up to the bride and queried: "So, yew air goin to be marrid? Keep house, eh? Goin to have a girl, I spose?" The expectant bride, quite dumbfounded at such a question, stammered through her blushes that she really could not say whether it would be a girl or a boy. But we vote for boys; for see here: "Mrs. Senator Kate Chase Sprague, following the example of more common people, has a baby, a boy about five weeks old. Mrs. Sprague's mother-in-law presented her with $500,000 for having a boy, and settled $100,000 on the fortunate little stranger." The Scripture says "the laborer is worthy of his hire," but isn't half a million rather extravagant pay for such a performance, especially with milk at ten cents a quart?

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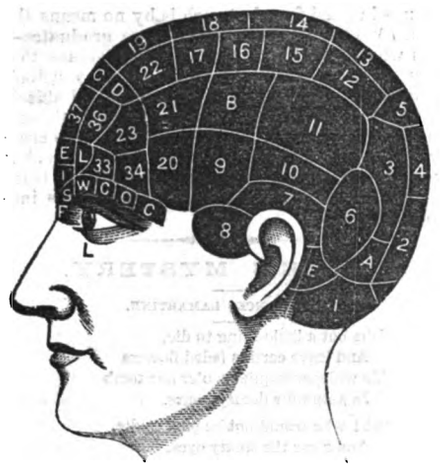

FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM.

"Signs of Character."

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—*Spenser.*

OUR NEW DICTIONARY
OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY.

SECRETIVENESS (10)—Fr. *Secrétivité.*—The quality of being secretive; disposition or tendency to conceal.—*Webster.*

Cunning, prudence, secrecy, hypocrisy, intrigue, duplicity, falsehood, slyness.—*Gall.*

The propensity to conceal, to be secret in thoughts, words, things, or projects.—*Spurzheim.*

This faculty gives an instinctive tendency to conceal, and the legitimate object of it is to restrain the outward expression of our thoughts and emotions till the understanding shall have pronounced judgment on its propriety.—*Combe.*

A fool uttereth all his mind, but a wise man keepeth it till afterward.—*Solomon.*

LOCATION.—The organ of this propensity is situated at the inferior edge of the parietal bone (10, fig. 1), immediately above Destructiveness, or in the middle of the lateral portion of the brain. When this organ and Destructiveness are both highly developed, there is a general fullness of the lower and middle portion of the side-head, as in the outline, fig. 2.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL SIGNS.—The breadth of the wings of the nose next to the face indicates Secretiveness. This is in accordance with the physiological action of this faculty, which tends to shut the mouth and expand the nostrils. This sign is large in the Negro, the Chinese, the North American Indian, and in most savage and half-civilized tribes. It acts in opposition to an inquisitive disposition in others, and is not inclined to answer questions prompted by mere curiosity. Persons who have it large, manifest its natural language in various ways—buttoning up the coat to the chin, wearing a high, tight cravat; or, if a woman, a dress fitting high up on the neck. Those who possess little Secretiveness wear their clothes more loose and open.

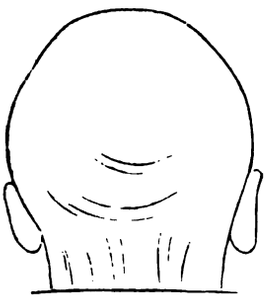

FIG. 2.—SECRETIVENESS.

FIG. 3.—CLARA FISHER.

"This propensity, when predominantly active," Mr. Combe says, "produces a close, sly look [admirably exemplified in our likeness of Constance Emily Kent, the murderess, which contrast with that of Jenny Lind, fig. 5]; the eye rolls from side to side; the voice is low; the shoulders are drawn up toward the ears, and the footstep is soft and gliding. The movements of the body are toward the side. Sir Walter Scott accurately describes the look produced by this faculty and Cautiousness in the following lines:

FIG. 4.—CONSTANCE EMILY KENT.

"For *evil* seemed that old man's eye,
Dark and designing, fierce yet shy,
Still he avoided forward look,
But slow and circumspectly took
A circling, never-ceasing glance,
By doubt and cunning marked at once,
Which shot a mischief-boding ray
From under eyebrows shagged and gray."
Lord of the Isles, Canto iv., p. 24.

FUNCTION.—"The nature and object of this propensity appear to be the following: The various faculties of the human mind are liable to involuntary activity from internal causes as well as from external excitement. Thus, Amativeness, becoming active, gives feelings corresponding to its nature; Acquisitiveness inspires with strong desires for property; and Love of Approbation fills the mind with projects of ambition. Every one must be conscious that these or similar feelings at times rush into his mind involuntarily, and frequently refuse to depart at the command of the will. Thoughts of all kinds, moreover, arise in the intellectual organs, and facts which ought not to be divulged occur to the recollection. If outward expression were given to these impulses and ideas, in all their vivacity, as they arise, social intercourse would be disfigured by a rude assemblage of disgusting improprieties, and man would shun the society of his fellows as more loathsome than pestilence or famine. Shakspeare, with that accuracy of observation which distinguishes him, has portrayed this feature of the human mind. Iago says:

"Utter my thoughts! Why, say they're vile and false—
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?" *Othello*, Act iii., scene 5.

"Some instinctive tendency, therefore, to restrain within the mind itself—to conceal, as it were, from the public eye—the various emotions and ideas which involuntarily present themselves, was necessary to prevent their outward expression; and nature has provided this power in the faculty of Secretiveness."

A sufficient endowment of this organ is essential to the formation of a prudent character. It imposes a salutary restraint upon the manifestations of the other faculties, and serves as a defense against prying curiosity. "When Napoleon," Sir Walter Scott says, "thought himself closely observed, he had the power of discharging from his countenance all expression save that of a vague indefinite smile, and presenting to the curious investigator the fixed eyes and rigid features of a marble bust." This power was conferred by large Secretiveness. Those in whom it is deficient are characterized by a lack of tact, great bluntness of manner, and an instantaneous expression of every thought and feeling; and they seldom suspect any hidden purpose in another. Othello is described by Iago as such a person. He says:

"The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are!"

ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES.—"It is a curious fact, that the Italians and English, in whom Secretiveness is large, delight in humor, while the French, in whom the organ is moderate, can scarcely imagine what it is. In conformity with these differences in national development, the English and

FIG. 5.—JENNY LIND.

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Italians practice a prudent reserve in their intercourse with strangers, while the French are open to excess, and communicate even their private affairs to casual acquaintances. The French also delight to live, and even to die, in public; while

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

the Englishman shuts himself up in his house, which he denominates his castle, and debars all the world from observing his conduct. Other faculties contribute to these varieties of taste, but Secretiveness is an essential element in the relish for retirement."

Secretiveness is found to be large in the heads of all good actors, and that of Clara Fisher (fig. 8) will serve as a good example.

"Secretiveness, with small Conscientiousness, predisposes to lying, and, combined with Acquisitiveness, to theft. Indeed, Secretiveness is more invariably large in thieves than Acquisitiveness; and it prompts to this crime, probably by the feeling of secrecy which it generates in the mind. It gives the idea that all is hidden, that no eye sees, and that no intellect will be able to trace the fraud. It produces also that capacity for sly cunning which is essential to a thief." In murderers it is generally large in connection with a great development of Destructiveness; of this combination fig. 4 furnishes a noted example. The character of the aborigines of this country furnishes a striking illustration of the action of Secretiveness in the savage. The negro, too, is very secretive, and generally "don't know nuff'n 'bout it," when you endeavor to extract any information from him. The Chinese are still more remarkable for the same trait of character. The organ and sign of this faculty are generally found larger in women than in men.

SELF-ESTEEM (13)—Fr. *Estime de Soi.*—The esteem or good opinion of one's self; complacency.—*Webster.*

This sentiment seems to give us a great opinion of ourselves, constituting self-love or self-esteem.—*Spurzheim.*

It imparts that degree of satisfaction with self which leaves the mind open to the enjoyment of the bounties of Providence and the amenities of life; it inspires us with that degree of confidence which enables us to apply our powers to the best advantage in every situation in which we are placed.—*Combe.*

Location.—The organ of Self-Esteem is situated at the back part of the top-head (13, fig. 1), where the coronal surface begins to decline toward the back-head, and a little above the posterior angle of the parietal bones. When it is large, the head rises far upward and backward from the ear in the direction of it, as in fig. 7. Fig. 6 shows the form of the head when Self-Esteem is small.

Physiognomical Signs.—*Self-Esteem* is believed to have its facial sign in the upper lip, to which it gives fullness and convexity on each side of the center. It also throws back the head in the direction of its phrenological organ, as shown in fig. 6, and we find another sign of its development and activity in the length and arching of the windpipe, as shown in fig. 9.

Function.—The faculty of Self-Esteem inspires with the sentiment of self-love and self-confidence, and a due endowment produces only excellent effects. "It also aids in giving dignity in the eyes of others; and we shall find, in society, that that individual is uniformly treated with the most lasting and sincere respect who esteems himself so highly as to contemn every action that is mean or unworthy of an exalted mind. By communicating this feeling of self-respect, it frequently and effectually aids the moral sentiments in resisting temptation to vice. Several individuals in whom the organ is large, have stated to me that they have been restrained from forming improper connections by an overwhelming sense of the degradation which would result from doing so; and that they believed their better principles might have yielded to temptation had it not been for the support afforded to them by the instinctive impulses of Self-Esteem."

Fig. 8.—Pope Alexander VI.

Deficiency.—"When the organ is too small, a predisposition to humility is the result. In such a case the individual wants confidence and a due sense of his own importance. He has no reliance upon himself; if the public or his superiors frown, he is unable to pursue even a virtuous course, through diffidence of his own judgment. Inferior talents, combined with a strong endowment of Self-Esteem, are often crowned with far higher success than more splendid abilities joined with this sentiment in a feebler degree."

Fig. 9.—Self-Esteem.

Illustrative Examples.—Dr. Gall mentions, among many others, the following cases illustrative of the action of Self-Esteem:

"A young man, endowed with faculties above mediocrity had manifested from his infancy insupportable pride. He constantly maintained that he was of too good a family to work, or apply himself to anything. Nothing could free him

Fig. 10.—Nelson Sizer.

from this absurdity; he was even put, for eighteen months, into a house of correction at Hainar. A physician of Vienna, an otherwise amiable man, carried the feeling of pride to such a height, that every time when called to a consultation, even with practitioners older than himself, or with public professors, he regularly took the precedence, both in entering and coming out of the apartment. When any document was to be subscribed, he insisted on affixing his signature first. He had connected himself with the director of the great hospital, but solely, as he himself told afterward, for the purpose of supplanting him. At Heidelberg Dr. Gall saw a girl of eighteen, of a remarkable character. Every word or gesture in the least familiar revolted her. She called on God on every occasion, as if he took a special interest in her affairs. When she spoke, assurance and presumption were painted in her features; she carried her head high, and a little backward, and all the movements of her head expressed pride. She was not capable of submission; when in a passion, she was violent, and disposed to proceed to all extremities. Although only the daughter of a quill-merchant, she spoke her native language with extraordinary purity, and communicated with none but persons of a rank superior to her own. In all these individuals the organ of Self-Esteem was very largely developed. Dr. Gall mentions, that he had examined also the heads of a number of chiefs of brigands, remarkable for this quality of mind, and that he had found the organ large in them all." It was very large in that human monster, Pope Alexander VI. (fig. 8.)

SIZE (26).—Extent of superficies or volume; bulk; bigness; magnitude.—*Webster.*

Dr. Spurzheim inferred, by reasoning, that there must be a faculty the function of which is to perceive size, and observation has proved the soundness of his conclusion, for the situation assigned by him to the organ has been found correct.—*Combe.*

Location.—The organ of Size is placed at the internal extremity of the arch of the eyebrows (S, fig. 1), on each side of Individuality.

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FUNCTION.—The power of determining size is important to every one, but particularly so to geometricians, architects, carpenters, machinists, and artists. In union with Locality it gives conceptions of perspective.

SIZER, NELSON, a practical phrenologist and lecturer, and noted as one of the best character readers in America, and also as a writer on Phrenological and Physiological subjects. He was born in Chester, Mass., May 21, 1812.

Mr. Sizer stands about five feet seven inches high, weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds, and is very compact, and remarkable for strength in combination with activity. His vital system being admirably developed gives him great endurance, and furnishes ample support for his brain; and there are very few men who are able to do so much labor physical or mental as he has accomplished, and like him maintain uninterrupted health, not losing a meal, or a day from business, on account of illness, for ten years together.

He is a self-made man, having, at twelve years of age, commenced to take care of himself, and acquire such education as his opportunities and his own means would allow, chiefly studying and writing in the intervals of labor, besides learning two trades, namely, the woolen and the paper business; he also acquired a fair knowledge of carpentry. As his father was a builder, he became familiar with that business. This mechanical adaptation, and this varied experience in several trades, though probably not advantageous to him in a pecuniary sense, enables him all the better to comprehend and analyze the peculiar talents in those whom he examines, which adapt them to the different departments of business.

In 1849, Mr. Sizer was invited to take a position in the office of Fowler and Wells, as a professional examiner, and soon became a stated contributor to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. In 1853, in connection with Fowler and Wells, he opened the branch phrenological establishment in Philadelphia, Pa., remaining there two years and a half. In 1856 he returned to New York, where he may now be found actively engaged in the practice of his profession as one of the examiners in the rooms of Messrs. Fowler and Wells, 389 Broadway.

For a phrenological delineation of Mr. Sizer's character and a sketch of his life, see the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for December, 1863.

MORE SALT DISCOVERIES.—A Mr. Bourne, of Austin, Nevada, while on a recent exploring expedition in that Territory, at a place about 75 miles south of a mining camp known as San Antonio, and about the same distance from Walker's Lake, discovered the largest deposit of native salt found on this side the American continent. It consists of a plain of ten miles square covered with salt, from six inches to three feet in depth. This salt plain is continuous, and is without shrub or sandhill, extending white and glistening as far as the eye can reach. One of the curiosities of this plain is that in the midst of it is a large boiling spring, of exceedingly salt water, and rising from a bed of salt apparently of its own deposit. The spring appears to have been much larger than at present, but its own deposits have so encroached upon it that it has built up a mound of that material, and reduced its aperture to about four feet in diameter. Good fresh water is found in the hills bordering the plain.

PRACTICAL PHYSIOGNOMY.*

PHYSIOGNOMY is undoubtedly attracting more attention at the present day than at any previous time since the days of Lavater. There is an almost universal interest manifested in it, not in its theoretical aspects merely, but also in its practical application. Everybody wants to read character, and almost everybody is attempting to do so, though often, it must be confessed, owing to ignorance of the true "signs," with but indifferent success. No face, fair or plain, is safe from scrutiny. We can only pray that we be not misread, and be thankful that an opportunity is now afforded to all who desire to make Physiognomy a useful branch of education as well as a subject of curious investigation, to learn all that is at present known on the subject. The work before us appears very opportunely. It comes at a time when everybody is inquiring about Physiognomy, and getting very unsatisfactory replies. The works formerly existing on the subject are out of print; and if a copy be occasionally found, its teachings are discovered to lack the sound basis of modern science, and to be in the main mere fanciful speculations.

"New Physiognomy" is an attempt to systematize whatever is known on the subject, whether contained in previous works or drawn from the author's varied and extensive observation and experience, and to show, so far as possible, the scientific basis on which each observed manifestation rests. The author, for instance, has not deemed it sufficient to merely point out signs of affection in the lips and chin, of vital power and tenacity of life in the neck, and of courage in the jaws and temples (as well as in the head), but he has taken pains to give the physiological reason for these signs, to show the necessary connection between the observed fact and the less manifest law.

Never before have the general principles on which any and every system of character-reading which deserves the name must necessarily rest, been even casually set forth. They are here carefully stated and systematically arranged, and it may be seen at a glance that, whatever may be thought of the superstructure—whatever errors may have been committed in the practical application of the principles laid down—the foundations for a grand and comprehensive system are most securely laid. But, while theory is not neglected, the work is in the main eminently practical, and well suited to the wants of those who wish to make their knowledge available in the actual intercourse and business of life.

After a brief historical sketch of Physiognomy, and an account of previous systems, we are fairly introduced to the "New Physiognomy" in the methodical and carefully studied statement of general principles already referred to.

The important subject of Temperament next claims our attention, and we consider the chapter devoted to it one of the most important in the book. The ancient doctrine of the Temperaments and their modifications by Stahl, Boerhaave, Gregory, Cullen, Richerand, and Spurzheim is first described; but preference is given to a simpler and at the same time more comprehensive classification resting on the natural basis of anatomy, in which only three primary temperaments, the Motive, the Vital, and the Mental, are recognized. The fact that each of the three temperaments has a form of head and face peculiar to itself is further illustrated, in the next chapter, where the three classes of faces and their modifications are described and illustrated, both in front view and in profile. That chapter should be carefully studied and its teachings practically applied at the very commencement of one's physiognomical career. Observe the striking differences between the round-faced and the oblong-faced, and between both and the owners of the pyriform or pear-shaped face. The general outlines of the head and face contain a synopsis, as it were, of the whole character.

In carrying out the author's plan for giving a clear view of the fundamental facts on which practical Physiognomy rests, the outlines of Phrenology are next given, with numerous illustrations.

The reader is now prepared to study "the Human Face Divine," with all its varied "signs of character," with both pleasure and profit; and, to begin with, the chin, whether broad or narrow, round, square, or indented, is at once invested with new interest, and the reader soon learns to scan it knowingly. The mouth, that "center of expression," is made still more attractive, and even in its silence becomes eloquent with love, hope, joy, wit, mirthfulness, gravity, gloom, firmness, pride, jealousy, contempt, and scorn. We are told that, among other things, the lips signify affection. Friendship gives strength and fullness to the muscle which surrounds the mouth and closes the lips. Large, full, red lips mean ardent love, and are fond of kissing and being kissed.

It is claimed for the nose that it is a leading organ of the human face, but no one who will carefully study this book need be "led by the nose." Being connected with the lungs, its openings or nostrils bear a definite relation to the size of the chest and afford indications of the breathing power. The development of its cavities has also an influence upon the voice. The nose is next looked upon as a sign of development—an index of the status of an individual or a race in relation to mental growth and culture. Noses are classified as, 1, the Roman Noses; 2, the Greek Noses; 3, the Jewish Noses; 4, the Snub Noses; and 5, the Celestial Noses, and we are told what each indicates. Mention is also made of the Apprehensive Nose, the Defensive Nose, the Irritable Nose; the Aggressive Nose, the Secretive Nose, the Acquisitive Nose, Intellectual Noses, National Noses, Noted Noses, etc.

The eyes, we are told, are said to speak all languages. With the interpretations given in this book, everybody will be able to read them, whether large or small, black, blue, brown, gray, or hazel. Even the elevation or the drooping of the eyelids, and the arching or lowering of the eyebrows, is seen to be pregnant with meaning.

* NEW PHYSIOGNOMY; or "Signs of Character," as manifested through Temperament and External Forms, and especially in the Human Face Divine. With more than 1,000 illustrations. By SAMUEL R. WELLS, editor of the "Phrenological Journal and Life Illustrated." New York: Fowler and Wells, Publishers. 1866. In Four Parts—$1 each. In one volume, handsomely bound, $5.

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In a like manner the hair, the beard, the forehead, the cheeks, the neck, the ears, the hands, the feet, the walk, the mode of shaking hands, the voice, the laugh, the dress, etc., are shown to be "signs of character," and their indications explained. But the work does not stop here. Having learned what may be called the alphabet of the system, we are next taught its practical application to the affairs of life. For instance, we have a chapter on "Love Signs," in which it is shown how Physoignomy may be made available in the selection of a wife or the choice of a husband. Another chapter acquaints us with its application to the training of children, and still another to personal improvement, or the "Secret of Beauty. "The Two Paths" is the title of a chapter showing the results of opposite courses in the careers of two boys, one of whom chooses the *right*, and the other the *wrong* path.

In the chapters on "Grades of Intelligence," "Instinct and Reason," and "Animal Heads," the relations between organization and function, and between the size and shape of the head and mentality, are most clearly and beautifully shown to be as strictly maintained in the lower orders of creation as among men.

But it is in Ethnology and in the delineation of individual character that the system finds its most interesting illustrations and its most useful application. We risk nothing in saying than in no other single work is so much light thrown upon the character and destiny of the races of mankind as in this, or the distinctive traits of nations and tribes so clearly pointed out. The cranial and facial characteristics of the Englishman, the Scotchman, the Irishman, the American, the Frenchman, the German, the Russian, the Spaniard, the Italian, the Jew, the ancient Roman, the Greek, the Arab, etc., are described. The North American Indian and the Anglo-African of the United States are impartially discussed.

"The Physiognomy of Classes" is a deeply interesting chapter, the grouped portraits with which it is illustrated being exceedingly effective. These groups comprise the most distinguished Clergymen, the most notorious Boxers, the greatest Warriors, Surgeons, Actors, Artists, Inventors, Discoverers, Philosophers, Statesmen, Orators, Poets, and Musicians of the world, and show conclusively that each profession and occupation has a tendency to produce a peculiar type of head and style of face.

"Comparative Physiognomy" and "Chiromancy" are amusing at least, and not lacking in curious information. In "Graphomancy" we are shown just what value to attach to handwriting as a "sign of character," and how to apply our knowledge to a useful purpose.

We have not even named all the subjects discussed in this comprehensive volume; but enough has been said to show how wide is its scope and how interesting and important the subjects with which it deals. To appreciate the full value of the book, one must read and study it.

It must be apparent that the value of such a work will depend largely upon its illustrations. These have not been sparingly introduced. They abound on almost every page, and every point susceptible of pictorial illustration is set off with engravings, most of which were drawn and engraved expressly for this work, and are very well executed and effective. Of these illustrations the book contains more than a thousand, not counting those introduced merely for ornament.

We leave criticism to others. Our object has been to describe "New Physiognomy" for the benefit of our readers who may desire to know what sort of a book it is.

Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

A CURIOUS QUESTION.

* * A DAUGHTER!
Well, what brought her?
Kitty asks: "How came she here?"
Half with joy and half with fear.
Kitty is our eldest child—
Eight years old and rather wild—
Wild in manner, but in mind
Wishing all things well defined.

Kitty says: "How came she here?
Father, tell me—it's so queer;
Yesterday we had no sister,
Else I'm sure I should have kissed her
When I went to bed last night,
And this morning hailed her sight
With strange and new delight;
For, indeed, it passes all
To have a sister not so tall
As my doll! and with blue eyes!
And—I do declare!—it cries!
Last night I did not see her, father,
Or I'm sure I had much rather
Stayed at home as still as a mouse,
Than played all day at grandma's house;
She is pretty, and so tiny—
And what makes her face so shiny?
Will it always be like that?
Will she swell up plump and fat,
Like my little doll? or tall,
Like my wax one? Tell me all
About her, papa dear,
For I do so long to hear
Where she came from, and who brought her—
Yours and mamma's bran new daughter!"

A daughter!—another daughter!
And the question is "What brought her?"
Spence, our boy, but three years old,
Says the nurse did—and is bold,
In defiance of them both,
Since to yield his place he's loth,
And, pouting, feels his nose's point,
When I declare 'tis out of joint.

But though the childish explanation
Be food enough for child's vexation,
We older folks must better find
To feed the hunger of the mind;
To us, of larger issues preaching
This link of life eternal reaching,
From earth to heaven, this new-born soul
Comes fresh from wherever roll
Its countless years through yonder heaven,
Has deeper cause for thinking given.

* * A daughter!
And what brought her?
No matter what—she comes to bring
A blessing in her life's young spring.
"No matter, darling!—she is here—
Our daughter, sister, baby dear!—
Open your hearts, and let her enter,
Open them wide, for God hath sent her!"

A STRAY contraband from down South was lately inspecting a horse-power in motion, when he broke out thus: "Mister, I has seen heaps ob tings in my life, but I neber saw before anyting whar a hoss could do his own work an ride hisself too."

A GENTLEMAN, who had been victimized by a notorious borrower, who always forgot to pay, called him one of the most *promising* men of his acquaintance.

LOVE AND LOVERS.

AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

"ENGAGED to be married!" And is this the end of all trials and tribulations on this side the grand event of matrimony? Are there no more troubles to be conquered, no more obstacles to be encountered? Do people cease to be human, and begin to partake of the millennial nature, when they become engaged? Alas! an engagement is but the first step in that long hand-in-hand journey where the strongest feet become weary, and the bravest heart is too apt to become disheartened.

And what comes next? Why, you have given yourself, body and soul, into the possession of half a hundred busy gossips who immediately set themselves at work to discover your faults and her deficiencies, and triumphantly adduce reasons innumerable why you and she are the last persons in the world to make each other happy. If you ever, in the whole course of your life, committed a fault, no matter how trivial or how long ago, now is the time it will be exhumed from the resting-place of years and held up as a witness against you! If you ever said a rash or a foolish thing in an unguarded moment, it will start out before you like the invisible writing when exposed to the action of heat. In short, you will be compelled to run a figurative gauntlet, day by day and week by week. Do you ask why? That is just the question that will have to remain unsolved until you can tell us *why* people do not confine their attention to their own special affairs, and *why* an engaged couple are supposed to be everybody's business but their own! We only know that such is the fact.

From this tender interest of the good-natured world in everybody's confidential arrangements springs the very common mistake of keeping engagements a secret up to the very last moment. Of all errors this is the most shortsighted and absurd. If you are ashamed of your engagement, break it off; if you are afraid to take the consequences, own up frankly, and look at yourself in your true light—that of a moral coward. Be honest—be straightforward and open, both in justice to yourself and to the other party concerned. Nobody ever yet gained anything by hiding the engagement ring under a shallow tissue of deceit and lies. Nor is our language too strong, for a lie told by fair lips "just for fun," is as much a lie as the network of treachery that covers the darkest crime ever committed. We have no patience with the counterfeit modesty that shrinks from "having people know of an engagement." A man has no business at all with the bogus article; and for a girl, it is simply ridiculous. She can whirl through a crowded ballroom, literally supported in his arms; she can go with him to theater, opera, and party, night after night; she can receive his attentions in the eyes of the whole world; and, finally, she can walk up to the altar with him before four or five hundred people specially invited to witness the ceremony; but "she wouldn't have any one know she is engaged for the world! it would be too embarrassing!"

Now where is the difference, we should like to

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know? Youths and maidens that are as easily embarrassed as all this, ought to refrain entirely from contact with this wicked world and go into a convent at once!

"But people are so critical!" Well, let them criticise. They have all of them been through this particular stage of life themselves—or else expect to; and what difference does their idle comment make? If you are honestly and truly in love, you won't care if they talk the ends of their tongues off! We, for our part, know of no more beautiful or exalted sight in all the earth than two happy young lovers reading for the first time the hidden mysteries of each other's hearts, clinging to each other's companionship with that strange, sweet instinct wherein you see God's hand so plainly, blending soul and spirit into a union that transforms even this dull, every-day existence into heaven itself for a while! Are we sentimental? Then Nature is sentimental, and the Bible is sentimental, and all the world is sentimental with us! Would there were more of sentiment!

Do not be over-sensitive or hypercritical because you are engaged. Shut your eyes to the little faults from whose dominion we are none of us exempt, and open your heart wide to the noble qualities that first won your love. If you put on a pair of spectacles with the deliberate intention of finding errors and follies, it will go hard but that your search will be rewarded, and you will be made comfortably miserable. We can offer no sympathy for such trouble as this. Men and women are not like houses that can be altered and rebuilt, or garments that can be made over. If you take them, you must take them just as they are, and it is for you only to decide whether to take them or leave them alone. Don't let busybodies come to you to carp at the man or woman to whom you are engaged. Stop all such comments peremptorily and at once. Let mischief-makers feel the weight of your honest indignation; such intermeddling as this puts those who attempt it beyond the pale of common civility. What would you think of the man who says of your newly purchased house, to your very face, "*I* wouldn't have bought such a tumble-down old shell as that; I'm surprised at your choice of location; depend upon it, you've got a bad bargain!" Why, he would deserve to be turned out of doors on the instant. And the woman who says, "Well, poor thing! I dare say you think that new silk is very fine, but it won't wear—it will spot, and fray, and fade in ten weeks; it's a poor quality, and you paid a great price for it, and it don't become you, at that!"—would you not consider her impertinence below the compliment of notice? How much more promptly should you resent criticism on the partner and companion of your future existence! Don't tolerate it for an instant, if you expect any happiness in married life! More engagements have been broken off—more hearts have been blighted—more miserable old maids and sour old bachelors have dated their single blessedness from such interference as this than the Lightning Calculator could estimate in his wildest mathematical frenzy!

And, girls, let us whisper in your ear one word of advice: Don't "sew" yourselves to death because you are going to become Mrs. Somebody. Blessed is the man who goes to a furnishing-store and buys shirts, coats, and cravats in one miscellaneous heap. *He* does not lay the foundations of dyspepsia, consumption, and spine disease to sweeten married life with. Sensible fellow! he takes things coolly; and why can not you partially emulate his example? Anybody would think, from the beaten track our pretty *fiancées* follow, that they expected, immediately after the marriage ceremony, to emigrate to a desert island where drygoods stores were unknown and sewing-machines unheard of. What is the common sense in providing six dozen articles when one dozen would be an ample quantity? "Because other people do it." Very well; are you then to be a fool because other people were fools before you? "Because you want to outdo Mary Smith!" It is a pity you don't follow out your principle and marry two husbands, because Mary Smith had only one! "John will think it so strange if I don't have plenty of everything." Ah, you poor little thing! John will think it stranger and sadder still if the pretty, rosy girl he wooed and won changes into a pale, pettish invalid, and all the rich embroideries you toil over so perseveringly serve only to deck you in the slender coffin in which we shall lay you down to rest! Be sensible about all these things. A complete wardrobe is a very nice affair—but health and strength and sparkling eyes are nicer still. Just ask the young man chiefly concerned, and see if he don't entirely agree with us in the matter.

Perhaps we might condense the whole of our sage counsel into the brief words of the blessed Apostle, "Love one another!" Follow the broad meaning of this injunction and you can not go wrong. Love one another—trust one another, fully, freely, and implicitly. Mind your own business, and see that other people mind theirs. Be frank and outspoken, and put the best interpretation on whatever is dubious or susceptible of more than one meaning! And if the shadows lie dark before you, pass boldly through them, keeping your eyes fixed firmly and trustfully on the sunshine beyond!

FASHIONS.

No one has given this subject a wise thought without acknowledging their pernicious effects, and no one who is candid can fail to see the necessity of reform. So great is the servility of the American people to the artificial, that they consent to even deform their persons to gratify the diseased taste. We are a very unstable and whimsical people in our tastes; we may be said to have no taste—at least, no original idea of what is tasty.

We accept the transatlantic dicta as always conclusive, and acknowledge no possibility of appeal. It would almost seem that the votaries of fashion could no more exist without the Parisian queen, than a swarm of bees could exist without *their* queen.

One year the height of absurdity is gained in one extreme, and the opposite extreme is in vogue the following year; one year every one must wear a short coat, and the next a very long one. One year the ladies must wear large bonnets, and the next very small ones. The prime object for which clothing is worn, to protect and adorn, seems lost sight of.

This complete subjection to the modes has a great influence in making us a superficial people; the contrary should be true to make us a stable people, which has a great bearing upon the stability of our government. To be so dependent on the capricious customs of a captious people is incompatible with that independent spirit which has been our pride in the past, which we should maintain at present, and must transmit to the future. The Italians might furnish a model in this one respect; that people disdain to receive the modes of Paris; they are too jealous and too independent to permit such a tyranny as that which bows the necks of Americans. It is their passion to dress tastily, no matter what may be the texture or color. If such a spirit existed here, we would not see so many miserable ones, so much beauty disfigured, so much loveliness deformed.

Let us, too, be ashamed to follow implicitly the customs of Paris; we can not do all our lives as Romans do without becoming Roman in our characters. Let us, however, as individuals, be honest enough to acknowledge and honor merit, be it Parisian or American. To dress tastily, we must consult, *as individuals*, our physical peculiarities, and acknowledge no arbitrary criterion. If this were our standard, how much more stable, how much more independent, how much more noble should we be, and how much more worthy the respect of other nations—a respect which is now withholden because they deem us so dependent upon foreign wit for models of dress, architecture, laws, etc. I believe we are naturally an independent people; let us be true to our nature; let us for other reasons husband every resource to meet those liabilities incurred by the nation in behalf of the individual. JOHN DUNN.

KEYS OF THE HEART.

"Play the sweet keys, would you keep them in tune."

THE heart is an instrument fashioned in heaven,
And chords of pure harmony to it are given,
That but lightly touched will awaken to birth
Sweet music to soothe the sad children of earth.

But keys of the heart that lie silent will rust,
Will lose all their music, be covered with dust,
Till selfishness, discord, impurity, strife,
Will bury forever the sweet songs of life.

Let melody rise from the key of your faith,
To reach through the valley and shadow of death;
To open the gates of the bright world of bliss,
And soften and charm the dark sorrow of this.

Let hope's song triumphant through all your life ring,
Till it join the glad chorus that heaven's angels sing.
Through blight and through blossom, through gladness and pain,
Let the angels of hope in your soul's palace reign.

And forget not the key that is sweetest of all,
Causing showers of mercy from heaven to fall;
Which links souls together below and above,
Joining all to the Father who named Himself "Love."

FRANCES A. BAKER.

THE latest definition of love is—"A prodigal desire on the part of a young man to pay for some young woman's board.

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CELIBACY.

LETTER FROM A SHAKER.

A LEADING member of that singular and interesting body of practical religionists generally known as Shakers, sends us the following letter, the object of which is to set one of the peculiar tenets of his society in its true light before the world. We believe that it will be read with interest, notwithstanding its length, and that it will please, if it do not convince, the candid reader. It is somewhat severe and sarcastic in reference to us poor "world's people," but its severity is so tempered with genial good-nature, and its sarcasm so playful, that we are sure no sensible person will take offense where none is meant. We have also a communication from the Shaker lady whose article in the number of the JOURNAL for August, 1865, gave rise to this discussion, which we may present in a future number. At present our space will not allow anything more on this topic.—ED. A. P. J.

FRIEND WELLS: In the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for November, 1865, are some suggestions "for Shaker friends," by William Clark. As a Shaker, I esteem them worthy of our consideration. How far the readers of the JOURNAL are interested in such matter-of-fact religionists as the Shakers, you are the proper tribunal of judgment and decision.

The position which William Clark takes as against the Shaker position, that "the cross, of which Jesus so often makes mention, was not celibacy," we are as free to indorse as himself, and so with what follows, that the natural relationships of earth are ordained of God; and it is our duty, as well as privilege, to so recognize them, and purify them of all selfishness. Indeed, we entirely agree with him in all he says, ending with, "It is the perversion of these faculties and elements of mind from their legitimate purposes to that of *mere gratification*, under the abnormal force of one or more of them, that constitutes wrong or sin." Are we not liberal? What can he ask more from the hitherto misunderstood Shakers?

The world's people have had *their say* in stating and interpreting Shaker theology. By-and-by it will be *our* turn to speak, and for *them* to listen.

THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

William Clark asserts it to be "our duty to propagate our race," even though "untold agonies be the consequences of abnormal love or lust;" but adds, derogatively, that "a large portion of our race are unfit" to do it. "Such persons," he says, "would benefit themselves and their race to become Shakers." (We do not want such materials.) "But they never will." And then we have the endless-chain repetition, "If our whole race were to become Shakers, it would soon disappear;" and he sagely concludes, "Is not this sufficient evidence that in this respect they err, unless it is wrong for the race to exist?" Quite so, my dear friend, provided your premises were correct, which, unfortunately for your logic, they are not.

The argument is: If it be right for one man to become a Shaker, it is right for all; and *we* know it is wrong for the race to *cease to be*.

Both of these propositions we *deny*. Jesus told *some* men and women to fall in and join his little band. To others he refused to preach or to let them feed at his table, and when they picked up the crumbs which fell therefrom, he bid them go, and to tell no man of *their class and order*. This people were a "little flock" chosen out of a large one—many called, few chosen. Should all mankind at any one time be prepared to become Shakers, there would never be a better time than *that* for this human race to step off the stage of action, and give place to a better and superior order of intelligences that the creative forces which originated the present race would soon bring into being "out of these stones" (elements), "raising up children," as occurred in Eden.

THE DOCTRINE OF CONTINUANCE.

When, oh, when, my friend, will your great intellectual and wonderfully self-satisfied people in Babylonia, while partaking of their last Belshazzarian supper, be magnanimous enough to give the poor Shakers credit for knowing that, when all the eggs in the world get put into one basket, and then, like the Atlantic cable, are sunk to the bottom of the ocean, the race of poultry will become extinct, for a time hereafter, as they have been extinct for millions of ages in the past? And what of it? One generation goeth and another cometh. The mastodon and mammoth have gone, and the Shakers have come. Give them a hearty welcome and a patient audience.

Under the Shaker theology, there is no imminent danger of the race becoming *extinct*, and no particular danger to the universe, with its inherent and everlasting laws of *creation* as potent to-day as when "the morning stars" made its arched vaults re-echo with the first song of glory, were even such an event to occur.

When reproduction ceaseth, a new creation commenceth. The river may be turned from its channel, but no power may annihilate it while its sources remain untouched, pregnant with life, and God in nature, "operates unspent."

If ten millions of human beings should cease to propagate physically, the creative power, of which they are but the medium, would expend its forces in some new channel, on a higher plane, nearer its divine fountain, just as certainly as a river effectively dammed in its channel would form a new one nearer its source. "If any man be in Christ," fully, "he is a new creature," and in consequence belongs to a *new creation* where the man is not without the woman, nor the woman without the man, any more than in the old creation. Reproduction in the one is physical—in the other, spiritual.

A NEW STATE IMMINENT.

I am just now writing a correspondent in Illinois, one of a numerous class, more than I can possibly reply to unless through the press. I extract:

"I reiterate when I state that I have no controversy with *your world*, its rocks and metals, its oceans and forests, its hills to be leveled, and its valleys to be filled, and its broad surface to be *densely populated* by human beings, who shall make it the leading object of existence to bless and happify *each other*, not to destroy, as now and heretofore, by wars about property; for wars shall yet cease to the ends of the earth, when a church has arisen that has power with God, by means of which it shall be able to regulate all the elements of humanity, as the sun regulates the movements of the earth.

"The now partially-successful, but hitherto generally abortive, efforts of the powers above to evolve out of the earth such a church, are as the struggles between winter and spring; the latter is sure to conquer, for the stars in their courses fight against winter, and time himself is on the side of the new-comer.

THE SYSTEM COMPOSITE.

"You say you can not, for your dear life, see it otherwise than that all the possibilities of science, by the countless myriads of workers, to subdue, and beautify, and utilize the component elements of earth, are a part of the Creator's plan, from the beginning to the end of human existence, and that all *this* Shakerism would thwart. Herein lies *your* mistake, *not ours*.

"I have told you before, and I repeat it, that we assume the existence of two orders as fixed facts—the reproductive and the non-reproductive; the natural and the spiritual, each having its own laws, the latter dependent upon, and supplemental to, the former.

"If you had taken in and digested the above paragraph, you would have perceived that all you have said, as seemingly antagonistic to the idea of a normal celibate life and order, was, in truth, *necessary* to its production and continued existence.

"I lay it down as a proposition, that the human mind, under the laws of progress and improvement, which you so strongly advocate, tends irresistibly toward *celibacy*!! This is manifest in the world on your plane, among your leading minds in all departments of human knowledge.

"You may reply: 'If so, then of course the higher we go in mentality, the more prominently we should expect this inherent tendency to crop out.' It is so, and is a perpetual prophecy of the coming spiritual order, of which Jesus was the first perfect specimen among men, and Ann Lee the first among women. The former inaugurated a celibate order which has left a history that all may read. First, Himself and twelve other men; second, twelve men and their 8,000 converts from the Jews in two days; third, Peter and Paul with their *heathen* or Gentile proselytes, accepting a celibate *priesthood* as being all *they* would attain to, and more than the priesthood itself could retain in purity, and, after a trial of some 1,600 years, giving it up as an impossibility; and Luther himself, as their grand type, marrying a nun, who (as Melancthon expressed it) 'was a decent depositary of his 1,600 years' restrained, but still unmortified, 'popish lusts.'

"In the *second* coming of the Christ Spirit, Ann Lee inaugurated a more perfect celibate order, for the males and females, instead of coming under vows of perpetual chastity, and then being kept so separate that they could not infringe them, are all together as are brothers and sisters in a natural family.

SHAKER HEALTH.

"You inquire about our lawyers and doctors, the taking of drugs, etc., etc. All right! I will state to you that sickness is at a discount among us. It is the exception, not, as with you, the rule. We hold that the time will be when no one among us shall say, I am sick.

"Moses was a minister of health, commencing by teaching the laws of physiology in the cultivation of the soil, and in the selection and preparation of food. He, as do the Shakers, rejected the *hog* as food; and he protected his people from the destroying ravages of insects on their crops by divinely wise agriculture.

"Reflect upon the matter under consideration in this light: When a husbandman raises a crop of grain, does he reserve *all* of it for seed or only a small part thereof? Of what practical use to the farmer, as a life sustainer, is the portion of his various crops which he reserves for seed? None at all! Proved from the fact, that if he continuously sowed and planted *all* that he raised, it would come to the same point as if he planted none at all—*death*. Is not this a fact?

MORTALITY AMONG THE "WORLD'S PEOPLE."

"Hitherto, you world's people *all* 'marry and are given in marriage;' and do you not have to kill yourselves off by bad and unphysiological food and drink, by vicious practices, by mixing poisons with your food, as yeast, alkalies, potash, pearlash, etc., etc., etc., by forever taking drugs and doses, and lastly by eating your *fellow-creatures*—the sheep and cattle, and not excepting even the swine—to get yourselves out of the way of your generating successors?

"And, when population still presses upon the means of subsistence, then, having hardened your hearts by killing the lower animals, you next proceed to slay each other by human wars; when this fails, you employ and support a whole class of men to invent new diseases by the administration of the most deadly substances known to them in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms.

"Indeed, so desperately intent are you upon propagating human beings, and then killing them off to make room for more on the earth, that the process of destruction is commenced before and continued during germinal existence by many unphysiological and unmentionable practices.

"If these means fail of their unlawful effects, and external terrestrial life commences, the young being and its mother are sick, and the *society man* comes with destructive agencies to kill or to shorten the period of existence. The result is, that of 'all who are born of women,' one half are disposed of before they reach the fifth year. Does the land, notwithstanding these means of depletion, still become filled with relatively healthy, able-bodied men? To prevent *them* from propagating they are all scientifically selected out and pitted against each other for mutual destruction, called Christian civilized warfare, in order to secure a generation of children, the product of the physical refuse of the population. And this unpainted picture represents only a *few* of the heart-sickening and painful attendants and outgrowths of the present mode of peopling the earth.

THE SYSTEM EXPLAINED.

"The Shakers would reverse all this by a permanent establishment of *two orders*, complimental the one to the other. The lower or rudimental reproductive order might then be released from all fear of over-population, Malthus and Ricardo rest in their graves in quietness, every physical law be obeyed, and the most perfect health that ever Moses blest his people with maintained with-

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out fear of the result. For, though they should become as stars or as the sand upon the sea-shore, all would be well! as the wisdom of God, by his ruling agents, would 'call' upon men and women, as at Pentecost, by the thousand, to forsake their wives and husbands, to live celibate lives, hold their property in common, and become perfect as Jesus was perfect in spiritual holiness, and they would obey.

"No more need of 'madames,' or of doctors, or of war to destroy human life by the sword or by poison. But mercy and truth would meet together, and righteousness and peace would kiss each other 'all the year round.'

"Millions might then live celibate lives in Shaker communities, dotting the land with paradises, as oases in the desert of selfishism.

"Chastity in children and youth, intercourse among the married for the purpose of generation once in three or four years would fulfill all duties in the world's people; 'while, to the higher order,' the law of the house would be 'Holiness to the Lord' stamped upon all things, 'from the bells upon the horses to the pots in the kitchen.'

"All of which I send you, my friend, as a farmer would throw his grain on the public highway, not expecting any great returns or results, although he knew his grain to be good and capable, under right conditions, of producing crops which should be food for men and women. Your friend, F. W. EVANS.

"MOUNT LEBANON, COLUMBIA Co., N. Y.

"P. S. While the Physiological Reformers are anxious to have the Shakers come down from the cross of celibacy to the plane of true normal generation, the Shakers are equally anxious to have them ascend on to that plane, *in practice*, as they have already done in theory."

MARRIAGES AND DIVORCES.

A WRITER in the New York *Observer*, who is greatly alarmed by the evidence of the frequent violations of the "seventh commandment," as seen in the reports of the daily papers, undertakes to give some advice on the subject of matrimony. He begins by conceding the dreadful truth, that with the boasted advancement of civilization and religion, there is a vast increase of crime against the marriage vows. Even in the moral State of Connecticut, the land of "steady habits," there is such an alarming advance in this direction that the official records of the courts are pronounced incredible when they report the number of suits for divorce. It is no better, if not worse, in the city of New York, and far worse in many other parts of our country. If you ask me, says the writer, what causes tend to the increase of domestic infelicities and consequent divorces, I should mention two or three very obvious reasons.

I. INJUDICIOUS MARRIAGES.

Contracted without due reflection, and sufficient acquaintance to enable the parties to become well informed as to the temper and disposition of each other—[This may be learned by the aid of Phrenology.]—it is scarcely possible that the union shall be permanently agreeable. But we know that interested motives, such as the question of property, position in society, prospects in business, or mere personal beauty, often control the choice that is to tell upon the happiness of a family for life. These are not to be overlooked. Marriages made in defiance of these auxiliary qualifications are often unhappy. It is well for young people to seek and find companions for life among those whose relations, associations, education, and prospects are on the same plane. [Very true and very sensible.] Now and then a departure from this rule, regarded as romantic and hazardous, turns out well, but as a general rule it is wiser to avoid such experiments. But the real basis of permanent happiness must be on the affections—[The affections being blind, *we* should say that the real basis should be on the intellect, moral sense, *and* the affections.]—and these are to be fastened on those moral and mental qualifications which are in themselves lovely. Such marriages are almost invariably happy. And so simply and easy and pleasant is the prescription, it is wonderful that even young people do not take it and try it, rather than venture their life interest on the hazardous sea of matrimony with all the chances against them.

II. THE NEW THEORY OF MARRIAGE.

It is only within a few years that the new theory of the equal rights of married people has had any hold in the religious world. None can have forgotten the amazement with which the public mind received the fact last winter that several of our orthodox religious journals here in New York zealously defended a work the design of which was to revolutionize the old-fashioned ideas of marriage, and abolish marriage vows altogether. [A shot at the sharp Gail Hamilton, who can reply for herself.]

It came out that the heresy was intrenching itself in the bosom of the Church, and ministers of the Gospel approved what all right men and women knew to be "as bad as bad can be." The prevalence of this sentiment is at the root of the evil. The laws of marriage are laid down very plainly in the Bible. The Apostles taught them clearly under Christ. But thousands of Christians ignore an essential element of Christian marriage, which is that "the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the Church." [We doubt the truth of this statement, and ask for the proof. It is everywhere conceded that the "husband is the head of the wife" unless, perchance, he should happen to have a head with nothing in it, when, of course, the wife would take the lead.] Many marriage ceremonies are performed where this principle is not recognized. [By whom?] When love abounds, it is the secret of harmony. The husband is then the house-band, as his name imports. Where this principle is not admitted, and the rule of the Gospel is trampled under foot, perpetual strife is the result; alienation often begets separation, and this is followed if not preceded by infidelity. To doubt or deny this rule of Christ is infidelity begun.

III. THEATERS, OPERAS, AND NOVELS.

These three sources of corruption ought all to be redeemed, cleansed, and made the instruments of public entertainment, instruction, and moral improvement. For advocating such a reform, I have been charged, by those who know better, with trying to write up the theater and opera. I wish I could write them down, till they are made decent. [Is not the New York *Herald* attending to this matter of reforming and Christianizing the "play-houses?"]

Some of the most popular operas, many of the favorite plays, nearly all the sensation novels, are exhibitions of social vice, rendered so attractive and seductive as to suggest to every hearer or reader that the "real fun," the chief pleasure of life, is in secret and unholy "love." A gentleman told me recently that he accompanied his lady friends to the Academy of Music to hear one of the most popular modern operas, and was so ashamed of himself that he could not look the ladies in the face while the piece was performed. [Would it have been appropriate to quote those words, "Evil be to him who evil thinks?" We simply ask the question for information.] Yet these are the operas that draw crowds of fashionable and *religious* people. The theaters are worse. And the "Braddon" novels, and all of that school—their name is legion—are worse than theaters or operas. In the retirement of her boudoir, a fashionable woman wanting excitement reads these incendiary documents, and is set on fire of hell. The subtile poison works her ruin. Such novels are a moral pestilence. Novel-reading is dangerous; such novel-reading is ruinous. Yet the country is flooded with it. And these novels and plays and operas are breaking down the restraints of virtue and filling the land with the wrecks of domestic bliss. IRENÆUS.

[If we are not mistaken, "The Pilgrim's Progress" is a novel. Washington Irving wrote novels. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a novel. But these are not the sort referred to. It is the vile French and English trash which ought to be prohibited. We hope the *Observer* will pursue this subject, and set the wicked world right. But will he not look at it in the light of Phrenology? What about the marriage of cousins? right age, etc.? We may be permitted to shed a ray of light on these points in our future discussions.]

HOW TO HAVE A KIND HUSBAND.—A correspondent of the *Home Journal* gives a recipe for making or keeping a good-natured husband: "Keep his linen in prime condition, with the requisite degree of stiffness; never let him know the want of a button; give him well-broiled beefsteak, wholesome bread, and a sparkling cup of coffee for his breakfast; keep squalling babies and broken crockery out of his sight; do not annoy him with the blunders and extravagances of 'Biddy;' greet his evening arrival with a clean, lightsome face, well-combed hair, and a welcome kiss; have ready a cheerful supper, a bright fire in the grate, an easy-chair, with comfortable gown and slippers; be merry, and tell him some agreeable news; finally, give him a well-made bed in a cosy chamber."

HOW TO HAVE A LOVING WIFE.—A correspondent sends the following to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL: If you would have a loving wife, be as gentle in your words after as before marriage; treat her quite as tenderly when a matron as when a miss; don't make her the maid of all work and ask her why she looks less tidy and neat than when you "first knew her;" don't buy cheap, tough beef, and scold because it does not come on the table "porter-house;" don't grumble about squalling babies if you can not afford to keep up a "nursery," and remember that "baby may take after his papa" in his disposition; don't smoke and chew tobacco and thus shatter your nerves, spoil your temper, and make your lips and breath a nuisance and complain that your wife declines to kiss you; go home joyous and cheerful to your supper and tell your tired wife the good news you have heard, and not silently put on your hat and go out to the "club" or "lodge," and let her afterward learn that you spent the evening at the opera or at a fancy ball with Mrs. Dash. Love your wife; be patient; remember you are not perfect, but try to be; let whisky, tobacco, and vulgar company alone; spend your evenings with your wife; live a decent, Christian life, and your wife will be loving and true—if you did not marry a heartless beauty without sense or worth; if you did, who is to blame if you suffer the consequences?

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Miscellaneous.

HAVING YOUR LIKENESS TAKEN.

Of itself, the attempt to select your own best expression of countenance is a perplexing effort, and the consciousness that the face you put on, whatever it may be, will be one by which in all future time all who look into your friends' albums will know you, does not diminish the embarrassment. You have a vague impression that to look smiling is ridiculous, and to look solemn is still more so. You desire to look intelligent, but you are hampered by a fear of looking sly. You wish to look as if you were not sitting for a picture; but the effort to do so fills your mind more completely with the melancholy consciousness that you are. All these conflicting feelings, pressing upon your mind at the critical moment, are very painful; but they are terribly aggravated by the well-meant interposition of the photographer. To prevent a tremulous motion of your head, which the bewildered state of your feelings renders only too probable, he wedges it into a horrible instrument called a head-rest, which gives you exactly the appearance as if somebody were holding on to your hair behind. In such a situation, you may be pardoned if a somewhat blank look comes over your usually intelligent features. The photographer of course sees this defect, and does his best to remedy it by a little cheerful exhortation; but naturally with no other result than that of making matters much worse. "Just a little expression in your countenance, if you please, sir—perhaps if you could smile," is a most distressing admonition to receive at such a moment, just when you know that the photographer has his hand upon the cap.

If you are weak enough to listen to him, and extemporize "a little expression," you come out upon the plate with a horrible leer, looking like the Artful Dodger in the act of relating his exploits. If, as is more probable, you are too much absorbed in the uncomfortableness of your own position to regard his exhortations, you are immortalized with an expression of agonized sternness upon your features, unpleasantly suggestive of a painful disorder.

["Think of something pleasant." "There—that will do." "Now hold still!" Out comes the watch, and off comes the cap, and you are "in the works." On goes the cap again, and out come the slides, and into a dark closet goes the plate to be "developed" by the aid of "chemicals," which "fixes things" as they are.

It is very seldom one gets a satisfactory picture the first time trying. He must sit once or twice to get used to it; and then, his mind being calm and at ease, he may hope to be fairly represented in the picture.

It is said that young lovers look most amiable when thinking of their sweethearts; parents with thoughts fixed on their children, etc There can be no doubt the thought, sentiment, or emotion which is uppermost at the instant, whether it be of love, fear, diffidence, kindness, curiosity, hate, revenge, cunning, devotion, etc., will be given to the picture. But if the person be entirely passive, as in sleep, then the leading traits of character, derived from the largest organs, will be given. A very close observer can frequently divine even the thoughts of the sitter, by his expression, as exhibited in his picture. We look for the time when this art shall be so perfected, that we may take likenesses instantaneously, when the subject may be entirely unconscious of the fact. *Then* we can get the *natural* expression, which will be as true to nature as in death.]

QUEER FREAKS OF TYPE.

The New York *Evening Post* is responsible for the following dish of mischances.

A "MAKE-UP" BLUNDER.

A laughable mistake is shown in the following mixing of two articles—one concerning a preacher, the other about the freaks of a mad dog—which occurred in a hurried "make-up" in a printing-office:

"Rev. James Thompson, rector of St. Andrew's church, preached to a large concourse of people on Sunday last. This was his last sermon. In a few weeks he will bid farewell to his congregation, as his physician advises him to cross the Atlantic. He exhorted his brethren and sisters, and after the conclusion of a short prayer, took a whim to cut up some frantic freaks. He ran up Timothy Street to the college. At this stage of the proceedings a couple of boys seized him and tied a tin kettle to his tail, and he again started. A great crowd collected, and for a time there was a grand scene of running and confusion. After a long race he was finally shot by a policeman."

[Whether the foregoing be fact or fancy we can not say, but here is a freak of the "make-up" which actually occurred in one of the principal cities of rebeldom not many years ago.

The various clergymen of the place were accustomed to preach, each in his turn, at the Orphan Asylum, due notice being always given in the city papers. Among the rest was Rev. Mr. ——, who had the reputation of being the dullest and most prosy speaker in the city, and whom nobody would hear who could decently avoid it. One Saturday evening one of the principal dailies had the following item in its column of "Religious Notices:"

"CAUTION!

"Rev. Mr. —— will preach at the Orphan Asylum at half-past ten to-morrow morning."

There was probably not a more amusing paragraph in that paper. The "head line" belonged to a notice which appeared below, warning the public against harboring or trusting a run-away wife.]

It is not stated whether the following item, which is said to have been printed once upon a time, was the result of inebriety on the part of the printer or of reporter:

"Horrible Catastrophe.—Yesterday morning, at four o'clock P.M., a small man named Smith, with a heel in the hole of his trowsers, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. The verdict of the inquest returned a jury that the deceased came to the fact in accordance with his death. He left a child and six small wives to lament the end of his unfortunate loss. In death we are in the midst of life."

THE POWER OF COMMAS.

In the Priory of Hamessa there dwelt a prior who was very liberal, and who caused these lines to be written over his door:

"Be open evermore, O, thou my door,
To none be shut, to honest or to poor."

But after his death there succeeded him another, whose name was Raynhard, as greedy and covetous as the other was bountiful and liberal, who kept the same lines there still, changing nothing therein but one point, which made them run after this manner:

"Be open evermore, O, thou my door,
To none, be shut to honest or to poor."

The following sentence from a recently written novel, shows the importance of punctuation:

"He enters on his head, his helmet on his feet, armed sandals upon his brow: there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare he sat down."

OTHER MISTAKES.

A lad in a printing-office came upon the name of Hecate, occurring in a line like this:

"Shall reign the Hecate of the deepest hell."

The boy, thinking he had discovered an error, ran to the master printer and inquired eagerly whether there was an *e* in cat. "Why, no, you blockhead," was the reply. Away went the boy to the press-room and extracted the objectionable letter. But fancy the horror of both poet and publisher when the poem appeared with the line:

"Shall reign the He Cat of the deepest hell."

A newspaper some time ago gravely informed its readers that a rat descending the river came in contact with a steamboat, with such serious injury to the boat that great exertions were necessary to save it. It was a raft, and not a rat, descending the river.

In the directions for conducting the Catholic service in a place in France, a shocking blunder once occurred in printing *calotte, culotte*. Now a *calotte* is an ecclesiastical cap or miter, while *culotte* means what would be known in drawing-room English as a gentlemen's small clothes. The sentence read, "Here the priest will take off his *culotte*."

STRONG MEN.

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings, and strong command over them. Now we all very often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake, because he has his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that he is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those that subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of a solid rock, mastering himself? or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself and forgive, those are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

A pedagogue was about to flog a pupil for having said he was a fool, when the boy cried out, "Oh, don't! don't! I won't call you so any more! I'll never say what I think, again, in all the days of my life."

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PORTRAIT OF AARON BURR.

BURR AND JEFFERSON;

OR, THE POLITICAL ADVENTURER AND THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHER.

PROBABLY there is not, in our American annals, a stronger contrast to be found, in character, in subsequent history, and in a "lasting and honorable remembrance among men," than we find between the President and Vice-President of the United States from the year 1801 to 1805.

Both were men of vast ability, of thorough and extensive culture; both deeply versed in the profession of the law; both early in life prominent in public affairs, and raised together, by the nation, to the highest position in the gift of the people. The one ranks now, as he did then, as the founder of Democracy, the first political philosopher of the age, and the greatest of American statesmen. The other, as the most brilliant failure in our annals, falling suddenly and forever from the zenith of his popularity and power, to linger in the horizon for thirty long, disastrous years, and finally to go out in darkness, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

Of renowned ancestry, of the highest culture, possessing the most brilliant intellectual, social, and personal endowments, in the highest place but one in the nation, who, in 1805, could have foreseen that to Aaron Burr the future was to be filled with humiliation, dishonor, neglect, and contumely? that for him were waiting prison, exile, execration, a name linked with that of Arnold, and after he had drained the cup to the dregs and gone down to dust, an earthly immortality of dishonor and reproach?

We are not of those who denounce this singularly amiable, unfortunate, and gifted man. Long and bitterly he expiated his errors and his guilt.

"If he was guilty, 'twas a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it."

But for the benefit of the young we would point out his errors and defects whence flowed all his later misfortunes

The first and greatest calamity that Aaron Burr experienced was the loss, in early childhood, of every relative who might have exerted a strong moral influence over him, and implanted in his young heart the principles of virtue and morality. One can hardly believe that his father, the successful teacher and the honored divine, and his mother, the pious and devoted Esther Edwards, could have failed to have taught him to control and regulate his will, to have trained him in obedience to the laws of virtue and piety, and by example and by precept, by persuasion and compulsion, planted his footsteps in the paths of integrity and honesty and uprightness. But he never knew the warmth of parental love, never felt the fervor of parental solicitude. for his growth in "everything that is sincerely good and perfectly divine," for before he had fully passed the period of infancy, they were both in the grave. He was reared in the family of his uncle, Rev. Timothy Edwards, who, whatever may be thought of his theology, was certainly a poor tutor for Aaron, and he grew up to have his own way, with uncurbed will and freedom of action quite unrestrained. He was a brilliant scholar in his boyhood, and graduated with distinction at Princeton at the age of sixteen, and after spending some months in various and extensive reading, he determined to settle the theological difficulties which during his college course had given him some trouble. Accordingly he visited Dr. Bellamy, the Elisha upon whose shoulders the mantle of the great Jonathan Edwards had fallen, and spent several months in examining the gospel according to his illustrious grandfather. The result was his deliberate and final renunciation of Calvinism,—and with that of any and all systems of religious faith. From that time till the time of his death he avoided all religious disputes, and seems to have put the whole subject of religion out of his mind.

By nature averse to philosophic discussion, and incapable of metaphysical speculation, the law of his life was action, action, action. As a boy, as a youth, as a soldier, as a lawyer, as a politician, this law reigned over him. In exile, in prison, wherever he was, Aaron Burr was the busiest of men. What now remains of those eighty-three years of ceaseless activity? The most brilliant and gifted of Americans since the Mayflower landed on our shores, living in the most important period of our national history, in which he bore a conspicuous part, why is his life but one long, loud warning to every young man in the land to shun the rocks on which he was wrecked? Name and fame, wealth, position, honor, all were his; but "one thing" he lacked—lacked totally, utterly, and forever—and for the lack of that one thing his fortunes declined, his friends forsook him, and his name in life and in death is linked with everlasting reproach and infamy—and that one thing was *principle*. We see this in every phase of his life. As a soldier he seems never to have been stimulated by the thought that he was fighting for the independence of his country; he never studied the *theory* of war, and never contributed a valuable *thought* upon the conduct of military affairs. The dangers, the activities, the glory of martial life fired his soul, and he was indeed the realization of the ideal soldier, vigilant, untiring, fearless, indomitable. As a lawyer, he never lost a case which he himself conducted; and he never accepted a case which he did not believe he could win. But he was versed in the practice of the law, and not in the elementary principles;—these he never studied. His aim was to become *expert*, not profound. As a politician, he staked everything on the success of his election, and he desired this purely for party and personal reasons, not for the welfare of the country, not for the more successful promulgation of political doctrines that he was persuaded would increase the prosperity and glory of the republic. As a man, he never could learn that honesty is the best policy, that veracity, integrity, and reliability are cardinal virtues, and lie at the very foundation of the social fabric.

Had he been content to remain in private life; had he not attempted, under the stimulus of personal and party motives only, to climb the giddy heights of popular promotion and power, he would probably never have provoked the enmity which finally resulted in his destruction and overwhelmed him with irremediable disaster and ruin. Up to this point in his history, Aaron Burr's record would compare favorably with that of the majority of his compeers. He had a spotless and brilliant reputation as a soldier; he was the acknowledged leader of the bar in the metropolis of the new republic with but one successful rival, Alexander Hamilton; he was a man of family, devoted to his wife and children, a model father, a tender husband, an indulgent master, unrivaled in social fascination and power, and dispensing the hospitalities of his fine establishment at "Richmond Hill" with courtly grace and lavish kindness. Happy for him if in this

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appropriate sphere he had been content to remain. In leaving this sphere was his fatal error.

The man who aspires to lasting political honor and influence must have strong political convictions based upon sound doctrines of political philosophy. He must understand thoroughly and well the foundations upon which all permanent governmental structures rest. Perhaps not one of the men that rendered the days of the Revolution illustrious answered so little to this description as Aaron Burr. Ever devoted to some acquisition, or to accomplish some immediate end, he gave himself no opportunity for discursive, uninterrupted thought. His mind never rested long enough upon a subject to play around it and take in its larger connections, its remoter relations with other subjects, and its relative position and value in the scale of thought. He flashed into the very heart of a subject, drew such conclusions as suited the purpose in hand, and they were invariably correct, and without considering their bearings in remoter relations, used them at once to accomplish his purposes. Truth absolute, truth as truth, he did not value but so far only as it served to bring about immediate ends. It is impossible that such a mind can have well-settled or clearly-defined principles of right or wrong, or fixed political convictions of any sort. These are the result of long-continued, patient reflection of carefully weighing in the impartial scale of pure reason the fundamental questions of life and action. Here Aaron Burr was wanting; and almost as sudden and overwhelming disasters fell upon him as upon the Babylonish king against whom "Tekeli" was writ in flame upon the palace wall.

What a contrast to him and his career do we find in the immortal writer of the Declaration of Independence!

Thomas Jefferson was essentially a man of thought. Rising above the views and prejudices of his times, he sought to ascertain the principles of right and justice which constitute the foundations of permanent and beneficent government among men. His conviction that all men are born free and equal, showed itself in the first resolution he offered in 1769, when elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses, looking to the emancipation of the slaves. Failing to accomplish this, he penned the well-known words, "I tremble when I remember God is just." This man, born in a slave State, and a slaveholder to the day of his death, was among the first of his time to demand the blessings of freedom and equality for the blacks; and it has taken nearly a century for the republic to "think up" to him. In 1773 we find him associated with the boldest and most active of his companions in opposition to Great Britain, but saying that he "was not thinking the old and leading members were up to the point of forwardness and zeal which the times required." No doubt until the day of his death he might have continued to use the same language. By some, even of his own party, he was considered visionary in many of his views, which are now proven to be sound and practical; and so fully has time established the justness of his conclusions and the clearness of his political foresight, that the *dicta* of Thomas Jefferson constitute a large portion of the Scriptures of Political Philosophy. "His mind was more distinguished for justness than for quickness, for comprehension than invention, and though not wanting in originality was still more remarkable for boldness."

PORTRAIT OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Such a mind would find its natural sphere in deliberative assemblies, in councils, in Congressional halls rather than in the marshaling of armies or the fierce or bloody strife of the battlefield. The pen, mightier than the sword, was Jefferson's weapon, and in his master hand it was "mighty to the pulling down of strong holds." The ringing tones of the "Declaration" sounded over all the earth, proclaiming "liberty to the captive, the opening of prison doors to those that were bound," and ushered in the grandest era of the world. To him more than to any other one man are we indebted for the civil and religious liberty which we enjoy; he was the author of the statute of religious freedom which placed all denominations upon a basis of equality, and secured to every man the utmost liberty of religious worship.

The influence exerted upon him, as well as upon Aaron Burr and other leading spirits of the age, by the French Revolution was very great. During his stay in France he studied with no ordinary diligence and care the condition of her people, and not in courts and palaces alone, but in hovels and among the common people. We find him in his visits to the peasantry purposely taking his seat on the bed, and when the backs of the inmates were turned, feeling it to see what it was made of. "He looks into the pot on the fire to see what the peasants are to dine on, and with his own hand he feels and weighs the sorry morsels of black bread that mothers give their hungry children. His office of ambassador made him a resident of chateaus and a frequenter of courts, and he could see precisely how much of natural right the puny seigneurs and stolid monseigneurs had to lord it over the sons of toil. The 'folly of heaping importance upon idiots' became exceedingly clear to Thomas Jefferson."

He returned to America more than ever confirmed in democratic principles, and in the earnest conviction of the essential equality of all men. When in 1801 he was raised to the Executive, he was in a position to make his convictions felt. The principles of his administration were economy, peace, simplicity. From 1790 to 1809 he was the soul of the Republican party, which with brief exceptions since his administration has retained the scepter of power.

The chief contrasts in the characters of these two great men as we have briefly sketched them may be resolved into three.

Burr's life was all action, and he thought only to act. Thinking was Jefferson's life, and he acted to carry out his thought.

Burr was animated solely by party and personal motives. Jefferson forgot himself in the promotion of the interests of his country and of mankind.

Burr had no social, political, moral, or religious principles; he was governed by maxims only. Jefferson in every relation and position of life was governed by principle based upon strong and earnest conviction.

We find as total and entire a contrast in the physique of these two remarkable men as in their characters. Aaron Burr was low of stature, five feet six inches in height, compactly and symmetrically framed, graceful in carriage, and of unsurpassed fascination in manners and address. His eyes were black, uncommonly brilliant and piercing, and his face molded in the lineaments of consummate manly beauty.

Thomas Jefferson was six feet two inches and a half in height, and loosely framed together. A

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cotemporary, who saw him at Washington's second inauguration, speaks of his "animated countenance of a brick-red hue, his bright blue eye and foxy hair, his tall, gaunt, ungainly form and square shoulders." His manners were plain and simple but engaging, and when he was animated very pleasing and attractive.

There is the same contrast in their heads and faces as in the rest of their physique. In Burr all the perceptive organs are prominent, the reasoning organs are large, but inferior to the perceptions. "The strength of his reasoning faculties appeared conspicuous in consequence of his clearness of perception, sharpness of analysis, and policy of arrangement," and not because he had bestowed upon a subject long-continued, patient, logical thought. His executive faculties were all strong, as shown by the breadth of the head about the ears, so that he possessed an unusual degree of force, resolution, energy, spirit, and courage. His head, as a whole, was high, but contracted at the top. He was lacking in the upper side-head, the region of Caution, Conscientiousness, and Spirituality being feebly developed.

How different is the balance of Jefferson's head! Observe the breadth of the top-head (above the ears); observe, too, the fullness of his reflective organs, even while the perceptives are still so large. In the first we see flashing insight, intuitive conclusion, capacity for immediate and prompt action in every possible emergency, and the most exquisite refinement of perception; in the other, patient analysis, logical conclusion, far-reaching, profound, and patient thought, a purpose not looking so much to immediate ends as to remote and great permanent interests and results. Both were men of ceaseless activity, Jefferson not less than Burr. Jefferson was industrious; Burr was busy. Jefferson left many and great enduring monuments to his name and fame; Burr left nothing but a brilliant and bad reputation. We must place to his credit the fact that he was the first to recognize Andrew Jackson's ability and bring him before the public, which event resulted in the overthrow of the "Virginia dynasty." And probably his Mexican expedition has increased the development and extension of the Government in the Southwest more rapidly than would otherwise have been the case.

Among Colonel Burr's errors, and one vital in its influence on his later history, was his indifference to what others thought or said of him. Had Burr possessed more of that "decent respect to the opinions of mankind" to which the great author of the Declaration refers, and which prompted even Jefferson to write an anonymous vindication of his policy and his conduct when he was maligned by his enemies, much of the gloom that darkened his later years would have been prevented. And we must add to his list of errors his inability to regret. In part and as applied to circumstances beyond our control, Burr's philosophy was highly commendable, but as to unhappy results which flow from our own actions, regret is the first step toward repentance and reformation. When looking over his eighty years of pilgrimage he had at last a glimpse of a better way. "If I had read Sterne more," said he, "and Voltaire less, the world would have been wide enough for me and Hamilton." He might have said with another hardly more gifted or less ill-starred than he,—

"The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted; they have torn me,—and I bleed;
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed."

The epitaphs of these two great men to the thoughtful mind are full of significance. Burr's was written by the hand of affection, and contains the noblest that even she could say of him. Jefferson's was written by himself, and found after his death among his papers.

AARON BURR:
Born February 5th, 1756;
Died September 14th, 1836.
A Colonel in the Army of the Revolution.
Vice-President of the United States from 1801 to 1805.

HERE LIES BURIED
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
Author of the Declaration of Independence,
Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,
And Father of the University of Virginia.

L. E. L.

WHAT IS SALERATUS.—Wood is burnt to ashes, ashes are lixiviated—lye is the result. Lye is evaporated by boiling—black salt is the residuum. The salt undergoes purification by fire, and the potash of commerce is obtained. By another process, we change potash into pearlash. Now put these in sacks and place them over a distillery wash-tub, where the fermentation evolves carbonic acid gas, and the pearlash absorbs it and is rendered solid, the product being heavier, whiter, and drier than the pearlash. It is now saleratus. How much salts of lye and carbonic acid gas a human stomach can bear and remain healthy is a question for a saleratus eater. Some people say saleratus will not harm the stomach. Is it not a very palpable *lye?*

LOVE.—Love is the well-spring of all good. It is the overflowing fountain of every God-like act. Love is the soul of virtue. It is the spirit of every high and holy enterprise calculated to bless man. Love is of God. It is the image of God—"God is love." It acts the part of God in the lives and hearts of men. Love is the germ of moral excellence; the fullness and completeness of all the excellence of God. Where love is wanting, there can be no true good. Where love abounds, everything that is lovely will be found. It is only love that is needed to dry up the fountains of misery and change the dwellings of men throughout all nations of the earth into a vast paradise of joy.—*Rev. R. P. Stilwell.*

TRAINING DOGS.—In the course of some conversation in relation to dogs, Governor Anderson, of Ohio, related a Texan practice in training dogs with sheep. A pup is taken from its mother before its eyes are opened, and put with a ewe to suckle. After a few times the ewe becomes reconciled to the pup, which follows her like a lamb, grows up among and remains with the flock, and no wolf, man, or strange dog can come near the sheep, and the dog will bring the flock to the fold regularly at 7½ o'clock, if you habitually feed him at that hour.

PROFANITY.

WHY will men "take the name of God in vain?" What possible advantage is to be gained by it? And yet this wanton, vulgar sin of profanity is evidently on the increase. Oaths fall upon the ears in the cars and at the corners of the street. The *North American Review* says well:

"There are among us not a few who feel that a simple assertion or plain statement of obvious facts will pass for nothing, unless they swear to its truth by all the names of the Deity, and blister their lips with every variety of hot and sulphurous oaths. If we observe such persons closely, we shall generally find that the fierceness of their profanity is in inverse ratio to the affluence of their ideas.

"We venture to affirm that the profanest men within the circle of your knowledge are all afflicted with a chronic weakness of the intellect. The utterance of an oath, though it may prevent a vacuum in sound, is no indication of sense. It requires no genius to swear. The reckless taking of sacred names in vain is as little characteristic of true independence of thought as it is of high moral culture. In this breathing and beautiful world, filled, as it were, with the presence of the Deity, and fragrant with its incense from a thousand altars of praise, it would be no servility should we catch the spirit of reverent worshipers, and illustrate in ourselves the sentiment that the 'Christian is the highest style of man.'"

THE "BOO-HOO" PARTY.—There are two parties in every community—nay, in every family. There are the "boo-hoos," or "cry-babies," always sniveling, snarling, whining, grunting, groaning, muttering, scolding, and "going on like all possessed." They are "out of office," and want to be *in*. They see nothing but certain destruction ahead, when *others* are at the helm. Governments are corrupt and oppressive. "The constitution is violated—by bad whisky and tobacco. Religion is only a cloak to cover up hypocritical wickedness. Reformers are only seeking self-aggrandizement. Teachers are only chattering pedagogues. Mechanics are bungling imitators. Artists mere "copyists." Poets are plagiarists. Merchants deal in shoddy. Grocers water their liquors and corporations their stocks. Steamboats and locomotives are only "infernal machines" intended to kill somebody. Lawyers are only "shysters." Doctors are "quacks." Surgeons are "butchers." Clergymen, only "poor parsons." Of course these objectors themselves are all right—the very pink of perfection—so amiable, so meek, and so modest! "Born great and good, how can they help it?"

And why should they not set themselves up as "bright and shining lights," before which all other lights are dim?

How different the joyous, hopeful, trusting spirit which looks on the bright side of life! One who blends justice with mercy, affection with chastity, economy with generosity, dignity with modesty, is a gem, especially if these qualities be combined with energy, enterprise, and executiveness. There would be no finding fault, without good cause, in society composed of such characters. No croaking, no backbiting or slandering, but all would live in accordance with the Christian principles of FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY.

Reader, where do *you* stand on this question? Are you among the boo-hoos? or are you among the hopefuls?

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ORIGIN OF COAL.

VEGETABLE THEORY.

In a late number of the Journal is an article on the "Origin of Coal," by Mr. Charles E. Townsend. This article rejects the vegetable origin of coal, and claims the mineral theory, and in doing so has done some violence to vegetable theorists. There are, however, a few difficulties in the way of the mineral theory that I propose to present, and then briefly allude to the violence done, but very briefly, as space in the Journal is important.

It is a pretty generally received opinion among geologists that the matters of which this earth is composed were once gaseous, and were consolidated in course of time. Mr. Charles E. Townsend appears to be of that opinion, for he says, "All the elements which enter into vegetable composition must have had an existence prior to such organization, and why not therefore bitumen? and if so, then this compound element was once gaseous when all other elements of the globe were gaseous, but necessarily condensed with them and thus became a mineral, hence its dissemination and association with most of the rock formations." Now, assuming this theory of the elements of the globe to have been originally gaseous (and I shall not controvert it), this gaseous matter must in consolidating have been at a very high temperature, and as the surface cooled and formed a crust, that crust would contract and hence press upon the internal mass so as to break it up, and it would thus form and break up again and again. This will account why the lower-formed rocks are everywhere turned up on the edge, dislocated and thrown into every imaginable position wherever visible. Now we should remember that here must have been great heat, too much for such a material as bitumen to have had an existence, as it is highly inflammable, and hence it could not have come into existence until long after the primordial rocks were laid. Mr. Townsend admits heat to have been used in driving bitumen into springs, as he supposes, to form coal-beds, but this, remember, is long, long, long after the primordial rocks were laid down; and remember, too, that materials of which the Cambrian, Devonian, carboniferous, and all succeeding formations are composed, were produced by the wearing down and breaking up of the primordial formation, the original materials. Where, then, could bitumen have existed, if not in the primordial system? It would be unphilosophic to suppose its creation long after the other matters of the globe were created, unless it had its origin in vegetation, as most coal theorists maintain. Its being found in all the lower formations is easily accounted for, supposing it to have been produced from coal-beds, as they rest on granite, even as in Eastern Virginia, and may rest on any system beneath the carboniferous. It was, I believe, the great engineer Stephenson who first suggested the idea that "coal was bottled up sunlight," making sunlight the great motive power of this world. This idea is now becoming very general among philosophers and thinking men. Sunlight and electricity we now believe are the agents in decomposing carbonic acid in plants, and thus furnishing carbon for their structure. This is all the origin that we know of for carbon, and it may be asked, had there ever been any other? My reading does not discover any other, though I admit such reading is not very extensive. Where, then, could bitumen have had its origin but from plants, since it is almost entirely carbon. It will not be consistent philosophy to advocate its origin in a way different from what it now obtains. This writer errs repeatedly in his essay in saying that carbon is in the air, for such is not the fact; it is in the form of carbonic acid gas, and can only be converted into carbon but by decomposition through the aid of sunlight and electricity. Another fact has lately been brought to light, and it is very significant. Sunlight, when analyzed by passing through a prism, displays all the colors of the rainbow; and from gas tar, the refuse of the gas-works, chemists now extract coloring matter for every tint of the rainbow. Here is concentrated sunlight again analyzed producing the same colors; then must they not have had the same origin? The presumption is strong.

Mr. Townsend claims that vegetable theorists maintain that there must have been numerous ups and downs in depositing the coal-beds. Here he has done them injustice. They say that there have been ups and downs since the coal was deposited, but that was not necessary for its deposition. In England, particularly, the beds have broken through, and raised, and sunk; some of them now lie below the ocean and the beds of rivers; and that they could not have been deposited there in the first place is clear under either theory.

The writer above referred to claims for the mineral theory "an easy flow of bitumen, when expelled from the rocks by internal heat, into estuaries and into water-courses, and concentrated submergencies, etc." We may well ask how could bitumen be spread over so many hundred of square miles or the coal-beds exist? for if there were enough to spread regularly, it would have been carried off by water, as we know that petroleum is lighter than water and would float away. Besides, it would take an immense amount of that to form solid matter enough for a thick bed of coal, there is so little solid matter in it; and if it were thicker than petroleum, it could not flow over so large an extent evenly as coal is found to be distributed.

Another difficulty: suppose a spring of bitumen lays down one layer of coal, and then a layer a hundred feet thick of mineral matter is deposited, does the spring cease to flow while this is being deposited, and then begin to flow again for the second vein of coal? If so, how does it rise up? for in the Cumberland coal-beds there are six beds of coal in about 800 feet in height. How did the spring act? Did it suspend its flow while the mineral matter was laid down, and then rise up so much higher and flow again for the next layer? that it did not flow while the mineral was being deposited is plain, for no bitumen is found between the coal-beds except in their immediate vicinity, where it might have saturated the soil above or below to some extent; the uppermost bed here is much the heavier, and there is appearance of upheaval or displacement. The same may be generally said of the coal-beds of the West; while the anthracite beds of Pennsylvania have been thrown and tilted into various positions, even to the bed being turned up and folding back on itself, as at Mauch Chunk. There is just as much difficulty here with the bitumen idea as is tried to be made out with the vegetable theory—no more upheavals in the one case than the other.

But we think the vegetable theory has the advantage. There the vegetable matter accumulated and was preserved by water, as all admit that coal has been found in basins; and the fact that vegetable matter has been preserved for thousands of years, is proof that it may have been so; a layer of mineral matter was laid down, and a bed again for the growth and preservation of vegetables, and so on alternately through the whole system. The peat bogs of England and Ireland are some of them forty feet deep, and if they were covered up would make a very considerable bed of vegetable matter; and he would have more assurance than consideration who would assert that if that peat were covered up and subjected to heat and pressure as coal has been, it would not form coal. Indeed, peat has been subjected to heat and pressure, and artificial coal formed. Charles Lyell, in his travels in America, instanced the swamps of the Mississippi River as places where vegetable matter had been collected for many years, and considered them as an example of how vegetable matter might have been preserved until covered up, and he thought that if this matter were to be subjected to the same process that coal-beds have been, it would produce coal. This conclusion is strongly corroborated by the fact that peat when subjected to analysis does produce precisely the same substances, such as oil, tar, paraffine, etc., that the distillation of coal does. Factories were established some years ago, where the peat of Ireland was converted into these substances with profit. Now here is an argument in favor of the vegetable origin of coal not easily got over, for where two substances produce the same materials by analysis, the presumption is very strong of their having a similar origin.

Mr. Townsend makes many objections to the vegetable theory which are not supported by facts. He asserts that it required a large amount of "carbon in the atmosphere," and he thinks that this would be very stifling to the many animals whose remains attest their existence. Here, again, is his mistake. Hugh Miller, who has studied fossil remains more than any other writer that we know of, says that during the carboniferous area there were no land animals in existence except a few insects, and there were no foul feeders until just at the close of that era. The remains of one mammalia, an animal resembling our opossum, was found, and the foot-prints of birds in the Connecticut Valley in the Lias, the last of the coal series.

There are difficulties in either case that we of this day, with our imperfect light, can hardly surmount, but this essay has enabled the vegetable theorists to get over one difficulty that not a little troubled them, and that is the fact of coal in high northern latitudes. The writer says that "internal heat was used to expel the bitumen from the rocks below, and causing it to flow out to form coal-beds. Now this "internal heat" must have continued all the while the coal-beds were forming, and that is admitted by all geologists to have extended to very lengthened series of years, and it also must have been universal, as coal is found from "the equator to the poles." Now, admitting this, the vegetable theorists ask no more to account for coal in Melville Island; for, be it remembered, the evidence is conclusive, that much more of the earth was covered with water than at present, and that mountain elevations were much less. Now "internal heat" sufficient to cause the bitumen to flow out must have caused the surface of the earth to be warmed, and this, again, would have given more warmth to the ocean. Look at the effect of the Gulf Stream in modifying the temperature of northern Europe, even as far as the shores of Norway, making the temperature as far inland as Petersburg, in latitude 60°, to be no lower than that of Quebec, in latitude 45°. We who are horticulturists know full well the value of bottom heat as well as that of warm air in promoting vegetation. Its value is incalculable.

There is another fact that we should look to in making up our minds as to what must have been the case in these very, very remote periods of time, and that is our imperfect knowledge of the then condition of things. Now, we of the present day could not believe by any course of reasoning known to us, based on the habits of the elephant, that that now tropical animal could have lived and flourished in northern Siberia, on the shores of the White Sea, in latitude 72°, but the vast number of their remains and tusks found there is proof positive that such was the fact; much of the ivory of commerce now comes from there. Is there any more inconsistency in supposing that plants even of tropical appearance should flourish in Melville Island, in latitude 75°, when the elephant flourished in northern Siberia, very nearly as far north. This difficulty is much lessened when we accept the "internal heat" theory of this writer, and he must not object if we claim it for our theory, for if it suit one it must the other, and we are well satisfied to rely on such evidence.

Mr. Townsend strongly asserts that bitumen is a mineral, but this may be doubted. All minerals on the surface of the earth, except a few of the precious metals, are believed to be oxydes. By the more powerful effects of galvanism latterly introduced, many of them, as lime, the alkalies, silex, alumina, etc., have been proved to be oxydes, and there is strong evidence that they all are. Now bitumen contains no oxygen, but is almost wholly carbon, and carbon, as before shown, can not exist except in connection with vegetation.

Many, very many of the objections urged against the vegetable theory by the writer above named may be set aside; some of them are not well considered, some may admit of a different interpretation and may be refuted, if space were allowed; but I am compelled to be brief. The readers of the American Phrenological Journal may compare the two. If, as is shown, the internal heat of the earth, when the first rocks were laid down, was so great as to prevent the possibility of so inflammable substance as bitumen to have been deposited, and all the other strata were derived from these, where could that substance come from? No carbon, as we are aware, was in existence until vegetation appeared. We read that herbs were created in the beginning, and they were endowed with a law that enabled them to extract carbon from the carbonic acid gas of the atmosphere, and thus perpetuate their species through all time, but this could not take place until after the dry land appeared, and of course all the primordial formations must ere this have been deposited. Now vegetation is known to produce bitumen—the conifera all confirm this; and even so unpromising a substance as bog moss is proved by the analysis of peat to produce it; who, then, shall dare to say that vegetation could not produce the amount of bitumen now visible?

YARDLY TAYLOR.

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NEW YORK,
JUNE, 1866.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Foe.*

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TIMELY TOPICS.

FEAR, FAITH, AND HOPE.—Fear is a painful emotion excited in the mind by expectation of evil—an impression of impending danger. It is the result of unduly active Cautiousness and deficient Hope, giving rise to excessive solicitude in regard to matters real or imaginary. It excites gloomy forebodings in the susceptible, and really invites and paves the way to the dreaded misfortune. As Proctor hath well expressed it:

"The dread of evil is the worst of ill;
A tyrant yet a rebel dragging down
The clear-eyed judgment from its spiritual throne,
And leagued with all the base and blacker thoughts,
To overwhelm the soul."

Nothing in the world of mental phenomena conduces so much to human unhappiness as the sentiment of fear. He who weakly yields himself up to its influence becomes unmanly, tame, languid, and depressed in spirit, and his melancholy expression and listless manners cast a shadow on the social circle in which he moves. He finds neither comfort nor enjoyment in his home, friends, or employment; and if he finally succumbs to the fiend suggested by an overwrought imagination, it can not be wondered at. There is no more effectual way to become the victim of disease, accident, or suicide than by cherishing and nursing feelings of dread in regard to them. There are instances on record of men and women who have died from the effects of imagination. Nature has often proved subservient to the intense workings of the mind, and yielded to the demands of a diseased will.

In times of epidemic, or unusual mortality, or great public excitement, fear agitates the sensitive and impressionable mind, and the panic-stricken generate and radiate panic.

In some, the mere mention of "death," or the name of one of his agencies, produces a perceptible tremor; and when painful statistics are commented upon in their hearing, they shrink from the recital with all the indications of strong emotion and distress. Now to such, at this time when—well, no matter what—the current literature of the day is replete with what we were about to communicate, at this time we wish to indicate how composure of mind and evenness of temper may be preserved in the midst of danger. The most important requisite is

AN ABIDING FAITH.—Through its benign influence,

"Nought shall prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

The calm, unswerving trust in Providence which a truly Christian faith imparts is inestimably comfortable. How serenely can the devout soul contemplate a scene fraught (to the timid) with horror and imminent destruction! Contingencies do not disturb it—threatenings are but idle breezes.

It is said that during the July riots of 1863, a colored minister became the object upon which a party of desperadoes endeavored to wreak their fiendish malice. He fled to his home, followed by the howling ruffians. Once in the house, and the door closed, a short interval of quiet was given him. At first he thought to effect his escape from his persecutors by a back window; but "coming to himself" the next instant, he thought of his wife and children, and throwing himself on his knees in prayer, entreated the protection of that Saviour who can always "be touched with the feeling for man's infirmities." The execrations of the rioters outside now became louder and louder, and their assaults upon the house more fierce, but they had no longer any terror for him. Black man as he was, a representative of that race which had so lately become hateful to the excited rabble, he became composed and felt safe—safe in the hands of his God. Taking his wife by the hand, and bidding his children follow, he fearlessly opened the door in the face of the desperate crowd, and walked through their midst, unharmed, to a place of security.

Here was an answer to prayer. This is no fancy sketch, but a fact. A simple exercise of faith opened the way, and light came down to illuminate the dark path. Oh, the beauty of an abiding faith!

We should indeed try to realize the truth of these words of Him "who spake as never man spake." We should ever rise above our sorrows, griefs, and fears. Then the common occurrences of life—those things which are incident to human society—could not disturb our firm trust and confidence in the sure mercies of our heavenly Father.

While we do well to exercise faith, there is something needed in connection with that faith to inspire it with warmth, enthusiasm, and joy. That need is

CHEERFUL HOPE.—In fact, these two are co-ordinate.

Like love and friendship, these,
A comely pair,
What's done by one, the other
Has a share.

Hope is the mainspring of human action, giving spirit, buoyancy, and sunshine to effort. How many spirits have been cheered through storm and gloom by a joyful expectancy! and while the despairing having sunk under the adverse circumstance, the hopeful has finally emerged into the bright daylight of peace, security, and happiness. It is Hope that sustains and encourages the oppressed and unfortunate, imparting a patient expectation of coming good. A ship founders at sea; barely time is given for the construction of a rude raft, upon which the crew may find an uncertain refuge, before the filling vessel sinks beneath the waves to rise no more. And now, as hour after hour and day after day wearily rolls on the wretched occupants of that slippery raft, saturated with the salt sea waves, and straining their eager eyes to catch the merest glimpse of an approaching sail, without food, without water to quench a devouring thirst, one by one yields to despair and drops off into an ocean grave. After five or six days, perhaps but one or two, out of twenty or more, are left to occupy the once crowded raft. Against experience, against probability, in the face of circumstances which seem to mock the very idea, still the survivors hope, hope, and in their hope find strength to cling

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two or three days longer to their rude raft, until at last a friendly vessel appears on the horizon, makes for them, and picks them up. Hope kept them alive till thus rescued. We know not what Providence may have in store for us, but we can "hope for the best," "hope on and hope ever." And if our Hope be supported by a living Faith, dark, lowering Fear will have no terrors, no gloom for us. *Fear* agitates the soul; Faith begets a heavenly calm, with that serenity and resignation of spirit only known to the true believer.

The darkest cloud will have its silver lining, and we shall look beyond, away in perfect trust into the clear sunlight of heavenly love.

EGOTISM.

"Egotism—*primarily*, the practice of too frequently using the word *I*. Hence, a speaking or writing much of one's self; self-praise, self-commendation; the act or practice of magnifying one's self, or making one's self of importance."—*Webster.*

EGOTISM becomes one of the most obnoxious and disgusting of human habits. It grows out of the worst of human vanities. I, I, I, I, I is the beginning, middle, and end of many otherwise passable and endurable persons. Fed from infancy on silly flattery, the poor, inflated egotist forgets his God and worships his own miserable shadow. When will these poor creatures learn that bombast is not courage, and that self-praise is only a disgrace? Parents are to some extent to blame for this condition or habit into which too many fall, and instead of judicious criticism and words of encouragement, they deal out fulsome flattery. "Oh, how pretty is this child with a pink ribbon!" "what pretty eyes!" "such a sweet mouth!" and "those shoes, how exquisite!" and "what a pretty dress!" "do look at the feathers!" and any quantity more of such nonsense which many people foolishly bestow on their children. This begets sensitiveness; sensitiveness precedes diffidence, or a sense of unworthiness without manliness, without dignity, and without weight of character; only stupids are interested by these boasters, to whom the old nursery rhyme is applicable, where

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said, 'What a brave boy am I!'"

EDITORS' VISITORS—A SALUTARY SYSTEM.—Upon the outer side of the door of the "sanctum sanctorum" in a newspaper office in Sydney, Australia, there is pasted a placard informing visitors that *the editor can not be spoken to, unless paid for his time.* Persons desiring an audience are invited to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting-room—one hour costing ten shillings (British); half an hour, six shillings; fifteen minutes, three shillings. Intruders are unceremoniously told to go to the printer's youngest assistant, who sells the tickets. This system will commend itself to publishers and editors of newspapers in New York. Who will start it?—*Artisan.*

[Now this may do for Australia, or for "the old country," but it will not do for free America, where every one may do as he likes. Is it not perfectly delightful for an editor to receive calls from Thomas, Richard, and Henry, each of whom has a "new idea," and who would "explode" if he could not impart it to an editor? Then how convenient it is for visitors to overhaul the exchanges, borrow the magazines and new books, and "spin yarns" when the editor's brain aches, his mind on fire with a printer's "imp" asking for "copy," and the presses are waiting for the forms! Oh, it is exhilarating!]

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts set forth.

REVELATION AND SCIENCE.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THEM.*

MR. WELLS: The following outline view of this matter will be seen, I think, to cover the whole ground of controversy, and reveal the perfect harmony which exists between two great domains of truth, which have long been the points at issue of two contending parties, viz., the advocates of revelation on the one hand, and those of science on the other.

1st. It is self-evident that the created universe can contain nothing that did not first exist in some mode in the mind of the Creator. This universe is therefore a shadow and representative (true or inverted) of the Divine Mind.

2d. This universe comprises a world of created mind and a world of created matter.

3d. As the created mind, or man, is in the image and likeness of God, Genesis, Chap. I. (true or inverted), and as the material creation is also, as just seen, but a reflection of the Divine Mind (true or inverted), it follows—

4th. That the material creation, in its three kingdoms, mineral, vegetable, and animal, and in every subdivision of each of these, down to the most minute structure and phenomenon, is but an image of, and perfectly corresponds to, the *human mind* in all its endless diversity of feeling and thought. We see this perfect correspondence between mind and matter on the small scale of the individual; for a man's material body, being the outgrowth from his soul, is not only vivified by it, but thoroughly corresponds to it, represents it in visible form and subserves its will. And the same perfect correspondence between the mental and material may be seen if looked for on the vast scale of the entire universe. Here the world of nature holds precisely the same relation to the world of mind that the man's body does to his soul; the material element, in both cases, receiving life from the mental, corresponding to it, representing it, and serving it as a basis of action and support. This doctrine is new to the present age; but it is really a very old one, now raised from oblivion and destined to play a very prominent part in future science. Its truth was known to the wise among the ancients, who, from seeing that there is nothing in man that is not also found in the outer world, or that has not its answering shadow or counterpart in nature, called the latter the *macrocosm* or great universe, while man they called the *microcosm* or universe in miniature.

Now what is thus true of the whole material universe as being vivified by, corresponding to, and representing the universe of mind, is of course true of all its parts. In other words, each kind of mineral, of plant, of animal, with its peculiar properties and phenomena, is either the true or the inverted type of some element in the mind of man, or in the mind of the Creator himself, in whose image man was created, and whose image he must ever retain, no matter how dimmed or inverted it may become.

5th. Thus is mind represented in material objects; that is, *internal, mental, spiritual things are represented and made visible by outward, material things;* or, as St. Paul says, "The invisible things of God, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." (Romans i. 20.) And this revelation of the invisible things of God is made in successive stages or steps, each less clear and bright than the one preceding. Thus the image of the Creator nearest to himself is the human mind; the next remove is the human body, which, in all its parts and in all the functions of those parts, is the perfect image of the mind and its ever-active faculties; the next is seen in the modification and changes which mind and body conjointly produce in outward objects, for a man's character is seen in his work; the next reflection of mind is seen in those outward objects themselves, which constitute the universe of nature below man—the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. The various animal tribes all represent the human mind, or prominent traits of it; so do all plants, but less distinctly; so do all mineral formations. In the great globe itself, as to its structure and movements, may be traced the most beautiful analogy to the development and movements of the mind; and this analogy is *not* fanciful, but real, and to one who sees it, no demonstrated proposition in Euclid can be plainer. All this *can not* be otherwise, if our first statement is true, viz., that nothing could have been created, or can be created, that has not its prototype in the mind of the Creator, and *must of necessity* therefore also represent something in the mind of man, who was made in the image and likeness of the Creator.

Thus is all creation, on its material side, in the human, animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, but an embodied representation in successively lower and lower forms of the endless diversity of faculties in the human soul. Outward nature is thus seen to be but one vast book, having sun, planets, minerals, plants, and animals for its letters and sentences—a book that contains wonderful revelations of the nature and destiny of the human soul, for it *is* the soul's shadow, cast at different distances, and which can be read intelligently only through a knowledge of the connection between the outward material sign (whether that sign be a horse, a tree, a rock) and the mental, spiritual idea of which such sign or outward object is the emblem. The process of comprehension is precisely the same as in the reading of an ordinary book, but on a stupendous scale. Printed books are *artificial* correspondences of the ideas which they embody and represent, the various languages giving each a different system of signs or emblems for the same thing. But creation is a book where the idea, and the material sign of the idea (as a horse, a tree, a river, etc.), are linked together in the eternal, *absolute* relation of cause and effect; the material sign being always the necessary and natural outbirth and consequence of the active condition of the mental world, just as a smile, or a frown, or a certain tone of voice is the necessary and natural outbirth of a certain mental state of the person who smiles, or frowns, or speaks. The form of the brain and skull, the features of the face, the mold of the body and limbs, the countless forms of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms are all, without any exception, the actual correspondences of the mental ideas and states from whence they originate; and would have no existence if the mental states did not first exist. Hence Phrenology and Physiognomy are parts of the universal science of Correspondences, which embraces all science. Certain forms of brain, of feature, of body, etc., always indicate corresponding forms of the inward, mental life—for the correspondence or relation between inward and outward is invariable. But this outward manifestation of mind

* In the JOURNAL for November, 1865, on page 156, we made the following offer:

"IN HARMONY WITH PHRENOLOGY.—Mr. C. D., of Henry, Illinois, claims that the Church of the New Jerusalem harmonizes with science and revelation, and that it is in perfect keeping with the spiritual and material nature of man. It will give us pleasure to publish, briefly, the arguments of the representatives of different churches on this point, not mere assertions, but real arguments, drawn from science and Scripture. We will give fifty lines of space, in this department, to any accredited clergymen who may wish to present the claims of *his* church as best answering the claims of science and the nature of man. We shall be glad to hear from the Catholic, the Protestant, Jew, Mohammedan, and Pagan. We would hear all sides, and choose the best."

In response to this a respected subscriber sends us the above article.

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is not limited to the human form and its expression. The soul throws itself yet farther outward, and, as said already, typifies itself in all the three kingdoms of nature, and thus the man is seen, and his character may be traced, still further outward, in the form and qualities of some of the members of those kingdoms. The lamb and the lion, the dove and the hawk, the fruit tree and the bramble, the polar ice and the tropics, in a word, the endlessly diversified realm of outward nature but effigies and bodies forth the endless diversity of human mind and character. This imaging of mind in nature can not be otherwise in the very nature of things.

We can now see something of the connection between nature and revelation, or between science and the Scriptures. The book of nature or the material creation exhibits *one* mode of the working of that great universal law above mentioned, viz., *that internal, mental, spiritual things render themselves visible and intelligible by clothing themselves with outward, material, sensuous forms.* The objects in nature, which is the book of the material creation, embody and represent Divine ideas and states (true or inverted) in the material forms of the three natural kingdoms—animal, vegetable, and mineral or inorganic. And these, as already stated, also embody and represent *human* ideas and mental states, because man is an image of God, true or inverted.

The Book of Revelation, or the inspired word of Scriptures, exhibits another mode of the activity of the same universal law. Here, Divine ideas and states (true or inverted), instead of being written out in the living, actual forms of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, are written out in human language in which these same natural objects are copiously spoken of, with the addition of the narratives of the lives of individual men, and the events which transpired among a peculiar people, the Jews, as well as among the nations with whom they came in contact. But here the symbolism which we have seen to pertain to every object of outward creation (and to pertain by a sheer necessity inherent in the very nature of things) is by no means lost or given up. On the contrary, these literal outward events of Jewish history, and endless allusions to the objects and phenomena of the three kingdoms of nature, are presented by the Divine Author, in human language, *for the very purpose of effecting, by this very symbolism*, that which could not possibly be effected without it, viz., the communication of spiritual truth, or truth relating to man's spiritual and immortal nature, under the vail of literal, sensuous ideas, drawn from the literal, outer world of physical objects. When therefore such objects are mentioned in the Bible, *they treat of the mental and spiritual things in man*, and not of natural things, though they appear to do so, because nature is such a shadow and counterpart of mind. It is ignorance of this momentous fact, and of the existence and nature of this great and universal Law of Correspondence between spirit and matter everywhere, that occasions such interminable controversies in regard to the meaning of certain parts of Scripture, of which disputes that relating to the first chapter of Genesis is one of the most marked. Geologists and scientific men on one hand, and theologians on the other, supposing that the literal sense speaks of the creation of the globe and its animated tribes, have strained their ingenuity to the utmost to reconcile the statement of that literal sense with the stubborn facts of geology and astronomy, in the fear that unless such harmony could be clearly shown to exist (and shown in *their* mode), that revelation must succumb to the continual and incontrovertible developments of scientific research. In the absence of any satisfactory reconciliation between known facts of science and the statements of Genesis, men of science, here and there, surrender all belief in a written Divine revelation; while theologians, rightly holding such a revelation as the sheet-anchor of true religion, shut their eyes to scientific truth, dreading lest it should uproot their faith in that revelation. But let both parties dismiss, the one its doubt, the other its fears, for truth is never in conflict with itself.

For the reason already given, the first chapter of Genesis treats not at all of the outward, material creation, but of the beginning and successive appearance *of the things of man's spiritual life;* and it is because these things can be imaged only by the things of the outward creation (since this creation is the shadow of the soul), that these outward things, seas, waters, land, grass, herb, tree, fish, fowl, beast, etc., are described as successively brought into being. Nothing is more true than that the inspired Word of Revelation is not, in any part of it, to teach man natural, physical science, or to give him a knowledge of the material world around him. To explore this, his senses and reasoning powers are amply adequate—it is their adapted province. But the Bible treats of and portrays in a marvelous, orderly, and connected series of delineations by the Divine Artist, the vast inner universe of the soul, describes its spiritual birth and development into angelic life through countless changes and trials, its varying attitudes toward God its central sun and life, or on the other hand are described the movements of the soul as it wanders away from this Divine Center until it revolves permanently in an orbit the center of which is the exclusive love of self and of all that is opposed to the Supreme Good. And in all this the Bible uses the objects of the outer universe of nature as the letters and symbols of its interior meaning.

Now the key which unlocks the literal sense of Scripture and allows it to open and display this interior significance is the Law of Correspondence between mental things and material things. The infant who interprets his mother's smile or frown does it by an intuitive sense or knowledge of this correspondence between the motions of the soul and the answering motions of its fleshy envelope, the face. The phrenologist and physiognomist use the same key of correspondence to unlock the hidden character from the outward form. He who reads a book does it by knowing the correspondence between the author's ideas and the language he uses. And so the reader of the Scriptures can reach the spiritual or inner sense contained in the literal (like the soul in the body) only by using the same law of correspondence which connects all natural objects whatever in all the kingdoms of outward nature with that inner significance and vast wealth of meaning of which such objects stand as the outward symbols. The true interpretation of Scripture is based upon the universality of this great Law of Correspondence. As a smile is invariably the outward symbol of a pleasant emotion, real or assumed; as a scowl invariably indicates an opposite feeling; as every tone of voice expresses its own mental emotion and no other; or as a broad and prominent forehead is the indication of intellect; a high head of large moral sentiment; a large and prominent back-head of warm social feelings; and a great development of the base of the brain of a corresponding force of the animal nature; as in all these cases the outward corresponds with mathematical accuracy to the inward, so does every object in nature—the sun, moon, and stars, sky, clouds, rain, all the changing seasons—all that constitutes the globe and diversifies its surface, as seas, rivers, mountains, valleys, plains, etc., every rock and the minerals that compose it; all things of the vegetable kingdom, grasses, shrubs, trees, leaves, flowers, fruit; everything in the animal kingdom; everything of man and his wants and labors, houses, clothing, furniture, labors of the farm, the factory, the mine; wars, battles, journeys; birth, marriage, death; in fine, every possible object and phenomenon that can be made the subject of human knowledge in this natural world, as it has its origin in the world of mind, is as much the symbol or correspondent of something in that mental world, and as exact, definite, and unchangeable a symbol and correspondent of that mental something (whether it be a form of love or hate, of truth or falsity), as a certain form of nose, or mouth, or chin, or forehead, or top or back head or base head, is an infallible correspondent of a certain form of mental character in the individual man, or a soft, gentle voice the symbol of a like disposition, or an angry tone or gesture, of an angry feeling.

Such is the connection between revelation and science. We say "*connection*" in conformity to popular usage; but this word conveys the idea of revelation and science being two distinct things. They are; but only to the mind that considers them so. But the fact is, that revelation and science are in essence but one and the same in a certain sense. We can not have a written revelation except *through* science, that is, as based on our knowledge of natural things, and the more extensive and minute is our knowledge of the objects and phenomena of nature, the more perfectly do they represent the spiritual truths of which they are the unavoidable symbols. Divine revelation is thus not only made *through* science, but scientific knowledge becomes itself a revealer of spiritual truth, when we apply the Law of Correspondence, to extract from natural facts the spiritual facts which lie within them and to which they correspond. There is not a fact in the great circle of the sciences—in astronomy, in geology, in chemistry, in animal or vegetable physiology, etc.—that has not its twin *inner* fact complemental to some portion of man's inner and spiritual nature; just as, we say again, the changing features and tones of voice are the symbols and shadows of changing mental movements behind them. In this way *all* science contains religious truth, and all religious or spiritual truth may be seen mirrored in natural science, and supported by it, as by an immovable yet ever widening basis. It is simply the difference between inner and outer, or higher and lower, or soul and body. Thus the idea of the possibility of any conflict between Divine written revelation and the ever-multiplying discoveries of science is only absurd. Together, they (revelation and science) form but *one truth* with two sides, a spiritual and a material side, the perfect counterparts, or rather complements, of each other. And if the reader will listen to the statement, there was a time when no written word of revelation existed. There was no need of it, because men had then, from the innocence and holiness of their yet unperverted nature, an *intuitive* knowledge of this correspondence between the inner and outer of all the objects of creation. The Book of Creation was therefore to them the Book of Revelation also, in which they read spiritual facts as well as natural; traced the movements, states, and changes of the human soul in the phenomena of the outer universe. The mountain, the valley, the river, the sea, the tree, the flower, the tribes of living creatures, were to them all eloquent of high spiritual truths relating to the inner life of man. But the state of mankind underwent a change, and they consequently lost this power to read the outer world by correspondence, and then a written revelation was given, written under the same universal Law of Correspondence under which the outer world itself was created, and by the same Divine Author of both. In this written revelation natural events are arranged in such a manner as is best adapted to the purpose of such a revelation, the teachings of whose literal sense suffice for those who can accept no more, and whose spiritual sense will unfold more and more without end, in the degree that men are willing and able to understand and practice the truths it teaches. It is with the Book of Revelation just as it is with the Book of Creation, viz., that the deeper the mind can penetrate beneath the surface-properties of the objects of the latter, or beneath the literal sense of the former, new marvels and beauties will multiply at every step, revealing the fathomless Wisdom whence they flow.

We close this article with the statement of the following fact, which dwarfs all other arguments for the Divine authorship of Scripture. It is this:

Although the Scriptures consist of many portions written by different persons, who, with but a few exceptions, lived at different periods and were unknown to each other, yet any word having a certain and definite spiritual meaning in Genesis will be found to have the same spiritual sense in Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, etc., and in the last book of Revelation by St. John. Each of these books, thus opened in the spiritual sense of all the words composing it, will be found to possess a connected and complete statement of spiritual truth in itself. Names of men, of things, of places; the terms mountain, sea, valley, river, tree, grass, herb, fruit, seed, fowl, fish, beast, etc.; city, journey, war, king, people, etc., have precisely the same spiritual import in the first book of the Bible that they have in the last. The same key of correspondence that unlocks a profound and connected sense in Genesis, unlocks also a consistent and connected sense in the Apocalypse of St. John. Is it not overwhelmingly evident that a single mind, and that the Divine Mind, has presided over the formation of this Book of books, which thus transcends all human books, as much as a living man, a tree, or any other created object, which is a Divine work, transcends a statue, a picture, or other piece of merely human origin? In fact, without this internal spiritual sense within the literal, like the soul within the body, giving it life, form, and power, the Bible could not, *in the very nature of things*, be a Divine word.

Such are the views (barely touched upon) concerning the connection between revelation and science for which the writer is indebted to the teachings of the great Swedish seer and senator, Emanuel Swedenborg, whose wonderful genius, whose depth and comprehensive grasp of thought has never been surpassed, and who will rise continually in the estimation of future times, in proportion as the world approaches his own high stand-point of outlook over the universe. From this lofty eminence he has given, as it were, an outline map of the great realm of Being, and laid bare, in a measure, the roots of creation.

W. H. M.

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Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.*]

A TEXT-BOOK ON ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND HYGIENE. For the use of Schools and Families. By John C. Draper, M.D., with 170 illustrations. 8vo., pp., xv., 300. Cloth, $3 50.

An excellent work of its kind, presenting the subjects treated of in a condensed but clearly written form. We would, however, beg leave to differ from a certain statement which Dr. Draper makes in Lecture XXX., viz.: "In the works on Phrenology the cerebellum is supposed to be the seat of the sexual passions; but this is not the case, for a large part of the organ may be destroyed without injury to the procreative power." Perhaps the remarks of Andrew Boardman, M.D., of New York, in his excellent "Defence of Phrenology," may apply here, that "These words are susceptible of being interpreted as an acknowledgment of the Professor's ignorance of the subject and his consequent incompetency to decide; or as an intimation that he has exhausted the inquiry, that he is familiar with all that is known relating to the matter, and that there exists not a single fact which tends to evince such connection."

Now, in order to show that the cerebellum *is* the seat of the reproductive instinct, Phrenology has a mass of incontestable testimony in the way of *facts*. To overthrow such evidence, a vast amount of factitious testimony must be adduced by the party opposing our theory. If Professor Draper has any such testimony to offer in contravention of the position taken by Gall, Spurzheim, Combe, Vimont, Broussais, Boardman, and others, we will give it a fair consideration. Mere assertions go for nothing with us.

Phrenology was established inductively, and that, too, against the strongest opposition that could be brought to bear by scientific men. Most of whom were afterward convinced of its truth through the force of the facts their antagonism had elicited. Therefore we would say, in the language of Prince Henry to Falstaff—

"Your reasons, Jack, your reasons."

WASHINGTON AND HIS MASONIC COMPEERS; being a Minute and Comprehensive Memoir of Washington's Masonic Life. By Sidney Hayden, with a Masonic Portrait of Washington and other Engravings. New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Co. 1866. 12mo. Cloth, $2 50.

The materials out of which this interesting and instructive volume has been prepared were drawn from original Masonic records, many of which have never before been published, interwoven with and embracing the interesting points in Washington's domestic, military, and civil history, which illustrate his Masonic acts and virtues, each given in chronological order.

The fine steel-plate portrait of Washington, clothed as a Past Master, is a faithful copy of the Original Masonic Portrait of Washington, belonging to Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, at Alexandria, Va.

THE SIGNET OF KING SOLOMON; OR, THE FREEMASON'S DAUGHTER. By Aug. C. L. Arnold, LL.D. New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Co. 1866. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth, pp. 288, $1 50.

This is an attempt, and not altogether an unsuccessful one, to illustrate through the medium of fiction the principles of the institution of Masonry, or, rather, to reveal its high and glorious ideal. Its moral tone is elevated, and it can have no other than a good influence, whatever the reader may think of the Order in whose interests, primarily, it was written. The story is an interesting one, and well told.

LIFE OF EMANUEL SWEDENBORG; together with a Brief Synopsis of his Writings. By William White, with an Introduction by B. F. Barrett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. New York: James Müller. 1866. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth, pp. 272, $1 50.

This is an excellent biography of one of the most remarkable men that the world has ever produced, and may be read with profit as it certainly will be read with interest by religionists and philosophers alike, whatever their sect or school. It is not our purpose to express here any opinion in regard to the theological views promulgated by Swedenborg, but it is simply an act of justice to one who is too little known and too generally misunderstood to say that he was not only a man of very great intellectual ability and profound learning, but of the most exalted moral sentiments and the most blameless life. Mr. White's work will make this statement clear to all who will peruse it, as we recommend all to do who have the opportunity.

POETRY, LYRICAL, NARRATIVE, AND SATIRICAL, OF THE CIVIL WAR. Selected and edited by Richard Grant White. New York: American News Company. 1866. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth, pp. 334, $2 50.

Externally this is a very beautiful volume. Of its contents little need be said, except that it represents very fairly the poetry of the war, embracing a few very good poems, a larger number of very bad ones, and the usual proportion of such verses as have very little character, either good or bad. It contains in an appendix a collection of the most popular "Confederate" songs and ballads, including "My Maryland" and the "Conquered Banner." Put such books on your shelves, if you will, but let their contents be forgotten! Give us now, oh, poets, songs of peace and conciliation!

BACON'S DESCRIPTIVE HAND-BOOK OF AMERICA, AND TRAVELER'S GUIDE, comprising History, Geography, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Railways, Mining, Finance, Government, Politics, Education, Religion, Characteristics of the People, Public Lands, Laws, etc. Edited by G. W. BACON and W. G. LARKINS. London: Bacon & Co., 48 Paternoster Row. New York: FOWLER AND WELLS.

This work, containing about 300 pages, now in press in London, will soon be issued in New York. It will give the Geography, Geology, Zoology, Botany, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Mining, Petroleum, Public Lands, The Homestead Bill; Government, Executive, Legislative, Judicial; Population, Naturalization, Suffrage Laws, Patent Laws, Marriage Laws, Railways, Canals, Finance, Banking, Army and Navy, Tariff, Revenue, Public Debt, National Securities, Education, Religion, The Press, Characteristics of the People. $1 50.

DE BOW'S REVIEW.—We are glad to see this old and well-known commercial, agricultural, and industrial monthly re-established on a national basis, and promising to do good service in promoting the prosperity of the whole country. Its editor, Mr. J. D. B. De Bow, has no superior in his chosen sphere, and is particularly well informed in regard to the condition and resources of the Southern States, about which so much interest is now felt. The May number is a particularly interesting and valuable one. Published in New York, and Nashville, Tenn., at $6 a year.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY in the City of New York. February, 1866.

This interesting pamphlet well repays the reader. The amount of good done for homeless and friendless children by the efficient officers and agents of this Society is inestimable. An appendix containing letters from children helped to situations, and from employers testifying to the material service done them by the Society in obtaining help for them, is printed with the report.

ASPHODEL. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. 12mo., pp. 224.

This book, although a novel, yet, like most of the well-bound volumes given to the world by these eminent publishers, possesses the rare merit of a chaste and highly moral tone. The deep mysterious yearnings of misunderstood affection are described with rare didactic power. We almost think ourselves reading a volume of poetry instead of staid and manly prose. The book is well calculated to please the most delicate taste.

ASIATIC CHOLERA. By F. A. Burrall, M.D. New York: William Wood & Co. 12mo. Fancy cloth, $1 50.

This appears to be a calm, dispassionate treatise on that dread pestilence which now claims so much of public attention. Facts and observations are carefully adduced in support of the view taken by the author, and specific suggestions offered in regard to modes of treatment.

INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE in a Commercial, Social, Sanitary, and Humanizing point of view; being a paper read before the American Geographical and Statistical Society. By J. Disturnell, member of the above Society, etc. Also a paper on the INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE IN THE EQUATORIAL REGIONS, read before the "New York Association for the Advancement of Science and Art," March 1, 1866. Accompanied by a map of the world, showing the most important isothermal lines. By the same author. Published by D. Van Nostrand, New York. Quarto pamphlet of 32 pp. $1.

The title of these interesting papers very fully describes their character, and to those who would obtain some clear and accurate information, without wading through ponderous scientific treatises the main feature of which is tautology, we commend them.

THE CONCILIATOR; being a Serious Inquiry into, and a Rational Elucidation of, the Means of Salvation; showing the Way to Reconcile Man to Man, and all Men to God. By Samuel Keese, New York. James Egbert, printer. 1866. pp. 40. Paper.

A religious tract arranged in catechetical form, thus more clearly defining the views of the author upon the great plan of human salvation. Taken altogether, a good book.

CHRIST AND THE PEOPLE. By A. B. Child, M.D., author of "Whatever Is, Is Right," "A B C of Life," etc. Boston: William White & Co., 158 Washington Street. 1866.

Another book from the facile pen of a high-minded author. He is intensely radical, but as his radicalism is of a high ethical order, and the doctrines put forth of a pure religious tone, we can not well avoid sympathizing with them. The antitheses of chapter third, wherein Justice and Charity are discussed, are forcibly enunciated.

CIVIL THEOLOGY, and an Opening of Heaven, and Unlocking of the Book of Revelation, and of other Dark Figures by the Nature and Figurative Use of the Seven Spirits of God, and by a System of Figurative Communication given for the Temporal Reign of Christ. Published by the author, Leonard B. Vickers, New York. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 311. $1 50.

Certainly not an uncivil book, and in its treatment of the high and holy subjects under consideration gives us a look into spiritual theology.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY for the year 1865. Philadelphia. Published at the Gardener's Monthly office. 8vo., pp. 96. Paper.

Those interested in the garden and hot-house will find some valuable information in the several essays presented in this pamphlet. The report on Entomology is in itself an important feature of the annual.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. WM. METCALFE, D.D., late minister of the Bible Christian Church, Philadelphia. By his son, Rev. Joseph Metcalfe. Philadelphia: J. L. Capon. Paper, pp. 35.

A brief but striking biography of an earnest minister—a moral and religious reformer.

MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION for an Improved Method of Building with Concrete, or How to Make the Best House at the Least Cost. By S. T. Fowler, the inventor.

Contains much useful information to those about to build, and whose means are limited. Paper, 25 cents.

CHARACTER AND ITS EXTERNAL SIGNS—Illustrated. By J. C. Smith, Member of the Phrenological Association of Edinburgh. Cloth, 75 cents.

Here we have in brief the leading doctrine of Phrenology, with opinions of distinguished physiologists and anatomists in reference to it. We know of no small volume which is so effectually the *multum in parvo* of Phrenology.

THE MINIATURE FRUIT GARDEN; or, the Culture of Pyramidal and Bush Fruit Trees. By Thomas Rivers. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 8vo., pp. x., 133. Cloth, $1 25.

This work needs but the name of Rivers, the well-known author of treatises on Pomology to give it currency and approval. The cuts of fruit trees, and the novel adaptations of which the pear and apple are shown to be susceptible, can not fail to be of value to the fruiterer or nurseryman. While reading this and similar works, we long for the green fields and verdant lawns of the country where we might engage in that most delightful of manual employments, agriculture.

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COMPARATIVE PHYSIOGNOMY; or, Resemblances between Man and Animals. By J. W. Redfield, M.D. Illustrated. Octavo. Pp. 334. Price $3. New York: W. J. Widdleton.

A new edition—not revised—from the old stereotyped plates of this book, published fourteen years ago—some time out of print—is again in the market. As a mere curiosity it is interesting, but it makes no claims to science, nor does it give any rules by which to judge character. Dr. Redfield wrote a pamphlet more recently, we think, which had some value; but this is a mere fancy affair.

THE MOTHER'S REQUEST; or, Ballyshan Castle. By Shulah. New York: N. Tibbals, publisher. 12mo., pp. 355. Cloth, $1 25.

A religious story founded on fact—at least so the preface alleges, and we would not think otherwise. The *morale* of the volume is excellent, and it can not be read carefully without resultant spiritual profit to the reader. The language is earnest, and very free from sectarian partiality.

NEW BOOK OF FLOWERS. By Joseph Breck. Newly Electrotyped and Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 12mo., pp. xii., 480. Cloth, $2.

Although one would not find so many illustrations of the floral kingdom, on opening this neat volume, as he would be led to expect from the title, yet the advice to horticulturists and others who love flowers enough to take some pains in their culture, is important. The author has incorporated with the special information in regard to the five or six hundred varieties described, valuable hints on the vitality and planting of seeds, selection of flowering plants, construction of bouquets, etc. If the few illustrations given had a little more color than plain black, the book would have a more attractive appearance.

MYSTERIES OF BEE-KEEPING EXPLAINED—Containing the Result of Thirty-five Years' Experience, and Directions for Using the Movable Comb and Box-Hive, together with the most Approved Methods of Propagating the Italian Bee. By M. Quinby, Practical Bee-Keeper. New Stereotyped and Illustrated Edition. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 12mo., pp. 348. Cloth, $1 75.

To those who are interested in the "little busy bee," as keepers of large or small apiaries, and to those who appreciate the delicious qualities of good honey, this book in its new dress will prove profitable and entertaining. The information which has been gathered of the honey-bee, its physiology, habits, etc., is surprising, but only one instance of the valuable results of careful observation and study.

ON WAKEFULNESS—with an Introductory Chapter on the Physiology of Sleep. By William A. Hammond, M.D. 8vo. Cloth, $1 25.

A good book for the perusal, especially, of those who are impairing their vital and mental functions by insufficient repose. They who spend many of the hours of night in conviviality, or in burning the oil of study, should read this book.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received the following choice pieces of music from Mr. Frederick Blume, 208 Bowery. "Come Sing to Me Again," song and chorus, price 30 cents; "The Noontide Dream," a serenade, arranged for guitar and piano, 30 and 35 cents; Pearls of Melody, "The Haunting Thought," a song, quite pretty, 40 cents; "Wearin' of the Green," instrumental, 30 cents; "Twilight Dreams," waltz, 35 cents. The Excelsior Music Book for violin, flute, cornet, clarionet, etc., in numbers. No. 1, price 15 cents.

Messrs. Root & Cady, the enterprising music dealers of Chicago, send us the following new publications: "The Robin," a collection of music for day and Sunday schools, etc., by Messrs. Root & Hanby, price 18 cents; "The Musical Fountain," a collection of Temperance and social music, price 18 cents; "Lillie of the Snow-storm," a pathetic ballad, 30 cents; "The Firemen's Marching Song," 30 cents; "At the Golden Gate," a ballad, 35 cents; "Andy Veto," a comic rhyme, 30 cents; "Engaged," or, Laura! Laura! Frederick's Como, song, 30 cents; "Souvenir de l'Africaine," waltz, instrumental, 50 cents; Grand Instrumental Medley from Root and Cady's popular publications, by Robjohn, 50 cents; "The Heather Bells," by J. M. Wehli, 75 cents; "The Rivulet—Le Ruisseau," by James M. Wehli, $1; "Daylight," by Blind Tom, 40 cents; "The Battle of Manassas," by Blind Tom, 75 cents; "Christmas Chime, Carol, and Hymn," descriptive, 35 cents; "Cattle Bell at Evening," instrumental, 50 cents; "Gala Day," a rejoicing for the piano, 50 cents.

THE GALAXY is an elegant magazine, conducted by the Messrs. Church, who have had experience in the publication of serials. That the "Galaxy" will become a favorite with discriminating readers, we have no doubt. Send for a number.

THE JEWISH MESSENGER.—Intolerance is anything but a Christian virtue. Yet how many professed Christians speak of the Jews with opprobrium? Are they not as sincere in their convictions as others? What do we Protestant Christians *know* of this people? Do we attend their churches or synagogues? Do we read their publications? We presume *The Jewish Messenger*, advertised in the A. P. J., would be a rare curiosity to most of our readers, and yet it is a handsome weekly, now in its nineteenth volume, devoted to Religion—Jewish—Literature, Art, etc. We have found it not only instructive, but alive to the interests of our country, and, of course, to the education and building up of the Jewish religion. It claims to be "a messenger of good-tidings, publishing salvation."

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE ENLARGED.—This journal recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary by enlarging its pages, and improving its appearance. It is now one of the largest and handsomest journals in America. Need we speak of its contents? Is it not enough to state that Horace Greeley is its editor? Him of the *New-Yorker* thirty years ago, and of "The Log Cabin," and of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Him of all the "isms," "ologies," and "crotchets," after which everybody is sure to run. Him with an old hat, a white coat, with one boot and one shoe. Him with a big head, and something in it. But who has not seen Horace? Horace with his entire wardrobe tied up in a cotton pocket-handkerchief going forth in the world to seek his fortune? Horace Greeley the editor? Hon. Horace Greeley, member of Congress? Well, it is the same. But how he has grown! How the *Tribune* has grown! How the country has developed! "We take the *Tribune*." "We advertise in the *Tribune*."

THE EVENING POST.—Among the "pillars of the New York press," the *Post* stands at the head. One of the best recommendations which can be made in its favor is the fact that it presents an unbroken file for more than sixty years. Nor is this its chief merit—save as an evidence of its stability; but it combines the wisdom of age and experience with all the zeal and vigor of youth. We have read its daily issues for twenty-five years, and have found it always in the lead in every good work—quite in advance of its party—indeed, *above* mere party interests—aiming at the public good. It is not like some of our city papers, "made to sell," but rather to instruct, improve, and to benefit. It is loyal and reformatory, advocating the best interests of the nation and of humanity. Read its prospectus.

HOW TO SWIM.—We have a little book entitled THE SWIMMER'S GUIDE, illustrated with several engravings, showing all the "attitudes" in learning this useful, healthful, and interesting art. Besides these, it contains those most sensible "HINTS TO SWIMMERS, by Dr. Benjamin Franklin. Also the effects of bathing on health; times and places for swimming; aids in learning to swim; the cramp; entering the water; striking out; diving or plunging; swimming in deep water; treading water; thrusting; floating; artificial aids; swimming under water; dog-fashion; on the back, etc. With remarks on the causes of drowning; how to save persons from drowning; resuscitating the drowned; and all that is necessary for a person to know, preparatory to leaping into river, lake, or sea. This little "Swimmer's Guide" is sent by post for 25 cents. Address this office.

New Books.

THE GENIUS OF EDMUND BURKE. By J. L. Batchelder. 12mo., pp. 55. 85 cents.

HISTORY OF A LAWSUIT; or a Treatise on the Practice in Suits and Proceedings of every Description, from the beginning to the end in Courts of Law. By Abraham Caruthers. 8vo. Sheep, $11.

GRANT AND HIS CAMPAIGNS. A Military Biography. Portraits and Maps. 8vo., pp. 512. Cloth, $4.

INDIAN CORN; ITS VALUE, CULTURE, AND USES. By Edward Enfield. 12mo., pp. 308. Cloth, $2.

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY. Embracing Electro-Physiology and Electricity as a Therapeutic, with special reference to Practical Medicine, showing the most Improved Apparatus, Methods, and Rules for the Medical Uses of Electricity in the Treatment of Nervous Diseases. Third Edition, revised and illustrated. 8vo., pp. 1,103. Cloth, $6 50.

THE HISTORY OF IRELAND, from the Earliest Period to the English Invasion. By the Rev. Geoffrey Keating, D.D. Translated from the original Gaelic, and copiously annotated by John O'Mahony. With a map. 8vo., pp. 746. Cloth, $4 50.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Harriet Martineau. 4 vols. Cloth, $12.

NEWMAN'S MANUAL OF HARMONIOUS COLORING, as applied to Photography. Together with valuable papers on Lighting and Posing the Sitter. Edited, with a preliminary chapter on Obtaining Harmonious Negatives, and with notes, by M. Cary Lea. 12mo., pp. 148. Paper, 80 cents.

THE MILLER'S, MILLWRIGHT'S, AND ENGINEER'S GUIDE. By Henry Pallett. Illustrations. 12mo., pp. 286. Cloth, $3 50.

THE GENERAL AHIMAN REZON AND FREEMASON'S GUIDE. Containing Monitorial Instructions in the Degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow-Craft, and Master Mason. Together with the Ceremonies of Consecration and Dedication of New Lodges, Installation of Grand and Subordinate Officers, etc., etc. By Daniel Sickles, 33°. 12mo., pp. 408. New York. Cloth, $1 75.

A SMALLER CLASSICAL DICTIONARY of Biography, Mythology, and Geography. By Rev. Wm. Smith. LL.D. 12mo., pp. 364. Cloth, $3 50.

A DICTIONARY OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND ART. Comprising the Definitions and Derivations of the Scientific Terms in General Use, together with the History and Descriptions of the Scientific Principles of nearly every Branch of Human Knowledge. Edited by W. T. Brande, D.C.L., F.R.S.L., and the Rev. George W. Cox., M.A. In 3 vols. Vol. 2. 8vo., pp. 952. $8.

FAR OFF; OR, ASIA DESCRIBED. With anecdotes and numerous illustrations. Part I. By the author of "Peep o' Day," etc., etc. Twenty-sixth Thousand. Fscp. 8vo., pp. xvi., 395. $1 50.

SYMPTOMS AND TREATMENT OF THE CATTLE PLAGUE, with a sketch of its History and Progress. 8vo., sd., pp. 69. Foot (Arthur Wyne, M.D.). $1.

GENTLE LIFE (The). Essays in Aid of the Formation of Character. Seventh Edition. Sm. post. 8vo., pp. vii., 312. $2 25.

ON THE ANATOMY OF VERTEBRATES. Vol. 2. Birds and Mammals. Illustrated. By Richard Owen, F.R.S. 8vo., pp. viii., 592. $8.

GEOLOGY FOR GENERAL READERS. A series of popular sketches in Geology and Paleontology. By David Page, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Post. 8vo., pp. xv., 268. $2.

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To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your* "BEST THOUGHTS" *solicited.*

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, *etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department*—TO CORRESPONDENTS—*and communications for the Editor, must be written on* SEPARATE *slips.*

SPECIAL NOTICE—*Owing to the crowded state of our columns generally, and the pressure upon this department in particular, we shall be compelled hereafter to decline all questions relating to subjects not properly coming within the scope of this* JOURNAL. *Queries relating to* PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, *and* ANTHROPOLOGY, *or the general* SCIENCE OF MAN, *will still be in order, provided they shall be deemed of* GENERAL INTEREST. *Write your question plainly on a* SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER, *and send us only* ONE *at a time.*

A MARKED DISTINCTION.—What distinction do you draw between Conscientiousness and Spirituality, so far as relates to the sense of right and wrong, in a person having them both large? You say that a person with Spirituality large is forewarned of danger and led by spiritual intuitions into the right way. Does this refer to moral conduct, and not to external affairs?

Ans. The first branch of your question surprises us. If you will read the definition of Conscientiousness in the Self-Instructor, or in any other work on Phrenology, you will see that Conscientiousness is defined "moral principle, integrity, perception and love of right, love of justice, regard for duty, etc." That definition is square and substantial. The definition of Spirituality is "faith, prescience, the 'light within,' perception and feeling of the spiritual." We think here is a broad and well-defined distinction. The second branch of your question does not refer so much to right and wrong as to what is best, not with reference to personal danger simply, though that is involved; but there is a class of phenomena in which persons with a peculiarly sensitive and strong Spirituality seem to be impressed to go here and there, to do this or refrain from that, not always nor chiefly perhaps where bodily harm is involved, though often these are included in the spiritual guidings and intuitions referred to, but mainly to questions of a moral and spiritual character. One who has Spirituality and Conscientiousness both large will have active faith, a quick and ready sense of the spiritual and the intuitive, and also a firm and steadfast love of justice, righteousness, and truth. But the way to study these qualities is to do it in respect to persons in whom one is strong and the other weak. The way to study the elements of green is to study the blue and the yellow separately, out of which, when combined, green is produced. A man with large Conscientiousness and small Spirituality will be rigid and honest but very literal in all his religious manifestations, will accordingly reduce his form of belief down to the shortest and most terse statement of ethical duty, and he is one of the men who will not follow after wild fancies and religious enthusiasms. One in whom Spirituality is large and Conscientiousness deficient will "see visions and dream dreams;" will live in the realm of the spiritual; will have faith strong, and perhaps be superstitious, but lack the common ethics of every-day duty; will be pious, having Veneration well developed, but with weak Conscientiousness will be deficient in honesty. Many devout and sincere Christians have a very dim sense of common duty, as between man and man; and one has only to open his eyes upon any community to recognize this law of mental action. It is when the moral organs are all well and harmoniously developed, and the person has good religious culture and moral training combined with a good intellect and favorable development of the propensities, that the harmonious, well-rounded, moral, and Christian character is to be looked for. Men with deficient moral organs are too apt to be like the "stony ground hearers;" or if their passions are too strong, are like the ground which in the parable was "covered with thorns and briers which sprung up and choked the good seed." They who have good organizations are those who represent the "good ground," where the seed can spring up and bear fruit "a hundred-fold."

MEDICAL QUACKS, ETC.—1. The parties you name as having agencies for the sale of their "truck" in London, Philadelphia, Toronto, etc., are only miserable quacks. 2. Twenty-two inches would be large enough for a head on your sized body. 3. No. Sulphur is not good to purify the blood. Use proper food and proper drink, with pure air, etc., and your blood will become "all right" in time.

A FARMER should study chemistry, geology, botany, natural history, physiology, and the more he knows of all things the better. Of course he should read the *Farmer's Almanac* and the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, if he would not be "left behind the lighthouse."

TEMPERAMENT.—What temperament is indicated by dark coarse hair, deep blue eyes, florid complexion; height 5½ feet; weight, 150 pounds?

Ans. The dark coarse hair indicates the motive or bilious—the deep blue eyes and florid complexion indicate the vital or sanguine. There is doubtless a blending of the two. Persons who wish to ask such questions should send a likeness, and a description of the complexion, weight, character of the hair, and color of the eyes, and at least a stamp to pay for an answer. We might fill the JOURNAL in this way with little profit to the general reader.

MARRIAGE.—Would it be advisable for a young man to marry a lady several years older than himself? Suppose the young man to be twenty-one and the lady thirty years of age; that the parties loved each other truly, and were well mated in all other respects.

Ans. No. The lady should be *younger* than the gentleman. The affections, to assimilate, must be in accordance with, not contrary to, the judgment. Women grow old more rapidly than men. As a rule, ladies *prefer* gentlemen somewhat older than themselves. It is said that "love will go where it is sent." *We* claim that love is subject to law, and may be—*should* be—directed by intellect and sanctified by moral sentiment. In a free country like this, where there are so many to choose from, one need not marry an invalid, his cousin, his aunt, and it is not lawful for a man to marry his grandmother.

MUSIC.—Jennie T., try your hand at making music—compose. If you have Constructiveness, Ideality, Time, Tune, a fair intellect, with perseverance and application you can succeed. You have abilities for authorship.

FOOD.—In the tropics, man eats very little animal food. In the Arctic regions, he eats little else than animal food. In the Temperate zones, he eats both animal and vegetable food. He can live and labor on either. When man attains a higher civilization he will, we think, have luscious healthful fruits on his table at every meal, in which case it will form a part of his daily diet, instead as now being regarded a matter of luxury. We advertise, *in our own name*, only such books as we approve. You must study medicine before attempting to practice, or you will be rightfully put down as a quack. When you again write questions to be answered, do not "write in haste." If you can not afford time to write carefully, excuse us if we happen to be in such a hurry as to neglect to answer. If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well.

YOUNG FARMER. — What kind of an organization does it require to make a successful farmer?

Ans. Good health, to give endurance; large perceptives, to make him observing; reflectives, to make him thoughtful and to enable him to plan well; Order, to make him methodical; Calculation, to count the cost and to estimate values; Constructiveness, Imitation, and Ideality, to give ingenuity and aptitude in the use of tools and to give taste and refinement; Self-Esteem and Firmness, to give self-confidence and perseverance; Combativeness and Destructiveness, to give energy, force, and executiveness; Acquisitiveness, to give economy; all the social feelings, to make him neighborly, friendly, and domestic, also that he may be mindful of horses, cattle, sheep, etc.; Conscientiousness, to make him so honest that he will not water his milk, over-salt his butter, nor put sand in his cotton and oats; Benevolence, to give gratitude and make him kind to all; Hope, to give him enterprise; Faith, that he may trust in Providence for answer to his ceaseless prayers for rain, shine, and shade; and Veneration, to give him godliness and a true Christian spirit. In short, to be a good farmer, one must be a good man.

SIDES OF THE HEAD DISPROPORTIONED.—I know of two persons the right side of whose foreheads is larger than the left. What is the cause? and what does it indicate?

Ans. If our friend has been a close observer, he has doubtless frequently noticed such inequalities. Many persons have not vitality enough to sustain the entire brain in vigorous action, and for that reason but half, or one hemisphere, does the major part of the mind's work. The organs of the more active side will, in consequence, become more developed than the organs of the other side. This inequality is peculiar, in the main, to persons of rather spare build, and constitutions weak and lacking in physical stamina; and especially is it seen in those persons whose brains are much larger in proportion than the body.

Why is the right arm or the right hand larger than the left arm or hand? Why is the right foot appreciably larger than the left?

The reason is to be found in the greater use, and the development is a consequence of such use.

BAPTISM.—"A Reader" sends us a well-written article on this subject which we must decline, not for lack of merit, but on account of inappropriateness. Should we open our pages to the discussion of sectarian questions, it would lead to interminable disputes, and satisfy very few. Let it be *ours* to delineate character, to learn *why* men differ, and we may, in time, arrive at a satisfactory solution of theological problems.

SLEEPING AFTER DINNER.—Is a person benefited by sleep immediately after having eaten a hearty dinner? *Ans.* One should not eat so much as to be sleepy. If he do, he should by all means keep awake until his dinner is digested. Sleep is always imperfect except in unthinking infancy, when the stomach has work to do; hence the evening meal should be light and simple if one retires early.

CONSCIENCE AND POLICY.—A politician may be honest yet mistaken. Policy or plan may spring from an enlightened conscience, or from a conscience that is hoodwinked by ignorance, passion, or custom, and the results though originating in honesty may be very unlike.

LOST OR MISLAID.—A communication from a young man in the West, giving his religious experience and asking advice relative thereto, has mysteriously disappeared. It was a well-written six or eight page letter. If he will write again we will try to reply at once.

DAUGHTERS WESTWARD. — Would it be advisable for a man and his wife, upward of fifty years of age, to go from an Atlantic State to Missouri, their family consisting of five daughters and no sons? *Ans.* That depends on the amount of property the family possesses. If enough to get a good start, we would say go. It would be better for the daughters, doubtless, and might be better for the parents.

LARGE EARS.—I have been told by a lady acquaintance that large ears are indicative of thievishness, and that small ears are honest. Be kind enough to give your opinion of it through the JOURNAL. *Ans.* There is "nothing in it." Small ears and large ears are alike prone to selfishness, and without grace and culture are far enough from perfection. You will find ears both large and small among the criminals in every prison.

UNFERMENTED BREAD. — Is the bread made by the unfermented patent process spoken of on p. 152 of "Food and Diet," wholesome or injurious? *Ans.* It is superior, and therefore preferable to the ordinary yeast fermented bread, but not so nutritious as the unfermented Graham bread. Ship-bread, or "pilot-bread," as it is called by some, is about as digestible and nutritious as fermented white flour bread.

PHYSIOGNOMY. — CHANGING THE FEATURES.—It is impossible for us to give here the rules for producing specific changes in the features. We can only say, try to *be* what you would *seem to be* in your looks, and your head and face will gradually come into correspondence with your improved state of mind and disposition. See our "Physiognomy" for our best thoughts on that subject.

LONG FACES.—Does a long face indicate small Secretiveness, Cautiousness, etc.? *Ans.* No; but a narrow and proportionally long face often accompanies a head narrow through the region of the organs named.

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CONSUMPTION AND MATRIMONY.—A person who has a predisposition to consumption, or who has it in its incipient stages, should not marry. Occasionally life may be prolonged and the consumption staved off some years by matrimony; but the mother would be likely to leave three or four children, perhaps more predisposed to the disease than herself. Our advice to consumptive patients is, not to marry. Marriage means posterity, and those who have neither the bodily nor the mental qualifications to transmit health and soundness to children should forego matrimony. One having more of the mental than of the vital temperament should marry one with a predominance of the vital temperament, even though the complexion may be the same. But in the main, it is better for the blonde to marry the brunette. Where the temperaments are equally balanced, one should seek as a partner a person having a similar balance.

The book you mentioned can be bought in New York. The price we do not know, but presume it would cost about $1 50. Should you remit this amount, we will return any change to you.

I DO NOT GROW.—I am four feet eight inches high, tough and hardy; but I do not grow; I am fifteen years old. Can you tell me what will give me a start?

Ans. If we could see you, or have a likeness of you, we might be able to give you specific advice; but we would say, in general, sleep abundantly, ten hours if you can; avoid greasy food; eat fruit liberally; let mustard and pepper alone; drink no coffee, and never use tobacco; live in the sunshine; work on a farm, or go fishing at sea in the summer, and if you do not grow you ought to, unless you happen to be one of the kind that was made to be small. Boys are often cheated of their growth by the want of sleep, the use of tobacco, condiments, and other stimulating substances. Good food is the material to make bone and muscle. Take a morning hand-bath, wipe dry, and rub the surface vigorously with the naked hands till warm. This will *aid* in making you grow.

SIZE OF HEADS.—A man who weighs 150 pounds ought to have a head 22 inches in circumference. This is the full size; 21 inches is average—20½ moderate—20 small—19 very small—23 large—24 and upward very large. But there are other measurements—as from the root of the nose to the back-head. Next, from the opening of one ear over the top of the head to the opening of the other ear. A well-balanced head—a good-looking head—and certainly every man ought to know what is a good artistic head—every such head that measures 22 inches around should measure about 14½ from the bony point at the back of the head to the root of the nose, and about the same distance from ear to ear.

EYEBROWS AND EYELASHES—How to make them grow.—Will you be so kind as to give a receipt to make the eyelashes or eyebrows grow or become thick?

Ans. An ounce of thankfulness that you have either eyes or eyebrows, two ounces of humility that you may be resigned to the will of your Maker, and any amount of common sense that you may cheerfully devote yourself to more important matters than eyebrows and eyelashes—say the culture of your *mind*, will be useful. In conclusion, we may give such a recipe as is sometimes given to ambitious young gentlemen who are in a hurry to look like men, by raising a beard—namely, to lather the face with sweet cream and then let the cat lick it off. We really believe this will make the hair grow—on the cat.

TRAGEDIANS.—What qualifications are necessary to become an eminent tragedian?

Ans. A first-class head and a first-class temperament, with love for tragedy, comedy, excitement, and a little more of fire and force than of fear. He is the *best* actor in real life who is the best Christian.

BRAIN AND MUSCLE.—It is generally understood that a sound body is indispensable to a sound mind, yet our best developed men, physically, are prize-fighters, while many of the finest intellectual specimens possess effeminate bodies. Please explain this seeming paradox.

Ans. Prize-fighters must be well developed, physically, and highly trained; but there are tens of thousands of Christian men as well developed, naturally, as prize-fighters, but they do not fight. It is the muscle of the prize-fighter only which comes out conspicuously and attracts attention. There should be more physical training. Every school should have its gymnasium, especially in cities and villages. Many of our finest intellectual men have cultivated the brain at the expense of the body; but those men who alternate between work and study may have splendid bodies as well as brains. Webster had a good body when he took proper care of it. Franklin had a splendid body. Beecher and Bryant are excellent specimens of health and manly vigor.

The book entitled "The Right Word in the Right Place" is again in print, and may now be had.

LOCALITY OF SOULS.—Does not the Bible teach, by the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, that the souls of the just and unjust, in the future state, are in the same place, so far as place is concerned?

Ans. We think not. You will probably remember that our Saviour states in the parable alluded to, of the rich man, that "in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and sees Lazarus afar off in Abraham's bosom;" and farther on in the parable Lazarus says, "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed." From these statements it is evident that they were in different places, widely apart, that two separate locations are assigned as the abode of the just and the unjust during the intermediate state.

2d. We see no conflict in the doctrine of future rewards and punishments in this view of the intermediate state of the souls of the dead. They there await the resurrection and the judgment.

3d. We think with St. John, with St. Paul, and other Apostles, that "faith is the evidence of things unseen," a strong trust and implicit confidence in God, exhibiting itself by works; and he that has this faith in his heart will practice the truth, and earnestly strive to make his calling and election sure. Belief in its essence is substantially the same, but may differ in its manifestations in different organizations.

THE PAIN OF DEATH.—Is it possible for a true Christian to feel no pain in death?

Ans. If physical pain is meant, it will depend much upon the nature of the disease and the condition of the patient. In a complaint of an acute inflammatory nature, dissolution, if the person be conscious, will certainly be attended with more or less physical distress. The severest pains experienced at death by a hardened sinner would be mental. Stung by the pangs of a remorseful conscience, he would experience all the bitterness of fear and woe. The true Christian, with a trust surely grounded in his God and Saviour, calmly awaits his summons hence; and if he suffers in body, he gathers such strength and support from spiritual communion with his Maker as enables him to bear the suffering with a countenance serene. Read the death-bed scene, in Washington, of the late Senator Foot, from Vermont. There was evidenced the spirit of perfect resignation and Christian hope.

PORK-EATING.—The Jewish code with reference to flesh-eating will be found laid down in the eleventh chapter of Leviticus. In the seventh verse, specific allusion is made to swine, and their use for the purposes of food positively forbidden.

IMAGINATION.—What are the faculties that require full development to make a person of a powerful and vivid imagination?

Ans. Ideality, Sublimity, Continuity, Constructiveness, and the upper range of intellectual organs, should be large.

ORGAN OF FORM.—How do you judge of large and small Form phrenologically? or how is small Form indicated?

Ans. Large Form is indicated by wideness between the eyes—separation—spreading out. Small Form is indicated by the eyes being near together. The organ of Form is located on each side of the center line of the brain, and is situated directly behind the root of the nose and a little to each side, Individuality being in the center. When both Individuality and Form are large, there is a prominence forward and wideness as well. This organ is well illustrated by the portraits under the head of "Form," in the Self-Instructor.

Publishers' Department.

A NEW VOLUME!—The present number completes the Forty-third Volume of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. A new volume—the forty-fourth—commences with the next number, July. Renewals are now in order, and begin to come in. The JOURNAL is sent to subscribers no longer than paid for. Many commenced receiving the JOURNAL in July, 1865, and of course their subscriptions now terminate.

New subscribers, who may wish them, can still obtain all the back numbers of the present year.

We have the promise of a considerable increase in our subscription list, as many of our present subscribers have declared their approval of the JOURNAL, and also their intention to induce, if possible, their friends and neighbors to subscribe. We do not on our own account ask for the gratuitous services of our readers, but only as they may think the reading of the JOURNAL would be useful and interesting to those they would have subscribe for it.

Prompt renewals, it is true, serve to encourage us, and keep us zealously at our work to make the JOURNAL *worthy* the kind efforts of its friends. Thus far we have been amply blessed by both words and deeds—words through friendly letters, and *deeds*, by the way, of such generous inclosures as these letters often contain. We return our warmest thanks for the past, and trust to the same generous hearts for the future.

WHY WE PUBLISH THE FABLES.—We have striven, and still do strive, to make our JOURNAL a welcome visitant each month at every home whose head subscribes for it. While we do not propose to follow blindly any one particular object to the exclusion of everything else, we would present scientific truth and moral truth in their most attractive light. Yet far be it from us to cook up such themes in such a manner as to lose sight of our duty. We can not, will not cater to any *ism* or any one opinion, no matter how broad its range. We are constantly receiving letters from various quarters, in which the writers, no doubt wishing us well, suggest this or that modification in the arrangement of our monthly. One thinks it would be better if we adhered more closely to matters purely scientific. Another thinks we could publish advantageously a continued story, etc. Lately we have increased to some extent the size of the JOURNAL by the addition of some pages of matter interesting to the younger members of a family. Our idea in doing this is, that children may become interested in our work and be led to inquire about the more important matters treated of. Thus the JOURNAL becomes serviceable to every individual in a household, and all can find something profitable and entertaining within its covers. Do we publish selections from the fables of Æsop, we do it to inculcate the purest of truth through those quaint parables, furnishing costly engravings in connection with them. Children can not fail to read these ancient fables with pleasure, and even the mature mind will profitably find in them a rich harvest of mental food.

We would not be unappreciative of the kind suggestions of others, and we here publicly thank those who are sufficiently interested in us to offer some occasional hint. We do certainly profit by a timely word now and then from a friendly subscriber.

GIVING THANKS.—"A Constant Reader" writes us a very cordial letter, in which he uses rather strong language to express his appreciation of phrenological teachings and the benefits to be derived from their observance in every-day life. He says among other things:

"I am, through your agency, cured from the uses of tobacco, which I used until recently. I now live on fruits and farinacea, and have abstained from tea, coffee, etc., now nearly ten months, and was never in my life so full of vigor, both bodily and mentally. Things that once appeared hard to me are now rendered easy." In his enthusiasm he would be unselfish, and have others experience the benefit which he believes himself to have received from his reformatory measures. To that end he suggests the founding of a society or institution having for its objects dietary reform and the dissemination of true physiological and phrenological principles—is willing to contribute his mite toward such an establishment. Who will help him to carry out such a measure? For many years we have been identified with all measures for promoting hygienic truths, and social evils have met with little

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mercy at our hands. The good results of our efforts are daily evidenced by just such letters as the above, and we have every reason to think the writers sincere in their professions of improvement. The seed scattered is good, and if it take root in the heart and mind, the fruit will be good.

OUR BOOKS IN GERMAN.—We are often desired to print our books in the German language. It is believed that many could be sold among our German population if printed in their own language. We will consider the matter. If German publishers wish to bring out an edition of our New Physiognomy in their own language, we will make terms for copyright, illustrations, etc., very easy. We believe it would prove a profitable investment for an enterprising publisher. Who will undertake it?

BACK NUMBERS.—We can still furnish the back numbers of the present volume—from January to June inclusive, for $1. We believe this to be the *cheapest*, not to say the most profitable reading to be found, of like character. Would it not prove useful in every family? Suppose parents order a set of numbers to be sent to their sons and daughters away from home at school, would not a perusal strengthen them in all right directions and hold them to high aims and high principles? Coming thus unexpected, it would prove all the more welcome. It costs but $1 for the half-year's numbers.

WORKS ON FREEMASONRY.—The best answer we can make to the numerous inquiries on the subject, is to refer parties who would "know all about it" to the books advertised in our present number. They are said to "reveal" all that is essential to a general insight to the mysteries.

BOOK TRADE SALES may be profitable to auctioneers who persuade publishers to be "sacrificed" on the altar of "chance" for the benefit of a few pedling Shylocks who "grab" good books at prices far below the cost of paper and printing, and sell them through the country for what they can get. It would be a great saving to publishers, and no loss to established booksellers, if these auction concerns should "shut up shop." We think sensible publishers will, in future, avoid the trap, and dispense with such agencies.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL displays more practical wisdom, embodies more life-lessons, and reveals more that is worth anybody's knowing than any half dozen publications on our exchange list.—*Ind. State Temp. Journal.*

Isn't this rather steep. We can stand a moderate degree of praise or blame, but having *seen* the blarney stone, we are a little shy of French praise and of Irish compliments. We remember a chambermaid in Cork who, in return for the usual stipend for services rendered, expressed her thanks in these words. "May all the hairs of your head become like wax candles to light you into paradise." We remained silent in view of such imaginary splendors! such unequaled brilliancy!

THE GEORGIA CHART AND COMPASS says, "We know of no publication that contains more valuable information than this, illustrating as it does a science we deem of great importance.

OUR old friend, C. S. R., of Cincinnati, has lately stepped off the shelf of bachelorhood, whereon he had been standing so long, as we are inclined to think, in a semi-balanced state. He has our warmest wishes for his future felicity, and may his aspirations toward social and domestic prosperity be fully realized.

General Items.

PERSONAL.—At the annual meeting of the Homeopathic Medical Society of the county of New York, in December, 1865, Mrs. Emma R. Still, M.D., was elected a member. This, we believe, is the first instance of a woman being elected to active membership in any scientific association.—*American Homeopathic Review.* [Is that so? And where is Mrs. Still, M.D., different from other lady M.D.'s? There have been some hundreds of ladies graduated from the different schools. Among the first, in America, who received a regular diploma from the old Allopathic school was Miss Blackwell. But of Hydropaths, Homeopaths, and Eclectics there are now not a few in full practice.

SWINDLERS, GAMBLERS, AND OTHERS may here see themselves in mirror from Holy Writ. Can these words have reference also to those who make men drunk? Let each reader interpret for himself.

"He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages; in the secret places doth he murder the innocent; his eyes are privily set against the poor. He lieth in wait secretly as a lion in his den; he lieth in wait to catch the poor, when he draweth him into his net. He croucheth and humbleth himself, that the poor may fall by his strong ones. He hath said in his heart, God hath forgotten; he hideth his face; he will never see it."—*Psalms* x. 8-11.

"Among my people are found wicked men; they lay wait, as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men. As a cage is full of birds, so are their houses full of deceit; therefore they are become great, and waxen rich. They are waxen fat, they thrive; yea, they overpass the deeds of the wicked; they judge not the cause, the cause of the fatherless, yet they prosper, and the right of the needy do they not judge. Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord."—*Jer.* v. 26-28.

"They take up all of them with the angl; they catch them in their net, and gather them in their drag; therefore they rejoice and are glad. Therefore they sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag; because by them their portion is fat, and their meat plenteous."—*Hab.* i. 15, 16.

PHOTOGRAPHING ON WOOD.—Engravers will be pleased to learn that Messrs. Rockwood & Co., 839 Broadway, New York, are now enabled to produce the best results by their new process in this beautiful art. It is said that the expense of drawing, on the blocks, may now be almost wholly dispensed with. Messrs. Rockwood & Co. are making some of the finest life-sized photographic portraits ever made. A sample—that of Alexander Bradford—may be seen in our window on Broadway.

IMMORTALITY.—We regard the article referred to as an able exposition of the argument *from nature.* Were you to furnish us with a good essay on the subject from the *Scriptural* stand-point, we would gladly make use of it. Your remarks in regard to Dr. Doddridge's dream we can not clearly understand, but as phrenologists, speaking of human accountability, we will say that each man or woman will be judged according to the light which he or she possessed in the soul, in reference to things spiritual and eternal. The parable of the talents affords a very striking illustration of our views on moral responsibility.

WARD'S SHIRTS AND PAPER COLLARS are now worn by men and women from Maine to Mexico. One cause of the present high price of printing paper is the immense quantities consumed in this new manufacture. We suppose it had better be paper than hemp around the neck and wrists.

DUPLEX ELLIPTIC SKIRT.—Our lady readers, we are sure, will thank us for referring them to the Patent Duplex Elliptic Skirt of Wests, Bradley & Cary. There is no doubt that these skirts are superior to any made. They will wear longer, and are more flexible and better adapted to the purpose for which they are made than any now in the market. This is the universal testimony of every lady who has worn them, and we take pleasure in commending them to public attention. Inquire for the Duplex Elliptic Skirt, and take no other.

A CUP OF TEA.—Say what we will about drinking tea and coffee, there are any number of old ladies and old countrymen who *think* they can not do without it. They judge the quality with the same exactness that drinkers of alcoholic liquors do, namely, by their exhilarating and stimulating effects. We do not recommend the use of tea and coffee though we refer readers to advertisements.

NEW MUSIC.—Mr. Frederick Blume advertises musical instruments, music books, sheet music, etc. Give him a call.

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ÆSOP'S FABLES.
ILLUSTRATED.

THE LION IN LOVE.

IT happened in days of old that a Lion fell in Love with a Woodman's daughter; and had the folly to ask her of her father in marriage. The Woodman was not much pleased with the offer, and declined the honor of so dangerous an alliance. But upon the Lion threatening him with his royal displeasure, the poor man, seeing that so formidable a creature was not to be denied, hit at length upon this expedient: "I feel greatly flattered," said he, "with your proposal; but, noble sir, what great teeth you have got! and what great claws you have got! where is the damsel that would not be frightened at such weapons as these? You must have your teeth drawn and your claws pared before you can be a suitable bridegroom for my daughter." The Lion straightway submitted (for what will not a body do for love?), and then called upon the father to accept him as a son-in-law. But the Woodman, no longer afraid of the tamed and disarmed bully, seized a stout cudgel and drove the unreasonable suitor from his door.

THE TRAVELERS AND THE PLANE-TREE.

SOME Travelers, on a hot day in summer, oppressed with the noontide sun, perceiving a Plane-tree near at hand, made straight for it, and throwing themselves on the ground, rested under its shade. Looking up, as they lay, toward the tree, they said one to another, "What a useless tree to man is this barren Plane!" But the Plane-tree answered them—"Ungrateful creatures! at the very moment that you are enjoying benefit from me, you rail at me as being good for nothing."

Ingratitude is as blind as it is base.

THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS.

A CERTAIN man had the good fortune to possess a Goose that laid him a Golden Egg every day. But dissatisfied with so slow an income, and thinking to seize the whole treasure at once, he killed the Goose; and cutting her open, found her—just what any other goose would be!

Much wants more and loses all.

THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS.

THE NURSE AND THE WOLF.

THE NURSE AND THE WOLF.

A WOLF, roving about in search of food, passed by a door where a child was crying and its Nurse chiding it. As he stood listening he heard the Nurse say, "Now leave off crying this instant, or I'll throw you out to the Wolf." So thinking that the old woman would be as good as her word, he waited quietly about the house, in expectation of a capital supper. But as it grew dark and the child became quiet, he again heard the Nurse, who was now fondling the child, say, "There's a good dear, then; if the naughty Wolf comes for my child, we'll beat him to death, we will." The Wolf, disappointed and mortified, thought it was now high time to be going home, and, hungry as a wolf, indeed, muttered as he went along: "This comes of heeding people who say one thing and mean another!"

THE OAK AND THE REED.

AN Oak that had been rooted up by the winds, was borne down the stream of a river, on the banks of which many Reeds were growing. The Oak wondered to see that things so slight and frail had stood the storm, when so great and strong a tree as himself had been rooted up. "Cease to wonder," said the Reed, "you were overthrown by fighting against the storm, while we are saved by yielding and bending to the slightest breath that blows."

THE HUSBANDMAN AND THE STORK.

A HUSBANDMAN fixed a net in his field to catch the Cranes that came to feed on his new-sown corn. When he went to examine the net, and see what Cranes he had taken, a Stork was found among the number. "Spare me," cried the Stork, "and let me go. I am no Crane. I have eaten none of your corn. I am a poor innocent Stork, as you may see—the most pious and dutiful of birds. I honor and succor my father and mother. I—" But the Husbandman cut him short. "All this may be true enough, I dare say, but this I know, that I have caught you with those who were destroying my crops, and you must suffer with the company in which you are taken."

Ill company proves more than fair professions.

THE GNAT AND THE BULL.

A GNAT that had been buzzing about the head of a Bull, at length settling himself down upon his horn, begged his pardon for incommoding him; "but if," says he, "my weight at all inconveniences you, pray say so, and I will be off in a moment." "Oh, never trouble your head about that," says the Bull, "for 'tis all one to me whether you go or stay; and, to say the truth, I did not know you were there."

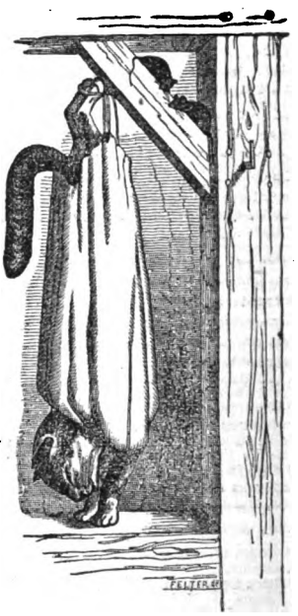
The smaller the Mind the greater the Conceit.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE SUN.

ONCE upon a time, in a very warm summer, it was currently reported that the Sun was going to be married. All the birds and the beasts were delighted at the thought; and the Frogs, above all others, were determined to have a good holiday. But an old Toad put a stop to their festivities by observing that it was an occasion for sorrow rather than for joy. "For if," said he, "the Sun of himself now parches up the marshes so that we can hardly bear it, what will become of us if he should have half a dozen little Suns in addition?"

THE CAT AND THE MICE.

A CAT, grown feeble with age, and no longer able to hunt the Mice as she was wont to do, bethought herself how she might entice them within reach of her paw. Thinking that she might pass herself off for a bag, or for a dead cat at least, she suspended herself by the hind legs from a peg, in the hope that the Mice would no longer be afraid to come near her. An old Mouse, who was wise enough to keep his distance, whispered to a friend, "Many a bag have I seen in my day, but never one with a cat's head." "Hang there, good Madam," said the other, "as long as you please, but I would not trust myself within reach of you though you were stuffed with straw."



THE CAT AND THE MICE.

Old birds are not to be caught with chaff.

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THE QUACK FROG.

A FROG emerging from the mud of a swamp, proclaimed to all the world that he was come to cure all diseases. "Here!" he cried, "come and see a doctor, the proprietor of medicines such as man never heard of before—no, not Æsculapius himself, Jove's court-physician!" "And how," said the Fox, "dare you set up to heal others, who are not able to cure your own limping gait and blotched and wrinkled skin?"

THE QUACK FROG.

Test a man's professions by his practice. Physician, heal thyself!

THE THIEF AND HIS MOTHER.

A SCHOOLBOY stole a horn-book from one of his schoolfellows, and brought it home to his mother. Instead of chastising him, she rather encouraged him in the deed. In the course of time the boy, now grown into a man, began to steal things of greater value, till at length being caught in the very act, he was bound and led to execution. Perceiving his mother following among the crowd, wailing and beating her breast, he begged the officers to be allowed to speak one word in her ear. When she quickly drew near, and applied her ear to her son's mouth, he seized the lobe of it tightly between his teeth and bit it off. Upon this she cried out lustily, and the crowd joined her in upbraiding the unnatural son, as if his former evil ways had not been enough, but that his last act must be a deed of impiety against his mother. But he replied: "It is she who is the cause of my ruin; for if when I stole my schoolfellow's horn-book and brought it to her, she had given me a sound flogging, I should never have so grown in wickedness as to come to this untimely end."

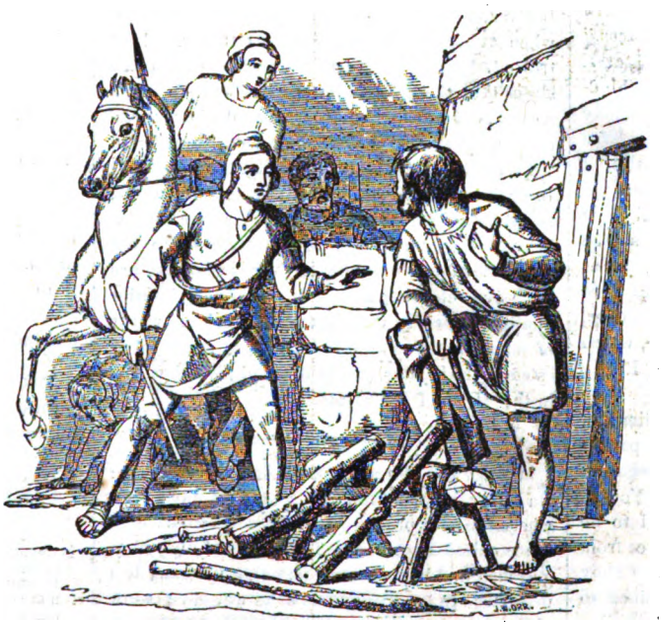
Nip evil in the bud. Spare the rod and spoil the child.

THE SHEPHERD-BOY AND THE WOLF.

A SHEPHERD-BOY, who tended his flock not far from a village, used to amuse himself at times in crying out "Wolf! Wolf!" Twice or thrice his trick succeeded. The whole village came running out to his assistance; when all the return they got was to be laughed at for their pains. At last one day the Wolf came indeed. The boy cried out in earnest. But his neighbors, supposing him to be at his old sport, paid no heed to his cries, and the Wolf devoured the Sheep. So the Boy learned, when it was too late, that liars are not believed even when they tell the truth.

THE FOX AND THE WOODMAN.

A FOX, hard pressed by the hounds after a long run, came up to a man who was cutting wood, and begged him to afford him some place where he might hide himself. The man showed him his own hut, and the Fox creeping in, hid himself in a corner. The Hunters presently came up, and asking the man whether he had seen the Fox, "No," said he, but pointed with his finger to the corner. They, however, not understanding the hint, were off again immediately. When the Fox perceived that they were out of sight, he was stealing off without saying a word. But the man upbraided him, saying, "Is this the way you take leave of your host, without a word of thanks for your safety?"



THE FOX AND THE WOODMAN.

"A pretty host!" said the Fox, turning round upon him, "if you had been as honest with your fingers as you were with your tongue, I should not have left your roof without bidding you farewell."

There is as much malice in a wink as in a word.

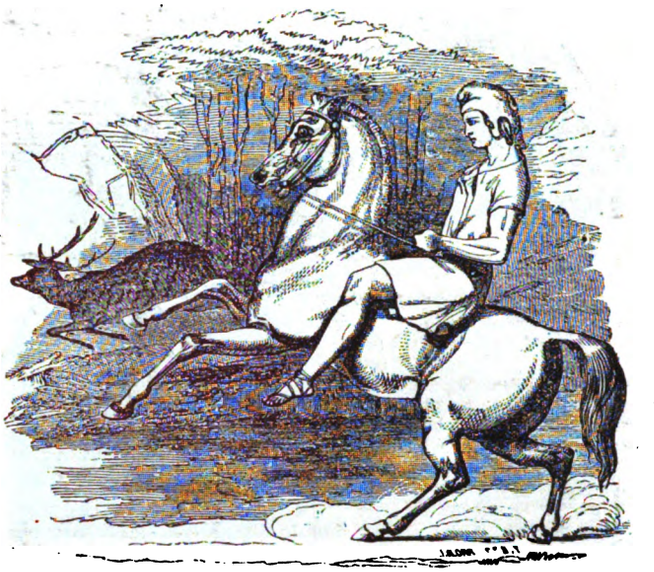
THE SICK KITE.

A KITE, who had been long very ill, said to his mother, "Don't cry, mother; but go and pray to the gods that I may recover from this dreadful disease and pain." "Alas! child," said the mother, "which of the gods can I entreat for one who has robbed all their altars?"

A death-bed repentance is poor amends for the errors of a lifetime.

THE HORSE AND THE STAG.

A HORSE had the whole range of a meadow to himself; but a Stag coming and damaging the pasture, the Horse, anxious to have his revenge, asked a Man if he could not assist him in punishing the Stag. "Yes," said the Man, "only let me put a bit in your mouth, and get upon your back, and I will find the weapons." The Horse agreed, and the Man mounted accordingly; but instead of getting his revenge, the Horse has been from that time forward the slave of Man.



THE HORSE AND THE STAG.

Revenge is too dearly purchased at the price of liberty.

THE LION AND THE DOLPHIN.

A LION was roaming on the seashore, when, seeing a Dolphin basking on the surface of the water, he invited him to form an alliance with him, "for," said he, "as I am king of the beasts, and you are the king of the fishes, we ought to be the greatest friends and allies possible." The Dolphin gladly assented; and the Lion, not long after having a fight with a wild bull, called upon the Dolphin for his promised support. But when he, though ready to assist him, found himself unable to come out of the sea for the purpose, the Lion accused him of having betrayed him. "Do not blame me," said the Dolphin in reply, "but blame my nature, which, however powerful at sea, is altogether helpless on land."

In choosing allies, we must look to their power as well as their will to aid us.

THE LION, THE BEAR, AND THE FOX.

A LION and a Bear found the carcass of a fawn, and had a long fight for it. The contest was so hard and even, that, at last, both of them, half blinded and half-dead, lay panting on the ground, without strength to touch the prize that was stretched between them. A Fox coming by at the time, and seeing their helpless condition, stepped in between the combatants and carried off the booty. "Poor creatures that we are," cried they, "who have been exhausting all our strength and injuring one another, merely to give a rogue a dinner!"

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GROUP OF MOQUIS INDIANS.

GROUP OF MOQUIS INDIANS.

THESE Indians are more like our peaceful Quakers, who will not fight, than they are like the blood-thirsty savages on the northwestern borders, who delight to torture the "pale faces." Here are indications of good-nature, quietness, submission, mechanism, industry, economy, kindness, affection, with intellectual faculties above the average of uncivilized tribes; and they have never been instructed, save by their uncultured progenitors. There is considerable natural capacity here, and with opportunity they will come readily into civilization. The following sketch has been drawn from correspondents in great Salt Lake City, Utah, where these Indians were photographed, by Messrs. Savage and Ottinger, to whom we are indebted for the above, which are the first ever seen east of the Rocky Mountains:

The above group represents three Indians of the Moquis, a tribe living in the northern part of New Mexico. They constituted the delegation which recently visited President Brigham Young, at Salt Lake City. The Moquis are said to be a tribe of essentially different characteristics from the numerous tribes surrounding them. They are of a peaceable disposition—have attained to some degree of civilization—cultivate the soil—raise their corn and other vegetables, and are ingenious enough to hollow out the earth around each corn-stalk for the purpose of catching and retaining the rain, thus affording the young sprout sufficient moisture for its thrifty growth.

They are the antipodes of the Apache Indians, lawless, cruel, depredating miscreants who annoy the Moquis exceedingly by their depredations. The Mormons have had missionaries among them. They are said to be free from the usual vices of Indians, and the impression created by them, when at Salt Lake City, was that they could be trusted. A correspondent writing us from Utah, states that the delegation brought with them no weapons of warfare—nothing indeed of a warlike nature, and from all appearances there is no fight in them. It is a little singular how these Indians exist and thrive as they do, surrounded by blood-thirsty savage tribes. As represented in our engraving, their countenances are not altogether devoid of interest. They manufacture their own clothing, and it is not of very inferior quality, especially their blankets, which are works of much taste. These Indians were much interested in the theater, and in other objects they saw in the "City of the Saints."

WESLEY AND WHITFIELD.—An English lady says: On our way home from the chapel to-day I saw where the poor people go. It was in a great open space called Moorfields. Thousands of dirty, ragged men and women were standing listening to a preacher in a clergyman's gown. We were obliged to stop while the crowd made way for us. At first I thought it must be the same I heard near Bristol, but when we came nearer I saw it was quite a different-looking man—a small man, rather thin, with the neatest wig, fine sharply cut features, a mouth firm enough for a general, and a bright steady eye which seemed to command the crowd. Uncle Henderson said, "It is John Wesley." His manner was very calm, not impassioned like Mr. Whitfield's; but the people seemed quite as much moved. Mr. Whitfield looked as if he were pleading with the people to escape from a danger he saw but they could not, and would draw them to heaven in spite of themselves. Mr. Wesley did not appear so much to plead as to speak with authority. Mr. Whitfield seemed to throw his whole soul into the peril of his hearers. Mr. Wesley seemed to rest with his whole soul on the truth he spoke, and by the force of his own calm conviction to make every one feel that what he said was true. If his hearers were moved, it was not with the passion of the preacher, it was the bare reality of the things he said. But they were moved indeed. No wandering eye was there. Many were weeping; some were sobbing as if their hearts would break, and many more were gazing as if they would not weep, nor stir, nor breathe lest they should lose a word.

BE ON GOOD TERMS WITH YOUR PILLOW.—The instant the head is laid on the pillow is that in which conscience delivers its decrees. If it has conceived any evil design, it is surrounded by thorns. The softest down is hard under the restless head of the wicked. In order to be happy one must be on good terms with one's pillow, for the nightly reproaches it can make must be heard; yet it is never so delicious, so tranquil, as after a day on which one has performed some good act, or when one is conscious of having spent it in some useful or substantial employment.

[A clear conscience and sense of rectitude will permit one to *resign* himself to the keeping of Him who rules the spheres, while a troubled conscience can not say "Thy will be done." Amen.]

"SIGNS OF CHARACTER" EXPLAINED.—Can any of our readers explain why a nod means everywhere an affirmation, while a shake of the head from right to left is the sign of negation?—*The newspapers.*

[Certainly. It is Benevolence, situated in the fore part of the top-head, which presents itself when "nodding" assent, or which complies with your request, grants favors, and says Yes. It is Combativeness, situated on the sides of the head, back of the ears, which refuses, negatives your proposition, vetoes your measures, shakes the head, and says No. Add large Firmness, with small and uncultivated intellect, and you have obstinacy.]

THE care of the human mind is the most noble branch of medicine.—*Grotius.*

THE

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SAMUEL R. WELLS, EDITOR.] NEW YORK, JULY, 1866. [VOL. 44.—No. 1. WHOLE No. 331.

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—*Young.*

PHYSIOGNOMY OF STATESMEN.*

A STATESMAN requires a large brain, well supported by a healthy body. He should be well developed in the intellect, to enable him to take a broad and comprehensive view of public questions, and to suggest such measures as may be necessary for the improvement of the people and the development of the country. He should also have a high moral brain, in order to work for the public good instead of for selfish ends. A mere pettifogger who quibbles and quarrels is one thing, a broad and comprehensive intellect without an active sense of justice is quite another, but both are unfitted for statesmanship. It requires a well-balanced mind to draw nice distinctions, to come to correct conclusions, and to see that justice is done by nations and by individuals. Without an active sense of justice and an appeal to the law of God there will be no perfect agreement; and we affirm that he who has the highest

* CHARLES MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND PERIGORD, "the prince of diplomatists," was born in Paris, France, January 13, 1754; died there May 20, 1838.

PRINCE CLEMENS, W. N. L. METTERNICH, the most eminent of Austrian statesmen, was born in Coblentz, May 15, 1773; died in Vienna, June 11, 1859. He controlled the movements of the allied powers in their opposition to Napoleon I.

DE WITT CLINTON, one of the most eminent of American statesmen and the institutor of the Erie Canal, was born at Little Britain, Orange County, N. Y., March 2, 1769; died in Albany, Feb. 11, 1828.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, an English minister of the first eminence and foremost in inaugurating the "free-trade" policy, was born in Lancashire, February 5, 1788; died in London, July 2, 1850.

COUNT CAMILLO DI CAVOUR, a distinguished diplomatist of Sardinia, late President of the Council, was born in Turin, July 14, 1809; died in Turin, June 6, 1861.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, third President of the United States, a distinguished political author and the writer of the Declaration of Independence, was born at Shadwell, Virginia, April 2, 1743; died at Monticello, July 4, 1826.

DANIEL WEBSTER, distinguished among the first of orators and statesmen, was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782; died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, October 24, 1852.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, celebrated as an Irish politician and reformer, was born in the County of Kerry, Ireland, August 6, 1775; died in Genoa, May 15, 1847.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, prime minister, and a vigorous promoter of reform measures in the British Parliament, was born in London, August 19, 1792. He is also a voluminous author.

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moral sense with a fair intellect will make the best statesman. Unfortunately, both in monarchies and in republics, selfish ambition has too much to do with the selection of men to fill positions which require statesmen, and there is not a sufficient regard for that truthfulness and that consideration for the welfare of others which should animate these servants of the state.

Metternich was a man of consummate intellect and great ambition and force. His clearness, comprehensiveness, and executiveness placed him at the head of European affairs. The leader even of crowned heads, he had all the blandness of the Frenchman and all the dignity of the Austrian, with an intellect equal to the best in any nation. He had a handsome face, a splendid forehead, a full and expressive eye, a well-formed nose, a beautiful mouth, and a perfect chin. It is perhaps the most symmetrical face and head in the group.

Talleyrand had a strong body, a large brain, especially heavy in the base, with large perceptive faculties. He was also well developed in Secretiveness, but not so largely in Cautiousness. He had not so broad and so comprehensive a mind as some other statesmen, but he was nevertheless a power in diplomacy. Destructiveness, Combativeness, Self-Esteem, and Firmness were among his largest organs.

De Witt Clinton well deserves a place in the group. He was less distinguished, however, for his legal acquirements and acumen than for his great constructive ability. He was a projector in its largest and most comprehensive sense. His head was broad through Constructiveness, high in the center and in the crown, as well as full in the base. His temperament was vital-motive and mental, the vital predominating, and it was through his appetite that he gave way to his propensities and became dissipated. But nature dealt liberally with him in giving him a body rarely equaled in strength and powers of endurance.

Peel looks the conspicuous character he was. That is a bold and noble front, with all the marks of independence and love of liberty indelibly impressed upon it. Observe the height and length of his head. He was perhaps one of the finest specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Webster had a large brain and a large body. The temperament was vital-mental, or lymphatic and nervous combined, with something of the bilious. He had dark-brown hair, with eyes almost black, a strong frame, and a capacious chest. Intellectually, he was highly gifted, and he had the best education the country could afford, with all the opportunities to call forth his best gifts. He rose to a prominent position as an American statesman, but he did not reach the top round in the ladder of promotion. It is not improper to state that Mr. Webster, though called "the godlike," lacked the chief element to make him so, viz., the spiritual nature—the devotional disposition. He was not morally that model of excellence which his grand intellect and splendid opportunities should have made him. He did not live above his appetite and other propensities. His associations and the customs of the times may have had something to do with the letting down of that character which many denominated "godlike." With all his faults, he will ever stand conspicuous, especially as an orator and debater, on the pages of American history.

Jefferson had an elevated brain, a conspicuous face, and a well-formed body. There was Firmness, Self-Esteem, Approbativeness, Hope, supported by strong propelling powers and warm, social feelings. He was acute, discriminating, and clear-headed, and will ever be remembered as the author of the Declaration of Independence. His hair was reddish, his eyes hazel, and his skin fresh and rosy.

Cavour was, doubtless, one of the ablest men of his time. Intellectually, he may be said to have had no superior. Morally, we can not say so much, for he was notoriously fond of games of chance; but as a statesman he was enabled to discriminate, to comprehend, and to decide on questions which puzzled most men, nor were his decisions often reversed or disregarded. His was a calm, cool, deliberate, and well-balanced mind, full in the intellect, full in Cautiousness and Secretiveness, and high in Firmness and Self-Esteem.

Daniel O'Connell was the intellectual giant of Ireland, the Webster of his country, with a brain of immense dimensions, and a body corresponding. He had an ardent and "feelingful" disposition and a massive intellect—a mind of immense caliber. When he spoke, his words went booming through the nations, and everywhere aroused the minds of men. Daniel O'Connell was heard the world over, and yet he was not the finest type of his nation. There were none built on a larger plan, nor more comprehensive in intellect, but there were those of finer qualities, more beautiful in face and form, and more perfect in organization. We may here state that in all our travels we have never met more beautiful heads and faces than among the cultivated Irish; as fine skins, fine silky hair, and the most symmetrical and exquisitely chiseled countenances are to be met with in Ireland as can be seen anywhere among mankind.

Earl Russell has a fairly-shaped head. His intellect is imaginative, and even poetical. His scholarship, perseverance, and generally good judgment, and his circumspect life have attained for him one of the foremost positions among modern statesmen. But we think Palmerston was better entitled to the place we have given to Russell, as he was in every way the greater man. Palmerston "was the power behind the throne," and had the direction more than any other man of the affairs of his nation. Earl Russell is less stable but more wily, and yet not so sagacious as others we might name.—*From New Physiognomy.*

THE MIND OF PARENTS AFFECTING OFFSPRING.—A correspondent desires our opinion on the following

Singular Case.—One of our exchanges says there is a young man in a town in Vermont *who can not speak to his father.* Previous to his birth, some difference arose between his mother and her husband, and for a considerable time she refused to speak to him. The difficulty was subsequently healed—the child was born, and in due time began to talk—but when sitting with his father was invariably silent. It continued so till it was five years old, when the father, after having exhausted his powers of persuasion, threatened it with punishment for its stubborness. When the punishment was inflicted it elicited nothing but sighs and groans, which told but too plainly that the little sufferer was vainly endeavoring to speak. All who were present united in this opinion, *that it was impossible for the child to speak to his father*—and time proved their opinion to be correct. At a maturer age its efforts to converse with its parent could only produce the most bitter sighs and groans.

[We should require this statement to be confirmed by reliable witnesses before accepting it for truth. That the mental condition of the parent affects the disposition of offspring is quite certain; but the above is probably an exaggerated statement.]

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BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.

This book was not completed in May, 1862, when its author died. As it stands, it is not a History of Civilization in England at all. It is only two volumes of preliminary dissertations for it. The first volume discusses the basis, philosophy, and methods of history. The second applies the principles of the first to the history of Spain and to that of Scotland. A third was to do the same for the histories of Germany and of the United States. After that only was the real theme to be reached. An account of the work must therefore be mainly an elucidation of its author's doctrines and modes of thought and statement.

First, Mr. Buckle, if not an atheist, was a deist. He avoids saying so in plain terms, and avoids expressly denying the authority of a Divine Being and the existence of a divine law. But his whole work directly implies the rejection of a personal God, an Almighty Ruler, a divine revelation, a divine law; it rejects any law higher than natural forces.

This, of course, implies the rejection of all religion; and accordingly Mr. Buckle everywhere uses the terms "religion" and "superstition" as synonymous, though he nowhere says frankly that they are so.

The responsibility of man for his actions is more openly and very broadly denied. There is no free-will, no power of choice, no control over motives, Mr. Buckle says. In his own words: "The moral actions of men are the product, not of their volition, but of their antecedents" (i., 22). Mr. Buckle is very thorough in this doctrine, so that he carries it into social practice as well as abstract ethics. He says, for instance, that marriage in England has no "connection with personal feelings," but "is not only swayed, but is completely controlled by the price of food and by the rate of wages.

Mr. Buckle says, consistently with these doctrines, that the facts of history—all of them—are the result of either the operation of the mind on the phenomena of nature, or of the phenomena of nature upon the mind. Therefore history consists in tracing and stating these two sorts of operations (i., 15). But this statement must be modified by Mr. Buckle's denial of free-will; so that in fact the operations of the mind on phenomena are only an indirect prolongation of the operations of phenomena on the mind. In other words, the laws and operations of nature are the chief influence; not the mind, nor man. Man is an effect rather than a cause—an instrument rather than a force.

After this discussion of metaphysical doctrines—free-will, moral agency, necessitarianism—an important position is taken, and in a very characteristic way. It is this: The physical agents by which the human race has been most powerfully influenced are four, namely, climate, food, soil, and the general aspects of nature. Of these, the first three have "originated the most important consequences in regard to the general organization of society," and have "caused many of those large and conspicuous differences between nations, which are often ascribed to some fundamental difference in the various races" (i., 29). The "aspects of nature" (by which is meant the landscape and its changes) have the office of exciting the imagination and producing superstition, and have thus "caused corresponding varieties in the popular character, and have imparted to the national religion peculiarities which, under certain circumstances, it is impossible to efface."

Outside of Europe, climate, food, and soil have caused wealth to be so distributed as to make society a despotism, and the aspects of nature have been so terrible that they frighten men, repress the reason, stimulate and govern the imagination, and thus keep back knowledge and promote superstition.

In Europe, however, man has predominated over nature. Climate, food, and soil have been such as to cause a fairer distribution of wealth; while the aspects of nature have been so feeble and mild that the imagination has been quiet and reason has controlled the mind.

In Europe, further, the advance of civilization has depended wholly on the advance in knowledge of physical laws and of their applications. Civilization has not been helped nor advanced by religion, nor by morality, nor by literature, nor by government. These, he says, are not causes of civilization, but effects of it. Literature is a result, not an influence; it is "the form in which the knowledge of a country is registered" (i., 193). Religion and morals are naturally less susceptible of improvement than science, and therefore can not do so much to promote improvement. A government is the better according as there is the less of it, and its chief effect thus far has been to act as a "protective" agency; that is, to enact laws intended to watch over society, and therefore mostly harmful.

We, however, quote Mr. Buckle's own summary of his first volume from the beginning of his second. It is as follows:

"In the preceding volume I have endeavored to establish four leading propositions, which, according to my view, are to be deemed the basis of the history of civilization. They are, 1st. That the progress of mankind depends on the success with which the laws of phenomena are investigated, and on the extent to which a knowledge of those laws is diffused. 2d. That before such investigation can begin, a spirit of skepticism must arise, which, at first aiding the investigation, is afterward aided by it. ["Skepticism," Mr. Buckle says, means "hardness of belief;" "the application of the rules of reasoning and the laws of evidence;" so that, *e. g.*, "in religion the skeptic steers a middle course between atheism and orthodoxy, rejecting both extremes because he sees that both are incapable of proof"—i., 258; note.] 3d. That the discoveries thus made increase the influence of intellectual truths, and diminish, relatively, not absolutely, the influence of moral truths; moral truths being more stationary than intellectual truths, and receiving fewer additions. 4th. That the great enemy of this movement, and therefore the great enemy of civilization, is the protective spirit; by which I mean the notion that society can not prosper unless the affairs of life are watched over and protected at nearly every turn by the state and the Church; the state teaching men what they are to do, and the Church teaching them what they are to believe."

The remainder of his book, Mr. Buckle says, is: 1st, an inductive defense of these positions, consisting of a collection of scientific and historical facts which prove them; and 2d, a deductive defense, which applies these positions to the history of nations, and shows how well they explain that history.

Mr. Buckle's second volume did not appear until five years after the first, and in it he does not profess to add anything to his inductive defense, but claims to do so by the deductive one, that is, by applying his principles to the history of Spain and Scotland. We can not examine this application, but add a few observations upon some of his principles, rules, conclusions, and assertions.

Take for instance Mr. Buckle's statement of the natural conditions which have governed human society, viz., that they are four, and no more—food, climate, soil, and the aspects of nature. This assertion belongs to a class of assertions which may be called "exhaustive assumptions," and which are framed on this model: "All things are either so, or so. Hence it follows," etc. Now, few statements made on this model are trustworthy. They are seldom proved, but are commonly taken for granted—which is not the way to begin. And moreover, before a man can assert as to the nature of everything at once, he needs to know everything at once. The defective nature of Mr. Buckle's proceedings is astonishingly shown in this very statement. That statement totally omits one of the chiefest natural influences upon human history and progress—one recognized by philosophical thinkers as inferior to no other natural cause in determining the rate of improvement in nations and races of men. This is, *the proportion of coast line and the ease of sea and river communication.* Mr. Buckle has not included this agency in his list, and it is not considered nor allowed for in his subsequent reasonings. Yet it is this agency which has chiefly determined the extent of human intercourse and that friction of mind with mind between individuals and nations which quickens thought, removes prejudice, humanizes man, and promotes every improvement, whether material or mental. Thus it was the ease of water communication around the Mediterranean which caused its shores to be for so many centuries the chief center of whatever best civilization there was in the world.

Mr. Buckle does not mention the agency of *race* in modifying the civilizations of different people; yet he afterward ascribes a peculiarly large proportion of vanity to the French as a people, and argues from it. And besides this minor inconsistency, the fact of important generic differences in mental tendency is broadly and strongly impressed on history. If Romans had been like Greeks, would they have created a Rome in Italy? All Mr. Buckle's conditions are mainly alike in Italy and Greece—climate, food, soil, aspects of nature. The men of the two peninsulas and their works should then be

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alike. They did very different ones, however, and it was because they were different races.

He omits Christianity as a cause of civilization, because he classes it as a result of it, along with fetichism and paganism. This element, however, should either have been enumerated or plainly argued out of the way. It is a power too vast to be simply ignored.

In discussing the history of Spain, Mr. Buckle does not even refer to the immense influence upon that country of the discovery of America, the vast territory acquired, the gigantic wealth brought from it, and the boundless field opened in it for political ambition, adventure, and religious labor.

Some of the assumptions in Mr. Buckle's book are almost as remarkable as his omissions. He says that in the early history of nations the accumulation of wealth must always precede the beginning of knowledge; when the fact is that they naturally begin and proceed very nearly together. All the human faculties naturally operate together, each on its subject-matter; and a man would be likely to remember facts in natural science, such as motions of stars, signs of rain, habits of game, etc., quite as soon as he would accumulate extra weapons or provisions or furs. In fact, it is precisely in the early history of nations, if anywhere, that such beginnings of knowledge must by sheer necessity precede wealth, because by such knowledge only could wealth be obtained.

Respecting a future life, Mr. Buckle says, "the reason is perfectly silent; the imagination, therefore, is uncontrolled." This is not merely an assumption, but a mistaken one. There is a powerful argument for immortality, and addressed to the reason.

Neither the moral nor intellectual faculties improve by hereditary training and transmission, Mr. Buckle says; but many able physiologists declare the contrary—far too many to admit of such a peremptory axiom.

The effects of philanthropy are short-lived as compared with those of scientific labors, says Mr. Buckle. We answer by naming Howard, the reformer of prisons; the endowed schools and hospitals of Christendom; the orphan asylums and charitable foundations; Florence Nightingale; Dr. Wichern and his Rauhe Haus; and the life of Christ—which possibly Mr. Buckle thinks a myth. Such examples and deeds are quite as lasting as the discoveries of Newton and Watt.

Moral truths, he says, are stationary; but intellectual ones progressive. But the fact is, that both in morality and intellect the main principles are stationary after they have once been fixed, but the skill and thoroughness of the application of truths of either class constantly increase.

"The first rudiments of knowledge," he says, "consist always of poetry, and often of rhyme." Such assertions can not be proved or disproved logically. But nobody knows of any savage compends in poetry of the present day of "the first rudiments of knowledge." The Indians have none, nor the Esquimaux, nor the Fans, nor the Tunguses—that we ever heard of. And if the assumption here given were correct, there would surely be a Pottawottomie or Ojibbeway catechism in rhyme in hunting and raising corn—would there not?

"The aim of the legislator should be, *not truth, but expediency!*" A reference to the "Compromise" legislation of the United States is a sufficient commentary on that immoral assumption. But one still worse is contained in these words: "The abilities by which even vice itself is sometimes ennobled." Vice can not be ennobled at all.

He says that the notion of constant natural laws must first have been suggested to people who had passed through the hunting stage and become agricultural. This is not reasonable. Huntsmen would learn the idea of natural laws without difficulty by observing the habits of game, the changes of the earth and of its growths, the signs of the weather, the seasons, and the stars; the effects of food, exposure, etc., on the body, and so on.

"The most celebrated historians are manifestly inferior to the most successful cultivators of physical science." This assumption is plausible, but untrue. Great physical discoveries are more brilliant than the labors of a great historian, but not for that reason indicative of superior abilities. A great victory is more brilliant than a great code of laws, but not therefore indicative of a superior intellect.

The actions of men, Mr. Buckle says, must either be "governed by fixed laws, or the result of either chance or supernatural interference;" and after throwing out the latter two influences, he adopts the first. But by doing so he assumes that the regulation of human life by fixed laws excludes the action of a God and his government; which he ought to prove, inasmuch as it is the very point at issue. For "supernatural interference" may be according to fixed laws.

Mr. Buckle falls into some curious inconsistencies, from the obvious reason that he has a theory to begin with, and sometimes forgets this for a moment during the effort of arranging the facts to correspond.

Thus he lays it down that "the reason is perfectly silent" on immortality, and "the imagination therefore uncontrolled." But further on he says that there are "great religious truths" which "comfort the mind of man, raise him above the instincts of the hour, and infuse into him those lofty aspirations which, revealing to him his own immortality, are the measure and the symptom of a future life." This language describes an appeal to faculties capable of weighing argument, of being convinced, and of conquering instincts. Those are the reasoning faculties.

He asserts clearly and unconditionally that human volitions depend not on free-will, but on their antecedents. Soil, climate, food, and landscape shape man. And society controls virtue and crime, and is responsible for them; not the individual. Yet elsewhere he mentions the "indefatigable industry" of the Moriscoes in such warm and fertile lands as, on the former principle, would have made them indolent; and from time to time, like other historians, he attributes great social changes to great men. He says that Adam Smith alone, by publishing one work, did more for human happiness than all the statesmen and legislators of whom there is any authentic account. And he says the French Revolution was caused by a few great men.

In one place he says that neither mental nor moral improvement is hereditary, and in another he says that nations must be educated to freedom. But to educate a nation requires both mental and moral improvement from generation to generation; that is, hereditary improvement.

In one place he says that the oral ballads or traditionary records of the earliest or savage period of history are the truest part of it, and that the introduction of writing by leading to the disuse of the oral method and substituting records, did much to introduce false history. Yet afterward he lays it down as incontrovertible that "on account of the inevitable intermixture of *fable essential to a rude people*, no nation can possess trustworthy details respecting its own origin.

One of Mr. Buckle's favorite doctrines is, that statistics is a chief basis of history, and he applies statistics to moral actions in a very curious way. Thus, he says, we feel individually that moral principles affect our actions, and we might improve or deteriorate morally; but if we look at society as a whole, over a large surface and for a long time, we shall see that the statistics of vice remain the same; and therefore moral principles "produce not the least effect on mankind in the aggregate, or even on men in very large masses." That is, a community can not improve in morals if it is a big one.

He says, moreover, that because we find a regularity in the annual percentage of crime, therefore we are to conclude that crime is simply a necessary blossom or product of society, and not to be imputed to individual badness at all. Again, he says that the moral conduct of men can be figured as a total and treated numerically, so that if there is the more vice, the remainder of virtue is less. This he does literally claim; his language necessarily admits of representing (for instance) all the moral actions of the year 1865 as one million, of which, if we can show that 600,000 were vicious, there is only a figure of 400,000 of virtue left. But mental and moral operations can not be dealt with by arithmetic as if actions could be put in a pile like barrels. The quantitative method will not apply to the mind. To discover the numerical average of crimes is a help toward social knowledge and improvement, no doubt. But it would puzzle Mr. Buckle to work his rule both ways, and to make up his full statistics of virtues in each village or nation per annum, at so many on one day and so many on the next. This he would however be bound to do, without any joke or sneer in the assertion, but on the plain principle that you must enumerate and classify, for statistical morality, *all* actions if you do part of them. The fact is, that the statistics of crime prove how much crime there is, and how it is distributed; but nothing at all as to the ethical quality of it, or as to the responsibility for it. It is true that offenses must come, and equally true that woe is unto him by whom offense cometh.

We have noted numerous other surprising cases

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of erroneous mental philosophy, of looseness of thought, of carelessness of statement, bad definition, and direct misrepresentation, but a fair allowance for such errors is just to every doer of much work. A very few of the most startling may properly be set down.

He says that "The system of morals propounded in the New Testament contained no maxim which had not been previously enunciated, and that some of the most beautiful passages in the apostolic writings are quotations from pagan authors." The first of these monstrous statements we need scarcely contradict. For the second, the *only* such quotations are Acts xvii. 28, "For we are also his offspring;" 1 Cor. xv. 33, "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" and Titus i. 12, "The Cretans are always liars." Are those the most beautiful passages in the apostolic writings?

He says that rice is the chief food of the people of India, and quotes Elphinstone's History of India to prove it. At the place quoted, Elphinstone says that "the principal food of the people of Hindoostan is *wheat*."

He says that "In India, slavery, abject, eternal slavery, was the natural state of the great body of the people; it was the state to which they were doomed by physical laws utterly impossible to resist." Such an assertion might be expected from Mr. Robert Toombs, and by exactly such was the slavery of our own Southern States justified. But no allegation of physical necessity ever made wrong right, nor ever will.

So deficient is Mr. Buckle's doctrine of mental philosophy, that he describes veneration as made up of wonder and fear. He might as well say that pride is made up of courage and conscientiousness, or benevolence out of vanity and indolence, or conscientiousness out of timidity and benevolence. Wonder, he says again, comes from ignorance, and fear from weakness. But wonder is a separate faculty as much as combativeness; and men of the greatest physical strength and of enormous official power have been great cowards. He calls consciousness "an independent faculty," whereas it is simply the fact of our being aware of our own existence and actions, and no more an "independent faculty" than life is. But Mr. Buckle nowhere furnishes any set of definitions for his system of terms in philosophy.

But, it will be asked, is this laborious work utterly worthless from beginning to end?

By no means. As a reliance, a guide, a teacher, it is utterly worthless. Its statements of cause and effect, its reasonings and systematizations are so often unsound that they can not be trusted at all.

The book is valuable as a great collection or memorandum-book of classified facts, very convenient provided they are found to be correct. The spirit of the writer is noble in many respects. He was in general kindly, free, fearless, and fair. His misquotations and misstatements were errors, not cheats; prejudices, not deliberate deceptions. And he suggests many things well, and states and describes many things well. Read with caution and watchfulness, it will be found useful. Followed implicitly, it will betray into all manner of blunders. It would not be easy to name any single work which would better justify the writer's own urgent recommendation of the constant use of what he calls "skepticism."

Religious Department.

"The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill;
For him the ax be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared;
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite, and lies
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

THE SABBATH.

BY EMILY S. TANNER.

The week of toil is gone.
Once more, broad streaming through the deeps of night,
Another day, the welcome Sabbath morn,
Is risen on my sight.

This day my feet shall cease
The wearying, fretting rounds of life to run;
But they shall be led forth with joy and peace
Toward my Father's throne.

My hands shall rest awhile
From hard and grasping toil for daily need;
From warping cares, and passions that defile—
Oh, heart, awhile be freed!

My soul shall fold her wing
In the calm shadow of Almighty love;
My ear shall hush to catch the faintest ring
Of harmonies above.

My eyes in trust shall turn
Toward the green pastures of eternal rest,
The far and shining portals half discern
Of the mansions of the blest.

I wait, O Lord, the morn
When from the mystic deeps of death shall rise
The heavenly Sabbath, in full brightness born,
Upon my longing eyes—

When no dark week of toil,
Its day of calm shall follow or precede—
When from all pain, unrest, and wild turmoil,
Shall heart and hand be freed.

And when my ear, that now,
Deafened by earth's discordant noises,
Hears but so faint and far, while listening low
The deep, eternal voices,

Shall ope to know the songs,
The fullest depths of harmony divine,
When holy hymns that breathe from seraph tongues
Shall find a place on *mine*.

When to those fields of rest
Where death shall cease, and life and love begin,
When passed the portals, to the mansions blest,
My feet shall enter in.

WARWICK NECK, R. I.

REASON AND REVELATION.

In this age of liberal inquiry there is a growing tendency to rear aloft an edifice of reason to the supplanting of revelation. The human mind, when trained in the atmosphere of scientific and exact literature, becomes positive in its nature, unless in the earlier stages of its cultivation spiritual truths are made a part of its elementary education. In our discussions of religious matters we should remember that the true province of revelation is higher than abstract reason—that the latter should always be regarded as but supplemental to the former, to be used intelligently, of course, as far as possible, in the maintenance of Christian truth. In the search for truth as affecting superhuman interests, reason alone has never discovered, and can not discover, a solution of the problem of immortality. Modern philosophers are no nearer the goal to-day than were the ancient Greek logicians. Plato, the greatest of the Greek philosophers, in his speculations on the "Immortality of the Soul," after building up a most beautiful argument in proof of his proposition, says, "We shall never know these things until some divine man shall come and, like Diomed, touch our eyes that we may see." Here is an acknowledgment which modern speculators would do well to consider. The "divine man" has come, and has touched our eyes with the balsam of FAITH, and all we have to do is to open our minds, look up, and see clearly through that medium. Situated as we are, amid things finite, dealing with matters transitory and uncertain, our reason is adapted to their consideration. But when we would look away from this earth, from the finite to the infinite, we must avail ourselves of the "wisdom which cometh down from above," else our investigations of "things unseen" will be hazy and doubtful. The religious tendencies and requirements of man are elementary and indestructible. He feels a principle within him which draws him as it were out of himself and whispers of "immortality." If he make use of reason, human reason alone, as the vehicle on which to "soar untrodden heights," he will utterly fail; but if he take counsel of revelation, his reason, enlightened and purified, will with ease, because aided by Omniscience, attain to a knowledge of those things which dispel darkness and impart true happiness to the soul. Man is endowed with certain faculties through the exercise of which he may bring himself into communication with the world of matter and fact about him; and when he attempts to exercise these faculties in the investigation of the "world beyond," they fail to discover what he would know, and the more he speculates, the more entangled and confused do his ideas become.

We find, however, in this beautiful economy of human nature, a set of faculties specially adapted for bringing man into communion with the spiritual and heavenly. These faculties are "above" reason; and when associated with the range of intellectual or reasoning organs beneath them, the latter being made to subserve the purposes of the former, man is enabled in very truth to look "from nature up to nature's God." The intellect unaided by the light which is to be obtained through those higher faculties will but struggle vainly on the confines of the spiritual. Hooker tells us: "Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High, whom although to know be life, and joy to make mention of His name, yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know Him; not as indeed He is can we *know* Him, but our softest eloquence concerning Him is our silence when we confess without confession that His glory is inexplicable, His greatness above our capacity and reach. He is above, and we upon earth, therefore it behooveth our words to be wary and few." Let us not, therefore, deify the reason and ignore revelation, but let the lower be subordinated to the higher; as the feet are to the body and the hands to the mind, so let appetite, affection, property, mechanism, perceptives, and reflectives be alike subordinated to the moral sentiments. Let faith, hope, justice, and mercy have the supremacy, and we be obedient to revelation and to God.

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Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

THE SERVANT QUESTION.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

THIS is an age of progression—a century of reform. Nobody for a single instant doubts that, and yet it is perfectly astonishing what huge evils, what crying domestic grievances are being smoothed over and hushed up instead of being dragged out to the light and boldly looked in the face! Where is the use of reconstruction and emancipation and religious toleration, and all those high-sounding national benefits, so long as the womankind of America are slaves and martyrs and victims, and everything else they ought not to be! Is it inappropriate at this period, when the whole continent is thrilling under the power of grand reforms and social growth, to call aloud for some Moses to compass *our* deliverance from the land of bondage?

Everybody agrees with us in our estimate of the magnitude of the evil, and how aggravating it is to have everybody agree with you when they have no remedy to suggest! Yet no one seems to consider the propriety of studying out this great social enigma of servants! Can we make bricks without straw? Can the workman labor without good and sufficient tools? Then how on earth are American homes to be kept bright and cheerful, and American women to keep up with the age they live in, under the existing state of their kitchens? Nero and Dionysius in their palmiest days, Bloody Mary in all her despotic power, were nothing to the tyranny of Norah and Bridget who rule over us with iron sway, and "give warning" at the first sign of insubordination in the victims they call "mistresses."

Look at the enormous demand rising up from every household in the land, and then at the deplorably insufficient supply. Look at the pale, anxious faces of the over-worked, over-tasked housekeepers who *must* have auxiliaries in their kitchens and nurseries, and then look at the "intelligence offices" where the Celtic damsels sit in solid phalanxes, boldly resolved on the highest possible wages for the smallest possible amount of work!

"I wouldn't hire such servants as that!" says the master of the house, instinctively recognizing revolt, treachery, and deceit in the face of the new candidate for domestic honors, brought home by his wife. Very well, what would you do? What *could* you do? Answer us that question, sir, and we will award you the right of protest to any extent!

Here is the matter in a nutshell. You pay from ten to twenty dollars a month for services that are worth scarcely one fourth of the money; you turn your kitchen into a hotel for the evening resort of "cousins" and relations innumerable; you are required to turn a deaf ear to the crash of breaking china, and a blind countenance to scratched silver and defaced cutlery. "Mary is so sensitive!" *Your* senses are not to be consulted at all. You are to remodel your American establishment after the pattern of the Limerick hovel, where the family and the pig lived in domestic harmony; above all, you are never to find a word of fault with "evenings out" and "privileges" of all sorts and styles; and, finally, when you have endured and suffered until your patience has altogether lost its natural dimensions, and seems like a strained India-rubber loop, and you have actually succeeded in teaching your exile one or two new ideas without offending her "*amour propre*," she comes triumphantly to you with the information that Mrs. Somebody has offered her two dollars a month more "and she's goin' to lave yez!" So the dynasty of "incapables," as Dickens calls them, succeed one another, and your kitchen becomes a battle-ground, wherein you are daily vanquished with great slaughter!

Occasionally, once in about a hundred instances, you secure a "treasure"—a neat-handed, light-footed, stirring Irish girl, whose pleasant smile makes it a luxury to look at her, and who sings the delicious ballads of her native land as a brown thrush warbles in the spring woods. But she never stays. She is as sure to get married as the sun is to rise and set, and off she goes to a home of her own, leaving you, like Lord Ullin's daughter, "lamenting." And then the scheme of social tyranny begins again, and the chains you unwillingly re-assume, clank heavily, and the old wounds bleed afresh, and the question comes up, harder and more uncompromising than ever, what is to become of you?

"Why, do your own work, to be sure," says the complacent lord of creation, as if there could not be a minute's hesitation as to the completeness of his remedy!

Yes, when you, Mr. Oracle, sweep out your own store, and pack your own goods, and drive the cart down to the shipping lines, and officiate as your own porter, and clerk, and book-keeper, and errand-boy, and salesman, all in one. Impossible, do you say? Then how much more impossible would it be for your wife to be in kitchen, nursery, parlor, and bedroom at the same time—to cook, and sing lullabys to a cross baby, and sweep, and sew, and keep up the social circle you are so tenacious of, and practice the music you like, and after all this to be bright and fresh in the evening to go out with you? Women are not made of iron, nor gutta-percha either, and they can not execute impossibilities.

It is true that machinery has come to our aid in a manner as marvelous as it is welcome. The needle no longer hangs like the sword of Damocles over the life and health and peace of woman. Knitting-machines hum merrily over the buried "sheaths" and "needles" of our mothers; mystical contrivances have started up that make button-holes for us, and the next we know, our stockings will all be darned by machinery! But we never anticipate the advent of a machine that will set patches on little knees, and cut our old garments until they look "amaist as weel's new," and kiss the bruises on baby foreheads, and be up in the parlor, and down in the cellar, pickling, preserving, receiving company, and sewing on buttons by turns! Show us such a machine as that, and we will proceed to show you the dawn of the millennium!

A woman can not go into the labor market and hire the delicate grace and tact that make home delightful; she can not get "a substitute" who will fulfill the nobler, higher duties of her station, whose influence will surround her children with ever-present care—whose cheerful sympathy will soothe her husband's flagging spirits. All these things she must do herself or they will remain undone, and no one but a woman can ever know the drain of vitality, the calm, uncomplaining patience, and the wear and tear of the nervous system that are implied in the fulfillment of such duties. The washerwoman who stands twelve hours over the steaming tub—the charwoman who goes out "cleaning" for a livelihood, are not, we will venture to say, half so actually and positively tired at the end of the day as the delicate wife and mother who has never attempted manual labor, and whose attendants have been at her back and call for every service!

These things she can not hire, but she can hire robust strength and bodily activity to represent her as far as bone and muscle and sinews go. She can in a measure have two pairs of feet and two pairs of hands to execute her behests, and these under the circumstances are actually essential. She must have help, no matter how miserable and inefficient it is, and from this very inefficiency springs the one great trial and ordeal of the American housekeeper.

Our space is exhausted, not so the subject. It shall "lie over" for discussion in another number.

OUR MODEL SOCIETY.

BY LUCY LIBERTY.

PRISONS, penitentiaries, houses of correction! The terrors of the law, forsooth! *We* know people that are a great deal more afraid of the terrors of society than all the penal statutes put together. A penitentiary wouldn't stand any kind of chance alongside of Mrs. Grundy's frown. As for houses of correction, don't they live in them all the time? Aren't they in a perpetual state of probation as to the proper handling of their silver forks, the right shape of their visiting cards, and the correct style of rising up and sitting down? We would rather be a wild savage among the Libyan deserts than go about clanking the chains of our civilization like these miserable victims of society!

Now, if we were President of the United States, or Prince of Wales, we would remodel the whole thing; not that we should expect to succeed on the first trial; but we would do as our spectacled grandmother does with her paper sack-patterns, cut and clip and scissor away until the result satisfied us exactly. And the very first thing we should do would be to expurgate sundry social faults that have puzzled us and annoyed us ever since we were tall enough to look over the top of the kitchen table!

What are they? Well—let us think. In the first place, a woman shouldn't be banished beyond the pale of society because she has stepped outside of the beaten tract of pickling and preserving, or stitching her husband's shirt-collars, to write, or speak, or carve marble, or do anything that God has prompted her to achieve! Is it a social fault that she likes to do what she can do best? If so, what terrible defaulters some of us are!

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Next, we should immediately pass an edict in favor of little children; they should all wear print calico dresses instead of senseless embroideries and lace at two dollars a yard; their little shoulders should be covered up, and their legs should be promptly and sensibly stockinged; and if they wanted to play in the dirt, and pull daisies, instead of walking up and down a hot pavement holding on to the finger of a French bonne, our Grand Vizier should see that their wishes were duly carried into execution, or we would know the reason why!

The kitchen should be constituted an equally honorary place with the parlor; and if a young gentleman happened to call on a young lady before 12 M., it should be just as proper for him to take a seat by the range and watch her fair fingers in the act of manipulating pie-crust, as it would to lean over the piano and listen to an aria from Faust!

It should be a social fault of the first magnitude for a lady to press a young man to take "a glass of wine—just one little glass—to please *me*," and then, three months afterward, strike his name off her visiting-list because "people say he has taken to drink." In our code of law, she should be compelled to recognize the consequences of her own deed—ay, and to abide by it, too!

Nobody should be allowed to wear Cashmere shawls and hundred-dollar diamond shirt-pins until the cook's wages were duly paid and the grocer's bill was settled; and it should be strictly against the rules and regulations of our republic to "haggle" with market-women, seamstresses, or huckleberry girls; if people can afford to pay their prices, well and good—if not, they should let it alone!

It should cease to be obligatory for a poor lawyer to wear as elegant broadcloth as a millionaire merchant; girls that have pretty hands should have the privilege of dispensing with kid gloves, and nobody over fifty years of age should wear "round hats." We should keep up the appropriateness of things in our dominions!

People should dress just exactly as their means might sanction; out of their annual incomes just such a percentage should regularly be laid by against the "rainy days" that come to us all. Steel forks should be as fashionable as silver; and if people couldn't afford finger-glasses, why, our republic would jog along just as comfortably if they ventured to do without them! Our boys should *be* boys until they arrived at the years of young manhood, and not begin to smoke and play billiards before they were out of short jackets; and our girls should play with their dolls until they were full fourteen years old!

Altogether, we would have a very nice state of things if we were only the President of the United States, or the Prince of Wales—we're not at all particular which! That's *our* notion of society!

When a man takes more pleasure in earning money than in spending it, he has taken the first step toward wealth.

A hypocrite may spin so fair a thread as to deceive his own eye. He may admire the cobweb, and not know himself to be the spider.

A SYMPATHETIC RESPONSE

TO "CELIBATE'S SOLILOQUY."

"To *wed*, or *not* to wed?" mild mangles Will. Shakspeare.
'Twere well to settle, with the *not* aforesaid,
Eschewing other *knots*; well knowing
How that *superfluity* of old. called Eve,
To sin enticed her lordly spouse,
And in their after-married life
Raised *Cain*. But even that
Is nothing to her modern daughters
'Mong whom your woful lot is cast,
For, as I heard a *brother sufferer* sagely say,
"Had modern women sense enough to live
With Eve's *simplicity*, what would be saved!
No crinoline swept Eden's flowers to earth,
Nor twenty-dollar bonnets knocked down fruit,
Nor hose, nor gloves, nor handkerchiefs ran *Adam* into debt.
Oh, were not these good traits 'played out,'
A fellow in sane mind might *condescend* to marry."
I saw immediately where 'twas
Woman has wrecked her chances.
Oh, women! if ye would be *wed*, return
Unto the good old way of Eve—
So do! even as creation's modern lords
Pursue *unchanged* the *ancient ways* of *Adam*.
Mark how sweet Eve, with hair unbound,
And scant becoming dress of *fig leaves*,
Guiltless of *hoops*, with loving words,
Bounds forth to Adam; when at *three A.M.*,
With rather *faltering* step, he gladdens her
By his return from *oysters* and *champagne*—
Or mayhap the *semi-weekly club*—or an
Engagement of especial business. Nor does she chide
When he with *choice Havana smokes* the *curtains*
And *spits* upon the *carpet*. And, moreover,
When Abel took his midnight squall,
Swift she complied with Adam's mild request
Of, "*Stop that noise, I tell you, Eve;*" nor thought
As soon her ears were charmed by a *melodious snore*,
Which trumpets her liege lord's return to sleep
"I'd as lief hear a squall as that."
But, Blunderbuss, it's plain you are aware
Which side your bread is buttered on.
'Tis evident the "peculiarities of single life"
Have so ripened *your* "native hue of greenness,"
"A loving damsel" would be *done brown* to get you.
Small wonder that your unsophisticated heart and *purse-strings* shrink
At wedlock's hideous *possibilities*. But should
The "golden luster" of a *longer purse*
(Belonging, mayhap, to some "interesting widow,")
O'ercome your "conscience," there's some hope
The *report* will be widely heard
When such a "blunderbuss" shall "pop"
With the intent to "touch" the "question."

Bertha.

Manhood and Womanhood.—Who are you, young man, young woman, living in this age and country, and yet doing nothing to benefit others? Who are you—blest with powers of body and intellect, and yet an idler in the busy work-shop of life? Who are you with an immortal soul, and yet that soul deaf to the myriad voices all about you that call to duty and to labor? Arise! and be a faithful toiler. God calls you; Humanity calls you; and they both have a right to all your powers. Arise! Make your whole life one scene of industry! Arise, and go forth, and every moment your feet shall press or your hands touch some pedal or key in the "organs that shake the universe." Arise! there is work for you to do. You were created to toil and bear a hand where the hammers of Time are ringing as they fashion the fabric of eternity.

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. Perhaps this accounts for the habit some people have of always closing their eyes in church during the sermon.

A LITTLE OFFICE OF TRUST.

"What shall I do with Joe Smith?" said Mrs. L. to herself, as she dismissed her school for the night. "I have exhausted every expedient; he *will* whisper, and smile, and bewitch the boys generally. There—I have it! I'll give him a responsibility. He has Self-Esteem, Approbativeness, and a fair conscience, I am sure. I think he'll be honest—I'll risk it at all events."

The next day the lady happened by a little calculation to meet the boy in a convenient place.

"Joseph," said she, "do you know where I live?"

"I guess so; it's in South Street, is'nt it?"

"Yes, No. 225; you know that is a good way from the post-office, and my mails are a great trouble to me; I really need a penny post; how would you like to be one?"

"First rate," said Joseph; "but," he added, glancing down upon himself, as if his clothes were a drawback to promotion.

"Oh, your coat will do very well," said Mrs. L.; "I only want a boy I can trust."

Joseph straightened up and looked every inch a man four feet nine inches high. She might trust him—to be sure she might.

"And I will give you a penny for every letter you find in Box 124."

Mrs. L. had no difficulty after this in getting her letters in early season, but Joseph scorned to take the pennies.

Strange what effect a little confidence had in the school-room! It fairly made Joe over. He could go in and out quietly, sit still in his chair, and mind his business like a man. He was as good a boy as ever need be for a whole term, and then he was promoted to a higher department.

No child always suspected, or disapproved, or disliked, however he may deserve it, will ever become good. No heart set at a distance from a stronger or better heart will ever be persuaded, or driven, or won to its duty. It is human nearness, and warmth, and sympathy that the wayward want; and it often takes but a trifle to save as well as to ruin a little transgressor.

A child's waywardness is very often not so much a wicked spirit as it is an outlet of the restlessness of childhood; and it is many times cured by diverting a thought or giving occupation to an unemployed faculty. A whole term of discomfort and disadvantage was prevented by giving Joseph a little office of trust; he was proud of the service, and his gallantry made him, both for his teacher's sake and his own, ambitious of good behavior as a pupil.

There is seldom a child too bad to be in a great measure controlled in the school-room by a little wit added to a great deal of kindness. Some sentiment of love, honor, ambition, or conscience, if skillfully played upon, will in nearly every case effect all that a sterner punishment could hope to accomplish. E. L. E.

Beauties generally die old maids. They set such a value on themselves, that they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed.

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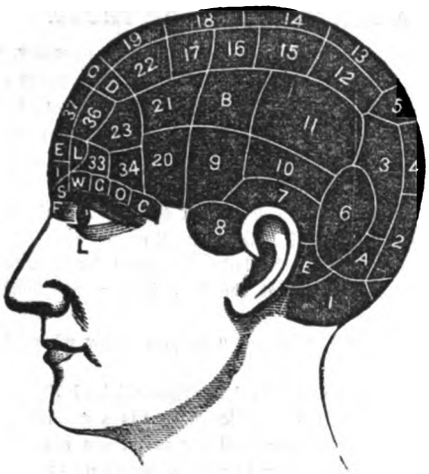

FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM.

"Signs of Character."

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—*Spenser.*

OUR NEW DICTIONARY
OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY.

SPIRITUALITY (17) or Wonder—Fr. *Merveilosité.*—The state of being spiritual.—*Webster.*

Marvelousness (Spirituality) exerts a very great influence over religious conceptions, and in my opinion contributes more than veneration to religious faith.—*Spurzheim.*

I am disposed to infer that the legitimate tendency of Wonder (Spirituality) is to inspire the mind with a longing after novelty in everything, and that its proper effect is to stimulate to invention and improvement.—*Combe.*

LOCATION.—The organ of Spirituality (17, fig. 1) is situated immediately above Ideality, in the lateral parts of the anterior region of the top-head.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL SIGN.—Large and active Spirituality gives a singularly elevated expression of countenance. The eyelids are lifted and the eyes often turned obliquely upward. When the excitement of the organ results in the feeling of wonder, the expression becomes like that of fig. 2.

FUNCTION. — Dr. Spurzheim remarks. "Some find all things natural and regulated by the law of creation; many others are amused with fictions, tales of wonders, and miraculous occurrences. They find in every passing event extraordinary and wonderful circumstances, and are constantly searching after whatever can excite admiration and astonishment. This sentiment is to be observed among mankind at large, both among savages and civilized nations. In every age, and under every sky, man has been guided and led by his credulity and superstition. The founders of all nations have had a fabulous origin ascribed to them, and in all countries miraculous traditions and marvelous stories occur in ample abundance. Almost all histories, until within the last two centuries, reported seriously supernatural facts. Hercules in his cradle suffocated serpents; Romulus was nourished by a she-wolf. There are many disposed to believe in dreams, sorcery, amulets, magic, astrology, in the mystic influence of spirits and angels, in the power of the devil, in second sight, and in miracles and incomprehensible representations of all sorts. Some also are disposed to have visions, and to see ghosts, demons, and phantoms. This sentiment gains credence to the true and also to the false prophet, aids superstition, but is also essential to the belief in the doctrines of refined religion. It is more or less active, not only in different individuals, but also in whole nations; its functions are often disordered, constituting one form of insanity, called demonomania."

FIG. 2.

ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES.—Dr. Gall remarked in the first fanatic that fell under his observation a large development of the part of the brain lying between the organs of Ideality and Imitation, and subsequently met with many similar instances. "Dr. Jung Stilling, whom he often saw with the late Grand Duke of Baden, was a tailor in his youth, then a tutor, afterward doctor in medicine, moralist, divine, journalist, illuminatus, and visionary; and in him this part of the brain was largely developed. He believed firmly in apparitions, and wrote a book in exposition of this doctrine. In the *Maison de Detention* at Berne, Dr. Gall saw a fanatic who believed that Jesus Christ, surrounded by a brilliant light, as if a million of suns had combined their splendors, had appeared to him to reveal the true religion. A gentleman who moved in the best society in Paris asked Dr. Gall to examine his head. The doctor's first remark was, 'You sometimes see visions, and believe in apparitions.' The gentleman started from his chair in astonishment, and said that he *had* frequent visions; but that never, up to this moment, had he spoken on the subject to any human being, through fear of being set down as absurdly credulous. On another occasion, Dr. Gall, when he observed the development of the head of a Dr. W., told him that he ought to have a strong liking for the marvelous and supernatural. 'For once,' replied he, 'you are completely mistaken, for I have laid down the rule to believe in nothing which can not be mathematically demonstrated.' After talking with him on various scientific subjects, Dr. Gall turned the conversation toward animal magnetism, which appeared a fit topic to put the mathematical rigor of his proofs to the test. He instantly became greatly animated; assured Dr. Gall again very solemnly that he admitted nothing as true that was not mathematically demonstrated; but added, he was convinced that a spiritual being acted in magnetism; that it operated at great distances; that no distance, indeed, presented an obstacle to its action; and that, on this account, it could sympathize with persons in any part of the world. 'It is the same cause,' continued he, 'which produces apparitions. Apparitions and visions are rare, no doubt, but they undoubtedly exist, and I am acquainted with the laws which regulate their production.' 'On this occasion,' says Dr. Gall, 'I thought within myself that my inference from his development was not so very erroneous as the worthy doctor wished me to believe.'"

FIG. 3.—ROBERT BURNS.

FIG. 4.—DR. JOHN GASPAR SPURZHEIM.

Spirituality was largely developed in Joan of Arc, Cromwell, Tasso, Swedenborg, Stilling, Wesley, Burns, Scott, and Hawthorne, and correct portraits of them show a marked fullness in the region assigned to its organ.

DERANGED SPIRITUALITY.—"The subject of vi-

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sions," Mr. Combe says, "is still attended with considerable difficulty. I have met with cases similar to those recorded by Drs. Gall and Spurzheim. In the London Bedlam I examined the head of a patient whose insanity consisted in

MOTIVE TEMPERAMENT.

FIG. 5.—GENERAL FROST.

seeing phantoms, and being led to act as if they were realities; although, as he himself stated, he was convinced by his understanding at the very time that they were mere illusions; but could not regulate his conduct by this conviction. In him the organ of Form was well developed, and that of Wonder was decidedly large. When asked whether he experienced any sensation in the head when afflicted with visions, he pointed to the spot on each side where the organ of Wonder is situated, and said that he felt an uneasy sensation there."

SPURZHEIM, John Gaspar, distinguished as one of the founders of Phrenology, was born on the 31st of December, 1776, at Longvick, a village about seven miles from the city of Treves, on the Moselle, now under the dominion of Prussia. He became acquainted with Dr. Gall in 1799, and entering with great zeal into the consideration of the new doctrine, soon became a convert to it. He became associated with Dr. Gall in 1804. His death occurred at Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A., November 10th, 1832.—*Biographical Dictionary.*

In 1813 Dr. Spurzheim visited Vienna for the purpose of receiving his degree of M.D., and soon after, having previously studied the English language for six months, took his departure for Great Britain, where he lectured with great success in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and other places, making thousands of converts to Phrenology and finding many warm personal friends.

Returning to Paris, where he had previously assisted Dr. Gall, he had two courses of lectures in the French language, which attracted great attention and gave a new impulse to the course of Phrenology.

In 1825 Dr. Spurzheim visited Great Britain, where he again lectured in all the principal cities, visiting schools, colleges, hospitals, asylums, and prisons for the purpose of physiological and phrenological investigation, and adding continually to his vast store of facts bearing on physical and mental science.

Dr. Spurzheim sailed for the United States on the 20th of June, 1832, and arrived in New York on the 4th of August. His career in this country was as brilliant as it was brief. His lectures in Boston and Cambridge were attended by the most learned and eminent people of those places, and resulted in the establishment of Phrenology on a secure basis. He died in the fall of the same year, at the age of 54 years.

Among the founders of Phrenology the name of Spurzheim must ever stand second only to that of Gall. The additions made by him to the number of fundamental faculties not before admitted by Gall are eight. It is to him also that we are indebted for the name of our science—Phrenology—it having previously been called Craniology.

He was a good as well as a great man—a noble specimen of the *savant*, the gentleman, and the Christian.

SUBLIMITY (B).—Elevation of place; lofty height; an elevated feeling consisting of a union of astonishment and awe at the contemplation of great scenes and objects of exalted excellence.—*Webster.*

Perception and appreciation of the vast, the illimitable, the endless, the omnipotent, and the infinite. Adapted to that infinitude which characterizes every department of nature.—*Self-Instructor.*

LOCATION.—The organ of Sublimity is situated on the side-head, directly above Acquisitiveness (B, fig. 1), and behind Ideality.

FUNCTION.—This is not recognized by the European phrenologists generally as a distinct faculty. We, however, believe it to be so, and consider its organ as established. Its function is to give perception of the grand and sublime in nature, art, and literature—to enable us to appreciate mountain scenery, the vastness of the ocean, the grandeur of a thunder-storm, the roar of artillery, the clash of armies, etc., or descriptions and pictures of such scenes. It is also an element in religious faith, and assists our conceptions of God and immortality. It co-operates with Ideality in the artist and the poet, and with Veneration and Spirituality in the religious worshiper.

TEMPERAMENT.—Internal constitution; state with respect to the predominance of any single quality, or the relative proportion of different qualities or constituent parts; temperature; as, the *temperament* of the body.—*Webster.*

In their last analysis the temperaments are as numerous as the individuals of the human race,

VITAL TEMPERAMENT.

FIG. 6.—WILLIAM COBBETT.

no two persons being found with precisely the same physical constitution. Tracing them back, however, we find them all to result from the almost infinite combination of a few simple elements.

THE ANCIENT DOCTRINE.—Hippocrates, "the father of medicine," describes four temperamental conditions depending, according to his theory, upon what he called the four primary components of the human body—the blood, the

MENTAL TEMPERAMENT.

FIG. 7.—FLAXMAN.

phlegm, the yellow bile, and the black bile. The preponderance of one or the other of these components in a person produces his peculiar constitution or temperament. Bodies in which blood superabounds have, he says, the sanguine temperament; if phlegm be in excess, the phlegmatic temperament; if yellow bile be most fully developed, the choleric temperament is produced; and if the black bile (*atrabilis*) be most abundant, the melancholic or atrabilious temperament.

This doctrine of the temperaments was much discussed by the ancients, but never greatly modified. It may be said to have stood unchanged till the revival of letters after the dark ages; and even then the same four-fold division was generally adopted. Stahl first adapted it to the modern doctrines of human pathology. Bœrhaave increased the number of temperaments to eight, but supposed them to be formed merely by different combinations of the four cardinal qualities. Dr. Gregory, to the four temperaments of the ancients, added a fifth, which he called the nervous, but failed to establish it on any satisfactory basis. Cullen reduced the temperaments to two—the sanguine and the melancholic.

DR. SPURZHEIM'S DESCRIPTION.—Thus far it will be seen that the *brain*, as affecting temperamental conditions, is left out of the account altogether, which leaves the most important of the four temperaments unexplained. The discoveries of Gall and Spurzheim made it manifest that the brain must necessarily form the basis of a special temperamental condition; but the attention of the founders of Phrenology was mainly directed to other and more strictly phrenological points, and little was added by them to our stock of knowledge on the subject. Dr. Spurzheim has, however, briefly described the temperaments as follows:

1. The lymphatic constitution, or phlegmatic temperament, is indicated by a pale white skin, fair hair, roundness of form, and repletion of the cellular tissue. The flesh is soft, the vital actions are languid, the pulse is feeble; all indicates slowness and weakness in the vegetative, affective, and intellectual functions.

2. The sanguine temperament is proclaimed by

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a tolerable consistency of flesh, moderate plumpness of parts, light or chestnut hair, blue eyes, great activity of the arterial system; a strong, full, and frequent pulse, and an animated countenance. Persons thus constituted are easily affected by external impressions, and possess greater energy than those of the former temperament.

3. The bilious temperament is characterized by black hair, a dark, yellowish, or brown skin, black eyes, moderately full but firm muscles, and harshly expressed forms. Those endowed with this constitution have a strongly marked and decided expression of countenace; they manifest great general activity and functional energy.

4. The external signs of the nervous temperament are fine thin hair, delicate health, general emaciation, and smallness of the muscles, rapidity in the muscular actions, vivacity in the sensations. The nervous system of individuals so constituted preponderates extremely, and they exhibit great nervous sensibility.

THE NEW CLASSIFICATION.—The ancient doctrine of the temperaments, of which that of Dr. Spurzheim and modern writers generally is but a modification, has clearly a physiological foundation; but while we acknowledge the correctness of the classification and its value in a pathological point of view, we base our delineations of character on what may be called the anatomical system of temperaments, a concise exposition of which is herewith given.

The human body is composed of three grand classes or systems of organs, each of which has its special function in the general economy. We denominate them—

1. The Motive or Mechanical System;
2. The Vital or Nutritive System; and
3. The Mental or Nervous System.

On this natural anatomical basis rests the most simple and satisfactory doctrine of the temperaments, of which there are primarily three, corresponding with the three systems of organs just named. We call them—

1. The Motive Temperament;
2. The Vital Temperament; and,
3. The Mental Temperament.

Each of these temperaments is determined by the predominance of the class of organs from which it takes its name. The first is marked by a superior development of the osseous and muscular systems, forming the locomotive apparatus; in the second the vital organs, the principal seat of which is in the trunk, give the tone to the organization; while in the third the brain and nervous system exert the controlling power.

1. THE MOTIVE TEMPERAMENT.—The bony framework of the human body determines its general configuration, which is modified in its details by the muscular fibers and cellular tissues which overlay it. In the motive temperament, the bones are proportionally large and generally long rather than broad, and the outlines of the form manifest a tendency to angularity. The figure is commonly tall and striking if not elegant; the face oblong, the cheek-bones rather high; the front teeth rather large; the neck rather long; the shoulders broad and definite; the chest moderate in size and fullness; the abdomen proportional; and the limbs long and tapering. The muscles are well developed and correspond in form with the bones. The complexion and eyes are generally but not always dark, and the hair dark, strong, and abundant. The features are strongly marked and their expression striking. Firmness of texture characterizes all the organs, imparting great strength and endurance.

2. THE VITAL TEMPERAMENT.—As this temperament depends upon the preponderance of the vital or nutritive organs, which occupy the great cavities of the trunk, it is necessarily marked by a breadth and thickness of body proportionally greater, and a stature and size of limbs proportionally less than the motive temperament. Its most striking physical characteristic is *rotundity*. The face inclines to roundness; the nostrils are wide; the neck rather short; the shoulders broad and rounded; the chest full; the abdomen well developed; the arms and legs plump but tapering, and terminating in hands and feet relatively small. The complexion is generally florid; the countenance smiling; the eyes light; the nose broad, and the hair soft, light, and silky.

Persons of this temperament have greater vigor, but less density and toughness of fiber than those in whom the motive predominates. They love fresh air and exercise, and must be always doing something to work off their constantly accumulating stock of vitality; but they generally love play better than hard work.

3. THE MENTAL TEMPERAMENT.—The mental temperament, depending upon the brain and nervous system, is characterized by a slight frame; a head relatively large; an oval or a pyriform face; a high, pale forehead; delicate and finely chiseled features; bright and expressive eyes; slender neck; and only a moderate development of the chest. The whole figure is delicate and graceful, rather than striking or elegant. The hair is soft, fine, and not abundant or very dark; the skin soft and delicate in texture; the voice somewhat high-keyed, but varied and flexible in its intonations; and the expression animated and full of intelligence.

For a fuller and more satisfactory exposition of the temperaments, see our "New Physiognomy," Chap. IV.

THE PRESENT TIMES.—Who is not glad to live in these times?—in these times of activity and progress—in these times when a struggle is going on sublimer than ever before called women to acts of love and sacrifice or men to deeds of valor and patriotism. Who is not glad to live and labor in these times when the ponderous blows, *struck by millions of sinews welded into one*, are making the mighty barriers of wrong and oppression give way? Who, that is doing his duty, does not look up, now and then, and, from a full heart throbbing with gratitude, say, "Oh, God, I thank Thee?" As a friend said to us, a few days since, "It is glorious to live in these times." Glorious!

Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Cabanis.*

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Hosea* iv. 6.

FEEDING CHILDREN.

TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

THE proper feeding of children lies at the very gateway of health to the human race. That more than half the children die in infancy is a melancholy fact, and we have often stated that it is not in consequence of the natural weakness of the human infant, not because the human race is less perfectly organized than the lower animals, that man is less healthy than the beast. Not one in a hundred of the young of the horse and cattle kind die in infancy or fail to come to maturity either in the wild or in the domesticated state. The artificial habits of human beings must lie at the foundation of the great mortality of infants.

This subject of infant feeding has been pretty amply discussed by Dr. Andrew Combe in his work entitled, "Physiological and Moral Management of Infancy." In this, everything that relates to the hygienic condition of the new-born child is discussed with candor and learning, and as Dr. Combe was a good phrenologist as well as an excellent physician and writer, the work is, we think, worthy of being cordially commended to all young mothers. It would please us to make lengthy extracts from this excellent work, but room forbids. Those who have a child to rear can not do better than to procure a copy. We give a few quotations.

"The mother's milk being the natural and best food of the infant, the next point is to determine at what intervals the latter may be admitted to the breast. Here, again, it is indispensable to warn the parent against hurtful excess; for if the stomach is too frequently replenished or too much distended, digestion necessarily becomes enfeebled, and gripes and flatulence arise and torment the child. The usual practice with inexperienced mothers is to offer the breast whenever the child cries or shows the least appearance of uneasiness, no matter from what cause, as if hunger were the only sensation which the young being could experience. The real character of this insensate conduct may be judged of by analogy. When a boy brings on a fit of colic by over-eating, and cries lustily from the consequent pain, we should consider it a strange mode to insist on his eating more; and yet the common way of quieting an over-fed infant, by again offering it the breast, is not a whit more rational or less destructive. The infant can not possibly discriminate between good and bad, and, in the impatience of its suffering, it will often snatch at anything, however much it may add to its troubles."

"It is indeed no less a mistake to be over-anxious always to put an immediate stop to crying. To a considerable extent crying is an intentional provision of nature, and is called into play by every new sensation of any force."

"The great principle of proportioning the

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supply of food to the quantity of material expended in growth or carried away as waste, is equally applicable in infancy as in later life. During the first weeks of existence the infant does nothing but breathe, eat, digest, sleep, and grow, and it therefore requires to be fed more frequently than at a later period. On an average, about three hours may be allowed to elapse between its repasts; and as it becomes older the interval may be gradually extended." [Much depends on the *quality* of the milk it gets.]

"During the night also, as well as during the day, the infant requires to be fed, but not so frequently. At first it may be put to the breast perhaps thrice in the course of one night; but afterward twice, namely, late at night and early in the morning, will be sufficient."

The eminent Dr. Bell, American editor of Dr. Combe's work on "Infancy," in a foot-note, says: "Mothers and nurses ought to be made aware that infants have, as well as adults, the sensation of thirst in addition to that of hunger. Milk, as a bland fluid, will often gratify both these sensations; but when excited by the heat of the bed and close air of the room during the night, or by that of too hot a fire or stove during the day, the child is simply thirsty, and requires water for drink, at a time when the mother's milk would only increase the irritation and oppression."

We quote again from Dr. Combe: "It is now generally agreed upon, that, till the appearance of the first teeth, no kind of food is so congenial to the infant constitution as its mother's milk. The mother, therefore, is peculiarly called upon, by every tie of duty and affection, to become the nurse of her own child; and nothing except ill health and positive inability can excuse her in seeking to devolve this endearing duty on another. It is quite true that some mothers are, from feebleness of constitution or infirm health, incapable of nursing, and must wholly resign the duty to others, however ardently they may long to fulfill it. But it is not less true that in many instances the inability arises entirely from the mode of life they choose to lead, and from the want of ordinary self-denial in their diet and general regimen."

It can hardly be too much to say that no duty is more important and more pressing upon those who enter upon the duties of maternity than that they learn something of the nature and character of those duties, and how best to perform them, for their own happiness, for the happiness of their children, and for the well-being of the community in which that child—if it live—must act a part.

THE DIAMOND CEMENT, for uniting broken pieces of china, glass, etc., which is sold as a secret at an absurdly dear price, is composed of isinglass soaked in water till it becomes soft, and then dissolved in proof spirit, to which a little gum resin, ammoniac, or galbanum and resin mastic are added, each previously dissolved in a minimum of alcohol. When to be applied, it must be gently heated to liquefy it; and it should be kept for use in a well-corked vial. An excellent transparent glue, which will be found nearly as good as the "Diamond Cement," may be made by simply dissolving at a low heat one ounce of isinglass in two wine-glasses of spirits of wine. Care should be taken not to allow the mixture to boil over.

HOW TO PUNISH A CHILD.

A FATHER'S EXPERIENCE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I am the father of two little boys—one is still with me in the world, but the other has been gone six years, and I mourn for him with a mourning that is full of regret, for I was a stranger to the wisdom necessary to train him aright until he was taken from me. Could I have known he was to stay with me only a little more than eight years, I think I should not have been so slow to learn that there is a more excellent way of governing and disciplining children than that too generally received by parents.

I read in my Bible, "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." That and kindred commands settled the question in my mind as to the mode of government best adapted to children, but I forgot that those commands belonged to a very different period of the world from the present, a period when a man, in one instance at least, was stoned to death for Sabbath-breaking. As God does not command nor justify such a mode of procedure with Sabbath-breakers in the present enlightened period of the world, I had no reason to suppose he would command or justify the use of the rod now. But I was ignorant, and wrested the Bible to the injury of my child, and to my own lasting sorrow. *My* rod, it was true, was nothing more than my hand, but it did severe justice, as I shall ever remember with great grief.

I gave my Harry his first whipping when he was two years old, and it appeared to be a success; but I soon learned that children, like their parents, are weak and wayward and inclined to evil, and that neither whipping nor any other punishment will work a speedy cure. But this only made me more determined that the child should feel the strokes of my hand whenever I thought he needed them. I did not believe in very frequent whippings, but I did believe in very severe ones, and especially for the sin of falsehood.

My boy was guilty of untruthfulness twice before he was seven years old, and both times was whipped severely for it. When he was eight years old, he told another lie, under the pressure of strong temptation. There was, however, an artfulness about it that alarmed me, but I did not stop to consider that it was an artfulness he would not have used if he had not had a great horror of a whipping. He was very sure I would never hear of his falsehood, but I accidentally found it out, and at once resolved to make thorough work and punish him with added severity. As usual I talked to him kindly about the sin of falsehood; I then led him to my room, and taking him upon my lap, brought my hand down upon his tender flesh with great force; he writhed and screamed and begged, but I did not pause a second until I had given him six blows, when I stopped a moment and told him how sorry I was to whip him so hard.

"Papa! papa!" he sobbed out, "please don't whip me any more, and I won't ever tell another lie."

But I did not heed him until I had given him five more blows. Having whipped him sufficiently, I kissed him, and asked him to kiss me, which he did without any apparent reluctance.

"Do you think papa has whipped you any harder than he ought to?" I said.

"No, sir," was the prompt but sobbing answer.

"Don't you think he would have done wrong if he hadn't punished you very hard?" I asked, to assure myself that he was satisfied that I had done perfectly right.

"Yes, sir," he answered, and I felt that I had done my work well.

Two hours later he was kneeling by his bed saying his evening prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc. When he had finished it, he turned to his nurse and said, "That's my *taught* prayer, but I've got a prayer of *my own*, and I'm going to say it to-night and ever so many nights."

Folding his hands again, he began, "My Father up in heaven, please forgive my papa for striking so heavy, and make him grow good like Freddie's papa."

From an adjoining room, the door of which stood ajar, I overheard my child's petition for me, and my soul was at once in trouble. That prayer of his own, that followed his "taught prayer," was to me a revelation, a revelation of the fact that even while smarting under my blows he had told two falsehoods as serious as the one for which I whipped him. I thought of my questions and his answers: "Do you think papa has whipped you any harder than he ought to?" "No, sir." "Don't you think he would have done wrong if he hadn't whipped you very hard?" "Yes, sir." Oh, that "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," how they looked to me in the light of my child's prayer! And I, by the heavy blows of my hand, had taught him deceit.

It may be said that it was not the whipping, but the questions I put to him, that led him into new sin. Ah, but the whipping had produced no moral effect whatever—on the contrary, it had prepared him to frame any lie that would have the appearance of truth and satisfy me, and "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," were easily said.

I decided that night that if my child ever told another falsehood, his punishment should not be such as to appeal to his worst fears, and that I would never whip him again for anything, but seek *a more excellent way*. Enlightened and softened, I knelt down and asked God to hear my Harry's little prayer and forgive me "for striking so heavy," and make me "grow good like Freddie's papa."

Two weeks from that day the lips that had moved in prayer for me were closed, and the little body that I had been guilty of "striking so heavy" was cold, helpless clay. I believe that God's loving hand had led him out of this life into the other, but I wept as only a *man* can weep, and wondered at the blindness that, until almost the close of his life, had hidden from me the truth that *there is no cleansing, curative power in brute force*. I wondered, too, how any man who had read the New Testament, and received the knowledge of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, could beat the flesh of his child to make him love the truth and to strengthen him in goodness.

As I stood gazing at all that was left of my beautiful boy, his cries and entreaties and promises, under the blows of my hand, sounded in my ears, and again was borne back to me his prayer:

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"My Father up in heaven, please to forgive my papa for striking so heavy, and make him grow good like Freddie's papa." He was buried out of my sight—but, no, not out of my sight, for to this day I see his agonized face, and hear him cry out, "Papa, please don't whip me any more, and I won't ever tell another lie."

He had been in his grave only a few days when I poured out my heart to "Freddie's papa," and asked him to teach me how to "grow good." He then told me that he had "long known what my system of discipline was, and had sometimes thought he would venture to offer me a few hints, but that he was reluctant to be a busybody in other men's matters." He had "brought up four boys," he said, "and had never struck one of them a blow. He was himself whipped severely when a child, almost to the ruin of his character, and the memory of his boyhood had made him a wise father."

It was not long before my Willie, then three years old, indignantly upset his plate on the table-cloth because I refused him something that I knew would hurt him. That was a display of temper that I dare not let pass unpunished, but I did not whip my child, for I had accepted the system of discipline that Freddie's papa had used so successfully. I rose quietly and took up my boy's high-chair, with him in it, and set it in the corner of the room, saying in a decided but gentle voice, "You can not eat breakfast with us this morning, Willie, you have been such a naughty boy, and all the breakfast I shall allow you is a slice of dry bread." He rebelled at first, but I took no notice of it, for I did not want to punish him for too many things at once. In a few minutes the crying and kicking ceased, and he reached out his hand and took the bread I had placed near him. It gave me no little satisfaction that it was not with brute force but with a humane punishment I accomplished my object. All after-displays of temper or stubbornness I met with as serious a punishment, but never with blows.

When Willie was six years old he told me a falsehood. It was a bright summer morning, and I had planned a ride for him and his mother, when a servant came in and told me of something he had said. I inquired into it, and found that my child had been untruthful. It was only nine o'clock in the morning, but I decided to have him spend the day alone. I took him up stairs, and with a face and a voice that expressed my sense of the sin of a falsehood, and my sorrow that my child had told one, I talked with him for some time about what he had done; I then said to him, "Now, Willie, you must stay alone in this room all day; I've locked up your playroom, and I can not let you have anything to play with, or let any one come in here to stay with you."

"Can't I come down to tea?" he asked.

"No, my son; I shall send you something to eat at dinner-time and at tea-time, but you can't come down stairs again till to-morrow morning. I shall come in again to-night, when it is time for you to say your evening prayer and go to your bed. Your mother will come in, too. We don't feel angry at you, but we are very much distressed that our little Willie has told a lie, and we must punish him." I went out of the room and turned the key, leaving my child to be made better by one of the best and most humane punishments ever devised for falsehood. It was a long day for me, and also for Willie's mother. She did not touch her piano; and the flute, with which I was accustomed to rest myself every day after dinner, lay in its place untouched, and our child knew the reason why.

He long felt the moral effect of his punishment. I can not say he never told another lie, but as he was always punished in this rational, kind way, and not in a way that inspired terror, he grew to be truth-loving and frank and sincere. Incredible as it may seem to many fathers who know no other punishment than whipping, and believe that there is no other that is efficacious, my boy kept a promise he made me to come and tell me whenever he failed to speak the truth.

My wife and I have great joy in the boy. He is still a child, with a child's faults and imperfections, many of which we think it wise to let pass with little or no notice, but we see continually the good effects of discarding *brute force*, and learning *a more excellent way*.

And I thank my God, who gave me the child, that he made me wise, and showed me this more excellent way before I had blunted my boy's finer sensibilities and destroyed his moral sense. His mother thanks God with me, but she sighs with me, too, for neither of us can forget that our Harry died before we learned the more excellent way. Sometimes I think she is more self-reproachful than I.

"I was a pleasure-loving woman," she often says, "and I would not take the time and trouble to punish him humanely and rationally. I either whipped him myself, or took the easier way and handed him over to you for punishment, and I was often the cause of his heaviest blows."

But I tell her that what has been done can not be undone, and that we must solace ourselves by trying to win others to *the more excellent way*.

A. A. G.

TO-DAY.

BY A. W. BOSTWICK.

Up, sluggard, lift thy drowsy head,
'Tis time thy work were well begun!
Those seams of gold, those veins of red,
Are heralds of the rising sun!
Away, and take thy rusting plow!
Upturn the fertile fields of clay!
There is no time for toil but *now*—
No promise leans beyond TO-DAY.

Thou child of Genius—gifted one—
Come forth, the quarry waits thy tread;
The form thou seest in the stone
Must rise from out her rocky bed!
Take up thy chisel, backward throw
The folds that on her bosom weigh,
And bid her lips with beauty glow!
This is thy work—begin TO-DAY.

Miner within the cells of Thought,
Come from thy dream-beclouded land!
Fair Truth is waiting to be caught
And tutored by thy cunning hand!
Gather the random shafts of light
That fall unheeded on thy way,
And pierce the forehead of the night!
Arouse, begin thy work TO-DAY.

On Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—*Spurzheim.*

INTELLECT, NORTH AND SOUTH.

THE *Fireside and Field* says, "One of the favorite theories of Dr. Nott, of Mobile, is, that the warm climate of the Southern States seriously retards the progress of intellectual attainments and literary pursuits. In the February number of *De Bow's Review* we find an article from Dr. N. upon the 'Characteristics of the Negro Races—their future at the South—white labor in its conflict with black—adaptation of the South to immigration, and its splendid fields to future enterprise,' in which he recurs to his theory of the effect of climate on literary culture in the following language:

"'It must be confessed, however, that the climate of the Gulf States particularly is unfavorable to mental cultivation and high intellectual development. The people are full of genius, courage, chivalry, and all the high qualities that adorn humanity. Such characters as General Washington, Patrick Henry, Stonewall Jackson, General Lee, the Lowndes, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, and many others of the South, can no more be grown in extreme northern latitudes than cotton, sugar, pineapples, and oranges, and yet the heat of the climate for four months of the year puts a stop to steady, plodding, intellectual labor, and the South, in my opinion, will never equal the North in profound learning and general literary attainment. Too much time is lost out of each year to keep up in the race.'"

The *F. and F.* adds: "Père Bouhours once asked, seriously, if a German could be a *bel esprit?* The query drew, in reply, a ponderous volume from Kramer, which, however, did not prevent the custom, which for some time prevailed among English and French writers of alluding to German authors as being dull, heavy, and without spirit or genius. Numberless almost are the excellent performances which have since appeared, far more effectually answering Bouhours' question in the affirmative than did the volume of Kramer.

"Nothing that we might say could practically disprove Dr. Nott's rather broad assertion, but we are hopeful and confident in leaving the answer to the literary progress upon which the South has just started, and at some time, after Dr. N. and this penman shall have dropped out of the 'race' into our graves, perhaps the answer will thunder upon the world, making many a province of the great republic of letters which now boastfully looks down upon us, tremble in their weakness and glittering littleness. There will be more than one proud verification of Churchill's truthful saying, 'that genius is independent of situation,'

'And may hereafter even in Holland rise.'"

The North is the land of labor; the South is the land of luxury. Here, we work from stern necessity, nature showing us no special favors. There, where nature produces everything necessary for the support of life almost spontaneously, there is less occasion to grow and house crops for winter. Here, one must *exert* himself to obtain the means of support; there, he may almost subsist on the fruits, roots, nuts, and game within easy reach. Here, the winters are long and cold; there, they are open and *not* cold. Here, vigorous action of body and mind are indispensable; there, recreation, repose, and the more sensuous enjoyments are the rule.

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PORTRAIT OF HENRY T. BUCKLE.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

Mr. Buckle had the mental-vital temperament. His brain was large, even massive, the intellectual region being greatly developed. Firmness and Self-Esteem were large, giving him positiveness and independence in thought and expression. Cautiousness and Secretiveness were moderate, rendering him not remarkable for shrewdness and policy. He was more a reasoner than an observer; his large Causality and Comparison gave him character for comprehensive thought and critical investigation. He was orderly and clear in statement and possessed a good memory. His Combativeness appears to have been well developed, and of that character which tends to provoke discussion. He evidently placed a high estimate upon his own opinions. Human Nature is conspicuous, Benevolence was large, and Veneration was moderate. That is an open, unconcealed, and outspoken countenance.

Henry Thomas Buckle was born at Lee, England, November 24, 1822. His father, being a wealthy merchant, educated him liberally. In 1840 his father died, leaving an ample fortune, which enabled him to indulge a natural taste for study. In 1857 he published the first part of the work which renders his name distinguished, the "History of Civilization in England," and later, in 1861, a second volume appeared. So secluded had been his life, and so assiduous his application, that Mr. Buckle's health became impaired to such a degree that he died May 28, 1862, at Damascus, Syria, while on an Eastern tour for his health. His work is regarded as of standard value by many, but it is severely criticised by others.—*New Physiognomy.*

FROM THE GERMAN.

By every casement swaying, singing,
Lonely bird with breast of flame,
Love within the casement bringing
Music—fire—one morning came.

Eyes that beam, and tones that sadden
All our life—why speak the rest?
Cruel bird, to wound and madden
Still a pure and loving breast.

CANTON, N. Y., *May*, 1866. HELEN RICH.

ANTOINE PROBST.

MURDERER OF THE DEERING FAMILY.

Antoine Probst, the murderer of the Deering family, whose name excites a thrill of horror, was born in Germany about the year 1841; came to this country in May, 1863, and had scarcely set his foot on shore at Castle Garden before he was induced by some substitute broker to enlist. He joined the Twelfth New York Cavalry. Military service, however, had no charms for him, except so far as pay and bounty were concerned; he deserted five weeks after his enlistment, and made his way from Washington to Philadelphia. Here, not finding any employment to his liking, he enlisted again, this time in the Forty-first New York Regiment, and with it went to South Carolina. Nine months' service appears to have been sustained this time before he deserted again. His regiment having been ordered to Washington, he found opportunity to quietly leave it and return to Philadelphia. A third time he enlisted, and became a private in the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and served until his discharge in the spring of 1865. After that he seems to have done little or nothing besides lounging about, the money obtained by his treacherous military operations probably conducing to his idleness, until his employment by Mr. Deering. The details of that terrible butchery which has rendered Probst infamously notorious are too well known to require reiteration, and in fact they are too revolting to be laid before our readers. The motive of the murderer was the obtaining possession of what money Mr. Deering was supposed to have at home.

Phrenologically considered, the organization of Probst is coarse and low, both in respect to the mental and the physical structure. He is heavily built, with rather too much flesh, inclined to adipose. His head is quite small compared with his body, and the cranial development is altogether preponderant on the side of animality. Hence the intellectual manifestations are slow, dull, and vapid. If any force or sprightliness are exhibited, they are mainly in line of the sensual—eating, drinking, carousing—or in the rougher kinds of manual labor. The forehead is low—the whole moral region lacking in breadth and height, while the basilar organs of the side and back head are generally large and predominating. The reflectives are larger than the perceptives, and taken in combination with his dull temperament and large Firmness, Cautiousness, Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, and fair Constructiveness, serve to render him a slow, reticent, cunning, designing person. Had he a well-developed top-head, the moral qualities to exercise a restraining and regulating influence over his lower nature, we would find a fair balance, but as it is, the organization is uneven and discordant. The religious feelings and the moral sentiments being weak, the physical and gross propensities are active and controlling. His martial career has shown him to be more cowardly than courageous—deficient in integrity and manliness—eager to get gain, and stolid as to the consequences of criminality. That his moral perceptions are blunted is evident from the fact that when the jury gave their verdict of *guilty of murder in the first degree*, he manifested the utmost indifference; and subsequently, when his death-warrant was read to him, he heard it with astonishing impassiveness.

PORTRAIT OF ANTOINE PROBST.

We might in conclusion here offer a new commentary on the effects of birth, education, and association upon the human organization, but it is unnecessary, the melancholy illustration before us affords a moral too striking for mere words to express.

Mr. John L. Capen, of Philadelphia, furnished the editor of the *Inquirer* a more elaborate description of this low, ignorant, and most brutal of murderers, who confesses to the killing of seven persons, as follows: Christopher Deering, aged 38 years; also his wife, Julia Deering, aged 45 years; their son, John Deering, aged 8 years; their son, Thomas Deering, aged 6 years; their daughter, Emily Deering, aged 2 years; his niece, Elizabeth Dolan, aged 25 years; and Cornelius Carey, aged 17 years.

The Great Mystery.—The body is to die; so much is certain. What lies beyond? No one who passes the charmed boundary comes back to tell. The imagination visits the realm of shadows—sent out from some window in the soul over life's restless waters, but wings its way wearily back, with an olive leaf in its beak as a token of emerging life beyond the closely bending horizon. The great sun comes and goes in the heaven, yet breathes no secret of the ethereal wilderness; the crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no message and displays no signals. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds, but we catch no syllable of their countersign which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Between this and the other life is a great gulf fixed, across which neither eye nor foot can travel. The gentle friend, whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in her wonder-stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart, but her lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her.

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NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

"'You are constantly afraid,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'that some knot or loop will give way, and place the individual before you in all the primitive simplicity of Paradise,' reminding us of the wardrobe of Jenny Sutton, of whom Morris sweetly sings:

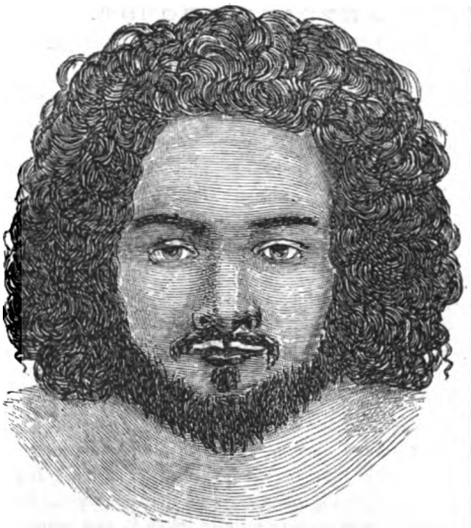
'One single pin at night let loose
The robes which vailed her beauty.'

Personal experience led the same writer to conclude that, like their poverty, the wit and humor of the Irish was not exaggerated. 'I gave a fellow a shilling,' he says, 'on some occasion when sixpence was the fee. "Remember you owe me sixpence, Pat." "May your honor live till I pay you!" While a Scotchman,' he continues, 'is thinking about the term-day, or if easy on that subject, about hell in the next world; while an Englishman is making a little hell in the present because his muffin is not well roasted, Pat's mind is almost always turned to fun and ridicule. They are terribly excitable, to be sure, and will murder you on slight suspicion, and find out next day that it was all a mistake, and that it was not yourself they meant to kill at all at all.' In allusion to some of these national characteristics, it has been said with a mixture of truth and paradox, that an Englishman is never happy but when he is *miserable;* a Scotchman never at home but when he is abroad; and an Irishman never at peace but when he is *fighting*. Again, the economical habits of our countrymen are amusingly referred to in the following anecdote, which also embraces a comparative estimate of the English and Irish character. When a celebrated Scottish nobleman was ambassador at the court of France, the king, being anxious to learn the character of our nation—*tria juncta in uno*—inquired how an Englishman would be found after a hard-fought battle. 'Sleeping away the fatigues of the day,' replied the ambassador. 'Very prudently,' rejoined his majesty. 'And the Irishman?' 'Drinking away the fatigues of the day,' was the answer. 'Good,' said the monarch; 'and now,' he continued, 'your own countryman, the bonny Scot?' 'Why, your Majesty, I ken Sandy's humor; he'd be just darning his stockings, and thinking of the siller he would save.'"

The Englishman is surly, the Irishman witty, the Scot is fond of the lucre.

OVER-WORK OF THE BRAIN.—Dr. Richardson, in a late number of the *Social Science Review*, says:

"Men of letters, men of business who do their business through other hands and do great business, and men immersed in politics, induce in themselves the following maladies: Cardiac melancholy, or broken heart; dyspepsia, accompanied with great loss of phosphorus from the body; diabetes, consumption, paralysis, local and general; apoplexy, insanity, premature old age. They also suffer more than other men from the effects of ordinary disorders. They bear pain indifferently, can tolerate no lowering measures, are left long prostrate by simple depressing maladies, and acquire in some instances a morbid sensibility which is reflected in every direction, so that briskness of action becomes irritability, and quiet, seclusion and moroseness. They dislike themselves, and feel that they must be disliked; and if they attempt to be joyous, they lapse into shame at having dissembled, and fall again into gloom."



A MATABOULAI.

THE TONGA ISLANDERS.

THE Tonga Islands, formerly called the Friendly Islands, of which Tongataboo is one of the largest, are inhabited by a tribe of people nearly resembling the New Zealanders. Their language, according to Mr. Anderson, bears the greatest affinity imaginable to the idiom of that people.

In their physical character they are described as seldom above the common stature, of strong and stout form, great muscular strength rather than beauty, and not subject to the obesity which is observed among the Tahitians. "Their features," says Mr. Anderson, "are very various, insomuch that it is scarcely possible to fix on any general likeness by which to characterize them, unless it be a fullness at the point of the nose, which is very common. But, on the other hand, we met with hundreds of truly European faces, and many genuine Roman noses among them. Few of them have any uncommon thickness about the lips. The women have less of the appearance of feminine delicacy than those of most other nations. The general color is a cast deeper than the copper-brown; but several of the men and women have a true olive complexion, and some of the last are even a great deal fairer. This, we are told, is the case principally among the better classes, who are less exposed to the sun. Among the bulk of the people, the skin is more commonly of a dull hue, with some degree of roughness. There are some albinos among them.

"Their hair is in general straight, thick, and strong, though a few have it bushy and frizzled. The natural color, I believe almost without exception, is black; but some stain it brown, purple, or of an orange cast. In this custom they resemble the islanders to the northward of the New Hebrides."

The Tonga Islanders are divided into several distinct hereditary castes, to whom different offices are appropriated by fixed institutions. One of these castes are the Mataboulais, who are a sort of middle class, below the *Egais*, or nobles, but above the common people. The cut gives the portrait of a Mataboulai, from M. d'Urville's collection. It displays the character which the hair assumes in many of the tribes of the Southern Ocean.

FRUIT-CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.

THE PINE HILLS OF GEORGIA.

THE attention of the rural population of the South has hitherto been directed almost exclusively to the production of the great staples of that section—Cotton, Rice, Corn, and Sugar. These have always been, and will continue to be, profitable crops, and for large portions of the Sea-board Southern States they are doubtless better suited than any others; but those who entertain the notion that these States have no other important resources, are laboring under a very great mistake. Their immense undeveloped mineral deposits, when brought to light by the capital, skill, and energy which are now certain to be attracted thither, will astonish the Southern people themselves quite as much as the rest of the world. The almost unlimited water power now running to waste in every part of the middle and upper country, in the very neighborhood of the finest cotton-fields in the world and the best ranges for sheep, will ultimately make these regions rivals with whom New England will find it difficult to compete in cotton and woolen manufactures. It is not my purpose, however, to dwell on these points. There is another source of national as well as of individual wealth open to the South, which has been even more completely overlooked than either of those just mentioned, and it is to that which I desire to call special attention. I allude to fruit-culture.

It has been generally believed, even by the Southerners themselves, that the South is not adapted to the production of fruits. The apple and the pear, particularly, it was said, will not succeed there, and actual experiment was supposed to furnish a sufficient ground for the reiterated assertion.

Now and then a farmer would plant a few fruit trees in an "old field" (with no reference to a proper selection of varieties), or a few vines about his house, and leave them (unlike his cotton and his corn) to take care of themselves, which of course they failed to do; and as they did not thrive under this neglect, fruit-growing was pronounced impracticable.

Eventually a few enterprising individuals, less devoted to cotton and more enlightened in horticulture, set about the work of fruit-culture in earnest, and, pursuing a rational method, attained a degree of success which surprised even themselves. Especially was this the case in the "Middle Country," comprising the undulating and hilly regions of South Carolina and Georgia. The immense return realized by some of these pioneers in fruit-culture from their orchards and vineyards stimulated others, and led to the planting of numerous fruit-farms in particular localities, and the business, when intelligently carried on, has never failed to be exceedingly profitable. The adaptation of the South, so far at least as the regions just named is concerned, was demonstrated beyond all cavil; but the Southern people are not prone to adopt new systems, methods, or pursuits, and, with all its attractions and golden promises, fruit-culture has made but little progress beyond the few isolated neighborhoods in which it originated. The hills and

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valleys of the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama invite now the enterprise, the knowledge, the skill, and the industry of the Northern and the European emigrant. They need but these to become the fruit-gardens of the world. The country is open to us; no institution antagonistic to free labor exists; and the people generally will welcome us and join with us in the work.

THE PINE HILLS.

Having lately visited Middle Georgia for the special purpose of examining the country with reference to fruit-culture, many readers of the JOURNAL may be interested in a brief description of the particular region finally decided upon as, all things considered, best adapted to the wants of a fruit-grower or a settlement of fruit-growers of any in the State or in the South.

The region particularly referred to here (though the description will apply in the main to a large part of Middle Georgia) comprises portions of the Counties of Richmond and Columbia, and is intersected by the Georgia Railway, which connects Augusta with Atlanta.

Leaving Augusta, the eastern terminus of this railway, which is situated on the level plain bordering the Savannah River, we soon begin to ascend, and at the distance of ten miles from the city are fairly among the Pine Hills.

FACE OF THE COUNTRY.

I have given this region the name of "Pine Hills," in contradistinction from the more extensive pine lands of the "Low Country," which are quite level. The face of the country is, however, what may be most correctly described as undulating, the elevations reaching an altitude of three hundred feet above the river. The hill-sides slope gradually, are susceptible of easy cultivation, and eminently adapted to vineyards. On their summits we generally find a plateau of from ten to a hundred acres or more in extent, and well suited to orchards. The valleys, though sometimes of considerable extent, are generally narrow, with a stream of water running through them. The hill-sides and valleys abound in springs. The scenery is pleasant, and in some cases quite picturesque and beautiful.

SOIL.

The soil is sandy. On the hills it is light colored and only moderately fertile. In the valleys it is darker and richer, and some of the bottom-lands bordering the creeks can boast a soil equal to that of the river valleys of the West. The subsoil is mainly a red clay lying at various depths below the surface. Below the red clay, which is of a comparatively coarse texture, are found, in some localities, immense beds of *kaolin* or porcelain clay of the finest quality, in some cases perfectly white and in others beautifully variegated. Here, it may be incidentally mentioned, may be found scope for the profitable employment of the potter's art, for this *kaolin* has been pronounced equal if not superior to that of which the famous Staffordshire ware is made in England.

WATER.

This region is watered by the Uchee Creek, Rae's Creek, and other tributaries of the Savannah, and all the streams furnish clear, soft running water. The water of the numerous springs is remarkably clear and pure, except in the few cases, in certain localities, in which it is impregnated with iron.

FOREST GROWTH.

The original growth on the hills is the magnificent long-leafed pine of the South—the monarch of the semi-tropical forest—known in its manufactured state to the lumber-dealer and builder of the North as the "Southern pine." Where this growth has been either wholly or partially removed by the lumberman, as is the case very generally in the immediate neighborhood of the railway, and the land not brought into cultivation, there has sprung up a growth of oaks of various species, but mainly of dwarfish habit, which contrast strongly both in size and in the color of their foliage with the dark, gigantic pines which here and there overshadow them.

In the bottom-lands which border the creeks, water-oak, hickory, maple, ash, sweet gum, black gum, and other deciduous trees form the principal growth, though there is often a mixture of swamp pines with them. The Bullace or Muscadine grapevines abound everywhere, both on the hills and in the valleys.

SPONTANEOUS PRODUCTIONS.

Chickasaw plums (some of them excellent); persimmons; pawpaws (sometimes called "wild bananas" and one of the richest and most delicious of fruits); grapes; mulberries; blackberries; whortleberries; "May pops;" black walnuts, and hickory-nuts are among the spontaneous productions of the soil, to which may be added many plants used in medicine and the arts, and countless wild flowers, some of which have never been described by the botanist.

CULTIVATED CROPS.

The principal crops hitherto cultivated here are cotton, corn, Chinese sugar-cane, field peas, sweet potatoes, and Irish potatoes, with some wheat and rye and the ordinary garden vegetables. Peaches and figs grow almost spontaneously and are found on every farm; but in general little attention has been paid to them.

FRUIT-GROWING.

The cultivation of fruits is not, however, an untried experiment in the region of which I am writing. Mr. L. E. Berckmans, the distinguished Belgian pomologist, after having been engaged in fruit-culture—making the pear, however, his specialty—for fifty years, first in Europe and afterward in New Jersey, finally selected a place here as the scene of his future labors; and Mr. D. Redmond, one of the leading pomologists of the South, and well-known as for many years the editor and publisher of the *Southern Cultivator*, is so well convinced of the superior advantages of this locality that he is preparing to plant five or six hundred acres with fruit-trees and grapevines; and this after an experience here of more than fifteen years. I may add that the finest orchard, without exception, that I have ever seen, North or South, is in the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Redmond's present fruit-farm. It consists of peach, apple, and pear trees, all in the most perfect condition and in full bearing. It is a sight worth traveling many miles to see. Its proprietor is a Northern man who has brought his Yankee energy, industry, and skill to bear upon this generous Southern soil.

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES.

Nearly all the fruits of the temperate zone may be advantageously grown here. The cherry, the gooseberry, and the currant are perhaps partial exceptions. The grape, the peach, and the strawberry reach here a degree of excellence in sweetness and flavor utterly unknown in colder climates.

Strawberries may, by proper management, be kept in bearing for four or five months in succession, and sometimes they ripen in mid-winter. If planted in the fall they produce a good crop the next spring, commencing to ripen about the first week in April. They sell readily, in the markets of Augusta, Atlanta, Savannah, and Charleston, at from 25 cents to $1 per quart, and the supply has never yet equaled the demand; and they may even be sent to Nashville and Louisville.

Peach trees, in this climate, come into full bearing the third year from the bud; and I even saw trees in the nursery rows on Mr. Redmond's farm only two years old from the bud with peaches on them. They can be prevented from bearing only by nipping off the fruit. Peaches, carefully packed in crates, are sent from the neighborhood of Augusta to New York, the earliest varieties reaching this market from the twentieth to the twenty-fifth of June, and commanding at first as high as from $15 to $20 per bushel. An average of at least $5 may reasonably be counted upon. Once properly planted, one hand can cultivate from thirty to forty acres, extra help of course being required to gather and pack the fruit.

Apples and pears will probably prove even more profitable crops than peaches, as they are not liable to be cut off by late frosts, as the peach sometimes is even in this climate. They have, however, as yet been less extensively cultivated.

Grape-culture has been proved to be immensely profitable, a good and properly managed vineyard yielding an income of at least $600 per acre. One hand can attend from five to ten acres. The rot has affected the Catawba here as elsewhere of late, but the Scuppernong, the Clinton, the Concord, and some other varieties have never failed.

The fig, that exquisite luxury of the South, so luscious and so nutritious, grows freely in the open air, bearing from *two to three crops annually*, and *never* failing. They require little attention. Here a man may literally "sit under his own vine and fig tree, with no one to molest or make him afraid."

CLIMATE.

The climate is mild, equable, and in the highest degree salubrious. No more healthful region, I confidently assert, can be found anywhere, either in America or in Europe. The fall and winter are absolutely delightful, and may be compared to a perpetual "Indian Summer," the heat of the true summer being then "tempered into a mild deliciousness." The work of the farmer is here never interrupted by deep snows or a frozen soil, and his heaviest labor is performed during the winter. In summer, the temperature is pretty high during the day, but on these breezy hills, not oppressive, and the nights are invariably cool.

DISPOSITION OF THE PEOPLE.

The country I have described is rather sparsely settled, the lands not being so well adapted to cotton as those of many other portions of the State. The people generally are quiet, peaceable, and well-disposed toward immigrants from the North or from Europe. Sensible and industrious persons who are disposed to settle here, and manifest a conciliatory spirit and a decent respect for the feelings and opinions of their neighbors, will receive a cordial welcome and a generous encouragement from the resident population.

CHEAP FARMS.

The breaking up of the old system of labor, necessitating a change in the methods formerly pursued in agriculture, together with the general impoverishment of the people, has thrown a great deal of land into the market and reduced prices to a very low figure. In the immediate vicinity of the railway, and within fifteen or twenty miles of Augusta, land admirably adapted to fruit-culture, market gardening, or general farming can be bought at from $10 to $12 per acre. Farther from the railway, it may be had at still lower prices. The tendency, however, is already upward, and these lands will soon command much higher prices, and especially will this be the case on the line of the railway. The greatest drawback to persons of small means is the fact that land is generally for sale only in larger tracts than such persons would wish to purchase; but this difficulty may readily be overcome by several persons combining to buy a tract and then dividing it to suit themselves. Those who are contemplating emigration to the "Sunny South," and especially fruit-growers and market-gardeners, will do well to investigate the claims of the PINE HILLS OF GEORGIA.

D. H. JACQUES.

389 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

IMPRESSIONS.—The coming and going of the thoughts of the mind, the mysterious manner in which they sometimes break in upon us, fill us with inquiring wonder. But when we ascend to the spiritual, how greatly is that wonder increased: "Often deep spiritual impressions come most unexpectedly. It is night; the toils of the day are over, and the man has retired to rest. All is dark, lonely, and silent around him; the doors are fastened, and, with conscious security, he sinks into repose. But, see! a vision approaches; it halts right before his eyes; it illumines midnight with its brightness; it breaks the silence with its voice, and delivers a message from the Everlasting. What a symbol is this of a spiritual thought! It often comes into the chamber of a man's soul at night on his bed, breaks his slumbers, and shakes his spirit to its center. Nothing can exclude it—no walls, gates, bolts, nor locks can shut out a thought. He who made the mind knows its every avenue, and can reach it whenever and however he pleases."

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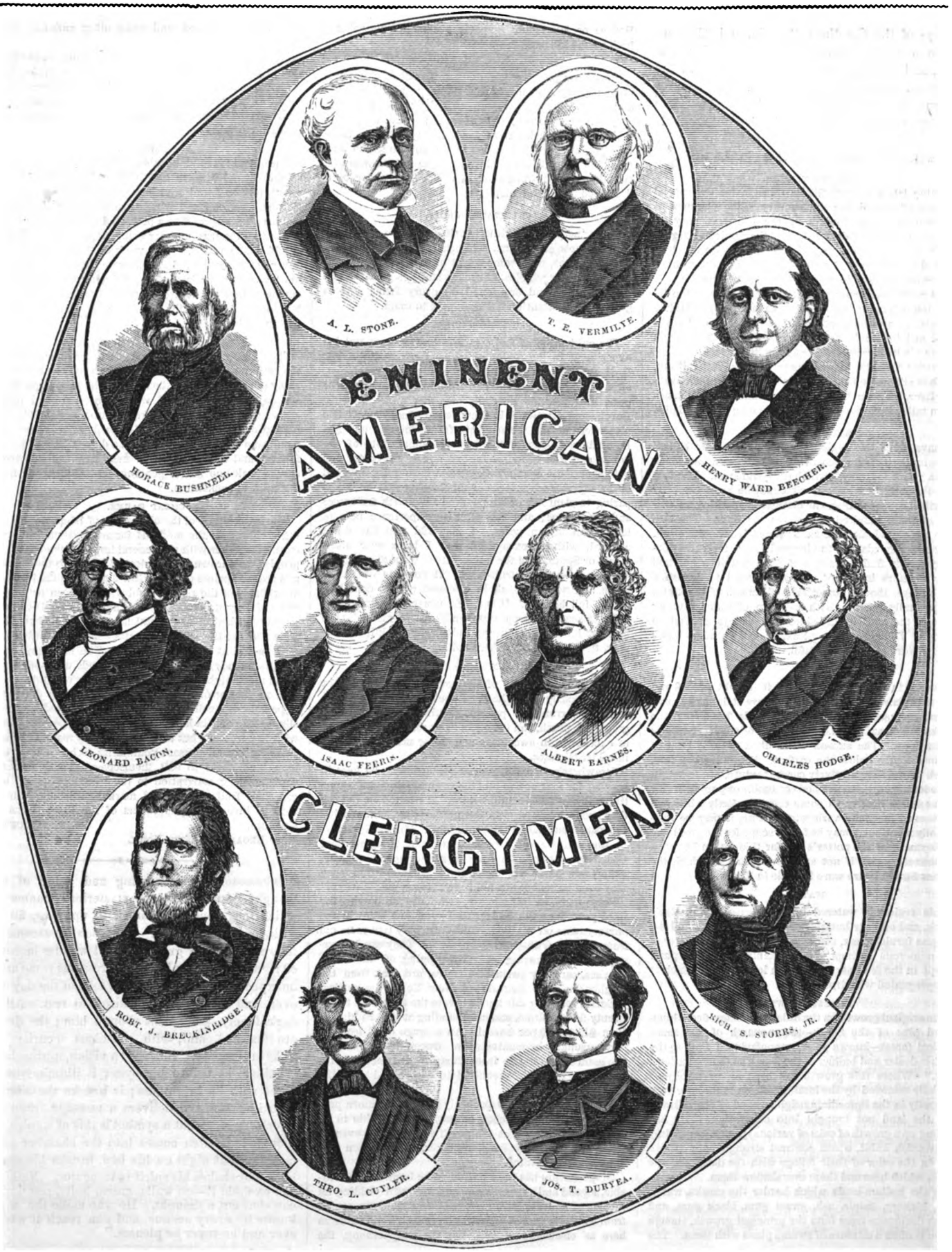

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OUR EMINENT DIVINES,

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, WITH PORTRAITS.

ALBERT BARNES, D.D., distinguished as a pulpit orator and widely known as an author, was born in Rome, N. Y., December 1, 1798. In his youth he worked in his father's tannery, but conceiving a desire for the legal profession he commenced the study of law at home. In 1817 he entered Fairfield Academy, Connecticut, and continued there nearly three years, supporting himself by teaching school during the winter months. In 1819 he entered the senior class of Hamilton College, N. Y., and graduated in July, 1820. While at college, his intention was altered in regard to a pursuit; becoming a zealous convert to Christianity, he turned his attention and efforts toward the ministry, entered the seminary at Princeton, N. J., and after a thorough course of training, was in April, 1823, licensed to preach by the presbytery of New Brunswick, N. J. After preaching in various places he was ordained and installed February 25, 1825, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Morristown, N. J. His ministry in Morristown continued five years, and was highly prosperous. In 1830 he accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, and was duly installed in its pulpit. There he has ably and successfully maintained his charge, though at times against strong opposition on the part of a majority in the presbytery and synod of Philadelphia who were opposed to his theological views. Mr. Barnes is a very voluminous Biblical commentator, and his writings have a more extensive circulation than those of any other American religious author. He also contributes largely to several religious periodicals. As a pulpit orator he is calm, bold, and impressive, and ranks with the first American divines.

ISAAC FERRIS, D.D., LL.D., the present chancellor of the University of the city of New York, was born in New York, in October, 1798. He is a descendant of an old family which settled in Fairfield, Connecticut, early in the seventeenth century. He was educated and prepared for college in this city, and graduated at Columbia College when not quite 18 years of age. After a year's experience as teacher of the classics, he entered the Theological Seminary of the Associate Reformed Church, and in May, 1820, being but 21½ years old, was licensed to preach. Early in the year 1821 he took charge of the Reformed Dutch Church at New Brunswick, an important pastorate for so young a man, and conducted it very successfully. In the fall of 1824 he removed to Albany, to become the pastor of the Second Dutch Church. Here he remained eleven years. In 1836 he was called to the pulpit of the Market Street Dutch Church, New York. This church he found very much reduced by internal distraction, but by pursuing an energetic but discriminate policy it soon became prosperous and vigorous. In November, 1852, he was appointed chancellor of the University. At this time that institution was pecuniarily involved to a large amount, but by judicious effort, mainly prosecuted by Dr. Ferris, the liabilities of the University were, in six months from the time he took the charge, successfully provided for. He received the degree of D.D. from Union College in 1834, and that of LL.D. from Columbia College in 1854. His published works are chiefly sermons and addresses. Rutgers Female Institute owes its existence in the main to his instrumentality. As a preacher he is clear, vigorous, and solid—commanding a position of eminence among American clergymen more by the depth and soundness of his learning than by mere rhetorical and popular graces.

CHARLES HODGE, D.D., a prominent clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, was born in Philadelphia, December 28, 1797. He obtained his literary and theological training at Princeton, from the seminary of which place he graduated in 1819. In 1820 he was appointed assistant professor, and 1822 full professor in that seminary. He now occupies the chair of didactic, exegetical, and polemic theology there. In 1826 he founded the 'Biblical Repertory and Princeton Review," and has conducted it up to the present time. His "Constitutional History of the Presbyterian Church" and "Way of Life" are the most read among his publications. Profoundly versed in theological erudition, he occupies a position for which all acknowledge him eminently adapted.

ANDREW L. STONE, D.D., was born in Oxford, Conn., November 25, 1815. His early education was received chiefly at home, but he studied for admission in college at the academies of Madison and Derby, Conn. He graduated with honor from Yale College in 1837, and subsequently became a teacher in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of New York city. While engaged thus he pursued a course of study in preparation for the ministry at the Union Theological Seminary. He was first installed as pastor of the South Congregational Church in Middletown, Conn., where he remained four years and a half, or until January, 1849, when he accepted a call to the Park Street Congregational Church in Boston, Mass. He very successfully conducted the ministry of that important society for seventeen years. In February of this year he bid adieu to the church which had become linked with his name, and soon after sailed for San Francisco, Cal., having accepted an invitation to assume the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of that city. He is one of the most attractive pulpit orators of the day, a strong reasoner, and at the same time rich in fancy and copious in illustration.

THOMAS E. VERMILYE, D.D., was born in New York city, February, 1803. His parentage is in part of Huguenot derivation. He completed a course of academic training at Yale College, and afterward studied divinity. He was for some years pastor of the principal Reformed Dutch Church in Albany, N. Y., from which he was called to the chief pastorate of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church in New York city, about 1839. Here he has remained ever since, pursuing his ministerial career with marked zeal and success. His church is said to be the oldest ecclesiastical organization on the continent of America.

LEONARD BACON, D.D., was born in Detroit, Michigan, February 19, 1802. His father was an Indian missionary from Connecticut, and the first settler of Tallmadge, Ohio. Dr. Bacon graduated from Yale College in 1820, and after a four years' course at the Andover Theological Seminary was installed pastor of the Centre Church, New Haven, Conn. This position he still occupies, a pastorate probably unequaled in duration. He is regarded as the champion of the religious denomination to which he belongs, the Congregational, both as a writer and pulpit orator. He has written an immense number of sermons, addresses, tracts, and doctrinal articles, contributing frequently to the prominent Congregational periodicals of the day. In the commencement of the late war Dr. Bacon strongly advocated anti-slavery views, although in that respect he can not be said to differ much from the general tendency of the New England clergy.

HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D., for many years pastor of the North Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn., was born at Washington, Conn., in 1802. His advantages for early education were not the best; he worked when a boy in a manufactory, but by dint of application prepared himself for college, and entered Yale, whence he graduated in 1827. Soon afterward he was engaged as literary editor of the *Journal of Commerce* of New York, a position which he held some time. In 1829 he became a tutor in Yale College, where he remained two years, at the same time studying theology and law. Early in 1833 the congregation with which he is now connected invited him to take its pastorate, which he did. In the course of his ministry he has written several books on theological subjects, besides contributing many philosophical and metaphysical essays to the literature of the day. Dr. Bushnell is remarkable in oratory for his dramatic expression, as well as for his imagination and pathos.

ROB'T J. BRECKINRIDGE, D.D., LL.D., was born at Cabell's Dale, Ky., March 8, 1800. After a thorough course of collegiate training he studied law and practiced in Kentucky for eight years. In 1832 he was ordained pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, in which connection he remained thirteen years, In 1845 he was elected to the presidency of Jefferson College, which position he held for two years, and then removed to Lexington, Ky., where he occupied the pulpit of the leading Presbyterian Church of that city. In 1853 he was elected professor in the new seminary at Danville, a position for which he has shown himself well qualified. As a minister he stands among the most distinguished in the denomination to which he is attached; certainly none exert more influence in the Presbyterian General Assembly. He was the main originator of the Kentucky common school system, the general superintendence of which he at one time held.

HENRY WARD BEECHER was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813. After completing a course of study at Amherst College, Massachusetts, he entered the Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, which was at that time under the direction of his father. Leaving the seminary in 1837, he became settled first as a Presbyterian minister at Lawrenceburg, Indiana. He remained there but two years, after which he removed to Indianapolis, where he continued until 1847, when he accepted a call from Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., a society of orthodox Congregationalists. With this church he is still connected. Mr. Beecher is very widely known as a writer and lecturer, having achieved a reputation for oratorical ability probably unsurpassed among habitues of the pulpit. He is one of the founders of the *Independent*, a prominent religious newspaper published in New York city. His congregation is said to be the largest in the United States.

THEODORE L. CUYLER, was born at Aurora, N. Y., January 10, 1822. His father was a young lawyer of much promise, but died early, when Theodore was a mere child of four years. Theodore was carefully educated, graduated from Princeton College in 1841, and after a season of travel in Europe completed a course of theological study at the Princeton Seminary. He was first called to the pulpit of a Presbyterian Church at Burlington, N. J., where he remained three years. He next successfully established a new church at Trenton, N. J. In 1853 he accepted a call to the pulpit of the Market Street Reformed Dutch Church, New York, where he remained until 1860, when he took charge of the new Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, in Brooklyn, and has been most successful in his ministry therein. His congregation is the largest of the denomination. As a preacher he excels in description and rhetorical effects. Mr. Cuyler is intimately identified with the cause of Temperance, both as a writer and speaker.

RICHARD SALTER STORRS, JR., D.D., was born at Braintree, Mass., August 21, 1821; graduated at Amherst College in 1839, and after a course of theological study at Andover Seminary was ordained pastor of the Harvard Congregational Church, Brookline, Mass., in 1845. He, however, remained but a year there, as in 1846 he assumed the charge of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y., where he still continues. As a speaker and writer he has acquired a superior reputation; his best known work is the "Graham Lectures." He has been associate editor of the *Independent* since its establishment in 1848. He is ornate and brilliant as a pulpit orator.

JOSEPH T. DURYEA, one of the pastors of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church in New York city, was born at Jamaica, L. I., December 9, 1834. He is of Huguenot descent. He received his early education in his native village, and subsequently entered Princeton College, New Jersey, where he graduated in 1856. Three years later he closed a theological course. In 1859 he was installed as the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church at Troy, where he remained three years; then receiving a call to the Collegiate Church he accepted it and came to New York. Although a young man he has already taken a leading position in the Christian ministry. Is dignified and graceful as a speaker and well known as a writer. He has shown much zeal in the different charitable and reformatory movements of the day, and was very earnest in working in the interest of the late Christian Commission.

We purpose to follow this with the portraits and biographical sketches of representative clergymen of other denominations.

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CHARACTERS.

ALBERT BARNES, D.D.

The first impression which the observer derives from an inspection of the countenance of this ecclesiastical celebrity is that of severe dignity. There is certainly much strength and sternness in his face, but, considering his age, and the severe mental toil of his life, due allowance must be made for the expression which profound meditation has engraven upon his countenance. His head is majestic in height. Veneration and Benevolence are magnificently proportioned, while Conscientiousness is strongly marked. The eyes manifest a depth of feeling and an earnestness of contemplation which is rarely to be met with. Earnestness and truthfulness would characterize his statements. Eloquence, too, would not be wanting to soften and round out his oratory. Honest in action, kind in motive, and devotional in sentiment—a more earnest, straight-forward, plain-spoken minister of the Gospel may not be found in the great field of theology.

ISAAC FERRIS, D.D., LL.D.

We may as well frankly admit that our engraving, in a great measure, fails to convey to our readers a truthful expression of the gentleman intended to be represented. In Dr. Ferris an air of serenity prevails. This distinguished man should be specially known for his mildness, calm dignity. There is considerable breadth between the anterior portions of the side-head which shows that he is not deficient in expedient, but rather disposed to arrange, construct, and adjust carefully even with mechanical precision whatever he may undertake. His head is large at Benevolence, and the whole forehead about the median line is strongly marked. Accuracy of statement should characterize his discourse; while a strict adherence to consistency would be manifest in all his operations. Firmness of purpose and thoroughness in the execution of his designs are also well indicated.

CHARLES HODGE, D.D.

Depth and breadth of thought corresponding with his breadth of brain should be a distinguishing feature of the mental qualities of this gentleman. The observing faculties are well developed. The whole expression of the countenance evinces a disposition strongly tending to thoughtfulness. A life of study has not been without its effects upon the facial expression. Good-nature, kindness, and geniality of humor should lubricate his whole nature. One can not gaze upon a countenance like this without feeling instinctively drawn toward it. Its mildness and benevolence inspire a most favorable impression, awakening a sentiment of ease in its presence and yet of respect for the talent and learning reflected through it. Dr. Hodge is not known to the world for any special brilliancy of intellect, but rather for profound erudition, the fruit of earnest and protracted study and application.

A. L. STONE, D.D.,

has a large head, especially in the upper part. The organs of Benevolence, Veneration, Firmness, Conscientiousness, Ideality, and Sublimity are specially large; Self-Esteem is also large, and Approbativeness not deficient. We should think that the ingredient of humor would be strongly exhibited in his sermons. The eyes appear to be bubbling over with fun. We say this with all due respect for the cloth, but we think it is *due* to the man. There is much of pure, intellectual enjoyment in religion, and religion without enjoyment becomes a skeleton of formal gravity—literal religion without the spirit. Dr. Stone should be eloquent; those large Perceptives which loom out even from our inferior engraving show the practical cast of his illustrations. He is not deficient in policy and mechanical judgment; to build up a church and to maintain it in successful operation should be a matter of comparative ease with him. And that he has been successful in his enterprises as a Christian minister is not at all wonderful when we consider the character of the man as deduced from an examination of his organization.

THOMAS E. VERMILYE, D.D.

Our very inferior engraving conveys no adequate idea of the true character of this eminent clergyman. Our artist has given him a very coarse expression, which was not warranted by the excellent photograph copied from. The head is considerably above the average in size and is broad rather than high and long. There is more breadth of thought intellectually than depth—that is, his philosophy takes a wider range and encompasses a broader field than the merely profound takes cognizance of. His is an emphatic, practical intellect. Kindness, mellowness, and geniality should mark the disposition. The full eyes betoken ease of expression and more than ordinary lingual ability. He should also be known for the practical nature of his efforts in the profession of which he is a member. He should be a working member of the household of faith as well as a zealous advocate of Christian principles.

LEONARD BACON, D.D.

The temperament of this gentleman indicates much of the vital or nutritive element. Not specially disposed to popularity, not inclined to court the favor of others, he would be known more for his steady, earnest zeal in the work which he felt called to do. He is evidently one of that class of ministers who stand firmly upon their own convictions of truth, and are unswervingly conscientious in their enunciations of it. The countenance exhibits this leading feature of his disposition. Fully impressed with the importance of his stewardship, he would go boldly forward in its performance. Yet there is no marked evidence of exclusiveness here; he would be much inclined to permit each one to act according to his best convictions of truth and duty. Dr. Bacon should be less likely to cherish prejudicial sentiments than many. Taste, care, and order should be strong characteristics pervading all his writings and discourses.

HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D.

This gentleman may be accounted one of the bulwarks of the denomination to which he is attached. He is rather spare in build and lacking somewhat in vital power. The mental temperament predominates. A close student, an earnest preacher, and a diligent worker, he has evidently given less attention to the nourishment of his physical forces than they might require. The deep-set eyes, and the forehead protuberant in the region of reflection, indicate the original thinker, the man of studious habits—the scholar. Possessing a finely cultivated intellect, richly stored with illustration and example, and possessing also a high-toned imagination, his discourses glow with graceful metaphor and delicate imagery. As an orator Dr. Bushnell probably stands first among New England clergymen. His style is clear, chaste, ornate, and winning. He is the Everett of pulpit orators.

ROBERT J. BRECKINRIDGE, D.D.

Professor Breckinridge possesses a fine moral development, especially in the region of Veneration, Conscientiousness, Benevolence, and Firmness. He may be said to be even rigid in his views on theological questions. Once having fairly taken his stand after serious consideration, he would not be the one to yield his position easily. For steadiness and zeal in effort he probably has no superior among clergymen. With a mind well stored with the teachings of theology, he is well calculated to impart instruction in the interest of his church. He has a fine nose of the Grecian order, and the features, despite their angular outline, are fine and delicate. The engraving shows very little of the softness of the photograph and imparts a severity to the look which does not properly belong to it. The outline of the forehead is well indicated, and conveys an apt idea of his intellectual superiority.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Good health, good-nature, indeed, a disposition brimful of vivacity and sprightliness, speak for themselves in this countenance. The large, full eyes indicate fertility of language and susceptibility of soul. The head expanded in the region of Ideality, Constructiveness, and Sublimity indicates power and breadth of imagination—a nature that can almost soar "untrodden heights." The whole face is well proportioned. The mouth, as shown in our portrait, is too large to correspond well with the original. Practical, yet theoretical; matter-of-fact, yet in some respects utopian, hearty and earnest, yet liberal and concessive, this able exponent of Congregationalism may be taken as an excellent type of American proficiency in the realm of pulpit oratory. Liberal, yet politic and prudent; steadfast, yet aspiring; strict and precise in whatever appertains to integrity and manliness, Henry Ward Beecher may well command respect for the influence which his character and talents universally exert.

THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Our engraving of this gentleman does not do him justice. Our artist has failed to impart any anything like the true expression to the countenance. Such as it is, however, it exhibits a strong mental temperament. The vital forces are scarcely sufficient to meet the constant demand of an over-active brain. From early youth Dr. Cuyler has shown an ardor and enterprise in his calling rarely equaled. In the earnestness of his efforts he has doubtless strained every nerve, mental and physical, and thus kept his vital forces much below par. Large Language is indicated in the eyes; strong perceptive power

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in the projecting eyebrows; large Mirthfulness and Ideality impart taste, imagination, and brilliancy to his style. Order is large; so with Constructiveness. Among the intellectual faculties, Comparison is doubtless the most influential. He has a fine moral development, which is broad rather than high. His is a working piety—that which exhibits itself in practical life and is known by its fruits.

RICHARD S. STORRS, JR., D.D.

Our portrait of this distinguished young minister gives him a plumper outline of face than he really possesses. We are struck specially with the fullness of the eyes, so strongly significant of oratorical ability. The head is high. Firmness, Veneration, Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Approbativeness, Ideality, Form, Comparison, and Locality are strongly marked. The propelling organs, too, are for the most part not deficient. As a preacher he should exhibit depth of thought, clearness, and symmetry, combined with imagination, taste, and a great deal of rhetorical ornament. Dr. Storrs is seen to possess the spirit of ambition to a considerable extent, which has spurred him forward to the attainment of a prominent and very influential position in his denomination. He may be accounted one of the most successful preachers of the day.

REV. JOSEPH T. DURYEA.

Although but a little over thirty years of age, this talented minister has attained a superior position in the Reformed Dutch Church. It may be questioned why we have classed him among our galaxy of pulpit worthies. It is because he having already achieved an elevation which ranks him with such men as Dr. Vermilye, he may well be acknowledged one of the flowers of the Church. The expression is winning, and evinces depth of soul, breadth of thought, and earnestness of motive. His nose, slightly inclined to the Roman, shows courage and fortitude; while the finely cut and full lips indicate warmth of affection and impulse. The full, broad forehead manifests reflective power, with more power to grasp the ideal and spiritual than to appreciate the merely external and physical. There is policy and caution enough indicated to render him guarded and prudent. He is also not wanting in executiveness and enthusiasm.

OUTLINES OF DOCTRINE.

THE Presbyterian, Congregational, and Reformed Dutch Churches do not differ essentially on points of doctrine, but mainly in matters of Church government and discipline. Their forms of public worship are much alike, and derived from the same general sources. In fact, so slight are the differences, other than their names, between these three religious organizations, that we frequently see clergymen changing from one to another of them. Besides, the utmost freedom of pulpit exchange exists between these denominations. On this account it is that we have arranged together in the foregoing engraving a few of the most distinguished representatives of each of these denominations.

Presbyterianism, as its name implies, is a system of church government by presbyteries, or associations of teaching and ruling elders. The presbytery is the leading judicatory; the whole care of the flock is committed to teaching elders or the ministers, and ruling elders or representatives of the congregation.

Congregationalism may be regarded as an outgrowth of Presbyterianism. Its internal structure is much the same, except that the Congregational churches are independent and several, each congregation being considered the source of all ecclesiastical power and privilege proper for its own administration. To be sure, there are associations and conferences formed from time to time among the churches, but they are for religious or benevolent purposes, and have no authority in matters appertaining to individual congregations. They may recommend, but can not command. They can advise, but their counsel is not binding. The modes of conducting public worship and of administering the sacraments in the Presbyterian and Congregational churches are similar. There is no prescribed liturgy; formal methods of religious service are for the most part discountenanced, as tending to produce levity and coldness in religious exercises.

The main ecclesiastical standards of the Presbyterian and Congregational churches are the Westminster confession of faith and catechisms. The Andover orthodox creed as derived from these may be taken comprehensively as a standard of the faith or belief of these churches.

The Reformed Dutch Church takes for her standards the Belgic confession of faith as adopted by the synod of Wesel in 1568, and the Heidelberg Catechism. This Church has a liturgy or forms for public worship and for administering the sacraments, but their use now appears to be a matter of volition with ministers. Her church government is analogous to that of the Presbyterian, her officers being ministers, elders, and deacons, and churches associate being subject to the authority of the classis or presbytery—a body formed of delegates from the several churches comprising a district; while the action of the classis is reviewable by the synod, a still higher representative body. Presbyterianism of the three approximates closest to Calvinism, or the faith originally transplanted to our soil by the Puritans, and may be regarded as the more rigid in matters of discipline.

New School Presbyterianism shades out from Old School Presbyterianism toward Congregationalism. The Reformed Dutch Church more nearly resembles the Lutheran.

TRUTH.—In order that all men may be taught to speak the truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of falsehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear and the dependent by interest. Those who are neither servile nor timorous are yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and while unjust demands of praise continue to be made, there will always be some whom hope, fear, or kindness will dispose to pay them.

A HANDFUL of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

REVERIE.

BY MRS. HELEN RICH.

LADY NORA, lowly lying
'Mid the crimson cushions rare;
On her lip regret is sighing—
On her bosom, dusky hair
Shades the gentle throat, and stealing
O'er the roses on her cheek
Bitter tears, alas! revealing
All her words refuse to speak.

Dimpled shoulders, white as glisten
Lilies sleeping on the tide;
Tones of sweetest music—listen!
'Tis a song of Love and Pride.
Note the eye's mute anguish—yearning
In the drooping lashes fine—
And the fever flashing, burning
Through the lips like ruby wine.

Little hands that thrill and tremble,
As a white dove mute with fear—
Ah, my weary heart, dissemble
In the crowd, but never here!
Where pale Memory, angel guided,
Brings the long-lost face to me,
Till I see him as he glided
From the door to yonder sea;

Where he battles with the billows,
Lordly master of the storm!
Dwells he on these velvet pillows?
Lingers o'er this drooping form?
Have I faded from his dreaming,
Like the phantoms of the Main?
Will those eyes in tender beaming
Never come to still the pain?—

Pain that evermore imploreth
Sweetest balm and sacred rest—
Love alone to love restoreth,
In the haven of his breast!
Thus the lady's ever keeping
Holy tryst with one at sea,
When the gentle stars are weeping
O'er the poet's reverie.

THE LAW OF QUALITY.—Size and other conditions being equal, the higher or finer the organic quality the greater the power. Density gives weight. Porous, spongy objects are light and weak. The lion is strong in proportion to his size on account of the density and toughness of his bones, ligaments, and muscles. The same law applies to man as to beast—to nerve and brain as to bone and muscle. To be a truly great man, one must have a tough, firmly knit body, strong nerves, and a bulky, compact brain—in other words, large size and high organic quality must be combined. Small-headed men are sometimes brilliant, acute, and, in particular directions, strong; but they are not comprehensive, profound, commanding, and suited to grand occasions; and large-headed men are sometimes dull, if not stupid, because their brains are of a low organic quality; but when a high quality and a large size are found combined, the result is the highest order of power, whether it be of body or mind. We may add, as another form or application of the law of quality, that a coarse or defective construction of any organ or part indicates coarseness of feeling or defective sensibility in that organ or part, and that a fine or delicate construction, on the contrary, indicates fineness or delicacy of feeling or sensibility.—*New Physiognomy.*

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NEW YORK,

JULY, 1866.

"IF I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Foe.*

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A NEW VOLUME.

THE FORTY-FOURTH VOLUME of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL commences with this—July—number under favorable auspices. Renewals greeted us days and weeks before old subscriptions expired, each reader seeming to fear he might otherwise miss a single number; thus indicating that the JOURNAL is fully appreciated, if not over-rated, by its patrons.

We make no change at present in terms; offer no new inducements to subscribers, but propose to "keep right on." We have not yet "told *all* we know," and hope to grow in knowledge as fast as our readers, keeping up with—if not in advance of—the age. We do not seek notoriety or martyrdom, but simply the TRUTH. We reject nothing because it is new, neither do we cling to a thing because it is old. We claim for ourselves only an honest purpose. We do not work miracles, and can not divine hidden secrets, or predict the course of special Providence. We are only finite beings, very much like others, subject to human frailties; but our *motives* are "to do good," and the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is our chosen medium for the communication of that good. We would have the world understand and apply the principles we teach, as revealed through PHRENOLOGY. They would tend to liberalize, expand, and elevate the minds of all. They would inspire each one who studies them in sincerity to make the most of life and all its opportunities, to call out and strengthen the better part; to subdue and direct the propensities and physical energies; to mitigate party rancor, sectarian animosity, selfish jealousy, and sectional strife. In short, they would exercise a power for good in many ways, besides enabling us to "know ourselves." Who, without the light of this science of mind, can tell us what we are? what we can do best, and where we stand, as compared with others? who among us is in his most appropriate sphere? what man or woman is exactly in the right place? what one among us comes up fully to his highest capability? If any such there be, he has no need of our teachings; he has been blessed far beyond most of us. But we need not further expatiate on the utility of Phrenology. Let all who will, avail themselves of its inestimable advantages.

LEARNED NONSENSE.

PHRENOLOGY EXAMINED.

IN an article published in the *Circular* for May 7th, entitled "A Day at Yale," we find the following: "At 3 P.M., Professor Sanford lectured on the nervous system to the senior class of Yale, some seventy or eighty in number. Two ideas which the Professor advanced during his discourse particularly interested me. One was the theory, well supported by arguments, that the seat of the mind is not, as is usually supposed, in the brain alone, but pervades the entire nervous system. If the hand, for instance, touches anything, the hand itself knows what it is. The other was the remark upon the science of Phrenology, which he annihilates thus: 'It is not too much to say that Phrenology is a humbug [sensation among the students], for on the surface of the brain there are no elevations and depressions corresponding with those on the skull. *Ergo*, the whole theory of bumps is pure gammon.' I was not thoroughly convinced, not knowing how far the pretensions of Phrenology were really affected by his statements, but it exhibited forcibly the kindly toleration which the old-school M.D.'s extend to the new."

Whether this writer has correctly quoted Professor Sanford we can not say, but his apparent candor in the other parts of the article leads us to suppose that he has not done the Professor injustice. We have headed our article "Learned Nonsense," and we did it deliberately, for there is not the slightest foundation in good sense or in scholarship for either remark. We would like to ask this Professor, this teacher of the senior class in Yale, on the nature of the nervous system, what it is that appreciates objects by sight? Is it the eye, or is it the brain and mind that receive the impression from the optic nerves? Is it the lens of the eye that does the seeing? Then the photographic instrument is a conscious artist—has mind in it. The eye is simply the instrument which the brain and mind employ by means of which to get knowledge. Let the optic nerve be bruised, compressed, or severed, and the eye knows no more of colors and of light than the nose or the great toe. The brain employs an apparatus called the ear, but let the auditory nerves be disturbed, and the ear can not any more hear than the foot. The sense of feeling is one of the external instruments by means of which the mind gets knowledge of external things. Does not the Professor know that if a ligature be applied to the sensitive filaments of the brachial plexus, or nerves which supply the sensitive connection between the brain and the hand, that the hand does not any more "know what it touches" than the boots know where they are going when the master travels? In other words, when the brain is disconnected from the hand by the disturbance of the natural action of the nerves at the shoulder, sensation ceases, and the knowledge of the mind by means of sensation as to what the hand touches is utterly obliterated. The hand is simply the instrument of the mind, and the nerves which are connected with the brain and sent out as agents of the inner man enable the mind to obtain knowledge of external things. The Professor might as well say that the carpenter's saw has mind in it, and that when it strikes a nail, the saw itself knows what it is, as to say that the hand itself knows what it touches; or that the carving-knife is a good judge of beef, knowing whether it cuts toughly or tenderly. For the reputation of the Professor's education, his candor, or his honesty, we trust the correspondent aforesaid has misrepresented him. We are aware that the line a hundred feet long, when nibbled at by a big fish or a small one, is the medium of communication to the fisherman's mind, but we never have supposed it possible that the fish-hook knew what was biting at it, or that the line had common sense; but if the hand itself knows what it touches, which is only an instrument of the brain and that of the mind, we see no reason why the fish-line and the hook may not also be regarded as instruments. If the hand knows what it touches, the hook and the line know what they touch—the saw knows that it is a nail, and ought to have known better than to have spoiled itself by coming in contact with it. If the hand knows what it touches, so, on the same principle, does any instrument which a man may hold in his hand.

When the assassin of the President was shot through the base of the skull, it injured the nerves connected with motion and with the consciousness of the presence of the body, while the mind remained intact, and the miserable man asked to have his hands lifted up so that he could see them. He had not the feeling to know where his hands were or whether he had any, nor the motive power to lift them up so that he could see them. His body then, so far as his mind was concerned, was dead, while the brain possessed its functions.

The other statement reported to have been made by the Professor in regard to Phrenology simply excites a smile in any one who has any pretensions to knowledge on the subject, viz.:

"On the surface of the brain there are no elevations and depressions corresponding to those of the skull."

We have been trying to convince the public that Phrenology does not claim bumps as necessary to phrenological organization. This is only "a weak invention of the enemy." We have been disclaiming bumps always, and stating in terms as unequivocal as language could make them, that distance from the medulla oblongata

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to the location of an organ at the surface was an indication of size or development, not that the bump or hill on the surface of the skull was indicative of it. We have always claimed that height from the opening of the ear directly upward on the center line of the skull indicated Firmness—that a long head from the opening of the ear to the root of the nose indicated perceptive development—that lateral expansion indicated Destructiveness, Secretiveness, Cautiousness, and Acquisitiveness. We have endeavored to show by facts and engraved illustrations that some heads are two inches longer than others, and perhaps at the same time an inch narrower, and we have tried to convince the world that the difference in the thickness of different skulls could not make any such differences in development. It is not therefore the slight rising or falling of the surface which determines phrenological development. There is a general correspondence between the external and internal surfaces of the skull, and we know how to tell whether a skull be thick or thin. If the hand be laid on the top of a head, and the person will speak, if the skull is not very thick, it will vibrate sensibly to the hand. If it is very thin, it will vibrate all the more. Sometimes we find a head with the skull thin in front and thicker at the top, or back, or sides, or the reverse; at least we find the vibrations more ample in one part of the head than in another.

To make this statement plain, we remark that if all the phrenological organs are equally developed, the head will have a general evenness and fullness throughout, whether the head be average, large, or small in size. People seem to take the idea that Phrenology recognizes a head without any regard to its size, and judges of mental manifestation by the swellings and depressions on the last quarter of an inch of its surface, as if the general magnitude had nothing to do with the development. One might take a copper kettle or a silver pitcher and strike blows on the outside here, and on the inside there, striking the surface out and in, and allow this to illustrate large and small organs without regard to the size of the vessel from the center. In Gray's Anatomy, page 484, an engraving may be found showing the fibers radiating from the center to the surface of the brain. The length of these fibers, to the phrenologist, becomes the measure of phrenological developments, and nothing is more common in practical Phrenology than to find a large, smooth, amply developed head in which there is neither a bump nor a hollow, and in which the organs may be properly marked large throughout. And we say, once for all, that phrenologists do not look for bumps, but they would recognize every organ as being large, provided the head itself were large, and as evenly and smoothly developed in all its parts as an ideal head could be. A wagon-wheel does not need to have some of its spokes an inch or two longer than others in order to have largeness and fullness of its parts. We would just as soon think of looking for a perfect wagon-wheel with a part of the spokes longer than others, leaving the periphery corrugated, hilly, bumpy, as to look for a bumpy head in order to have that head contain large phrenological organs.

SOLDIERING AND CRIME.

Persons often ask us if war does not sadly demoralize men, and point to the frequent reports of fierce assaults and murders by lately discharged soldiers.

This question is full of interest, and would profitably occupy a large space for its discussion. Our purpose now is to state a few points made obvious by Phrenology.

The animal propensities in some men are unduly developed, and the moral and intellectual faculties are less potent than is necessary to guide and restrain the former. Such individuals when scattered among persons of better development have little stimulus of the lower nature, and feel from a good public sentiment a strong dissuasive from a bad course and a drawing toward a correct life. Let a regiment be raised, even in a rural district, and a considerable number of this low, rough class will be brought together, and their natural affinity in disposition soon awakens a sympathy, and they become the thieves and rowdies of the regiment. The license and latitude of army life, and the strength which comes from unity of numbers, greatly encourage the dissolute and the low to become more so. Besides, in battle and on picket duty, where human beings are considered marks to be shot at, and objects to be cut down by the saber, thrust through with the bayonet, torn with shot and shell, or blown up by the terrible mine, war has but one tendency on low and animal natures, and that is, to harden the feelings and make life seem of little value.

Familiarity with the dissecting-room tends to make the timid, tender-hearted young medical student relatively callous to the writhing of a patient under the surgical knife; and the young dentist who trembles and dreads to extract the first tooth, in due time goes about the most painful operations with apparent disregard of the agony of his patient. The butcher, also, by becoming familiar with the shedding of blood, has a strong tendency, if he be insulted, to become severe in his punishment of an adversary; and a fight among butchers is seldom bloodless. This familiarity with shedding blood on the part of butchers led English law-makers to exclude them from sitting on juries in capital cases, for it was thought that he whose business it is to slaughter oxen and sheep would care less for human life than those who followed other pursuits. The same law prevails in some of the States of this Union. A friend of ours was rejected as a juror for many years, in a neighboring city, but now having retired from the business, he is obliged to resort to every allowable expedient to avoid frequent jury duty. If years of butchering have hardened him, he still should be excluded; but human laws are apt to be more literal than just or consistent. Why should not the soldier, in like manner, become relatively callous to the infliction of wounds upon the persons of those upon whom selfishness or anger may prompt them to trespass.

A higher nature, who regards war from its moral causes and consequences, is quite as much fortified and strengthened in conscientiousness and all the other moral forces as well as intellectual power as he is in animal force and passion. He is fierce in battle—not to wreak a wicked vengeance on the foe, but for the support of that which he regards as a holy cause, and his battle-cry, like that of old, is, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" and his victories over the foe are to him triumphs of the right, and he leaves the service with the scars of a hundred battles, a braver but not a more brutal man. A fallen and helpless foe is to him a human brother, and when no longer in a condition to strike back, he is treated with compassion; but a man of a base nature, whether he carry a sword or a musket, does not hesitate to stab and slaughter the wounded and the dying. Battle brutalizes those who have predominant animal qualities, and strengthens and ennobles the man of strong moral and religious principles. The broad and high nature is made more brave and magnanimous by the heroism, daring, and danger of the campaign; while the coarse, base, and low nature is strengthened in his dominant qualities and not improved in his weak moral feelings; hence he becomes in spirit more brutal than at first, and by the practice of courage in the field of carnage, more brave and fierce in the practice of criminal brutality when set free from the discipline of the army.

ENACTED.

Last year a bill passed both branches of the N. Y. Legislature incorporating the American Phrenological Society, but for some unexplained reason it was not signed by the Governor. This year, the original bill—slightly modified—was passed, signed by the Governor, and is now a law. It reads as follows:

Chap. 724.

An Act to incorporate the American Craniological Museum.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assemby, do enact, as follows:

Section I.—Amos Dean, Esq., Horace Greeley, Samuel Osgood, D.D., A. Oakey Hall, Esq., Russel T. Trall, M.D., Henry Dexter, Samuel R. Wells, Edward P. Fowler, M.D., Nelson Sizer, Lester A. Roberts, and their associates, are hereby constituted a body corporate by the name of the American Craniological Museum, for the purpose of promoting instruction in all departments of learning connected therewith; and for collecting and preserving Crania, Casts, Busts, and other representations of the different Races, Tribes, and Families of men.

Section II.—The said Corporation may hold real and personal estate to the amount of One Hundred Thousand Dollars; and the funds and properties thereof shall not be used for any other purposes than those declared in the first Section of this Act.

Section III.—The said Henry Dexter, Samuel R. Wells, Edward P. Fowler, M.D., Nelson Sizer, and Lester A. Roberts are hereby appointed Trustees of said incorporation, with power to fill vacancies in the Board. No less than three Trustees shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

Section IV.—It shall be lawful for the Board of Trustees to appoint Lecturers, and such other instructors as they may deem necessary and advisable, subject to removal when found expedient and necessary, by a vote of two thirds of the members constituting said Board. But no such appointment shall be made until the applicant shall have passed a satisfactory personal examination before the Board.

Section V.—The Society shall keep for free public exhibition at all proper times such collection of Skulls, Busts, Casts, Paintings, and other things connected therewith, as they may obtain. They shall give, by a competent person or persons, a course of not less than six free lectures in each and every year; and shall have annually a class for instruction in Practical Phrenology, to which shall be admitted, gratuitously, at least one student from each public school in the city of New York.

Section VI.—The Corporation shall possess the powers and be subject to the provisions of Chapter Eighteen of Part One of the Revised Statutes, so far as applicable.

Section VII.—This Act shall take effect immediately.

In another number we shall have something more to say on the subject. We hope to assist in founding a craniological and ethnological museum which shall be a credit to our country. The original native tribes of America are rapidly

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passing away, and we would preserve for the use of students and posterity the best specimens of their crania. Travelers and explorers are bringing home from foreign countries—China, Japan, Africa, etc.—the most interesting objects for such a museum. We have skulls from the South Sea Islands; Flatheads from the Rocky Mountains; mummies, 3,000 years old, from the Egyptian tombs; and many skulls from European and American battle-fields. A few of the worst murderers' have also been obtained. We are now ready to receive, on behalf of the MUSEUM, such specimens of casts, busts, drawings, portraits, etc., as may be deemed worthy of preservation. Well-preserved skulls of animals, birds, and reptiles will be accepted, and preserved with those of the human race.

ANOTHER PROPHECY.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Some years since a discovery was made in the city of Hartford, Conn., which, though at the time regarded only as curious, seems now, in the light of the present, to be remarkable. A few years ago an aged lady, a representative of a family of great repute in our colonial days and in the early history of Connecticut, died in Hartford. Among the estate which descended to her next of kin was an old mansion situated on Main Street. Her heir, who is a gentleman now residing here, in looking over the various things which had been accumulating for more than a century and stored away in the garret, found beneath a pile of rubbish a curiously carved inlaid old box. The box is in itself a great curiosity; the carving upon it is very beautiful, and the whole finish of it is exquisite. The box was a good deal out of repair, and in looking it over for the purpose of seeing what was necessary to be done to renovate it, upon one of the interior divisions of the box were found written on the wood these inscriptions, which begin now to assume the proportions of a prophecy. The first inscription is this rude rhyme:

"On July 14th, 1866,
America's fate is fixed."

Beneath it, in Latin, these words:

"O posteri, posteri, cavete vas
In anno 1866"—

And signed

"Propheticus es."

Preceding these inscriptions is the date, July 14th, 1766, and signed by the name of a gentleman who at that time was a distinguished inhabitant of Hartford.

It will be observed that the date of this prophecy is ten years before the Declaration of Independence, and at a time when the attachment of the colonies to Great Britain was at its height. That these inscriptions were made at the time they bear date there can be no doubt, for the signature above referred to is one which once seen can not be mistaken, and occurs on many public documents in our archives.

A MAN winds up his clock to make it run, and his business to make it stop.

IDEALITY.

BY MRS. CLARA LEARNED MEACHAM.

Light and beauty are the *lingering* effulgence emanating and irradiating from God the great Creator.

IDEALITY grasps Thought's brightest crystals,
Searching ever for the glittering gems
To light and deck the mind's dark caverns.
She gathers Truth's pure polished pearls—
The amaranthine flowers of eloquence
Combines the richest tints art can conceive,
The sweetest notes of the sweetest songs,
And weaves them into golden garlands
To deck the brow of the gifted sisters,
Painting, Poetry, and Music.

Thus crowned, with rare wealth of beauty,
They shed a halo of light and goodness
Throughout this weary world's most dark recess.
You may see them often near the mountain's brow
When the purple mist of the morning air
Grows golden from the sun's first streaming ray—
You can see them in the verdant valley,
By the foaming river, and the sleeping
Lake, where the drooping flowers, pencilled,
In blended dyes, kiss the silver wave,
And near the cascade, or the roaring cataract,
Where the snowy mist hangs round them like
A vapory vail, but a sweetness rests
Upon the features of each—a *reflection*
Of the inmost life that molds the outward
Form. But patient, pensive sweetness, touched
With sadness, lingereth upon one face,
Neither aged or young. Old Time paused,
With finger uplifted, and did not mark
Her years of life, as he looked upon
Her sad, sweet face.

'Tis hers to feel the *deepest* woes
And *sweetest* joys of life—hers to *thrill* the
Sympathetic hearts with thoughts poetic—
As hers becomes "surcharged and thrilled."
While she of sunny smile, "sister of song,"
Sings to the list'ning world in swelling notes,
Burning thoughts, from the inmost soul's deep fount,
By the "pensive sister," *first* "breath'd to life,"
Thus three spirits congenial together stray.

LEIPSIC, OHIO.

How many well-authorized English words can be made from the letters composing the word *starch* by repeating and omitting the letters at pleasure? Let us see!—

S	T	A	R	C	H
star	tar	ah	rat	cat	ha
stars	tars	arc	rats	cats	has
start	tart	arcs	rash	catch	hast
starts	tarts	arch	ratch	car	hash
starch	tat	art	ratatat	cars	hat
sat	tact	arts	[cataract	cart	hats
sac	trash	act	cataracts	carts	hatch
sacs	tract	acts	chat	carat	hart
sacar	tracts	at	chats	cast	harts
Sarah		attach	char	casts	harass
scar		Asa	chars	cash	
scars		ass	chart	crash	
scratch		achsah	charts	catarrh	

THE ALBANY LAW SCHOOL.

SAY what we may against the sharp practices of unprincipled lawyers, we can not, in the present condition of things, dispense with the profession. Lawyers devote their time to the study of the great principles and the minor points which enter into the adjudication and solution of intricate questions of public and private right. They bring minds matured by years of careful study to arbitrate between contestants, and to decide the claims of opposing interests upon a valid basis. Lawyers are our best statesmen, our best legislators, for the very reason that their profession has specially to do with those matters which chiefly concern the state and the nation. Every citizen should have some knowledge of law—at any rate, of the great fundamental principles which underlie our civil institutions. No man can be well educated unless jurisprudence has been made a part of his mental training. For those who desire to be instructed in the law of public and private rights, an institution where they can learn what is necessary to be known is by all means the best, and relieves the student from wading through ponderous tomes of dry legal erudition in the course of the private study of which he culls only occasionally a fact of practical value. We know of no better school of law than the one noticed in our columns. Annually it sends forth young men, many of whom soon attain eminence in their profession and reflect honor upon their alma mater. The Albany Law School to-day, with Hon. Amos Dean at its head, has no superior.

FRUIT-GROWING.—We call attention to an article in our present number on "Fruit-Growing in the South." It is our intention to follow up this subject and describe other portions of our great country, pointing out the peculiar advantages of each section for the instruction of our readers everywhere. When lecturing in Europe, nothing interested our hearers more than these descriptions of our country; prices of lands, productions, modes of culture, etc. Our old-country readers especially will thank us for these interesting, exact, and instructive descriptions. ——

DEATH-BED OF LINCOLN.—We have received from the hands of the artist, Mr. J. H. Littlefield, of Washington, a fine photographic copy of his painting of the "Deathbed of Lincoln." In the picture are given some twenty-five figures, representing the distinguished persons who participated in that sad scene. The likenesses are excellent, and, as a faithful portraiture of the melancholy situation, it is indorsed by those who were present as far more accurate than is generally found in engravings. The original picture was painted in oil from original photographs and personal sittings, and in the words of Speaker Colfax, "the likenesses would be recognized instantly by all who knew the originals." Size of the photograph, handsomely mounted, is 19 by 24 inches. Price $5.

MATHEMATICAL.—The following rules for working problems in the frustum of a pyramid and cone, I send as my contribution under the head of "Best Thoughts," and although original and known to but a few besides myself, I wish to have them made public, because being based upon a certain division of the frustum they are much easier of demonstration, especially to small scholars, than any other rules, besides being an easier and shorter method of solving these examples than any now known.

Rule 1st. To find the solidity of a frustum of a pyramid. Multiply the area of a middle section of the frustum by its altitude, and to the product add the contents of a pyramid whose base is a polygon similar to the bases of the frustum, and whose altitude is that of the frustum, the sides of whose base being equal to one half the difference of the homologous sides of the bases of the frustum.

Rule 2d. To find the solidity of a frustum of a cone. Multiply the area of the middle section of the frustum by its altitude, and to the product add the contents of a cone whose altitude is that of the frustum, the diameter of its base being equal to one half the difference of the diameter of the bases of the frustum.

Hoping these rules may soon be known by all, I have taken this means of making them public. A. L. G. P.

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Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts set forth.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

BY ELIZA H. CURTISS.

ADMITTING the fact that common law recognizes no rights to property in a married woman, we also note the fact that the legislatures of nearly every State in the Union have infringed upon common law so far as to grant married women the right to control property owned by them at time of marriage, and which can not be appropriated by the husband for the payment of his debts. In some States, also, he is not obliged to pay her debts contracted before marriage. The law, it is true, generally treats a married woman as a cipher; but law is not always justice, neither does might make right. Hence the need of changing the law till it shall deal justice.

Why should the uniting of two lives destroy the individuality of one more than the other? "The twain are one flesh;" one in mutual interest, but two in individuality, and should be equal. If woman loses her natural capability of thinking and acting for herself when she relinquishes her name for another's, then there is a good reason why she should become a nonentity, and not otherwise.

Some one has quaintly remarked, "Woman was taken out of man; not from his head, to be ruled by him; not from his feet, to be trampled upon; but near his heart, to be beloved; under his arm, to be protected; out of his side, to be his equal."

In the walks of life, differences of opinion will arise; and why is the yielding required to be all on one side, when the judgment of the wife is as good as that of the husband's in five cases out of ten (if no more). It is just that each will should be subservient to the other, and neither should tyrannize; that is Christian, and such a course would avoid contention. Oppression prompts the spirit of revolution, and not equality.

The idea that "the husband has a right to control the household, and will direct his wife how to vote, and may demand obedience," savors a little of heathenism. It is as much the wife's duty and privilege to control the household, in civilized countries, as the husband's; and the idea of his commanding her to think as he does, or, if that is impossible, to compel her to act contrary to her just conceptions of right, is preposterous and absurd, and infinitely beneath the consideration of an intelligent, benevolent mind. Earnest women and loyal men will not be frightened by such bugbears. He is not much of a man who would thus limit a woman's thoughts. If man is "lord of creation," woman ought to be queen of her own prescribed sphere, which her home is so often quoted to be. To be sure, her home is the scene of her chief duties, but that ought not to deprive her of the privilege of looking outside of domestic cares for a part of her enjoyment or recreation. But every woman's sphere does not properly lie in washing, ironing, cooking, scrubbing, etc., any more than it is every man's calling to be a minister, doctor, carpenter, or blacksmith.

In saying this, I am confident of touching a chord which will vibrate discordantly on some people's nerves, but it is true, nevertheless. Let every person engage in the occupation for which he is fitted by nature, for in that will he reflect most honor to himself and best serve the world.

It is assumed that women take little pains to inform themselves on political questions. Many do, others do not. Those who do, have as nice a perception of right and wrong as those of the other sex—and what is politics, generally, but questions involving these principles?—and if intrigue is a part of it, they will help root it out, as it is universally conceded their influence is refining. Sheridan has truthfully said, "Women govern us; let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the minds of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by woman that nature writes on the hearts of men."

Females are invited to hear political speeches, read politics in newspapers, hear it discussed by neighbors and around the fireside, often participating in the discussion; and yet it is no breach of propriety: their natural delicacy receives no shock; neither do they attack with clubs or brooms those who differ with them in opinion, as has been alleged they would be under the necessity of doing, if allowed the expression of their opinions through the ballot-box. They are not in the habit of giving force to their arguments by blows. Every true-hearted, loyal man honors in his heart a loyal woman; then why not let her work with him and help bear the toil of wrenching the nation from the grasp of sin and misery, which have so strong a hold upon it? She would prove fully adequate to the task, which would thus be materially lightened, for "in union there is strength."

In regard to those who take no interest in politics, a single remark is sufficient. It is not strange for people to take little interest in matters in which they are allowed to have no particular responsibility or action.

The principal reason why females should have the right of suffrage is founded upon the principle, "No taxation without representation." When men who pay taxes are allowed the privilege of the elective franchise, there can be no sound reason why intelligent women, paying taxes, may not have the same privilege; neither is there a good reason why any woman of mature age may not have a voice in choosing officers to frame the laws by which she is governed. The withholding this privilege does compromise woman's liberty, and scores of them feel it so, and it affects their happiness, too, inasmuch as in many a woman's breast glows as bright a love of liberty, independence, and self-government as fired the revolutionary fathers to break the yoke of the British government.

Let the opponents of female suffrage imagine themselves one of the subordinate class, and they will see more clearly the force of the argument and the practical bearing of the "golden rule."

If qualification in point of information be the contest, many women and scores of men who are constantly admitted to the polls, would speedily change places.

That a reform (which does mean improvement) is needed in the education of a vast number of females (as well as those of the other sex) is evident. There are too many dolls, parlor-ornaments, and butterflies among ladies, and not enough sensible, earnest, working, useful women. The cry is everywhere for more of the latter and less of the former; but women *are* fitting themselves for places of trust, and acquitting themselves nobly, too.

But accomplishments and a sound education are not incompatible, and it will not lessen one atom the delicate grace of any miss or mistress to acquire a knowledge of commercial law, mathematics, political economy, or any other useful branch, but imparts an added charm of intelligence, and often proves highly beneficial in a pecuniary point of view. Simple, silly, ignorant young women are getting to be a drug in the market, and a higher state of intelligence demanded; and if men and women alike concur in this reform, there will be little danger of divorces arising from subjugation or difference of opinion.

Reform progresses slowly but surely, and the amount of opposition it encounters is an index as to how near the root of the tree the axe is laid. "A hit bird always flutters." The good time's coming, though it be long on the way.

Obituary.

BARTLETT.—"Died at Avon, Connecticut, April 25th, Rev. John Bartlett, aged 82." Thus has a good man, in the full ripeness of a peaceful old age, passed away. Among our early recollections are the sermons and fatherly counsels of this man. He has reared a family of sons and daughters, and they have all taken an excellent rank—one, "D. W. B.," the Washington correspondent of the New York *Independent*, stands among the best writers of the day. Father Bartlett, as he has been familiarly called for nearly half a century, was a Congregational minister, and though belonging to a former generation, he cordially adopted the cause of Temperance and other reforms, and followed and fostered them with the earnestness of a young man. Blessed is the memory of the good.

TEACH CHILDREN TO THINK.

I HAVE noticed much said in the JOURNAL of the importance of physical development—and well said, too; but proper physical development can never be in advance of mental development, since not a muscle moves or a step is taken in physical development but by promptings from the mind. Hence no general improvement physically, or any attention to any suggestions of Phrenology or the like, may be expected until the masses are educated to a higher standard mentally, until men think and reason. And I write this to suggest a plan to educate succeeding generations to a higher standard.

The great hindrance to progress now is the tenacity with which men cling to the notions of their fathers, and particularly to the idea that *every* boy or girl that loves study and is studious and improves well was cut out for a bright student, while *every* dull one was simply cut out for something else than study. And the day is far in the future yet when you can suggest that eating pork tends to scrofula, or that improper temperaments marrying result in deterioration of the race, and not hear men say, "Our fathers were a healthy people, and stood above us physically, and *they paid no attention to these new-fangled notions*."

I am satisfied, from over thirty years' experience in teaching, that this adherence to old notions results more from the manner beginners are taught than from all other causes together. The tyro is compelled for a few years to take conclusions second-hand.

If he asks why c-o-w spells cow, the only reason he can get is, that people have by common consent spelled the word that way; there is very little more analogy between see, owe, double-you than between almost any other three letters in the alphabet and the same word. And very few words in the language are spelled and pronounced nearer analogous. And arbitrary as the simplest process of instruction is for the beginner, he is only exercised from five to ten minutes a day, and all the balance of the day he is *required* to observe order, which he learns to detest, with everything else belonging to the school. *Some*, however, reach the period when they commence studying lessons with some love for study, and make considerable progress; while the masses dislike school and study, and make very little progress. And all are content to do very little independent thinking or reasoning, simply memorizing lessons, and are always unable to give a reason for the faith that is in them.

My remedy is simply *to interest the beginner* every moment he is allowed in the school-room, teaching him objectively, and in all cases furnishing him with a reason for *every* conclusion. And when the class of beginners has received the proportion of the teacher's time due the class for the whole day, let the class be dismissed until the next day, thus avoiding the annoyance of small scholars with large ones, and the contracting listless habits by the small ones.

When we have a generation educated in this manner, I apprehend that truth will be more popular with them than with us, and any reform will be easily inaugurated, while the main differences in religion, politics, etc., will dwindle to nothing; for in general there is merit in every question, if we could divest our minds of bias, and reason as we do in philosophy, the mathematics, etc. T. H.

AN ENIGMA.—I am composed of 25 letters.

My 20, 11, 8, 13, 15, 19, 8, 17, 6, 19 is a name revered by all true Americans.

My 10, 5, 12, 23, 9, 21 is the founder of the most popular church in the United States.

My 15, 9, 16, 2, 6 is a race who have caused much dissension.

My 4, 2, 11, 19, 17 is a distinguished general of the late war.

My 1, 18, 7, 25, 9 is the greatest inventor of the present age.

My 17, 5, 15, 16, 24, 12, 8, 15 is England's poet-laureate.

My 10, 5, 22, 14, 19, 8, 17, 6, 15 is one of the greatest warriors of the world.

My all is the contributor of some of the most valuable reading in the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

DELLE PEIRCE.

ENIGMA ANSWERED.—The answer to the Enigma in the May number of the JOURNAL, is "The New Novelty Microscope," sold by Fowler and Wells. W. J. B.

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PORTRAIT OF THOMAS RAFFLES, D.D., LL.D.

THOMAS RAFFLES, D.D., LL.D.

IN the portrait here given of this gentleman, we have a fair representation of a hearty, genial, and high-toned Englishman. His head towers loftily in the moral region, indicating large Veneration and Benevolence. His temperament was strongly Vital—in fact, bordering upon the Lymphatic; but his extremely active brain and indefatigable industry kept under a constitutional tendency to the free accumulation of adipose. Fairly endowed with Self-Esteem, and well braced up by strong Firmness, he was enabled to take advanced positions, and maintain them with vigor and success.

Strictly conscientious, he would closely adhere to what he deemed his duty in all cases, turning neither to the right nor to the left.

Intellectually considered, the perceptives predominated; he could gather and impart knowledge rapidly by communication with the external world, and found much enjoyment in contact with physical nature.

Large Locality gave him a fondness for traveling, sight-seeing, and observation in general.

His Language was large, which gave him talent for acquiring words and languages, and facility in speech. He had also large Ideality and Sublimity; he was tasteful and nice in his notions of living; and these qualities also gave him a character for elegance of diction in discourse. He would also often overflow with lively anecdote.

His reasoning can not be said to have been characterized by any great depth or comprehensiveness of thought. He was more practical than profound. He sought to render his sermons practical; he adapted his subjects to the workings of nature, the actualities of life. He spoke from the heart to the heart; and his frank, free, and earnest nature acted upon the hearts of those who heard like a magnetic influence, electrifying and refining their natures.

His was indeed a noble crown. The moral sentiments held special sway in his character. Zealous and staunch in the cause which he advocated—true religion and pure reform—he was ever ready to vindicate them. His truly benignant countenance had a winningness about it which no one could gaze upon unmoved.

How different this organization from that of a rogue, a clown, a debauchee, or a malefactor!

BIOGRAPHY.

The subject of our sketch was born in Spitalfields, London, May 17th, 1788. His parents were both much esteemed in the community for uprightness and general moral worth. The pursuit of his father, William Raffles, was that of a solicitor at law, in the prosecution of which he had won an honorable reputation. His mother was a Wesleyan Methodist, a woman of earnest piety, and early impressed upon her only son's susceptible mind and heart the importance of religious truth. She was in the habit of taking Thomas with her to chapel, and this no doubt exercised a strong influence upon directing his inclinations toward the ministry, and in the Independent line.

As a child, he was not of a strong constitution, and gave little promise of the vigor and endurance which distinguished him in mature years. The utmost care was taken of him while but a child, his education not being pushed until after he was twelve years old. In 1800 he was sent to a boarding-school, where, however, he did not remain long, owing to the want of means on the part of his father. In 1803, determining to do something for himself, he became a clerk in Doctors' Commons, a noted rendezvous of London lawyers. Here he labored with fidelity, but the associations of wax and parchment were not agreeable to him. In September of the same year matters were so arranged that he returned to the boarding-school. His youthful mind was even then imbued with strong religious feelings. An extract which we take from a letter written by him to a friend at this time, evidences a deep-toned piety rarely met with in a boy of fifteen: "May that God who delights in the efforts of the young mind, and who will not despise the day of small things, smile upon these our early endeavors to strengthen each other in the path of duty, of virtue, and religion! May He be the guide of our youthful days, and though surrounded by snares and difficulties on every side, may His almighty arm be our support; at His gracious throne may we often be found asking those things which are well pleasing in His sight."

While at this school he joined the Independent or Congregational Church, under the spiritual guidance of a minister of that denomination, named Collyer. For this gentleman Dr. Raffles always entertained a strong affection, and through his management the latter obtained admission in 1805 into Homerton College, an old institution near London erected for the education of Congregational ministers. Here young Raffles continued about four years, making excellent progress in his studies and winning fast friends among instructors and class-mates by his

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kindness and genial disposition. He was so anxious to engage in public work that he began to preach very early, while yet a mere student. In 1807, scarcely more than two years after he entered Homerton, he visited such large places as Ashford, in Kent, and preached to large congregations. His idea of the duties he had in hand may be gathered from the following extract from his diary, under date of Oct. 20th, 1807: "Oh! what a delightful, noble employment is that which lies before me, the service of God in the ministry of His Gospel! What can possibly exceed the luxury of doing good? Who does not envy the feelings of the philanthropist who makes it his business to seek out the suffering sons of wretchedness and want that he may kindly administer to their temporal necessities, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, soothe the mourner? Such a man has within him a perpetual feast, of the deliciousness of which they can form no adequate idea who never tasted it themselves. But if such be the feelings of the man who only, after all, supplies, and that but in a partial degree, the temporal wants of his fellow-men, how great, how amazing an honor has God conferred upon us, in that He makes us instrumental in administering to the far more pressing necessities of the soul, that better, nobler, immortal part, destined to appear at the awful and impartial bar of God, and built for an eternity of happiness or woe!"

In the fall of the year 1808, being then but twenty-four, he received an invitation to become the settled minister of a large and thriving Independent society in Southampton. This he declined for the reason probably that he looked to some position which possessed a wider range—then being constantly occupied in and around London.

In 1809 he was invited to take the pulpit of a Congregational church located in Hammersmith, a town on the outskirts of London, where he had frequently preached. He accepted the call, and was ordained in June of the same year. His connection with this church lasted nearly three years, during which time he appeared constantly growing in the affections of his people. His labors were unremitting; not only did he perform the ministrations of his church with earnest fidelity, but preached at other places during the week in response to nearly every request. That he would have remained at Hammersmith longer is every way probable, had not a most melancholy and unexpected event occurred which led to his resignation.

On the 5th of August, 1811, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, the youthful and gifted minister of Newington Chapel, Liverpool, was drowned while bathing in the river Mersey. This event plunged his church into deep grief, and as his congregation had greatly increased in size, rendering the building of a new edifice necessary for its accommodation; and as this new edifice had already been commenced, it was very important that Mr. Spencer's successor should be eminently worthy to take his place and maintain the interest already developed. The officers of the bereaved congregation, with scarcely a dissenting voice, turned their eyes toward the young Hammersmith preacher, Thomas Raffles, as the man for the position, and invited him to fill their pulpit. After much careful deliberation he accepted the invitation, and early in the year 1812 became the pastor of that church, with which his name and reputation became identified for so many years, Great George Street Chapel, Liverpool. Soon after his ordination, in compliance with universal desire, he prepared a memoir of the lamented Spencer, which has been extensively circulated in the United States, and can not be carefully read without profit.

During Dr. Raffles' long ministry at Liverpool, he was indefatigable and untiring in effort. The services of his own church were minutely and punctually attended to, and having a congregation of fully 2,000 persons to look after, it would appear quite sufficient for the capacity of one man. But not only did he discharge his parochial duties satisfactorily to his people, but he was almost daily and nightly speaking and laboring in the cause of religion and moral reform. Invitations without number were flowing in upon him to attend this or that place and give his voice and influence in behalf of this or that movement. In fact, no one more zealous could be found in the advocacy of a cause in which he sympathized. His whole heart and soul were bound up in his Christian work, and no opposition was too great for him to dare meet it. In the memoirs of him published by his son, Thomas S. Raffles, Esq., are voluminous extracts from his diary, in which he recorded at considerable length his engagements and labors from day to day. As we read them we are amazed that flesh and blood could endure so much, especially since when a child his constitution was considered delicate. As it was, he occasionally found himself so exhausted that he was compelled to withdraw from active duty. Then he found refreshment and recreation in short seasons of travel on the Continent or through various parts of Great Britain, gratifying an antiquarian taste by collecting curious books and relics wherever he went. In April, 1815, he married a Miss Catherine Hargreaves, of Liverpool, with whom he was permitted to enjoy uninterrupted domestic happiness for twenty-eight years.

As an evidence of the reputation which Dr. Raffles enjoyed in America, the faculty of Union College conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor of divinity, with which mark of distinguished consideration he was much pleased. That he did not ever visit the United States is doubtless owing to the fact that in his multitudinous engagements he could not spare the time requisite for so extensive a tour. That he entertained a warm interest in American matters is very evident from many remarks of his. Besides, he corresponded with American divines of considerable note, one of whom, the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, N. Y., seems to have been on terms of close and confiding affection with him. He was also highly esteemed by the clergy of the established church in his own country, and always was accorded a prominent part at the meetings of the great religious societies of England. As a speaker he was earnest, pathetic, and soul-moving. He interested and enchained the attention of his audience in the very beginning. Speaking of his manner in the pulpit, an American gentleman says: "Never did I see an audience so perfectly spell-bound by the voice of a man. Occasionally in the progress of the sermon the doctor was powerful beyond description, his thoughts, and manner, and the tones of his voice all befitting each other." His diary shows him to have been a man exceedingly fond of sight-seeing—very susceptible to the influences of fine scenery. The descriptions of the places visited in his occasional tours are vivid and poetical. His travels in Italy are delineated with rare power.

In January, 1853, Dr. Raffles published a supplement to Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns, incorporating in it several of his own composition. This hymn-book has been very considerably used in the Congregational churches of England.

In appearance Dr. Raffles was a large, portly man, with a full and ruddy countenance. His whole face beamed with genial warmth and benevolence.

After a long life of active usefulness, fifty years of which had been passed in Liverpool in the charge of the Great George Street Chapel, he died from a severe attack of dropsy August 18th, 1863. Of him it has been truly said: "He was a good minister of Jesus Christ, whose person and work were the grand themes on which he delighted to dwell." It is estimated that 50,000 persons were gathered together to participate in his obsequies. All denominations of Christians were largely represented, besides the very many civil officers of all ranks who attended his funeral. The hymn sung on this occasion was one of Dr. Raffles' own composition, and is in itself a beautiful portraiture of the serene piety which warmed his heart. We give it in full.

High in yonder realms of light,
  Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
  Heaven's unfading mansions rise.
Glad within these blest abodes
  Dwell the raptured saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
  Happy in Immanuel's love.

Once the big, unbidden tear,
  Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
  Tales of woe they could not speak.
But these days of weeping o'er,
  Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
  Never, never weep again!

'Mid the chorus of the skies,
  'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
  Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
Happy spirits! ye are fled
  Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
  Soothed the anguish of the mind.

All is tranquil and serene,
  Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
  There no angry tempest blows;
Every tear is wiped away,
  Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day,
  Sorrow in eternal rest.

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Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.*]

JENKINS' VEST-POCKET LEXICON. An English Dictionary of all except Familiar Words; including the Principal Scientific and Technical Terms, and Foreign Moneys, Weights, and Measures. By Jabez Jenkins. New York: Fowler and Wells.

Here is a little book which can not fail to be very serviceable to all who read, for all such are frequently encountering words or terms with which they are not familiar. This is a very peculiar book. It is properly called a *lexicon*, because it deals chiefly with a class of words not much used in common conversation, though constantly employed in literature, science, and art. It is properly a *vest-pocket* lexicon, because, only three inches long by two and a quarter wide and little more than half an inch thick, it may literally be carried in that convenient receptacle. But notwithstanding the diminutive size, it contains over 20,000 words *of the kind that people generally consult a dictionary for*. Here is the peculiarity—in the judicious selection, and the vocabulary is so graded as to include the words, not known to a school-boy of twelve to fourteen years, thus meeting the wants of all classes, learned and unlearned.

Let any one look into the ordinary pocket-dictionaries and he will find himself familiar with most of their contents; but in this the proportion of such is comparatively small. It might well be asked how it is possible to crowd into so small a compass all the words, scientific and technical terms, etc., for which we have heretofore been obliged to go to the quartos? The preface answers, "By omitting the words which *everybody* knows, there is room in this little book for nearly all that *any* one requires to know." Without controversy, we need a dictionary only for the words we are ignorant of.

By branching off into natural history, and otherwise invading the domain of encyclopedias, the unabridged dictionaries have become so ponderous, that when one is cosily enjoying a periodical after dinner, his feet *à l'Americain*, meeting with a new word, he is tempted to conclude the labor of searching for it *now* will not pay—he defers it till he gets up, and so loses it entirely. At such a juncture the Vest-Pocket Lexicon is a real friend and comforter. But we must not be understood as undervaluing the unabridged; on the contrary, all who can afford it ought to possess them for the great amount of information they contain respecting the language. But they can not be carried about nor had always at hand for reference. It would be very unwise for any one to attempt to carry in his *head* all the words of this Lexicon, but by placing them in the next most convenient repository, the compiler has sought to satisfy a public want, and we think he has succeeded. Besides the class of words referred to, he gives us a pretty complete list of foreign moneys, reduced to our currency, as well as foreign weights and measures. Also the common Latin and French phrases of two and three words, the ordinary law terms, and the most important mythological names. We would commend the short preface as a clear exposition of the author's design, which, it appears to us, he has faithfully executed. Copies may be had at this office, in gilt morocco tuck, at $1; in leather, gilt, 75 cents.

SCRIPTURE TESTIMONY AGAINST INTOXICATING WINE. By the Rev. Wm. Ritchie. New York: *National Temperance Society and Publication House.* 18mo, pp. 213. Cloth, 60 cents.

In this little book the subject of wine-drinking is discussed from the Scripture standpoint. Texts bearing upon it are adduced to the end, that those interested in the cause of truth and temperance may know what the Bible says respecting the use of intoxicating drinks. The discussion appears to be clear and dispassionate, reference being made from time to time to eminent Biblical commentators.

"BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES." A Temperance Tale, founded on fact. By John William Kirton. Paper 20 cents.

The National Temperance Society and Publication House appears to have fairly got under way, and are rapidly issuing books, tracts, etc. If it continues to disseminate such attractive literature as "Buy Your Own Cherries," we can safely predict the most gratifying success in its benevolent enterprise. The story is short, but can be profitably read and considered by every one.

LIFE IN SING SING STATE PRISON, as seen in a Twelve Years' Chaplaincy. By Rev. John Luckey. New York: N. Tibbals. 12mo., pp. 376. Cloth, $1 50.

In this volume we find compiled, in a clear and engaging style, many of the more striking experiences of the author in the New York State prison. In the *language of his preface*—we think "These sketches will afford the reader a fair and correct notion of some of the usual incidents of convict life, of the opinions and sentiments of convicts themselves, and * * * furnish information that may prove not wholly valueless to the unprejudiced searchers for truth in this department of social science."

YEAR BOOK OF PHARMACY. (The Chemist's Desk Companion for 1866.) A Practical Summary of Researches in Pharmacy, Materia Medica, and Pharmaceutical Chemistry, during the year 1865. Edited by Charles H. Wood, F.C.S., and Charles Sharp. Crown, 8vo., sd., pp. 175. Price $1.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW is a very handsomely-printed monthly, of 48 octavo pages, edited and published by Mr. JOHN W. ORR, New York, at $2 a year. All that is new or interesting relating to this benevolent Order is supposed to be contained therein.

ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS FOR 1866—130 Engravings, containing Practical Suggestions for the Farmer and Horticulturist. Price 30 cents, post-paid. We have previously called attention to this invaluable little book, which every farmer, as well as all who feel interested in the raising of crops, should have. It may be ordered from this office.

NEW MUSIC. We have just received some new contributions to the realm of Tune from Horace Waters, 481 Broadway: "The May Waltz," by Alfred Mellon, a delicate aria, price 65 cents; "The Freedman's Lament," song and chorus, by M. B. Ladd, 30 cents; "My Bonny Boat, Queen of the Sea," song and chorus, 30 cents; "Hilda," a popular waltz, by D. Godfrey, 50 cents; "Oh, You Must be a Lover of the Lord," hymn, with chorus, 30 cents; and "Told in the Twilight," song, 30 cents.

New Books.

[*Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable and interesting:*]

CANADA, ITS DEFENCES, CONDITION, AND RESOURCES. By W. Howard Russell, LL.D. 8vo., pp. 311. $1 50.

DISCE VIVERE, or Learn to Live. A good book, descriptive and interesting. By Dr. Sutton, a well-known English author. 12mo. $1 25.

EARNESTNESS. A tale replete with religious truth. By the Rev. C. B. Taylor, author of Lady Mary, Thankfulness, etc. 12mo. $1.

LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY. By Southey. A good book. $2 50.

THE SAFE COMPASS, AND POINTS. By Rev. Dr. John Newton. 12mo. $1 50.

RILLS FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE. By Rev. Dr. Newton. 12mo. $1 10.

THE INTUITION OF THE MIND. By James McCosh, LL.D. 8vo, pp., 448. Price $3 25.

CLINICAL LECTURES ON THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE. By J. H. Bennett, Professor, etc., in the University of Edinburgh. Third American from the Fourth Edinburgh Edition. 537 wood-cuts. Royal 8vo, pp. xxiv., 1022. Cloth, $7; leather, $8 50.

NEW BOOK OF FLOWERS. By Joseph Breck. Newly Electrotyped and Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 480. Cloth, $2.

THE FIELD AND GARDEN VEGETABLES OF AMERICA. By Fearing Burr, Jr.. Second and Enlarged Edition. 8vo, pp. 700. Cloth, $5 50.

COUNTRY LIFE; a Handbook of Agriculture, Horticulture, and Landscape Gardening. By Robert Morris Copeland. Fifth Edition, revised. 8vo, pp. v., 912. Cloth, $6 50.

THE FIRST GLASS OF WINE; or, Clarence Mortimer. By Nellie Grahame. 18mo, pp. 124. Cloth, 60 cents.

IN VINCULIS; or, The Prisoner of War. Being the Experience of a Rebel in two Federal Pens, interspersed with Reminiscences, etc. By a Virginia Confederate. 12mo, pp. 216. Petersburg, Va. Cloth, $1 50.

THE PRACTICAL BRASS AND IRON FOUNDERS' GUIDE; a Concise Treatise on Brass Founding, Moulding, the Metals, and their Alloys, etc. To which are added, Recent Improvements in the Manufacture of Iron, Steel by the Bessemer process, etc. By James B. Larkin. Fifth Edition, revised, with extensive additions. 12mo, pp. 301. Cloth, $2 50.

ASIATIC CHOLERA; its Origin and Spread in Asia, Africa, and Europe; Introduction into America through Canada; Causes, Symptoms, and Pathology, etc. By R. Nelson, M.D. 12mo, pp. 206. Cloth, $1 75.

THE GIANT CITIES OF BASHAN, and Syria's Holy Places. By the Rev. J. L. Porter. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 277. Cloth, $3 50.

ESSAYS ON THE SOILING OF CATTLE, Illustrated from Experience; and an Address, containing Suggestions which may be useful to Farmers. By Josiah Quincy. With a Memoir of the Author, by Edmund Quincy. 12mo, pp. 121. Cloth, $1 25.

GARDEN FLOWERS—HOW TO CULTIVATE THEM. A Treatise on the Culture of Hardy Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Annuals, Herbaceous and Bedding Plants. By Edward Sprague Rand, Jr. 12mo, pp. 384. Cloth, $3 30.

HOMES WITHOUT HANDS; being a Description of the Habitations of Animals, classed according to their Principles of Construction. By Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., author of the "Illustrated Natural History," etc. 1 vol., large 8vo.; 21 full-page drawings, and 83 Illustrations. 632 pages. Cloth, $7 75.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA. A Contribution to the Natural and Economic History of the British Food Fishes. By James G. Bertram, with fifty Illustrations. One large volume, 8vo, 520 pages. Cloth, $7 75.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your* "BEST THOUGHTS" *solicited.*

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, *etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department*—TO CORRESPONDENTS—*and communications for the Editor, must be written on* SEPARATE *slips.*

SPECIAL NOTICE—*Owing to the crowded state of our columns generally, and the pressure upon this department in particular, we shall be compelled hereafter to decline all questions relating to subjects not properly coming within the scope of this* JOURNAL. *Queries relating to* PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, *and* ANTHROPOLOGY, *or the general* SCIENCE OF MAN, *will still be in order, provided they shall be deemed of* GENERAL INTEREST. *Write your question plainly on* A SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER, *and send us only* ONE *at a time.*

CLASS IN PHRENOLOGY.—I have heard you were to teach a class of students, next fall or winter, the art of practical Phrenology—how to teach the science and how to apply it in the delineation of character. Please give your programme, time, terms, what books to read preparatory to the course, etc., in the JOURNAL, and oblige a lover of the science and one who desires to be A STUDENT.

Ans. The class we propose to instruct will assemble on the seventh day of January, 1867. We propose to teach worthy men of talent how to read character and how to present the science to the public. All who wish to obtain a programme of the course of instruction, stating the books necessary to read, the extent of the course of instruction, and the terms, can do so by sending a stamp and asking for a circular, entitled, "PROFESSIONAL INSTRUCTION IN PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY." Address this office.

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WHAT IS CRANIOLOGY?—The dictionary defines it as "The doctrine or science of determining the properties or characteristics of the mind by the conformation of the skull."

CRANIOSCOPY is the science of the eminences produced in the cranium by the brain—intended to discover the particular part of the brain in which reside the organs which influence particular passions or faculties—in other words, the organs of the mind. Phrenologists claim that the internal of the skull corresponds with the external; as the meat in the nut, the tree to the bark, the oyster to the shell, etc. That the skull is made for the brain, rather than the brain for and by the skull.

ONE-ARMED ARTISTS.—Please inform me, and perhaps many others of the "one-armed corps," through your excellent JOURNAL, whether a person with one arm can practically be an artist? That is, could he work with convenience and rapidity, supposing he had the necessary mental faculties?

Ans. With the proper mental culture, with the art-nature in him, he could, if he had the right hand, become a painter of portraits, or of flowers, or of landscapes. The chief trouble would be in holding the rest-stick or rod. One could hardly paint without such a rest for the hand. Something might perhaps be contrived to obviate the difficulty. Across the top of the canvas frame there might be fastened a piece of wood or metal full of notches—then at the left side of the man there might be a socket in which the end of the resting rod could be placed and the other end placed in one of the notches on the canvas frame. The palette could also be in some way attached to the easel when it was ready for use, and thus convenience and facility could be secured. One-armed men may engage as teachers, preachers, lawyers, merchants, agents, fruit-growers, stock-growers, and a hundred other pursuits. If you want to go into art, we will give you an order which may be familiar to you, "Forward!"

WATER-CURE.—What is the best work you have on Hydropathic family treatment, and its cost? *Ans.* The Illustrated Hydropathic Encyclopedia. $4 50.

IMMORTALITY.—Are such faculties as Secretiveness, Acquisitiveness, Alimentiveness, etc., supposed to live beyond the grave? or do they die with the body?

Ans. All the human faculties have relationship to the spiritual, and though it may be difficult to define our meaning, it is not difficult to appreciate the idea that all these powers of ours in a life to come, by virtue of their relationship to the higher moral and spiritual qualities, shall be glorified and exist in a transcendental state or condition. Every pure-minded man is conscious of a feeling of exalted affection for female friends whom he has no desire to marry. A sister, a cousin, an aunt can be appreciated, as woman, by a man with a feeling that ought to be immortal—and the sense of value represented by Acquisitiveness, as man stands related to earthly objects of value, may be immortal, and serve to give us a just estimate of whatever is precious and valuable. And when the higher life is described in the Scriptures, we read of the "twelve manner of fruits," as if Alimentiveness were necessary to appreciate whatever is luscious to the taste. This question has often been mooted, as to what part of man is immortal. Our impression is, that everything that belongs to his mental nature is a part of his immortality—and in a glorified condition shall minister to his happiness and those with whom he shall stand related—and though we have no particular philosophy on the subject, we feel the comfortable assurance that nothing shall be lost that is human.

CHECKERS — DYSPEPSIA. — Does playing checkers benefit the mind?

Ans. No, but chess may.

What would you recommend for the dyspepsia, as a general thing?

Ans. A plain and simple diet, without stimulants or condiments; systematic bodily exercises in the open air; riding on a horse is good; plenty of sleep; a daily hand-bath, to be taken on rising in the morning, and a careful observance of the laws of health; climbing the hills or rowing a boat, instead of taking medicines or reading books. Dyspeptics should exercise their bodies more than their brains. See "Notes on Beauty and Development," 12 cents.

THE HEAD—HOW TO MAKE IT GROW.—Is there any process, diet, study, or any means, which will stimulate growth, enlargement, expansion, or development of the head? If so, please communicate it. Throw this not among the waste paper, pass it not by; though 'tis nothing to you, 'tis light and life, a hope in the future to the one for which it is intended. Irish blessings and French flatteries are not dealt in, and if your dignities are encroached upon, there is no answer, and the world has another drone.

Ans. Read the new pamphlet, "Hints on Beauty, Vigor, and Development," 12 cents, by post, and take courage. Growth of brain should be in harmony with growth of body; and we can not advise a course of *special* training without knowing more of the case.

MARRYING COUSINS.—Should Mr. A. marry Miss B. if A.'s mother and B.'s mother are cousins?

Ans. We have very frequently, in the JOURNAL, expressed our dissent from the marriage of blood-related parties—even second cousins. There are instances in which the persons resemble the unrelated branches of the families, in which cases the marriage of second cousins would not probably be attended with any serious physiological disadvantages. But we beg our friends not to try by nicely adjusted cases to obtain from us an indorsement of the marriage of cousins, even in the second degree. It is not, in general, best, and not one in a hundred have physiological information sufficient to understand what exceptions would obviate the objections in given cases.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.—Where can we get a copy of this work complete?

Ans. Messrs. Hurd & Houghton publish a beautiful edition at $5 a copy. There are cheaper editions, but none other so perfect. It is possible we may re-print this work in handsome book form during the present year.

OBESITY.—What advice would you give a short, corpulent person of forty, whose extra flesh has come on within a few years past, one who never used liquors or smoked? I weigh some forty to fifty pounds more than I did when thirty years of age. I am inclined to shortness of breath, cough, etc. I have read a great deal, and my eyes begin to be weak, troubled with dimness by spells. My business has always required considerable moderate exercise and standing, though under cover. Please give me advice how to live, and you will oblige me as well as many others in like situation.

Ans. The best advice we are able to give through the JOURNAL may be found in the number for July, 1865, under the head of "Fat Folks and Lean Folks."

PIMPLES.—Pimples are caused by impurity of the blood, and to cure them, we must remove the cause. Impure blood results from improper food, impure air, and various other causes. Greasy, high-seasoned, and too stimulating articles of diet, and such as are difficult of digestion, should be avoided, together with tobacco, coffee, and spirituous liquors; and the skin should be kept in a good condition by frequent bathing. Use tepid or warm water for washing the face and neck, but cold water and a good deal of friction with the hand and towel on the other parts of the person.

PHYSIOGNOMY—THE EAR.—You will notice the lower extremity of the ear is shaped differently in different people. Has that anything to do with character? if it has, what "sign" is it?

Ans. It is doubtless a "sign" of some quality or trait of character, but our observation has not yet enabled us to determine what it indicates.

RINGS.—What are the rules about wearing finger-rings, or the significance of rings on different fingers, etc.? or where should friendship rings and engagement rings be worn, and rings for mere display?

Ans. The engagement ring and the marriage ring are worn on the third finger of the left hand. All other rings may be worn on either hand or on any finger indifferently.

THE TEMPERAMENTS. — In reading my JOURNAL, I find that you make frequent use of the word temperament. I have consulted my dictionary, but can find no satisfactory definition. I will be very much obliged to you if you will give a brief explanation of all the temperaments.

Ans. See article in this number under the head of "Our New Dictionary."

MORNING WALK.—We think that if a walk be taken before breakfast it should be a short one, and chiefly for the purpose of inhaling the fresh bracing air of early day. A few breaths of morning air will exercise an appetizing influence upon the vital system.

AN apple-tree, which was grafted in 1854, only one half bears one year, and the other half the next year. Why is this so? *Ans.* One side of the tree might have been grafted with one kind of graft, and the other half by grafts from another tree.

AN OLD QUESTION.—Does the top of a wagon wheel run faster than the bottom? and why?

Ans. Yes, because the bottom does not run at all. The point of contact with the ground does not move forward, while the top does; but there is a constant changing of the point of contact, so that, alternately, every part of the wheel is at the top and at the bottom. Set up a stick perpendicularly and imagine it to be two of the opposite spokes of a wheel without the rim. Take hold of it in the middle, where the axle or motive power takes hold of a wagon wheel, and move or lean the stick forward and the top will move but the bottom will be relatively immovable. This principle exists in the traveling of the wagon wheel.

SHIP-CARPENTERS. — What faculties ought one to have in order to be a first-class ship-carpenter?

Ans. A ship-carpenter needs a strong frame, for the work is heavy. He needs a good vital system, to manufacture the steam for the propelling of his muscular and mental machinery. He requires a good degree of Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Firmness, to give courage, force, perseverance, and power to grapple heavy work and large ideas. He should have large Form and Size, to enable him to judge of shape, work by the eye, and measure proportions; he should have good mathematical talent, to enable him to plan successfully; he should have large Constructiveness, to impart skill, and good reasoning organs to give sound judgment; he should have large social organs, to make the companionship of the gang of workers pleasant, and large Benevolence to made him willing to lend a hand to those who need help to handle heavy timbers; and finally, he wants good sense and good morals.

BUSTS.—What will clean plaster busts when soiled with fingering?

Ans. A little warm soap-suds and a soft brush or cloth.

SICKLY CHILDREN.—Can a man and woman, both being healthy, give birth to weakly and short-lived children because of incompatibility of temperament?

Ans. Yes. We have taught this for years. Two persons, both healthy, having too much of one temperament for a proper union in marriage, may have children with such an excess of this one temperamental peculiarity as to spoil them.

Another inquires: "If one parent has a prominent degree of the Nervous, and the other of the Lymphatic element, will their children, if they have any, be weakly?"

Ans. They would have too little of the Vital and of the Bilious to be vigorous. It would be a poor match.

Publishers' Department.

FOR AGENTS.—It is believed that enterprising agents, of either sex, may do well canvassing for our NEW PHYSIOGNOMY. With circulars to distribute, and a single copy to exhibit, orders for ten, twenty, or even fifty copies may be taken in a neighborhood. So in cities and villages. Booksellers do but little in the way of calling attention to the work, and their sales will be moderate; but enterprising agents bring the matter home, and show the book to hundreds who would not otherwise know of its existence. Liberal terms will be given by the publishers.

PHRENOLOGY IN SCOTLAND.—Mr. J. C. SMITH, of Dundee, is doing good service in the cause by lectures, examinations, and publications. We hear of him through the press, and always favorably. We remember with gratitude the kindly reception given us in our visit to that enterprising town in 1862, where, night after night, we met with crowded audiences, all curious to hear what the Americans had to say. This Mr. Smith was one of our patrons.

PERFECT THE BOOK.—We still have the New Physiognomy in four separate parts, as at first published, at $1 each, and can now supply them to complete the work. These "parts" will soon be "out of print," and now is the time to obtain them. Of course every reader will wish to have the book nicely bound.

OUR NEW "SPECIAL LIST" contains the titles, with prices, of upward of eighty physiological and medical works, intended for those who need them, but not intended for general circulation. They are private and professional, though intended for both sexes.

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Business.

[Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear; but we will not knowingly insert anything intended to deceive, nor of an immoral tendency. Quack Medicines, Lotteries, Gift Schemes, etc., will be carefully excluded. Matter will be LEADED *and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 25 cents a line.]*

NEW PHYSIOGNOMY; OR, SIGNS OF CHARACTER—as manifested through Temperament and External Forms, and especially in the Human Face Divine. With more than 1,000 illustrations. By S. R. WELLS, Editor of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. In one volume, handsomely bound, post-paid, $5.

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This work systematizes and shows the scientific basis on which each claim rests. The "Signs of Character" are minutely elucidated, and so plainly stated as to render them available. It is in the delineation of individual character that the system finds its most useful application. The various races and nations are described. The Teuton, Celt, Scandinavian, Greek, Mongolian, Indian, Patagonian, African, etc., has each his representative. Portraits, in groups, of distinguished persons of ancient and modern times, with biographical sketches and delineations of character, render the work of interest to all. DIVINES, ORATORS, STATESMEN, WARRIORS, ARTISTS, POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, INVENTORS, PUGILISTS, SURGEONS, DISCOVERERS, ACTORS, MUSICIANS, etc., are given. It is an ENCYCLOPÆDIA of biography, acquainting the reader with the career and character, in brief, of many great men and women of the past 1,000 years, and of the present—such, for instance, as Aristotle, Julius Cæsar, Shakspeare, Washington, Napoleon, Franklin, Bancroft, Bryant, Longfellow, Barnes, Irving, Rosa Bonheur, Theodosia Burr, Cobden, Bright, Lawrence, Bolivar, Whately, Thackeray, Dow, Knox, Richelieu, Hopper, Buckle, Dickens, Victoria, Wesley, Carlyle, Motley, Mill, Spencer, Guthrie, Thompson, Alexander, etc. Every feature of the book, where practicable, has been illustrated with neat and finely-executed engravings.

AGENTS WANTED.

THAT NEW RIFLE.—We can fill orders for the new gun—described in our May number—at $25 each, or, by the case of half a dozen or more, at wholesale rates. The "THUNDERBOLT" is pronounced the best, as it certainly is the handiest and the handsomest Rifle we have ever seen. Address FOWLER AND WELLS,
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UNIVERSITY OF ALBANY.—Department of Law. The next term commences on the 1st September, 1866. Circulars obtainable from AMOS DEAN, Albany, N. Y. 3t

MASONIC WORKS.

Manual of the Lodge	$2 00
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Book of the Chapter	1 75
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Monitor	1 00
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Manual of Freemasonry	1 50
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NOTICE.

TO YOUNG MEN FROM THE FARMS, Mechanics, Soldiers, Middle-aged Men who desire to better their condition in life—and to Parents who would make their Sons successful, useful Men:

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This Engraving is a faithful copy of the Original Masonic Portrait of Washington, belonging to Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, of Alexandria, Va., of which Washington was previously Master, by Mr. Williams, in 1794, to whom Washington gave sittings during his last President?, at the request of the Lodge. It was the only Masonic Portrait of Washington ever painted from his person, and is now for the first time published, by permission.

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HIGHLAND WATER-CURE.—H. P. Burdick, M.D. (Laughing Doctor. See PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, December, '58), and Mrs. Mary Bryant Burdick, M.D., Physicians and Proprietors.

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FOWLER AND WELLS,
New York.

FILTER THE WATER.—The Asiatic Cholera (see *Tribune* of July 7, 1853) "Has made its appearance in London. Its first victim attributed his fatal malady to the poisonous impurities of the Thames, on which river he was employed as a lighterman."

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HERALD OF HEALTH.—Contents for July:

Human Progress, Horace Greeley; Limits of Prohibition, Rev. Dr. Frothingham; Cholera, J. G. Webster, M.D.; A Poem, W. H. Burleigh; Victory of Life, Theodore Tilton; Health and Water, Alfred B. Street; National Longevity, G. W. Bungay; Food and Strength, F. B. Perkins; The Turkish Bath and Health; Beauty of the Mouth; Health of Women and Girls; Anesthetics; Spinal Curvature; Trichinæ; Diptheria; Nose-bleed; Physical Culture, etc. This monthly now enters upon a new era, with the best writers of the age as contributors. Broad and liberal in its tone, it will be a welcome visitor to every parent who has children to rear to fine physical health and beauty. $1 50 a year, 15 cents a number. First six numbers for 1866, as samples, for 60 cents. Address

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ÆSOP'S FABLES.

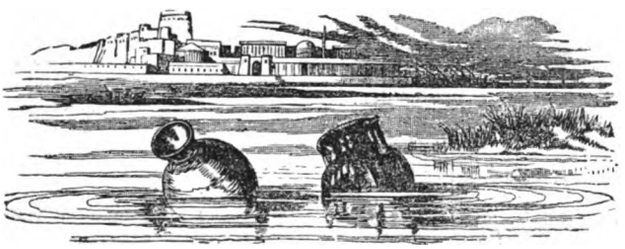
ILLUSTRATED.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

THERE was a brood of Young Larks in a field of corn, which was just ripe, and the mother, looking every day for the reapers, left word, whenever she went out in search of food, that her young ones should report to her all the news they heard. One day, while she was absent, the master came to look at the state of the crop. "It is full time," said he, "to call in all my neighbors and get my corn reaped." When the old Lark came home, the young ones told their mother what they had heard, and begged her to remove them forthwith. "Time enough," said she; "if he trusts to his neighbors, he will have to wait awhile yet for his harvest." Next day, however, the owner came again, and finding the sun still hotter and the corn more ripe, and nothing done, "There is not a moment to be lost," said he; "we can not depend upon our neighbors; we must call in our relations;" and, turning to his son, "Go call your uncles and cousins, and see that they begin to-morrow." In still greater fear, the young ones repeated to their mother the farmer's words. "If that be all," says she, "do not be frightened, for the relations have got harvest work of their own; but take particular notice what you hear the next time, and be sure you let me know." She went abroad the next day, and the owner coming as before, and finding the grain falling to the ground from over-ripeness, and still no one at work, called to his son. "We must wait for our neighbors and friends no longer; do you go and hire some reapers to-night, and we will set to work ourselves to-morrow." When the young ones told their mother this—"Then," said she, "it is time to be off, indeed; for when a man takes up his business himself, instead of leaving it to others, you may be sure that he means to set to work in earnest."

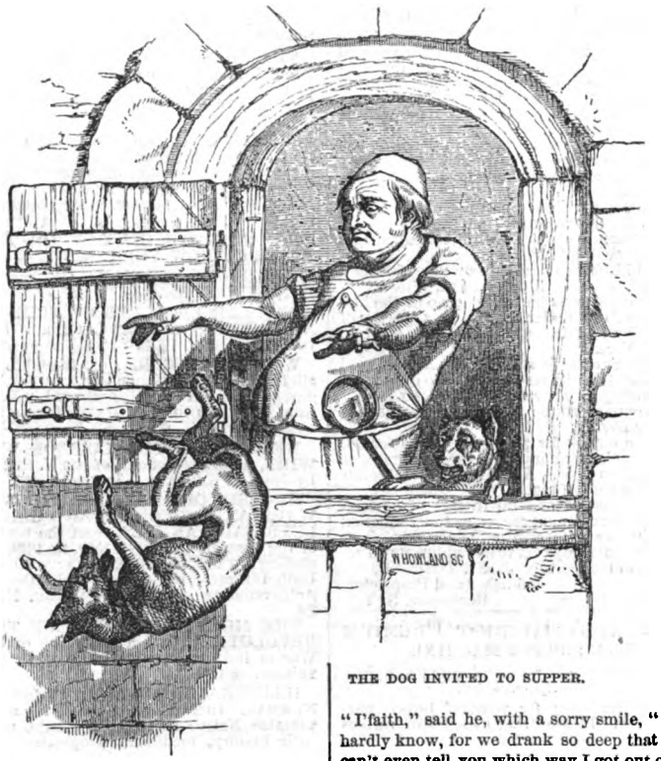
THE TWO POTS.

TWO Pots, one of earthenware, the other of brass, were carried down a river in a flood. The Brazen Pot begged his companion to keep by his side, and he would protect him. "Thank you for your offer," said the Earthen Pot, "but that is just what I am afraid of; if you will only keep at a distance, I may float down in safety; but should we come in contact, I am sure to be the sufferer."



THE TWO POTS.

Avoid too powerful neighbors; for, should there be a collision, the weakest goes to the wall.



THE DOG INVITED TO SUPPER.

THE LEOPARD AND THE FOX.

A LEOPARD and a Fox had a contest which was the finer creature of the two. The Leopard put forward the beauty of its numberless spots; but the Fox replied—"It is better to have a versatile mind than a variegated body."

THE DOG INVITED TO SUPPER.

A GENTLEMAN, having prepared a great feast, invited a Friend to supper; and the Gentleman's Dog, meeting the Friend's Dog, "Come," said he, "my good fellow, and sup with us to-night." The Dog was delighted with the invitation, and as he stood by and saw the preparations for the feast, said to himself, "Capital fare indeed! this is, in truth, good luck. I shall revel in dainties, and I will take good care to lay in an ample stock to-night, for I may have nothing to eat to-morrow." As he said this to himself, he wagged his tail, and gave a sly look at his friend who had invited him. But his tail wagging to and fro caught the cook's eye, who, seeing a stranger, straightway seized him by the legs and threw him out of the window. When he reached the ground, he set off yelping down the street; upon which the neighbors' Dogs ran up to him, and asked him how he liked his supper. "Ifaith," said he, with a sorry smile, "I hardly know, for we drank so deep that I can't even tell you which way I got out of the house."

They who enter by the back-stairs may expect to be shown out at the window.

THE WOLF AND THE SHEPHERD.

A WOLF had long hung about a flock of sheep, and had done them no harm. The Shepherd, however, had his suspicions, and for a while was always on the look-out against him as an avowed enemy. But when the Wolf continued for a long time following in the train of his flock without the least attempt to annoy them, he began to look upon him more as a friend than a foe; and having one day occasion to go into the city, he intrusted the sheep to his care. The Wolf no sooner saw his opportunity than he forthwith fell upon the sheep and worried them; and the Shepherd, on his return, seeing his flock destroyed, exclaimed, "Fool that I am! yet I deserved no less for trusting my Sheep with a Wolf!"

There is more danger from a pretended friend than from an open enemy.

THE THIEF AND THE DOG.

THE TRAVELERS AND THE HATCHET.

TWO men were traveling along the same road, when one of them picking up a hatchet, cries, "See what I have found!" "Do not say *I*," says the other, "but WE have found." After a while, up came the man who had lost the hatchet, and charged the man who had it with the theft. "Alas," says he to his companion, "we are undone!" "Do not say WE," replies the other, "but *I* am undone; for he that will not allow his friend to share the prize, must not expect him to share the danger."

THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT.

A DOCTOR had been for some time attending upon a sick Man, who, however, died under his hands. At the funeral the Doctor went about among the relations, saying, "Our poor friend, if he had only refrained from wine, and attended to his inside, and used proper means, would not have been lying there." One of the mourners answered him, "My good sir, it is of no use your saying this now; you ought to have prescribed these things when your Patient was alive to take them."

The best advice may come too late.

THE THIEF AND THE DOG.

A THIEF coming to rob a house, would have stopped the barking of a Dog by throwing sops to him. "Away with you!" said the Dog; "I had my suspicions of you before, but this excess of civility assures me that you are a rogue."

A bribe in hand betrays mischief at heart.

THE THIRSTY PIGEON.

A PIGEON severely pressed by thirst, seeing a glass of water painted upon a sign, supposed it to be real; so dashing down at it with all her might, she struck against the board, and, breaking her wing, fell helpless to the ground, where she was quickly captured by one of the passers-by.

Great haste is not always good speed.

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THE MISER.

A MISER, to make sure of his property, sold all that he had, and converted it into a great lump of gold, which he hid in a hole in the ground, and went continually to visit and inspect it. This roused the curiosity of one of his workmen, who, suspecting that there was a treasure, when his master's back was turned, went to the spot, and stole it away. When the Miser returned and found the place empty, he wept and tore his hair. But a neighbor who saw him in this extravagant grief, and learned the cause of it, said, "Fret thyself no longer, but take a stone and put it in the same place, and think that it is your lump of gold; for, as you never meant to use it, the one will do you as much good as the other."

The worth of money is not in its possession, but in its use.

THE MISER.

THE FOX AND THE HEDGEHOG.

A FOX, while crossing over a river, was driven by the stream into a narrow gorge, and lay there for a long time unable to get out, covered with myriads of horse-flies that had fastened themselves upon him. A Hedgehog, who was wandering in that direction, saw him, and taking compassion on him, asked him if he should drive away the flies that were so tormenting him. But the Fox begged him to do nothing of the sort. "Why not?" asked the Hedgehog. "Because," replied the Fox, "these flies that are upon me now, are already full, and draw but little blood, but should you remove them, a swarm of fresh and hungry ones will come, who will not leave a drop of blood in my body."

When we throw off rulers or dependents, who have already made the most of us, we do but, for the most part, lay ourselves open to others who will make us bleed yet more freely.

THE WOLF AND THE SHEPHERDS.

A WOLF looking into a hut and seeing some Shepherds comfortably regaling themselves on a joint of mutton—"A pretty row," said he, "would these men have made if they had caught me at such a supper!"

Men are too apt to condemn in others the very things that they practice themselves.

THE BIRD-CATCHER AND THE LARK.

A BIRD-CATCHER was setting springes upon a common, when a Lark, who saw him at work, asked him from a distance what he was doing. "I am establishing a colony," said he, "and laying the foundations of my first city." Upon that, the Man retired to a little distance and hid himself. The Lark, believing his assertion, soon flew down to the place, and swallowing the bait, found himself entangled in the noose; whereupon the Bird-catcher straightway coming up to him, made him his prisoner. "A pretty fellow are you!" said the Lark; "if these are the colonies you found, you will not find many emigrants."

THE ARAB AND THE CAMEL.

THE ARAB AND THE CAMEL.

AN Arab having loaded his Camel, asked him whether he preferred to go up hill or down hill. "Pray, Master," said the Camel dryly, "is the straight way across the plain shut up?"

THE OLD MAN AND DEATH.

AN Old Man that had traveled a long way with a huge bundle of sticks, found himself so weary that he cast it down, and called upon Death to deliver him from his most miserable existence. Death came straightway at his call, and asked him what he wanted. "Pray, good sir," says he, "do me but the favor to help me up with my burden again."

It is one thing to call for Death, and another to see him coming.

THE HORSE AND THE LOADED ASS.

THE HORSE AND THE LOADED ASS.

A MAN who kept a Horse and an Ass was wont in his journeys to spare the Horse, and put all the burden upon the Ass's back. The Ass, who had been some while ailing, besought the Horse one day to relieve him of part of his load; "For if," said he, "you would take a fair portion, I shall soon get well again; but if you refuse to help me, this weight will kill me." The Horse, however, bade the Ass get on, and not trouble him with his complaints. The Ass jogged on in silence, but presently, overcome with the weight of his burden, dropped down dead, as he had foretold. Upon this the master, coming up, unloosed the load from the dead Ass, and putting it upon the Horse's back, made him carry the Ass's carcass in addition. "Alas, for my ill-nature!" said the Horse; "by refusing to bear my just portion of the load, I have now to carry the whole of it, with a dead weight into the bargain."

A disobliging temper carries its own punishment along with it.

THE PORKER AND THE SHEEP.

A YOUNG Porker took up his quarters in a fold of Sheep. One day the shepherd laid hold on him, when he squeaked and struggled with all his might and main. The Sheep reproached him for crying out, and said, "The master often lays hold of us, and we do not cry." "Yes," replied he, "but our case is not the same; for he catches you for the sake of your wool, but me for my fry."

THE FOX AND THE MASK.

A FOX had stolen into the house of an actor, and in rummaging among his various properties, laid hold of a highly-finished Mask. "A fine-looking head, indeed!" cried he; "what a pity it is that it wants brains!"

A fair outside is but a poor substitute for inward worth.

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PORTRAIT OF LIEUT.-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

OUR COUNTRY'S LOSS.

ON Tuesday, the 29th of May last, shortly before noon, Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott breathed his last. The warworn, aged patriot is no more. He whose name was ever spoken with reverence, who stood the noble representative of past generations and battle-scarred warriors, has at length succumbed to the infirmities of age and the encroachments of disease. His history is so intimately associated with the history of our country for the last half century that it can with truth be said to be on every schoolboy's tongue. Not having now the time sufficient to prepare an extended biography, we will notice briefly his career, hoping to give in a future number a more satisfactory sketch.

Winfield Scott was born near Petersburg, Virginia, June 13, 1786. After completing his preparatory education, he spent a year or two at William and Mary College, and subsequently studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1806. The stirring events which soon after followed aroused Scott's patriotic spirit, and having applied for a commission, he was appointed, in 1808, captain in a regiment of light artillery. His first active service was at the attack on Queenstown Heights, where he took command of the American force after all the superior officers were killed or wounded. This affair, however, as is well known, terminated disastrously. In the following year he distinguished himself at the attack on Fort George, in the descent upon York, and the capture of Fort Matilda, on the St. Lawrence. In March, 1814, he was made a brigadier-general, and soon afterward distinguished himself in the memorable actions of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane. In this latter engagement he was seriously wounded. He was promoted to the rank of major-general when but twenty-eight years of age. In the important operations against the Indians on our frontier, General Scott was appointed to leading positions with uniform success. In 1841 he was assigned to the command of the U. S. army. The Mexican war, which next claimed his attention, was brought by a series of bold and skillful strategic measures to a successful termination. In 1855 the rank of brevet lieutenant-general was conferred upon him. Rather tall in stature and large framed, he was of fine and commanding presence. His character is unstained, and its purity, linked with the memory of the many inestimable services rendered by him to his country during a long life, will garland his venerated and immortal name on the historic page, and honor it with the respect and admiration of posterity.

PHYSIOGNOMY AND CRIME.—With physiognomy universally understood and practiced, villainy would be almost impossible. The thief, the gambler, the *roué*, the robber, and the murderer wear labels on their foreheads. If we fail to read the inscription, it is merely on account of our imperfect knowledge of the language in which it is written. Their characters once read and known by all men, their occupation would be gone.—*New Physiognomy.*

MILTON'S LAST POEM.

I AM old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted, and deserted by my mind!
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak; yet dying,
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to Thee.

Oh, Merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When men pass coldly by—my weakness shun—
Thy chariot I hear!

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night!

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear—
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling where feet of mortal never yet had been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless hand,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel's lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song

It is nothing, now
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow—
The earth in darkness lies.

In a pure clime
My being fills with rapture, waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit; strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the strings of a gift divine.
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

YOUR OWN GOOD NAME.—Some one says to young men, don't rely upon friends. Don't rely upon the good name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of those whom they call friends; and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions; and know that better than the best friend you can have, is an unquestionable reputation united with decision of character.

THE
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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—*Young.*

CHARLES J. BRYDGES.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES J. BRYDGES.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

THIS gentleman is built for power. He is stocky, has a broad and deep chest, is strong and healthy in the digestive system, manufactures vitality with great rapidity and abundance, and has therefore ample steam for his physical and mental machinery. His head is large, and in good proportion to his body. He never feels fatigued by intellectual labor, because the body is amply sufficient to give the brain all the support it requires. The base of the brain being large serves to keep the vital or bodily functions in vigorous activity, and at the same time gives great force and momentum to the character.

Combativeness and Destructiveness are prominently developed, giving him industry, positiveness, executiveness, thoroughness, and strength of indignation when aroused. He is not one of those flashy, impulsive kind of men; he is deliberate yet strong; ardent in feeling yet self-sustained and steadfast. He is not easily disturbed in temper nor thrown off his balance by fear. And while he is by no means tame in the way of anger or indignation when just occasion calls for any exercise of those feelings, he is not one of those peevish, nervous, fretful men, but he can bear a great deal of inconvenience and annoyance, if it be necessary, without feelings of impatience.

His Cautiousness is sufficient to produce forethought and prudence, but he is not vexed by care or timidity in the hour of difficulty. He appreciates property; is a natural financier, a good manager, and would not be willing to confine himself to books and accounts. He would prefer to manage men and control transactions rather than handle money or keep accounts.

His Firmness is large, and his Self-Esteem well developed. He stands on his own responsibility squarely and firmly, and is willing to accept the consequences, if he can have the planning and adjusting of the causes. He never shrinks from responsibility or shirks duty. He seeks the good opinion of his friends and desires general popularity, but is neither vain nor hungry for praise.

He is organized to be a master spirit wherever he is, and he will not remain long in a place

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where he has to act a subordinate capacity. He would prefer to be captain of a sloop rather than mate of a first-class ship. He has the disposition to centralize himself upon his own foundation, and can act much better and enjoy life more by having authority and responsibility than by acting under instruction. His intellect has a practical cast, and though it is far-reaching and comprehensive, it acts by a sudden, well-defined, intuitive apprehension of affairs; and his first judgment, even where the conditions are complicated, is generally his best. He has inherited his mother's intuition, her quick perception, her ready judgment of character, her power to decide rightly the first time.

His Language is sufficient to make him a good talker, but he never wastes words; goes directly to his conclusions and stops when he gets through. He never repeats himself or reiterates. In the management of men or of children he would give an order once for all, and they would learn to listen to what he had to say. Decision is one of his prominent qualities, and he is satisfied with his own impression. He generally has but one opinion upon a subject. There are no "divided councils" in his mind. He retains the facts and knowledge gained by experience, and is able to recall and apply them at will.

He has good mechanical talent, good practical sense, good judgment of property, and an excellent faculty for understanding character. His first impression of a stranger generally serves him, without modification. He is a friendly, warm-hearted, genial man, when business permits him to unbend himself; and he is generous, especially to those who are weak. He has a fair share of justice and reverence, but is not strong in faith. He believes but little that can not be accounted for on scientific principles. He has more reverence for the Supreme Being than faith and confidence in doctrines and religious teachings.

He imitates but little, and strikes out a course for himself. If he were a writer he could not be a plagiarist. As a speaker or doer he utters his own thoughts, works out his own purposes.

He should be known for practical and intuitive knowledge, for a good memory of faces, places, and thoughts, for appreciation of character, for dignity and determination, for watchfulness, energy, and enterprise, for mechanical judgment, for power to supervise and control business and men, and for strong social and domestic dispositions.

A head so strong should always have plenty of occupation; it does not answer for such organizations to be idle or fall into the channels of luxury and dissipation. He has a strong hold on life and things tangible and physical. His passions are strong and his impulses vigorous, and should be modified and regulated by correct social conditions and by moral and religious principles. He is Napoleonic in power; and while on the right track he will make good progress and do a world of work. If unfortunately he departs from the true course, he will be like a locomotive off the track, as imperial in error as he is in the right course.

Our delineation of character was predicated upon a large *imperial* photograph of Mr. Brydges, furnished us for the purpose.

BIOGRAPHY.

Charles J. Brydges, Esq., the managing director of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada, was born in London, February, 1827. His parents were in little more than comfortable circumstances, though of very respectable lineage, claiming descent from one Sir Simon de Brugge, one of the followers of William the Conqueror. At the early age of eight years Mr. Brydges was left an orphan, his father having died when he was but two years old, and his mother surviving the loss of her husband but six years. The bereaved boy was left without a relative of his own name in the world; but there were friends at hand to care for him. He was sent to a private academy, and there remained until his fifteenth year, when he was considered sufficiently advanced to enter the theater of business. A merchant's office first received the aspiring young man, in which he continued one year, afterward obtaining a permanent clerkship in the London and South-Western Railway Company. The character of the business here was in accordance with his tastes, and he hopefully and reliantly looked forward to promotion and an influential position. His hopes were fully realized. After passing through several grades or departments of service in the Company, he found himself at the age of twenty-six assistant secretary. He, however, aimed higher, and in 1852 received the appointment to the office of managing director of the Great Western Railway Company of Canada. As an expression of their approval of his services, the London and South-Western Company presented Mr. Brydges with a tea-service of silver. Subsequently the latter Company, fully appreciative of his value as an officer, offered him the position of secretary. This flattering inducement his engagement with the Canada Company precluded him from accepting. Of the manner in which he conducted the affairs of the Great Western Railway, and of the executive ability displayed, the following resolution, unanimously adopted at a meeting of the English shareholders, is a cogent testimonial:

Resolved, That the best thanks of this meeting are due to Mr. Brydges, the managing director in Canada, for the zeal, integrity, and judgment which he has uniformly displayed in conducting the business of the Company.

The financial depression which characterized the period between 1857 and 1861 rendered railroad operations in Canada complicated and embarrassing. Uncertainty and distrust, excited by opponents of the policy of the managing director, prevailed among a large body of the shareholders. It became necessary at length for the board of management to furnish a report of their operations in answer to the charge of *malfeasance* preferred against it by the disaffected. This report was accepted, and confirmed Mr. Brydges in his trying position. In May, 1861, shortly after his severe ordeal, the employees of the Great Western Road presented him with a magnificent service of silver plate as a testimonial of their esteem. In 1861 the policy of combining the two lines, the Grand Trunk and Great Western Railways, was discussed, and negotiations were entered into by gentlemen deputized by the respective companies for the purpose of effecting an amalgamation. During the pendency of these negotiations the situation of managing director of the Grand Trunk Railway becoming vacant, Mr. Brydges was empowered to act in that capacity. He continued to manage both roads until the fall of 1862; but the bill in Parliament to provide for the union of the two lines having failed to pass, Mr. Brydges, to the regret of the Company, resigned his seat as a director of the Great Western Railway. Continuing the superintendence of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, from that time he has contributed more extensively to its enlargement and successful operation than any previous director. When Mr. Brydges accepted the post of manager, the affairs of the line were much embarrassed, a heavy debt threatened it with destruction, and the *materiel* of the road had greatly deteriorated. A few years' efficient action has so far improved the condition of this railway that it has become one of the first railroads of North America, and is the grand connecting link and medium of transportation between the interior and western regions, and the sea-coast and eastern cities of Canada. In the words of an old and heavy stockholder: "Before the advent of Mr. Brydges as manager, the Grand Trunk Railway had not only been productive of no gain, but had entailed on its supporters and the Province a constant loss. But when he had undertaken its management, all that sort of thing was forthwith changed. They had never had, and never could have any man with a greater amount of railway talent than the present managing director."

OLD MEMORIES.

THE moss was springing at my feet,
The branches, budding, overhead,
The brook was purling, low and sweet,
I stopped to list to what it said.
For, ah! it murmured in my ears
Full many a word of import deep,
That brought me back from early years—
Memories that made me pause and weep.

It stirred oblivion in my heart,
And bursting from its long confine,
Memory came forth to do her part
In torturing this poor heart of mine.
It brought me shining locks and fair,
Brown locks, and raven, each a gem;
Each found a tongue, and through the air
Long silent voices breathed again.

Ah! springing moss and bursting bud,
Twin moss and bud of that long May,
When hand in hand through this old wood
We wandered culling all the day,
The woodland flowers which swiftly grew
To graceful garlands skillful made,
And bending o'er the brook to view
Our laurels, sighed that they must fade.

Ah! murmuring stream, thy voice was then
The sweetest music to my ears;
Why art thou singing o'er again
The melody of other years?
Or if thou wilt, thy sad refrain
Oh give me from thy mirror face
The loved ones' features back again,
Reflected there in other days. INEZ LADD.

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MORAL RESPONSIBILITY.

THE IDIOTIC, INSANE, AND VIOLENT.

SUPPOSE a man to be organized with all the selfish propensities excessively developed, and all the moral and intellectual faculties weak, and he be reared among low and vicious people, and all the circumstances which are brought to bear upon him tend to vice and immorality, how can such a man be held responsible for his actions?

Answer. You have built a man for your illustration sadly out of proportion, and then ask us to explain his moral status. We will not call it a man of straw, because, without doubt, many men are born as unfortunately and reared as badly as the case you suppose. Without begging the question, we may say that there are men who are natural-born idiots, and nobody holds them responsible. If a man has not the requisite common sense to understand his duty, he is, we believe, in all civil courts, certainly in the court of common sense, exonerated from all penal responsibility.

There is another class of cases which the world is not wise enough to understand, though every year it suffers from their depredations. We mean a class of persons whose impulses are so strongly animal, and whose intellectual faculties are so defective, that they are not properly moral agents. How many are there in regard to whom the world says, "They are innocent and inoffensive; they do not know enough to be wicked, nor do they know enough to get a living." But suppose the man who does not know enough to be wicked or to earn a living, to be largely endowed with any one or more strong animal impulses such as ministers and deacons and other good men carry in their natures and use judiciously, he would go astray in an hour; he has not knowledge, wisdom, guiding power, or talent enough to have a clear view of right and wrong, duty and propriety. Such men are called insane or idiotic, and justly cared for, regulated, and restrained. On Blackwell's Island there is a place for the sick, a place for the insane, a place for the poor, and a place for the vicious. Each is classified according to his drift and capacity, so far as common judgment and his actions indicate to what class he belongs. That seems all right enough; but according to the teachings that we sometimes hear, each man is equally responsible, at least to God if not to men. Is not God wiser than men? If we perceive that one individual in ten thousand has not a sound mind, is not fit to run at large, and that another, in a given number of people, will be found fierce and ungovernable, shall they not be restrained? According to present usage, such men are not arrested till they have committed some overt act. Insane people, and those who are too simple-minded or too dissolute to earn a living—we put them into an insane asylum or the workhouse, and the world says Amen! Phrenologists say Amen to this. If it could be ascertained who should be restrained before some family is slaughtered, or some building burned, or some other terrible offense is committed, it would be all the better. If it is known that a dog is rabid, though he has not bitten a man, he is looked after very vigilantly before he shall have bitten a person. But a human being, though he may be ever so unfortunately organized in the way of passion and propensity, or weak in moral restraining power, is not confined or restrained; scarcely any effort is made even to educate him till somebody's head is broken or house burned over his head. Then there is a hue-and-cry for the offender's blood; and if he be proved in court to be of unsound mind, an unfit subject for the gallows, ninety out of every hundred, of good people even, raise a cry against such "mistaken leniency."

Such seems to be the secular common-sense view of the subject. Viewed from a higher standpoint—namely, the religious—we recognize the principle, that every person not insane or idiotic, by virtue of his humanity, has in himself enough of the godlike to appreciate truth and goodness. He may have only a glimmer where others have the full sunlight of moral perception; but our heavenly Father, who is to be our judge, has not left us utterly desolate. St. Paul, speaking of this, says: "When the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves; which show the works of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts meanwhile accusing, or else excusing one another."—Rom. ii. 14, 15. And if God is the father of the human race, and, as the Christian world believes, is mindful of his creatures, giving them according to their measure of his spirit to lead and restrain them, each man has light enough to find his way toward truth and goodness and God. The worst men we have ever seen, who were not insane or idiotic, will confess that frequently in the intervals of their impulsive passions they feel remorse, the sense of guilt, the desire to do better and be better. If any man be so low as to have none of these movings and monitions, he belongs to the insane, imbecile, or idiotic class. The parable of the talents we often quote. If the kingdom of heaven is likened to that illustration, we can easily see that the all-wise Father shall mete out to each his true share of responsibility, his true meed of praise and reward. The little child that tries to obey, that can only carry the fringe of that which is a load to adults, is praised more than the adult who lifts the burden. He shows a willingness to do the little he can, and doing it has his reward. The man who had the one talent and buried it was condemned, not because he had but one, but because he neglected to use the one he had; and he who had received two and gained other two talents received the same praise which was awarded to him who had received five talents and doubled them. It is precisely as easy for one man to do his duty—to use the power he has, and that is all that is required—as it is for another, because from him to whom much has been given much will be required, and every man must use all the power he possesses in order to receive the welcome, "well done, good and faithful servant." He who has a burden of sin to struggle against, passions that are rampant and raging, may strive harder with the little goodness he has in him to do good, though to outward seeming with very little good result, than the best man in the community. The ship with a round bow that makes lee-way in spite of all its beatings against the wind, really sails four miles an hour through the rushing tide; but since the tide runs six miles an hour, the ship loses or falls back two miles an hour, although it sails with all its might; while the clipper with a deep keel and a sharp bow, capable of sailing ten miles an hour, overcomes the tide, which is equal to six miles, and in addition makes four miles absolute headway. The men who navigate the badly constructed bark strive as hard, yearn as earnestly, and use all the sailing power they have, and they absolutely go backward four miles less than they would if they did not work. Shall their work not "be counted to them for righteousness?" Shall not their efforts in the right direction, though not crowned with triumph and success, be properly estimated? Suppose a man born with a passionate disposition; his fathers "have eaten sour grapes"—perverted their natures—and thereby his "teeth are set on edge." If he strive to do the thing which is right, though when his temper is sweetest it is vinegar compared with the well-born and the sweet-tempered—shall not a just God regard his efforts favorably, and make all proper allowance for the influences which have made him liable to defects in conduct?

Those good people who are born with favorable organizations can stand up, as the Pharisee did in his day, and thank God they are "not like other men," and cherish a kind of amiable and respectable selfishness, and even look down upon the poor "publican" who is bowed down in bitterness of anguish, not daring "so much as to lift his eyes to heaven," while he, poor man, sin-smitten, sick at heart, cries out in his anguish, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" We read that "he went down to his house justified rather than the other," yet he was a rough, hard, hirsute man, with not half the chance to be decent that the Pharisee possessed to be eminent in virtue and goodness. Let us say to our friend that earthly parents easily know how to measure to their own children the proper praise and blame for their various conduct. The little, the weak, those who are stupid, those who are keen, are measured, judged, and rewarded wisely. Shall not our heavenly Father, who is so much wiser and greater than we, know how to judge of the proper responsibility of all his children? and "shall not the God of all the earth do right?" Moral responsibility and accountability is in accordance with capability—all of which is in harmony with organization, and may be thus measured and judged.

FRANKNESS.—Rich souls that have more powers, and for that reason more sides, than common ones, seem, of course, to be less *porous*, just as authors full of meaning seem less clear. A man who exposes to you with frankness all the colors of his heart playing into each other, loses thereby the glory of frankness.—*Jean Paul.*

STRIVE to preserve a praying mind through the day, not only at the usual and stated periods, but everywhere, and at all times, and in all companies. This is your best preservative from error, weakness, and sin.

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PHRENOLOGY

CONSIDERED—EXTRINSICALLY.—No. 1.

THAT there are evidences in support of Phrenology outside of its special sphere, but yet intimately associated with it, we have at this time undertaken to demonstrate. Not that the science needs any such extriasic proof, but rather that we may place before our readers facts which they themselves would, in the case of any new system which they were disposed to regard as false, consider as unquestionably in its favor. Now what we have to say affects not the physical—the real proofs of Phrenology, but in its very nature tends, as it were, to form the lining or envelope of the more factitious evidence, and to invest that with a winsome grace.

First, let us look at the discoverer of Phrenology and his great pupil and associate, Dr. Spurzheim. Who was Dr. Gall, and who was Dr. Spurzheim? They were not obscure medical practitioners, but commanded by their acknowledged abilities the first rank among anatomists and physicians. Dr. Gall while at Paris was evidently regarded, even in that city of the sciences, as the foremost among medicists. Of him Dr. Elliotson, then the first of English anatomists, writes, "he was physician to many ambassadors."

The celebrated French naturalist and surgeon Vimont, who at first was strongly disposed to combat the claims of Phrenology, and afterward, by the very evidence which he had collected to overthrow it, was converted to its tenets, says, "High cerebral capacity, profound penetration, good sense, varied information, were the qualities which struck me as distinguishing Gall. The indifference which I first felt for his writings soon gave way to the most profound veneration."

Dr. Spurzheim elaborated and systemized the discoveries of Gall, besides adding several organs of his own ascertaining. As an anatomist he possessed a reputation even superior to that of Gall, and to him our science owes the important demonstration of the fibrous nature of the brain, which he showed beyond cavil by his unfortunately lost method of *unfolding* the brain. No one can read his treatise on Phrenology without being powerfully impressed with the profoundness and comprehensiveness of his philosophical mind. The point we would make here is this, that Phrenology does not owe its existence to scheming, cunning, sophists, or to ignorant charlatans who were playing a deep game with public credulity, but its discovery was the result of patient, toilsome investigation, continued for years, and that, too, by the most skillful anatomists of Europe. Such were Drs. Gall and Spurzheim.

Again, Phrenology has this to proffer in its favor, that very many celebrated surgeons and physicians who, when this science of the mind was first brought to notice, privately and publicly ridiculed it without mercy; afterward having become acquainted with the incontrovertible facts upon which it rests, were transformed into its most earnest advocates and teachers.

Dr. Vimont, of Caen, mentioned above, regarding Gall, at first, as a charlatan, set about preparing a book to refute his statements with respect to the functions of the brain, and in the course of his investigations examined more than twenty-five hundred animal crania of various classes, orders, genera, and species. The result of his researches was his thorough conviction that Gall was right, and his claims for Phrenology less boldly enunciated than they might justly be.

Dr. John Elliotson, for many years president of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, was at first a vehement opposer of the new system. So was Dr. John Mackintosh, of Edinburgh, who said, "I was formerly not only an unbeliever in Phrenology, but a determined scoffer, and my conversion was slowly produced by *the occurrence of individual cases that were accidentally brought before me;* and I would now risk all I possess upon the general results drawn from the examination of the heads of one hundred convicts, by qualified persons I could name." Also Dr. Charles Caldwell, Professor in the Louisville Medical College, Ky., for many years; Dr. John Bell, of Philadelphia, and others equally eminent, were formerly as strongly opposed to as they were afterward well known to be in favor of Phrenology. In the field of medicine and surgery Phrenology can muster an array of talent on its side which would by mere numerical force overawe any opposition. A perusal of Dr. Boardman's "Defence of Phrenology" will satisfy any doubter, if he be a reasonable person, of the genuine merit of "the only true system of mental philosophy." If any science or system can derive any support from the number and character of its disciples, Phrenology certainly can.

The manner in which it was discovered affords strong, in fact, the strongest kind of evidence of its truth. No one thinks of contesting the claims of chemistry, geology, or natural history with respect to their fundamental principles, for the very reason that they are founded on facts, and their witnesses lie all about us. Phrenology is the offspring of observation, "and not a theory that was manufactured in the closet and brought to the light of day in a finished state. No, it first appeared like so many detached and isolated facts, and after the facts were satisfactorily established, it was wrought into an interesting system of philosophy. Like all other true sciences, it is yet imperfectly understood by man. New facts and new organs may yet be brought to the light. Its resources, like the mind itself, are inexhaustible. Some of these ascertained organs are doubtless capable of subdivision, and that to an indefinite extent While to the eye of the non-phrenologist the organs which science has mapped out on the cranium appear to be minute and intercommingled, to the view of the skillful examiner they are large and even isolated. While the former wonders that they can be so clearly distinguished and bounded, the latter regards them as large and compound.

Phrenology is founded upon evidence manifest to the senses. There is nothing assumed, presumed, or taken for granted. It is a science of positive knowledge—the testimony to which is found in the corresponding heads and characters of the men and women all around us. Let the doubter but examine carefully his own head according to the prescriptions of Phrenology, and his doubts will yield to conviction.

The exact sciences, as they are called, owe their establishment to the evidence of the senses. Their fundamental principles are founded inductively, and therefore irrefragably; so it is with the science we advocate. He that would refute and proclaim its testimony as false must upset the whole human economy and change the cranial constitution of man.

SUGGESTIONS TO YOUNG MEN

INTENDING TO EMIGRATE TO AMERICA.

EVERY European steamer arriving at our ports brings a vast number of young men from the "old country" who have resolved to strike boldly out and secure for themselves a home in the New World, which is offered to all industrious heads and hands that are willing to work for it. Unfortunately, however, the greater portion of those who come to our shores have no fixed idea or programme for future guidance. They arrive totally unknown and friendless, and not unfrequently get disheartened, vainly expecting to obtain a situation in a few days, or a week at most. Some, indeed, think that fortunes are to be had for the mere trouble of picking up. This is aptly illustrated by the story of a native of the Emerald Isle, who, upon landing, started to take a walk up Broadway. On the way he saw a silver dollar lying on the roadside. He looked at it awhile, and exclaimed, "Sure, an' would I be picking up the like o' ye, when I have only got to go to 'Goold' Street and pick up the 'goold!' We doubt if Patrick found any "goold" "lying around loose" in New York. Here, as in Europe, there is no royal road to wealth. The stout heart and the willing arm are the only passports to success, and he who possesses these need not fear for the future; there is room enough in this great country for all. To those intending to change their sphere of action we give a few hints, which, if observed, will be of service to them and promote their success. We have seen hundreds of young men with but little money in their pockets who have touched the bottom in a week or so. Every one should have at least enough to keep himself for two or three months, so as to prosecute the search for employment and not feel the desperation and despondency incident to an empty pocket, and the consequent empty stomach. He should also be provided with letters of introduction, if possible; and above all, with letters of recommendation from his last employers. These are of absolute necessity. Respectable business houses object to take young men without them. Many come without either, and are surprised to find themselves pushed aside by others better provided in that line. The Young Men's Christian Association of New York is here a worthy institution. Many a young man owes his success in life to its influence. In nearly every large town in the British Isles these associations exist, and letters of introduction from them to the Association here will insure for the possessor a hearty welcome, and he will at once be put in the right channel for obtaining employment and good associations.

In conclusion, we may say that in this country there is plenty of root-room for healthy plants to grow in, and whoever comes with honest purposes and industrious disposition and fair skill, has a certainty of success, and that, too, without waiting many weary years.

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Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—Cabanis.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—Hosea iv. 6.

THE SPIRITUAL AND PHYSICAL.

Doth not the soul the body sway?
And the responding plastic clay
Receive the impress every hour
Of the pervading spirit's power?

The finer essence which inlies
The frame, to which it giveth guise
And outward form, expression finds
In contours changing with our minds.

Look inward if thou wouldst be fair;
To beauty guide the feelings there,
And this soul-beauty, bright and warm,
Thy outward being will transform.

And inward beauty's forms of grace
Shall set their seal upon thy face,
And mind and soul and heart combine
To make an outward beauty thine.

If upward trained, the heaven-born soul
(God ever nigh, and heaven its goal),
From earth's corrupting grossness free,
Will clothe thee with its purity.

So by the glorious might of mind,
Let all thy nature be refined,
Till in the soul's inspiring flow
Thy beauty shall increasing grow.

And let the heart rich coloring give,
And bid the beauteous statue live;
That gracing earth and fit for heaven,
Life's richest dower to thee be given.

BERTHA HASSELTINE.

VIOLATIONS OF LAW.

[*Extract from a Lecture of one of our contributors.*]

Man violates the laws of nature, and is punished.
Man is the tyrant of himself! as well as the tyrant of others.

The laws of nature are not destructible; even every ravage committed by man upon his own physical constitution, she—the sovereign mistress of the universe!—attempts to ameliorate and rectify.

We shall take the rough cradles of freedom—the mountain habitations of the Swiss; and *there*, where the hardy mountaineers behold the symbols of God's might in the livid lightning and booming thunder, "leaping from crag to crag," and are drawn closer to the throne of the Invisible Presence—there they do not feel that He who shaped out those sublime scenes, and draped them with the glowing livery of dissolving colors, and hung above them a tapestry of clouds and a field of storms—traversed at night by the lambent meteors of the heavens—there they do not own that they were created to fawn at the feet of despotic power, or to writhe beneath the heels of any power that would throw their natural and inherent dignity into a state of abject submission.

Man alone seems a discordant entity in the midst of nature's harmonic actions (or he, like nature, would not be tyrannical), and his dark and ungovernable passions seem to adapt themselves to the scenes of "death and desolation!"*

There is no tyranny observable in the design or in the unfolding of the immutable landscape; and though the red lightnings gild the mountain tops, and the convolving clouds shroud the distant sea (whose hoarse anthem reverberates through the vailing darkness), yet even these lift the soul of the simple peasant into the sublimity of worship and adoration. His is no palace—his home is the "sounding-board of the tempest," yet a castle where the industrious virtues are encouraged.

"Lo the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind."

But in islands ruled by haughty conquerors—islands cut off by the ocean from the continents of the world—*their* subjugated inhabitants have had scarcely the simple and natural prerogative of worship! *They* can not feel the pleasures of the surrounding landscape; and even the joys of their social home are dashed with a deep and permanent sorrow—those pleasures are all turned into a curse by the ravages of tyranny upon the mind; for in a state of thralldom, they can not glow with pleasure over the unfolding fascinations of nature! Moreover, when the sad contrast between all that was made for man's delight, and all that was superinduced by tyranny to counteract it, only leads the mind to mourn in the holiest hour of its most solemn meditation.

There may be lands whose proud capitols and lofty edifices may be more imposing than those where tyranny lords it over a down-trodden yet splendid people. Wealth may raise the mural and architectural grandeur of the capitol, yet it is native genius, native prowess, and native enterprise (joined together under the fostering sway of a benignant ruler) that must breathe upon it the breath of imperishable renown. Then the land becomes a wonder; then the land is attractive to the polished citizens of other nations; then do the arts and sciences flourish; then does commerce fling her snowy sails to the winds of ocean; then will a Praxiteles or a Burke arise, to win the homage of a mighty multitude.

The design of the artist breathes from the marble column, and the fire of the orator renders sacred the edifice where thousands hung upon his eloquence with mute admiration and astonishment.

THOMAS FENTON.

* Combe.

AIR AND SUNLIGHT.

It is one of the mysteries by which we are surrounded, that so many people seem afraid of the pure air, one of God's best and choicest blessings, yet so often ignored by his children. Enter the dwellings, to say nothing of the seven-by-nine sleeping-rooms of community, and what an atmosphere meets you at the threshold even! Why, there is not another living creature, bird, beast, insect, or creeping thing, that would live week after week and inhale the impure air which human beings do without feeling its deleterious effects. No wonder there are so many pale-faced wives and daughters who look as though they had neither seen the sun nor snuffed the fresh air of heaven for months. Spending, as they do, most of their time in close, heated, unventilated rooms, going the same tiresome rounds of domestic labor from day to day, from year to year, using one set of the faculties of the mind to the entire neglect of all the others, why should they not become frail and sickly, to say the least. The wonder is, not that there are so many sickly women and children, but that there are not *more* with the present mode of living, by the majority of people. God gives the rich, warm sunshine to impart strength and vigor, not only to the vegetable kingdom of the earth, but also to infuse life and activity into the animal and the mental. Light, air, and water are the great agents which He uses to give and sustain life; and yet how many exclude almost entirely the sunlight and air from their dwellings. Why will ye thus do and suffer when it is a sin to be ignorant? Learn a lesson from the open book of nature. Go out, my sisters, under the warm rays of the sun, and toil among the flowers and in your gardens, and draw strength from the bosom of mother earth, and hope and cheerfulness from smiling nature all around you. Make everything conduce to your happiness, then shall ye grow strong in body as well as in mind. Try to develop all your God-given powers for the benefit of all who may come within the circle of your influence. Do not feel that it is all of life to be a good housewife, although that is no mean attainment; yet there are higher and nobler ones for woman to aspire to—even the intellectual, moral, and religious, which shall fit her to shine in the home and the social circle on earth, and in heaven as the stars forever and ever. H. J. S.

OVER-EATING.

Health and longevity are not the only results of moderation in diet. Its influence is far from being limited to the body; its effect on the mind is still more important. Julius Cæsar, constitutionally addicted to excess, when resolved on some great exploit, was accustomed to diminish his diet to an extent truly marvelous, and to this diminution he ascribed the clearness and energy of mind which distinguished him in the hour of battle. When extraordinary mental vigor was desired by the first Napoleon, he used the same means to attain it. To his rarely equaled moderation in diet, Dr. Franklin ascribes his "clearness of ideas" and "quickness of perception," and considered his progress in study proportionate to the degree of temperance he practiced. While Sir Isaac Newton was composing his "Treatise on Optics," he confined himself to bread and a little sack and water. Scarcely less rigid was the abstinence of Leibnitz, when preparing some parts of his "Universal Language." D'Aubigné relates of Luther, on the authority of Melancthon, that "a little bread and a single herring were often his only food for the day. Indeed, he was constitutionally abstemious; and even after he had found out that heaven was not to be purchased by abstinence, he often contented himself with the poorest food, and would continue for a considerable time without eating or drinking." Dr. Cheyne, a celebrated physician, reduced himself from the enormous weight of 448 lbs. to 140 lbs., by confining himself to a limited quantity of vegetables, milk, and water as his only food and drink. The result was a restoration of health and of mental vigor, and, amid professional and literary labors, uninterrupted health and a protracted life. An eminent man once made the remark, "that nobody ever repented having eaten too little."

Americans eat too much, too fast, and too irregularly. It is the same with drinking.

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Religious Department.

"The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill;
For him the ax be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared;
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite, and lies
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run.
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

IDA.

She was a sweet little girl,
And many there be such—of such is heaven;
Making our hearts pure, we see God through them;
We see them come and go, and learn the way.

She came with the gentle splendor of dawn;
The Stars sang, "Behold your child!" and darken d—
But, as it seemed, they gave to her their light.
Our first-born! the New Year gift from above!
And winsome snow came an offering to her,
While as a symbol of her pure spirit,
A soft and silvery vail for life's morning;
Then a singing crystal in the sunshine—
Sunshine! first lighting church-spire, then the world,
As she shed joy to parents and her friends.

She soon called flowers forth; she, springtide love—
An o'erflow of glory and of gladness!
Caroling birds had come from blooming clime—
She had been first to come with blithesome song.
They built new nests, and she a dainty bower;
"My home!" said she; the father said, "My child!"

——The Tree of Life was plucked—the parents fell!
Eden was gone—the flaming sword cut hearts
The enchanting mystery of dawn was past—
Day had the fiery pillar, night the cloud,
To burn life and blacken it to ashes!
But only saved—by a terrible storm!
As spring-time floods, so hearts were oped to woe;
And woe came as the stifling April rains—
The beauteous show was gone—earth bare and cold!
Now was no sunshine—our child was dying!
Death hid her smile as storm hid the flowers;
Earth dashed on them as soon it would on her.
The birds flew into deeper woods—save one,
A skylark—a present from o'er the sea
To her, as she had been from heaven to us.
It clave the skies and soared above the storm—
Above all storms, unto eternal day!
Then sweetly sang what may be heard on earth
When souls listen. Ida heard and went too.
The light of heaven was opened as she went;
Then we heard her sing like Psalm of David:
"The Lord was gracious that the child did die.
Hence will I go into Thy house and pray
That I may go to her—to Thee, O God'"

WILLIS HARRISON.

SOWING AND REAPING.

"As you sow, so shall you also reap."

If you have ever observed the process which land undergoes, under the direction of a good tiller of the soil, you have learned that a desire to improve, and a knowledge of nature, are two of the greatest aids in raising and bringing to perfection crops of corn, wheat, potatoes, barley, or any other useful product.

You will perceive that the excellent husbandman selects the best corn or wheat for seed. You will perceive that he fertilizes the soil so as to make it productive. You will see that he plucks the weeds from beside his plants, and sees that those plants are kept in a good condition, and when ripe are gathered into the granary for future use.

Young men beginning this life are plants of another species, and they are endowed by their Creator with all the attributes and faculties that make noble men. In fact, they are created in God's own image, and He their Husbandman allowed them to act of their own free-will and accord; though, at the same time, they are strictly accountable to civil and moral law for their actions.

When we see young men, with all their godlike attributes, frequenting grog-shops and other immoral places, we feel that they are misusing those noble qualities, and that if they sow their mental germs in such places, that when they come to reap, it will be a very "sorry sight" to see enough, in truth, to make angels weep in heaven. How can they, sowing vice, corruption, and degradation, hope to gather anything but misery and death?

Behold the young man fresh from his college triumphs entering the large city to commence the battle of life! He has his father's blessing, his mother's prayer, his sister's kiss upon his brow, and hopes are high that he will become distinguished, and make a great and good man. Well, city life proves too much for him; he enters by degrees the company of the vicious and the lovers of loose pleasures. Their talk at first does not suit him, but after a while he does not mind it so much, and can smile at their blasphemy and obscenity, and still later he falls! falls down into the broad highway that leads to the dark valley of death!

Oh, young man! with your moral faculties, your education, your mother's and father's blessing, and your sister's kiss upon your brow—is this your promised end? Is this the height of your earthly ambition and glory? Is this the aim of your spiritual nature? Is this your godliness? Is this your gratitude for all that you have received from on high?

Pause, young man! Oh, pause ere you sow the seeds of dissipation and lewd pleasures; for there cometh a time to reap, and will it avail you anything to gather into your granary bad health, bad morals, and a burdened soul? Do you suppose that looking on this picture that your father will be pleased, or the mother that loves you will be joyful, or that your sister will be satisfied that your life is as it should be? No! they will feel ashamed of you—you with all these godlike attributes reaping from the seeds of debauchery and crime the fruits that sooner or later spring from them, leaving a man upon the highway of life a wretched, broken-down being both in body and soul. Young men, sow not such evil seed, lest you reap the harvest of death.

It is a sad picture to see a mother, who loves her daughters as she loves her own existence sowing within their minds seed which too often causes misery throughout their after-life. Instead of teaching her children the laws of human life, and building up their moral characters as men do build a mansion, little by little, she teaches them the fashions of this worldly life and how to be gay rather than how to be good, and allows them to read miserable trash that fires their young imaginations, and makes them think of things that their minds at so early an age are not capable of properly receiving; things that should only be learned by experience and contact with the world—if, in fact, they should ever be learned at all. I have known many a promising young girl to go down to the grave prematurely—a poor victim to her mother's system of education, while the mother said that it was the will of God that her child should die all in her beauty and in her youth.

Ah! mother, you mistake. It was not the will of God that your darling should die so young. You were not carrying out God's will when you implanted in your girl's mind the seeds which bring forth poor fruit; for the world is well stocked with good seed, and you are strictly accountable that you implant it within the minds of your children, so that they may be able to receive the light of righteousness. Oh! when will mothers plant within the bosoms of their children the seeds of righteousness, godliness, benevolence, and love? When they do, there will be a better world, and fewer souls will be in danger of the dreadful valley of death.

We are all liable to do wrong. We are all, I am sorry to say, liable to sow seed whose gathering is not profitable; but we can do better; the world is moving in more ways than one. We can all improve; we shall all, I trust, improve. God grant that we may sow seed in this life that will yield a harvest fit to be gathered into the granary of the Lord!

E. S. C.

THANK-OFFERINGS.

Why are the days of offering thanks by tokens past? Has the world less to be grateful for than of old? Has it now less abundant stores of wealth, so that a minister's salary promptly paid, and a few dollars occasionally to foreign missions, are all God requires of his creatures? Why are there none now who recognize the duty of frequently dedicating a portion of their possessions to the Giver of all earthly prosperity? Not an offering of the blind and the halt—valueless to us—but a choice from the first and best that we possess.

What we possess does not mean merely our money or worldly possessions, although these should also yield a thank-offering. But heart-offerings laid upon God's altar are always most precious and acceptable; and of each soul-gift by Him bestowed should He receive offerings of their first best fruits.

O thou to whom God mayest have given power and influence, does its exercise bring the brightest gems to God's treasury or thine?

And thou of ready, eloquent speech, are thy best words breathed thankfully on bended knee to God, or spoken to thy fellow-man for thine own glory?

And thou, the music of whose voice raised in song can wake visions of angels to the raptured listener, do thy sweetest notes rise oftenest to thy

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Maker's praise with devoted heart, or waken melody to please mere mortals?

And thou of the poet pen, are thy most burning words tributes to thy Lord, or are they binding laurels only on thine own brow, or heaping offerings at an earthly shrine?

Parent, blest in thy household treasures, doth thy heart with wealth of love give greater devotion to thy God or to thy home-idols?

Beating human hearts everywhere, each with peculiar gift, does God receive the choicest portion? Because thy gifts may not be brilliant, nor thy station high, none the less is thy offering required and acceptable. Shrinking, humble-hearted one, sayest thou, I have nothing fitting to offer God? Say not so. He hath given thee what is fitting, and asketh nothing thou dost not possess. Give Him thy heart's first purest faith and trust; and sacred will the offering be held in heaven; and its Ruler will say to thee: "Thou hast been faithful in a few things; I will make thee ruler over many."

And now to thee, my unworthy soul, I turn with thine own words; have they no teachings for thee? and hath a chosen offering from all thy blessings been ever sent heavenward? Oh, conscious heart! well mayest thou quail in conviction and abasement. Well mayest thou know that He who guideth thee is ever merciful; and knowing thy mercy, Lord, and enjoying thy blessings, should my words go forth to others, and not speak of Thee? No, surely no. Therefore, striving to choose well of the thoughts Thou enablest me to write, I lay before thee my feeble offering. BERTHA.

On Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight;
Lovely, but solemn it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

SPONTANEOUS CLAIRVOYANCE.

The following curious narrative describes one of those interesting cases of the spontaneous development during the natural state, or what seems to be such, of a power analogous to that we see manifested during mesmeric trance, and with regard to the existence or even the possibility of which the greatest skepticism is manifested. The high moral character and unimpeachable veracity of Heinrich Zschokke, in whose most attractive "autobiography" it appears, give it a claim upon our attention which similar accounts do not always possess.

Zschokke denominates the remarkable faculty called into exercise in such cases, "inward sight," and remarks, "I am almost afraid to speak of this, not because I am afraid to be thought superstitious, but that I may thereby strengthen such feelings in others; and yet it may be an addition to our stock of soul-experiences, and therefore I will confess." He proceeds:

"It has happened to me sometimes on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dream-like, yet perfectly distinct, before me.

"During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown, wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories. By the way of jest, I once, in a familiar circle at Kirchberg, related the secret history of a seamstress, who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished, and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke; for what I had uttered was the literal truth.

"I on my part was no less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and, when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me the subject of my visions, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part.* I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental juggling. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer—'It was not so.'

"I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke. Instead of many, I will mention one example, which pre-eminently astounded me. One fair day, in the city of Waldshut, I entered an inn (the Vine) in company with two young student-foresters; we were tired with rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous society at the table d'hôte, where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's Magnetism, Lavater's Physiognomy, etc. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite us, and who had allowed himself extraordinary license.

"This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him, and asked whether he would answer me candidly if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me? That would be going a little further, I thought, than Lavater did with his Physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant: his school years, his youthful errors, and lastly, with a fault committed in reference to the strong-box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room, with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box, etc. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth. The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even what I had scarcely expected, the last-mentioned.

"Touched by his candor, I shook hands with him over the table, and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably still living!"

Any explanation of this phenomenon, by means of the known laws of the human mind, would, in the present confined state of our knowledge, assuredly fail. We therefore simply give the extraordinary fact as we find it, in the words of the narrator, leaving the puzzle to be speculated on by our readers. Zschokke adds, that he had met with others who possessed a similar power.

In gentle alternation of light and shade, years rolled over the head of the good philosopher. He wrote copiously, and his works have enjoyed a degree of popularity few authors can boast of. He was, moreover, intrusted with many civil offices by the Swiss government, only one of which he consented to be paid for, and that yielded scarcely $250 per annum.

* "'What demon inspires you? Must I again believe in possession?' exclaimed the spiritual Johann von Riga, when, in the first hour of our acquaintance, I related his past life to him with the avowed object of learning whether or no I deceived myself. We speculated long on the enigma, but even his penetration could not solve it.

RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENTS AND INSANITY.

The recent annual report of the superintendent of the Canadian Insane Asylums contains, among other interesting matters, a tabular statement showing the number of inmates of the asylums furnished by the leading churches of the Province. The figures stand thus:

	Members.
Church of Rome, one lunatic for every	626
English Church " " " "	657
Presbyterian " " " "	719
Methodists " " " "	1,260

This table should correct the impression, which obtains in some quarters, that revivals of religion and earnest religious experiences are conducive to insanity. The Methodist Church, in which these most abound, furnish the least comparative percentage of the insane; while the Roman Catholic Church, which is the most carefully wedded to formal and ceremonial worship, furnishes the largest percentage. The report shows conclusively, what the most careful observers have long believed, that while great religious excitements may sometimes lead to insanity, they more frequently act as a preventive, proving a safety-valve to many a constitution. The report might have urged, if it had considered the question in all its bearings, that troubled consciences have much to do as causes of mental derangement; that earnest, practical piety—that which is accompanied by the richest testimonies of the Spirit—brings quiet to the conscience and peace to the soul; and, therefore, that such piety—and, more remotely, the services which lead to it—must exert a most salutary influence upon the mental constitution.—*Christian Advocate.*

A well-put statement, and, so far as it goes, a satisfactory one; but in justice to Catholics and Churchmen, it should be added that it is only the more highly organized, those in whom the mental or nervous temperament predominates, who go crazy. The dull, the stupid, and the ignorant seldom become insane, save from dissipation, starvation, or close confinement. Ordinarily, the brighter intellects, and those of vivid imaginations—not the most devotional—are most liable to this infirmity.

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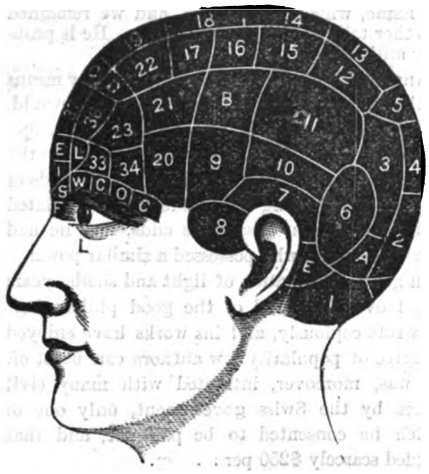

FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM.

"Signs of Character."

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—*Spenser.*

OUR NEW DICTIONARY
OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY.

TIME (33)—Fr. *Temps.*—A particular period or part of duration, whether past, present, or future.—*Webster.*

The special faculty of Time seems to give the power of judging time, and of intervals of duration in general. By giving the perception of measured cadence, it appears to me one source of pleasure in dancing. It is essential in music and versification.—*Combe.*

LOCATION.—The organ of this faculty is situated just above the middle of the eyebrow (33, fig. 1), and between Locality and Tune.

FUNCTION.—"We have found," Mr. Combe says, "the organ largely developed in those who show an intuitive knowledge of the lapse of minutes and hours, so as to name the time of the day without having recourse to the clock; and also in those who perceive those minuter divisions, and their harmonious relations, which constitute rhythm, and who, when they apply the tact to music, are called good timists—a distinct power from that of the mere melodist, and often wanting in him; while it is matter of the commonest observation, on the other hand, that this sensibility to rhythm, called time, is marked in those who have a very moderate perception of melody. Such persons are invariably accurate dancers, observing delicately the time, though indifferent to the melody of the violin. We have made many observations, both in persons who have Time and Tune large, and in those who have only one of them in large endowment, and we have never found the manifestations fail. Very lately we were struck with the uncommon prominence of the organ of Time in a whole family of young people, and inquired whether or not they danced with accuracy, and loved dancing? We were answered, that they did both in a remarkable degree; and, as we lived near them for some weeks, we observed that dancing was a constant and favorite pastime of theirs even out of doors. Their dancing-master informed us, that the accuracy of their time exceeded that of any pupils he had ever taught. There was thus evident in these young persons an intense pleasure in accurate rhythmical movements."

ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES.—Individuals are occasionally met with who estimate the lapse of time so accurately that they are able to tell the hour without having recourse to a timepiece. An illiterate Highlander, who was long in the service of Sir G. S. Mackenzie as a plowman, could tell the hour of the day with great exactness, and also the time of high water, although he resided seven miles from the sea. Sir George had not become acquainted with Phrenology at the period of this man's death.

TIME IN ANIMALS.—The lower animals seem to be endowed with the power of perceiving and appreciating intervals of time. Mr. Southey, in his *Omniana*, relates two instances of dogs who had acquired such a knowledge of time as would enable them to count the days of the week. He says: "My grandfather had one which trudged two miles *every Saturday* to cater for himself in the shambles. I know another more extraordinary and well-authenticated example. A dog which had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, would never touch a morsel of food *upon Friday*. The same faculty of recollecting intervals of time exists, though in a more limited extent, in the horse.

TUNE (34)—Fr. *Tonalité.*—Sound, note, tone; a rhythmical melodious series of musical tones for one voice or instrument, or any number of voices or instruments in unison, or two or more such series, forming parts in harmony.—*Webster.*

This faculty (Tune) gives the perception of melody. It bears the same relation to the ears which the organ of Coloring does to the eyes. The auditory apparatus receives the impressions of sounds, and is agreeably or disagreeably affected by them; but the ear has no recollection of tones, nor does it judge of their relations. The latter is the office of the organ of Tune.—*Combe.*

LOCATION.—The organ of Tune is situated on the side of the forehead just above the outer corner of the eyebrow and next to Time (34, fig. 1). A great development of the organ enlarges the lateral parts of the forehead; but its appearance varies according to the direction and form of the convolutions. Dr. Spurzheim observes, that, in Glück and others, this organ had a pyramidal form; in Mozart, Viotti, Zumsteg, Dussek, Crescentini, and others, the external and lateral portions of the forehead are enlarged, but rounded. Great practice is necessary to be able to observe this organ successfully; and beginners should place together one person possessing a genius for music, and another who can scarcely distinguish between any two notes, and mark the difference of their heads. The superior development of the former will be perceptible at a glance, as in figs. 3 and 4.

FIG. 2.—VENERATION LARGE.

FUNCTION.—The faculty gives the perception of melody; but this is only one ingredient in a genius for music. Time is requisite to give a just perception of intervals; Ideality, to communicate elevation and refinement; and Secretiveness and Imitation, to produce expression; while Constructiveness, Form, Weight, and Individuality are necessary to supply mechanical expertness—qualities all indispensable to a successful performer. Even the largest organ of Tune will not enable its possessor to play successfully on the harp, if Weight be deficient; the capacity of communicating to the string the precise vibratory impulse necessary to produce each particular note will then be wanting.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES.—Dr. Gall mentions that he had examined the heads of the most celebrated musical performers and singers, such as Rossini, Catalani, etc., and found the organ prematurely large; and that the portraits and busts of Haydn, Glück, Mozart, etc., also show it largely developed. I have examined the heads of Madame Catalani and many eminent private musicians, and found the organ confirmed in every instance. Dr. Gall remarks further, that a great development is not to be expected in every ordinary player on a musical instrument. With a moderate endowment, the fingers may be trained to expertness; but when the soul feels the inspiration of harmonious sounds, and the countenance expresses that voluptuous rapture which thrills through the frame of the real musician, a large organ will never be wanting.

FIG. 5.—VENERATION SMALL.

The heads of Italians and Germans in general are broader and fuller at the situation of this organ than those of Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Englishmen in general; and musical talent is more common in the former than in the latter. The

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Esquimaux are very deficient both in the talent and in the organ.

Dr. Spurzheim mentions, that the heads and skulls of birds which sing, and of those which do not sing, and the heads of the different individu-

Fig. 6.—Prayerfulness.

als of the same kind which have a greater or less disposition to sing, present a conspicuous difference at the place of this organ. The heads of males, for instance, and those of females, of the same kind of singing birds, are easily distinguished by their different development.

It is a prevalent error in education, to persevere in attempts to cultivate musical talent where none is naturally possessed. Dr. Neil Arnot speaks feelingly of the lamentable consequences of the ignorant prejudice "that in the present day condemns many young women, possessed of every species of loveliness and talent except that of *note-distinguishing*, to waste years of precious time in an attempt to acquire this talent in spite of nature; and yet, when they have succeeded as far as they can, they have only the merit of being machines, with performance as little pleasing to true judges as would be the attempt of a foreigner, who knew only the alphabet of language, to recite pieces of expressive poetry in that language. Such persons, when liberty comes to them with age or marriage, generally abandon the offensive occupation; but tyrant fashion will force their daughters to run the same course."

VENERATION (18)—Fr. *Vénération*, *Religiosité*.—The highest degree of respect and reverence; respect mingled with awe; a feeling or sentiment excited by the dignity or superiority of a person, or by sacredness of character, and with regard to place, by its consecration to sacred purposes.—*Webster*.

The faculty of Veneration produces the sentiment of reverence in general; or an emotion of profound respect on perceiving an object at once great and good. It is the source of natural religion, and of that tendency to worship a superior power which manifests itself in almost every tribe of men yet discovered. The faculty, however, produces merely an emotion, and does not form ideas of the object to which adoration should be directed. —*Combe*.

Location.—The organ of Veneration is situated in the middle of the coronal region (18, fig. 1), between Benevolence and Firmness. Fig. 2 shows it large, and fig. 5 small.

Physiognomical Signs.—Sir Charles Bell says, "When rapt in devotional feelings, when all outward impressions are unheeded, the eyes are raised by an action neither taught nor acquired. Instinctively we bow the body and raise the eyes in prayer, as though the visible heavens were the seat of God. In the language of the poet—

> Prayer is the upward glancing of the eye,
> When none but God is near.

'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,' the Psalmist says, 'from whence cometh my help.'"

"The natural language of this faculty," Mr. Combe says, "carries the head upward in the direction of the organ. The voice is soft, subdued, reposing, and adoring. The greatest difference is perceptible in the tones and manner of prayer of clergymen in whom the organ is large, compared with those in whom it is small; there is a soft breathing fervor of devotion in the former, and a cold reasoning formality in the latter.

Function.—"This faculty, when unenlightened, may lead to every kind of religious absurdity, as worshiping beasts and stocks and stones. The negroes, American Indians, and even the Hindoos, have a poor intellectual development compared with Europeans, and their superstitions are more gross. Socrates did not assent to the popular religious errors of the Greeks, and in the ancient busts of him he is represented with a splendid forehead.

"It is large also in the negroes, who are extremely prone to superstition.

"It has been objected, that, if an organ and faculty of Veneration exist, revelation was unnecessary. But Dr. Gall has well answered, that the proposition ought to be exactly reversed; for unless a natural capacity of feeling religious emotion had been previously bestowed, revelation would have been as unavailing to man as it would be to the lower animals; while if a more general sentiment of devotion, or an instinctive, but blind, tendency to worship, which Veneration truly is, was given, nothing was more reasonable

Fig. 7.—Francis Paris.

than to add instruction how it ought to be directed.

"But although religion is undoubtedly its noblest end. Veneration has also objects and a wide sphere of action in the present world. It produces the feeling of deference and respect in general, and hence may be directed to every object that seems worthy of such regard. In children, it is a chief ingredient in filial piety, and produ-

Fig. 8.—Brunel.

ces that soft and almost holy reverence with which a child looks up to his parent as the author of his days, the protector of his infancy, and the guide of his youth. A child in whom this organ is small, may, if Benevolence and Adhesiveness are large, entertain great affection for his parent as a friend; but in his habitual intercourse there will be little of that deferential respect which is the grand feature of the mind when the organ is large. Children who are prone to rebellion, regardless of authority, and little attentive to command, will generally be found to have Self-Esteem large and this organ proportionally deficient.

"Veneration leads to deference for superiors in rank as well as in years, and prompts to the reverence of authority. The organ is generally largely developed in the Asiatic head, and the tendency to obedience is strong in the people of that quarter of the globe. Indeed, the hereditary slavery which has descended among them through so many generations, may be connected with the prevalence of this disposition.

Illustrative Examples.—"A lady who is in the habit of examining the heads of servants before hiring them, informed me, that she has found, by experience, that those in whom Veneration is large are the most deferential and obedient, and that one with large Combativeness and Destructiveness and small Veneration became angry and abusive when her conduct was censured. This occurred even although Love of Approbation and Conscientiousness were both large; but the passion speedily subsided, and was followed by self-reproach and repentance. If Veneration also had been large, it would have produced that instinctive feeling of respect which would have operated as instantaneously as Combativeness and Destructiveness, and restrained the ebullitions.

"Nothing is more common in the hospitals for the insane, says Pinel, than cases of alienation produced by devotional feelings excessively exalted, by conscientious scruples carried to prejudicial excesses, or by religious terror. As this kind of insanity, says Dr. Gall, is often present without derangement of the other faculties, physicians ought to have inferred that it is connected with disease of a particular part of the brain.

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He and Dr. Spurzheim saw, in the hospital of Amsterdam, a patient who was tormented with the idea that he was compelled to sin, and that he could not possibly be saved. In him the organ of Veneration was very largely developed. In a priest who despaired of salvation, and in another patient who had the confirmed idea that he was condemned to eternal punishment, the organ was also very large. A woman, named Elizabeth Lindemann, was brought to Dr. Gall. At the first glance he perceived that she possessed this organ in an extraordinary degree; she continued standing before him lifting her eyes from time to time to heaven, and indicating by all her gestures, sadness and anguish. From her youth she had been excessively addicted to prayer."

Veneration is uniformly large in clergymen who have selected their profession from a love of it. It is generally larger in the female head than in the male; and women are more obedient and prone to devotion. Our likeness of the pious priest, Francis Paris (fig. 7), furnishes a good illustration of the predominance of this organ and its natural language.

VITATIVENESS (E).—Tenacity of life; resistance to death; love of existence as such; dread of annihilation; love of life, and clinging tenaciously to it for its own sake.—*Self-Instructor.*

LOCATION.—The organ of this faculty is located just behind the ear and below Combativeness (E, fig. 1).

There is a remarkable difference among men in regard not only to the love of life and the dread of death, but to the actual hold upon life. Some yield readily to disease, and resign themselves to die with little reluctance, while others struggle with the utmost determination against death, and by the power of the will often recover from a sickness that would quickly prove fatal to another with the same degree of constitution and vital power, but lacking this faculty of resistance to death. This difference is believed, on the evidence of thousands of observations, to be due to the different degrees of development of a fundamental faculty which we call Vitativeness. It is not recognized by the European writers on Phrenology.

WEIGHT (27).—The quality of being heavy; the property of bodies by which they tend toward the center of the earth; gravity.—*Webster.*

There seems to be no analogy between the weight or resistance of bodies and their other qualities. They may be of all forms, sizes, and colors, and yet none of these features would necessarily imply that one was heavier than the other. This quality, therefore, being distinct from all others, we can not logically refer the cognizance of it to any of the faculties of the mind which judge of the other attributes of matter; and, as the mental power undoubtedly exists, there appears reason to conjecture that it may be connected with a special organ.—*Combe.*

LOCATION.—The organ of Weight is located on the superciliary ridge, about one third of its extent from the root of the nose (W, fig. 1). When large, it sometimes depresses the eyebrow at that point, as may be seen in our likeness of Brunel (fig. 8).

FUNCTION.—Persons who find great facility in judging of momentum and resistance in mechanics, are observed to possess the parts of the brain lying nearest to the organ of Size largely developed. Statics, or that branch of mathematics which considers the motion of bodies arising from gravity, probably belongs to it. Persons in whom Individuality, Size, Weight, and Locality are large, have generally a talent for engineering and those branches of mechanics which consist in the application of forces; they delight in steam-engines, water-wheels, and turning-lathes. The same combination occurs in persons distinguished for successful execution of difficult feats in skating, in which the regulation of equilibrium is an important element. Constructiveness, when Weight is small, leads to rearing still fabrics, rather than to fabricating working machinery.

Mr. Richard Edmonson, of Manchester, England, mentions that a great number of observations have led him to the conviction that this organ gives the perception of perpendicularity. Workmen who easily detect deviations from the perpendicular possess it large; while those who constantly find it necessary to resort to the plumb-line have it small, and *vice versa.*

ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES.—Mr. Simpson published in the Edinburgh *Phrenological Journal* (vol. ii. p. 412) an interesting and ingenious essay on this organ, in which he enumerates a great number of examples in proof of its functions. It is large, says he, in Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Brewster, Sir James Hall, Sir George Mackenzie, Professor Leslie, and in Mr. Jardine and Mr. Stevenson, two eminent engineers. "We have lately seen," he continues, "Professor Farish, of Cambridge, who manifests a high endowment of mechanical skill, and has the organ large; as has Mr. Whewell, of the same university, who has written a work of merit on the same subject. In a visit we lately made to Cambridge, we saw much that was interesting in regard to this organ. Professor Farish's son inherits the mechanical turn and the organ. We saw both the statue and bust of Sir Isaac Newton, by Roubilliac. The bust was a likeness taken in the prime of his years, and in it the knowing organs are still more prominent than in the statue."

Brunel, the great engineer of the Thames Tunnel (fig. 8), possessed a remarkable development of Weight.

RESEMBLANCES.—A writer in the *Round Table*, in tracing resemblances in the animal kingdom, says: "Strolling up Broadway of a pleasant afternoon, we have met apes, bulls, sheep, goats, frogs, doves, wolves, poodles, mastiffs, lizards, swans, bears, mice, leopards, chameleons, eagles, pigs, opossums, peacocks, camels, squirrels, and other counterparts of the animal kingdom, disguised in human forms and arrayed after the manner of human kind. To one thoroughly imbued with this branch of physiognomy, the multitude affords a constant study."

Of course, man combines in himself all the qualities of all the animals. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to see something of the pig in most human beings. So, too, we may see something of the saint, but more of the sinner—for most men have bad habits, besetting sins, and are perverted. Reader, where do you stand? In this great human menagerie, what animal do you most resemble? Are you like a dove, or like a donkey? Like a strutting peacock, or like a simple goose? Look in the mirror and classify yourself. Our "New Physiognomy" will explain the whole subject.

DOUBLE-CHIN.—ECONOMY.

MR. EDITOR: In your JOURNAL, under the head of "Signs of Character," you say that a double-chin *may* be a sign of a "disposition to save;" and I also see a note addressed to you by "Mary E.," giving you the benefit of *her* thoughts on the subject. Now, I am deeply interested in the subjects of Phrenology and Physiognomy, and anything pertaining to them, consequently I desire to do anything in my power toward their perfection. Since I saw the statement referred to, I have noticed all my acquaintances who *have* double-chins and those who have not, and I find as many persons who are remarkable for their economy as their double-chinned sisters, who *ought not* to possess a particle of "a desire to save," if that "sign" is to be relied upon, for they have not even a *suspicious crease* in their chins, or rather *under* their chins.

Look at *Jews*. Can you point out one Jew in ten with a double-chin? and yet they are so avaricious and grasping in general, that their name has become a by-word among us—"as *rich* as a Jew," "as *close* as a Jew," etc.

Now, I do not mean to say that persons who have double-chins are *not* economical; but I *do* think it can not be *relied* upon as a "sign of a disposition to save," or if so, they will be "few and far between." If *thin* persons are to be admitted, *fat* people will possess a *natural* talent for it.

And again, in the many romances which are constantly issuing from the press, do not their authors, when they want to introduce an old hag, who is supposed to be capable of bartering every just and honorable principle for *gold*, invariably portray her as an old, thin, bony individual, with *prominent, pointed* chin, and other features to correspond—such as will suit the *imagination* of the reader? Now, if those authors were accustomed to meet with persons in daily life who have such characters as that old hag is supposed to have, with *double-chins*, would they not describe *her* as having a very large one? and if they did not portray her with *that* style of chin (double), when *such* characters always had it, would their ideal suit the imagination of their readers?

I do not intend to bring *my own* chin into the present catalogue, but do simply state from *personal experience* as well as my observation.

MINNIE MOSS.

EARS—LARGE AND SMALL.—*Mr. Editor:* In the June number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, in the department, "To Our Correspondents," is a piece about "Large Ears," in which the writer speaks as though persons having large ears would be likely to steal! Now, as I have paid particular attention to ears, and from observation am *almost* certain that large ears indicate generosity and small ears indicate closeness or stinginess, I thought I would give you the benefit of my observations for the JOURNAL, if you choose. I have taught school a good deal, and have noticed children's as well as adults' ears, and have never known the foregoing to fail. I believe *thick* ears to indicate dull minds. A SUBSCRIBER.

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Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

THE SERVANT QUESTION.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

ECONOMY in the department of domestic service is perhaps the worst application of that much-lauded virtue that can be made. It is no economy at all—it is extravagance in its most ruinous form. You save your carpets—you look carefully after the wear and tear of furniture—you know to a fraction just how far it is advisable to use household implements; but when it comes to your own strength and nerve, you are as criminally careless as if a new self could be purchased when the old one is worn out!

For such weariness as comes to the overworked housekeeper there is no rest. "I can refresh myself by a good night's sleep," is the argument often used and believed in. You can do nothing of the kind. Long, long before the physical strength gives way, the mind gets tired—the nerves jar like a harp out of tune, and all the Saratogas and White Mountains in the world, all the medicine and rest and recruiting you can resort to, will be vain to restore the healthy tone, the vigorous elasticity of mind that you have literally thrown away from you! Are not these things worth pondering on, before thought comes too late?

Our attention is sometimes called to the wonderful feats accomplished by notable New England farmers wives who rise long before dawn, bake, wash, brew, scour, keep the machinery of huge dairies in successful action, pursue every microscopic atom of dust out of their houses, dress handsomely, and after all the daily work is done, sit down to earn pin-money at the needle. They regard a servant as a useless luxury; they do every "stroke of work" with their own brisk hands, and glory in their prowess and independence! "*There's* a woman for you!" says the admiring neighborhood.

Yes—but look at her! At thirty she is an old woman—colorless, shriveled, worn. The hair, which should be her glory, is drawn away from the bald spots on her head into a mere wisp—the cheeks are fallen in, and the eyes are sharp and imperative. Her whole being is narrowed down into the treadmill circle of her daily work. The summer hours, jeweled with sunshine and odorous with sweet scents, are in her eyes but so many minutes out of which so much toil must be obtained, by hook or by crook! She has not an idea beyond the four walls of her farm-house home. Is this life? Or is it an existence not dissimilar to that of an omnibus horse or a day-laborer? We should call it fossilizing, not living!

"Better so than to be tormented with servants," says the victim of a hireling household, with an instinctive yearning for freedom at almost any cost! But, between these two extremes, can we find no medium?

The United States of America are full of girls and women who want work. Why are they so slow to respond to this outcry of the age? Why? Ah, if we could once get to the root of this *why*, there would be a much more satisfactory understanding in society.

Here we come to the great mistake into which American girls are so apt to fall, when daily work for daily bread becomes with them a matter of urgent necessity. It is so difficult to overcome the false pride, the counterfeit humility in which they have been foolishly reared. They fancy it is "more genteel" to immure themselves in factories, book binderies, or close and reeking workrooms—to go out sewing, or to sit in their own cramped, ill-ventilated apartments, stitching from day-dawn until ten or eleven o'clock at night, than to officiate as "help" to a worn-out sister woman! And when factories, and school-rooms, and dress-makers' sanctums, and milliners' back parlors are all full, and there is nothing but a blank prospect of starvation before them, they would almost rather starve than enter a kitchen in a menial capacity. Alas! what an incomprehensible channel some people's pride flows in! Give the girl a kitchen of her own, and she will work in it until she is ready to drop; but let the kitchen belong to somebody else, and the aspect of things is entirely different!

Now, looking at the matter in a perfectly abstract point of view, why is it any more dignified to make a pudding for another woman than to make a dress for her? Why should it hurt the pride more to stand before a range cooking Mrs. Jones' dinner than to stand behind a counter and sell her two yards of ribbon? If she pays you well for your services, what does it matter whether they are rendered in a kitchen or in a milliner's show-room?

"I would never become a servant girl!" says the free-born American damsel, with the spirit of her eighteen "Fourths of July" in every word. No—nor need you become a mere servant girl. Do you suppose that the educated, refined mistress of a household would recognize no difference between you and the half-alive Irish dowdy who has hitherto queened it in hall and kitchen? I tell you, girls, you would be *appreciated* in this department of life, and that is what every woman likes to be! Lay aside the absurd misconstruction you have put upon the idea of republican equality. Of course you are "as good as your mistress." If she is a person of sense, she will not attempt to contradict the fact. Only, you are poor, and she is rich—you are strong, and she is weak. Make a fair exchange of the relative good and evil of your positions, and try if you can't form a comfortable partnership!

What a relief it would be to American housekeepers to have enterprising, thorough-going American girls, "brisk as bees and neat as pinks," in their kitchens and nurseries! The whole system of domestic service would be revolutionized—we should begin on a new platform? And why can not we have such a state of things? There is actually no reasonable "why" to be adduced.

And now, girls, we advise you to consider this question sensibly and at leisure. Is the certainty of a good home nothing? Are healthful occupation and compensation amply remunerative unworthy of weighing in the balance against your fastidious scruples? It lies in your own hands to lift up the traditional degradation that obscures the position of domestic assistant, and to surround it with new influences and a nobler meaning. If you enter upon your occupation in the right spirit, you will not have only a mistress, but a grateful, appreciative *friend;* and your home will be no mere abiding-place, but an actual home in the highest sense of the word!

Again we ask, Is it not worth while to sacrifice a little false pride to enter upon such a position as this? Or do you prefer genteel starvation with consumption on one side and pestilence on the other, by way of body-guard?

Of course there will be petty drawbacks and irritating trials to be met and contended with; but show us the lot totally exempt from these! As long as we are human we must share the ills of humanity and grumble as little as we possibly can.

Speaking from every-day experience, it is impossible to make good servants out of the average material that is brought over to this country two or three times a week in the crowded steerage of our emigrant ships. Of course there are exceptions, but these exceptions only make the general ignorance, stupidity, and indolence more apparent. Now the question is, Are our American girls to stand by, unemployed, while we pay fabulous wages to people who are totally incapable of fulfilling the duties we expect from them?

We wait for an answer dictated by prudence, wisdom, and common sense. May it be favorable to the hopes and wishes of those by whom the visitation of servants is more dreaded—and justly, too—than the visitation of cholera! The servant question has haunted us long enough; it is high time that it were definitively decided, at last.

VOLTAIRE ON MARRIAGE.—Voltaire said: "The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise. An unmarried man is but half of a perfect being, and it requires the other half to make things right; and it can not be expected that in this imperfect state he can keep the straight path of rectitude any more than a boat with one oar or a bird with one wing can keep a straight course. In nine cases out of ten, where married men become drunkards, or where they commit crimes against the peace of the community, the foundation of these acts was laid while in a single state, or where the wife is, as is sometimes the case, an unsuitable match. Marriage changes the current of a man's feelings, and gives him a center for his thoughts, his affections, and his acts. Here is a home for the entire man, and the counsel, the affections, the example, and the interest of his "better half" keep him from erratic courses, and from falling into a thousand temptations to which he would otherwise be exposed. Therefore, the friend to marriage is the friend to society and to his country."

[Whatever may be said of Voltaire's theology, his statement on the marriage question is certainly correct. Statistics prove that a large majority of our criminals, States prison convicts, etc., are unmarried. Think of this, young men; and if you wish to escape all that is bad, try to form a life-partnership with a good woman, and you will be secure, and secured. Try it. But you must not drink.]

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A LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—Because I love you, and earnestly desire to do you good; because I want to comfort you in your sorrows, sympathize with you in your discouragements, and strengthen you in all right endeavors, my hand obeys the promptings of my heart, and writes this letter.

I love you because you were made to be loved. I sympathize with you because I know that children have struggles that are not always understood by older people I want to strengthen you, for I know, though such knowledge gives me pain, that this world, beautiful as it is, has many temptations, many dark ways, has much of sin much that corrupts and defiles.

Not very many years separate me from childhood, and I remember from my own experience that it is not always easy for a child to do right; nor is it always easy to understand what *is* right. But the easiest way is sometimes not the safest or the best way. Search your hearts, obey the dictates of conscience, ask God to help and guide you, and you will be able to find the right way.

The trouble comes when you do what you know to be wrong. It may seem to you a very small offense—one that can not do much harm; but I beg of you never to comfort yourselves in this way, for a small offense, if you know it to be wrong at all, is just as wrong as a great one.

Try not to shrink from doing right because it is sometimes hard. Do not be cowardly, but learn to be brave and strong. The noblest bravery and the noblest strength is shown by one who does what he knows to be right, even though he is called a coward for it.

When I was a child I learned two little stanzas which have since helped me to do many hard things; and I copy them, hoping that they may be of as much benefit to you.

"The duty that we owe,
Yet hate or fear to meet,
Will turn to gall and bitter woe
The draught we deem most sweet.

"The duty we perform,
Though hard, if bravely done,
Will pour a light through thickest storm,
More blessed than the sun."

For the sake of your own happiness; for the sake of the good you may do to others; and more than all, for the sake of Him who died for you, try always to do right.

Be careful not to think impure thoughts. Banish them from your hearts, for impure thoughts will surely lead to bad deeds. Remember that the "pure in heart are blessed, and that they shall see God."

Do not be discouraged if you can not be as good as you wish to be all at once. God will bless the feeblest effort in the right direction, and if you only persevere He will crown it with success.

If any of you are dissatisfied because you are poor and plain-looking, let me tell you how to be rich and beautiful. Have a heart full of love and goodness, and a soul beautiful with the beauty of holiness, and you will be rich. And a good heart and a beautiful soul will do more than all else in making a beautiful face. Indeed, I have seen a dark, bad, ugly face transformed into a bright, pure, noble one by its owner changing a wrong life for a right one—a bad heart for a good one.

Praying that God may love you and bless you, may keep you from sin and temptation, and deliver you from all evil, I am sincerely your friend, HOPE ARLINGTON.

MARRIAGE IN EGYPT.

WHEN an Egyptian wants a wife, he is not allowed to visit the harems of his friends to select one, for Mohammed forbade men to see the face of any woman they could marry, that is to say, any besides their mother or sisters. A man is, therefore, obliged to employ a "khatbeh," or matchmaker, to find one for him, for which service of course she expects "backsheesh"—that is, payment. The khatbeh, having found a girl, recommends her to the man as exceedingly beautiful, and eminently suitable to him. The father is then waited upon to ascertain the dowry he requires; for all wives are purchased, as they were in patriarchal days. When Jacob had no money to pay for Rachel, he served her father seven years as an equivalent; and, when duped, was obliged to serve a second term to secure his prize. (Gen. xxix.) Fathers still refuse to give a younger daughter in marriage before an elder shall have been married. The people of Armenia, in Asiatic Turkey, forbid a younger son to marry before an elder; and this is likewise the law of the Hindoos.

PRICE OF A WIFE.

The price of a wife varies from five shillings to fifteen hundred dollars. The girl may not be more than five or six years old, but, whatever her age, two thirds of the dowry is at once paid to the father, in the presence of witnesses The father then, or his representative, says, "I betroth to thee my daughter," and the young man responds, "I accept of such betrothal." Unless among the lower classes, the father expends the dowry in the purchase of dress, ornaments, or furniture for the bride, which never become the property of her husband. Even when betrothed, the intercourse of the parties is very restricted. The Arabs will not allow them to see each other; but the Jews are not quite so stringent. The betrothals often continue for years before the man demands his wife; thus, "Samson went down and talked to the woman," or espoused her, and "after a time, he returned to take her."

AGE TO MARRY, IN EGYPT.

Girls are demanded at the age of ten, and between that and sixteen years; but after sixteen few men will seek them, and the dowry expected is then proportionably low.

EARLY MATURITY.

Girls in Egypt are often mothers at thirteen and grandmothers at twenty-six; and in Persia they are said to be mothers at eleven, grandmothers at twenty-two, and past child-bearing at thirty. When a man demands his betrothed, a day is fixed for the nuptials, and for seven nights before he is expected to give a feast, which, however, is furnished by the guests themselves. Thus one sends coffee, another rice, another sugar, etc.

THE FEAST.

The principal time of this continued feast is the night before the consummation. The conduct is intrusted to the "friend of the bridegroom." (John iii. 29.) About the middle of this day the bride arrives at the house, and retires to the harem, where she sits with her mother, sisters, and female friends. At the third or fourth watch of the night—three or four hours after sunset—the bridegroom, who has not yet seen his fair one, goes to the mosque to pray, accompanied by "meshals," or torches and lanterns, with music. Upon his return he is introduced to his bride, with whom, having given her attendant a present to retire, he is left alone. He then throws off her vail, and for the first time sees her face. If satisfied, he informs the women outside, who immediately express their joy by screaming "Zuggareet," which is echoed by the women in the house, and then by those in the neighborhood.

GETTING MARRIED.

EVERY young girl now-a-days expects to get a rich husband, and therefore rich men ought to be abundant. In the country, we admit, that girls are sometimes brought up with an idea of work, and with a suspicion that each may chance to wed a sober, steady, good-looking, industrious young man who will be compelled to earn by severe labor the subsistence of himself and family. There are not so many brought up with such ideas now, even in the country, as there used to be; but there are some, and they consequently learn how to become helpmates to such worthy partners. But in town it is different. From the highest to the lowest class in life, the prevailing idea with all is, that marriage is to lift them at once above all necessity for exertion; and even the servant girl dresses and reasons as if she entertained a romantic confidence in her Cinderella-like destiny of marrying a prince, or, at least, of being fallen in love with and married by some wealthy gentleman, if not by some nobleman in disguise.

This is why so many young men fear to marry. The young women they meet with are imbued with notions of marriage so utterly incompatible with the ordinary relations of life in their station; they are so wholly inexperienced in the economy of the household; they have been taught, or have taught themselves, such a "noble disdain" for all kinds of family industry; they have acquired such expectations of lady-like ease and elegance in the matrimonial connection, that to wed any one of them is to secure a life-long lease of domestic unhappiness, and purchase wretchedness, poverty, and despair.

All this is wrong, and should be amended. Such fallacies do not become a sensible age nor a sensible people. Our grandfathers and mothers had more wisdom than this. The present age is much too fast a one in this respect. Let us sober down a little. Let every young woman be taught ideas of life and expectations of marriage suitable to her condition, and she will not be so frequently disappointed. Should she be fortunate and wed above that condition, she may readily learn the new duties becoming to it, and will not have been injured by having possessed herself of those fitting a station below. Let her anticipate always a marriage with one in the humbler walks in life; and then, should she happen to do better, her good fortune will be only the more delightful. J. J. M.

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WRITING.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PHONOGRAPHY, OR THE NATURAL LAW OF WRITING.

"*Custom's* the world's great idol we adore,
And knowing *this*, we seek to know no more;
What education did at first conceive,
Our ripened intellects confirm us to believe.
The careful nurse and priest are all we need
To learn opinions and our country's creed.
The parents' precepts early are instilled,
And spoil the man while they instruct the child."

MAN is governed by certain natural laws. There are natural laws of mind as well as of matter. Every thought and every act are either in harmony with them, giving ease and naturalness of action, or in opposition to them, destroying that ease and naturalness. Any infringement upon natural law, whether mental, moral, or physical, detracts from the perfectness and facility with which an act might otherwise be performed. Any act or thought not in harmony with natural law works against man's instincts, his natural intuitions, and serves as so much friction to retard his progress toward attaining the end desired.

Thus far we have spoken in general terms; we will now proceed to apply these principles specifically to the art of writing.

NATURAL LAW OF WRITING.

The natural law of writing is undoubtedly this, *to represent every simple sound in the language made by one impulse of the voice, by a simple mathematical sign made by one movement of the hand.* Acting in accordance with this law, we claim that any person having the same amount of practice in writing as in speaking can write as rapidly as he can speak. This is sustained by physiological law, which will not allow with the same training the motor nerves in the different parts of the human body to contract and relax with different degrees of celerity.

Every one who practices the common chirography is constantly violating the natural law of writing—is violating his natural instincts—working against his own inclinations, and consequently dwarfing himself in his attainments. The common system of writing is a very unphilosophic and to a great extent an arbitrary one. It gives us but twenty-six characters with which to represent forty-three sounds, and then endeavors to make up the deficiency by giving to each character from one to six sounds. We have to make four movements of the hand on an average in forming each letter of the alphabet; then when we take into consideration the frequency with which three and four letters are combined and have to be written to represent one sound, we can state, without exaggeration, that for every *sound* represented in the common mode of writing, we must make no less than *five* movements of the hand. The reader can easily demonstrate this fact by a careful analysis of a few words. One of the greatest difficulties, and one which appears well-nigh insuperable in the common orthography, is that of spelling. No one, unless he be already familiar with a word, or has previously seen it written or heard it spelled, can with any degree of certainty say how it should be written.

It takes a life-time in which to become tolerably familiar with the words of our language, violating as we do the natural law of spelling. The objections against the common chirography already named are sufficient to show that it is in a great measure arbitrary, and that a system of writing based upon more philosophical principles is needed.

PHONOGRAPHY.

Phonography is a system of writing founded on *fact* and founded in *truth*, and with such a basis it can not be shaken. It is based upon the natural law of writing, using as it does a single character made with one movement of the hand to represent a single sound, and spelling all words in accordance with *natural* principles, thus doing away with the necessity for all *arbitrary* rules, and making writing as easy and as rapid as speaking where the writer or speaker is equally skilled in each. Phonography when fully written, or having every sound fairly represented, requires but one fifth of the movements of the hand necessary in longhand, and consequently one can write it five times as fast when equally familiar with both; in other words, if a person can write twenty-five or thirty words per minute in longhand, he can write one hundred and twenty-five or one hundred and fifty per minute in phonography.

OBJECTIONS CONSIDERED.

But it will be questioned whether phonographers are able to attain to that degree of rapidity necessary to give expression to every sound; and however learnedly we may write of the *capacity* of the system, we shall ever be met with the question, "Is the inference that phonography can be written with full consonantal forms as rapidly as speech, sustained by the facts of experience?"

Were we not able to refer to the proficiency of reporters for proof to sustain ourselves on this point, it might be considered as evidence conclusive that our inference is unwarranted and that we claim too much. We have no doubt, as we have said, were one equally skilled in writing as in speaking, that he would be able to write legibly the sounds as rapidly as uttered. But phonography has never received a fair test of its capacity, for how rarely do we find a reporter who in the early years of childhood was instructed in phonography, and who for years in his youth was drilled in the formation of the phonographic characters and in their combination into words so as to write with ease and freedom, as is the case with one learning the common chirography! Where we do find such a reporter we find all our claims substantiated. It is this lack of study and practice in childhood that fully accounts for phonographers' inability to write with full consonantal forms with the rapidity of speech. It is this lack of training at the right period which occasions the necessity for devising and using contractions and word-signs in order to secure the necessary rapidity.

This is the real objectionable feature of the phonographic system, but happily it is the fault of the *writer* instead of the *system*. Were it otherwise, we might profitably cast about for some better method.

We are constantly met by the objection, that reporting phonography is not adequate to the necessities of the great mass of the people, as it is somewhat arbitrary, and in a great measure depends on memory. With respect to this objection we may say that the best reporters use the fullest style of phonographic writing, and give full consonantal forms for nearly all words; indeed, many vocalize freely, thus complying with the demand made by the law of writing. Now, who are the best reporters but those who have practiced the longest? and why is it that those who have had the largest experience do not, instead of writing more *fully*, write more *briefly*, and thus develop the resources of the system in the way of rapidity? The reason is obvious. There is no demand for such a development necessitated by the *want* of greater rapidity, while on the other hand the highest degree of *legibility* demands that *all* sounds be inserted. Besides, the more one practices the more *intuitive* become the movements of the hand, the greater the *facility* in committing the sounds to paper, and the less is the *necessity* for abbreviating. But the most obvious reason is, that writing contractedly is in direct violation of the natural law of writing which demands that every sound be fully and fairly expressed; hence, when we go in opposition to this law, the hand and the mind *revolt* as it were, instinctively, and the intuitive tendency is to write every sound.

We appeal to the experience of every reporter in behalf of the truthfulness of our statement. There are none who do not at times find themselves instinctively and unconsciously writing out the full consonantal forms instead of the most familiar word-signs. To those who claim that to write with the rapidity of speech, one has in a great measure to trust to memory for the representation of words, we would reply, that to write the common style, one has to remember how *each word* is spelled, and that it therefore demands a much greater exercise of the memory, for spelling in this case is almost entirely *arbitrary*, while in the other, it is perfectly *natural* and requires no exercise of that faculty.

SYSTEMS COMPARED.

Now with the burden of the objection standing against the common system and in favor of phonography, we think the latter justly entitled to the consideration of all.

Phonography does away with all the inexplicable mysteries and intricacies of the common orthography, such as giving to each letter more sounds than one, representing the same sound by many different letters, and representing one sound by a combination of two or more letters. People do not generally attach the importance to phonography which really belongs to it, and only take it up at a comparatively late period in life, and in a majority of cases never attain that familiarity with the system which is desirable. If in the early years of childhood persons were taught the art of phonographic writing, and year after year were drilled in it as they are in the old chirography, we have no doubt that in the majority of instances writing with the rapidity of speech would be attained, and that without the use of arbitrary rules or special contractions.

This system of writing being the *natural* one, and having no arbitrary rules either in writing or spelling, can therefore be the more readily learned and the sooner reduced to practice, while the ordinary chirography can only boast of rules for which no philologist has as yet given, or ever can give, even a show of a reason. Phonography does not demand the time nor the effort which it requires for the mastery of longhand, and the benefits, how incomparably superior! The arbitrary system of longhand can never accomplish so much in the same amount of time as a more *natural* system in which the fingers have been "intuitively taught," and we greatly doubt whether the art of verbatim reporting can be sooner acquired by loading the mind with special contractions and almost innumerable word-signs, in which a strict adherence to position is absolutely indispensable, than by practicing in accordance with the natural law of writing, giving full expression to the sounds.

It is a fundamental principle in mechanics that "whatever is gained in power is lost in time," and we believe the same principle is true when applied to phonographic writing. Whatever of speed is attained by the use of arbitrary principles is at an expense of time, and a positive detriment to legibility.

PREJUDICES TO BE OVERCOME

At the present day, amid the triumphs of science and the wonderful adaptation of the arts to the business of life, it is unnecessary to prove that the art of phonographic writing is a useful one. The world has already conceded this. It has admired its beauty, commended its philosophy, eulogized its capabilities, acknowledged its utility, and in a measure reduced it to practice. The mind of man is so organized that whatever is demonstrated to be *useful* is *accepted*. This lies at the basis of man's improvement, and is the foundation of all true civilization and progress. But it should not be considered strange, rooted and

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grounded as we are, by the practice of years, in the common style, having obtained such familiarity and ease of mechanical execution, that we should possess prejudices strongly in favor of the old system, and exhibit feelings of disinclination or aversion against any other, even though it be a more *natural* and *perfect* one. This is the prejudice which phonography has to oppose, and which it is constantly undermining; but a quarter of a century is not time enough in which to reform the world of letters. Great and important changes—those contemplating results universal—can not be achieved in a day.

MEANS OF SUCCESS.

We know of no branch of education so indispensable to the interests of the business world or so highly conducive to the progress of science and literature as the art of shorthand writing. To the young, we could offer no better means of self-culture, improvement, and of consequent usefulness. It is a system based in nature, and therefore easy in its attainment, and in its results how wonderful! It is the art of writing brought into close proximity with that of speaking. It is time that all young persons preparing to engage in the busy scenes of life should avail themselves of phonography, and thus obtain one of the most powerful agencies by which to secure success. Phonography emancipates mind and gives full scope to the out-reach of never-ending thought, it relieves the hand from the complex quibbles of ambiguous longhand, and we might almost *truthfully* say—

"It surely is no *human* skill
That works such miracles as these;
No *mortal* e'er performed
Such feats with such consummate ease."

There is plenty of labor for phonographic writers to perform, and the more universal becomes the art the greater will be their demand, for we shall then the more clearly demonstrate to the world that "*time is money*."

NAMES OF THE STATES.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires why the States are called by their present names, and what are their derivations and meaning. The results of our investigations in this matter are the following:

MAINE—So called from the province of Maine, in France, in compliment to Queen Henrietta of England, who, it has been said, owned that province. This is the commonly received opinion.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Named by John Mason, in 1639 (who with another obtained the grant from the crown), from Hampshire County, in England. The former name of the domain was Laconia.

VERMONT—From the French *verd mont*, or green mountain, indicative of the mountainous nature of the State. This name was first officially recognized Jan. 16, 1777.

MASSACHUSETTS—Indian name, signifying "the country about the great hills," *i. e.*, the "Blue Hills."

RHODE ISLAND.—This name was adopted in 1644 from the island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean, because of its fancied resemblance to that island.

CONNECTICUT.—This is the English orthography of the Indian word Quon-ch-ta-cut, which signifies, "the long river."

NEW YORK—Named by the Duke of York, under color of title given him by the English crown in 1664.

NEW JERSEY—So called in honor of Sir George Carteret, who was governor of the island of Jersey, in the British Channel.

PENNSYLVANIA—From William Penn, the founder of the colony, meaning "Penn's woods."

DELAWARE—In honor of Thomas West, Lord de-la-Ware, who visited the bay and died there in 1610.

MARYLAND—After Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I. of England.

VIRGINIA—So called in honor of Queen Elizabeth, the "virgin queen," in whose reign Sir Walter Raleigh made the first attempt to colonize that region.

NORTH and SOUTH CAROLINA were originally in one tract, called "Carolana" after Charles IX. of France in 1504. Subsequently, in 1665, the name was altered to Carolina

GEORGIA—So called in honor of George II. of England, who established a colony in that region in 1732.

FLORIDA.—Ponce de Leon, who discovered this portion of North America in 1512, named it Florida in commemoration of the day he landed there, which was the Pasquas de Flores of the Spaniards, or "Feast of Flowers," otherwise known as Easter Sunday.

ALABAMA—Formerly a portion of Mississippi Territory, admitted into the Union as a State in 1819. The name is of Indian origin, signifying "here we rest."

MISSISSIPPI—Formerly a portion of the province of Louisiana. So named in 1800 from the great river on its western line. The term is of Indian origin, meaning "long river."

LOUISIANA—From Louis XIV. of France, who for some time prior to 1763 owned the territory.

ARKANSAS—From "Kansas," the Indian word for "smoky water," with the French prefix "arc," bow.

TENNESSEE—Indian for "river of the big bend," *i. e.*, the Mississippi, which is its western boundary.

KENTUCKY—Indian for "at the head of the river."

OHIO—From the Indian, meaning "beautiful." Previously applied to the river, which traverses a great part of its borders.

MICHIGAN—Previously applied to the lake, the Indian name for a fish weir. So called from the fancied resemblance of the lake to a fish-trap.

INDIANA—So called in 1802 from the American Indians.

ILLINOIS—From the Indian "illini," men, and the French suffix "ois," together signifying "tribe of men."

WISCONSIN—Indian term for a "wild-rushing channel.

MISSOURI—Named in 1821 from the great branch of the Mississippi which flows through it. Indian term, meaning "muddy."

IOWA—From the Indian, signifying "the drowsy ones."

MINNESOTA—Indian for "cloudy water."

CALIFORNIA—The name given by Cortes, the discoverer of that region. He probably obtained it from an old Spanish romance, in which an imaginary island of that name is described as abounding in gold.

OREGON—According to some from the Indian oregon, "river of the west." Others consider it derived from the Spanish "oregano," wild marjoram, which grows abundantly on the Pacific coast.

THE DEAD.

BY FRANCES LAMARTINE.

We wonder in our spirit where they are—
The ones now passed from out the mortal form!
We know that they have lived, and now are gone;
But still, the shadows of those mystic realms
Are voiceless, and the gulf of Death gives not
A single sound to tell us where they are—
The ones that once walked o'er the earth in robes
Of flesh, and looked from out their mortal eyes
Far, far across the surging sea of Time.

We know there is a something *deathless*, that
Doth live *beyond* the little life of earth;
A something that is *freed* when Death doth *still*
The mortal *form*; a something that doth *'scape*
The stifling confines of the grave, and that
Doth bid *defiance* to the viewless power
That binds the turf close o'er each grassy tomb.
We know the marble doors can *not* shut in
The unclogged souls, although the massive gates
Are locked and barred by silence solemn and
Eternal! Aye! this much we *know*, and yet
We often wonder to ourselves, and ask
Our reason and our spirit *where they are*.

We know they lived, and loved, and hated, too,
Perhaps. We know they hurried round upon
The busy stage of Life, and grasped each change
With eager hearts, and with bewildering hope
And fear stood wondering what the *next* would be.
We know they had their sorrows and their woes,
Their trials, their temptations, too. We know
They had their hours of joy, and drank from out
The cup of *happiness sometimes*, though far
More often from the cup of *misery*
And woe, for this the *lot* of mortals is,
And *this their doom on earth*. We know they played
The drama *well, and then they passed away*.
They left to us hushed heart, pale brow, dim eyes;
Cold fingers locked upon a pulseless breast,
Sealed lips; a *casket* of the rarest mold—
But flown the spirit is—we know not where.
This, then, it is, that *puzzles* us. We read
Their burning thoughts traced out in lines of fire
Upon the immortal page; we know their deeds;
We feel their hopes, their fears; we take their strong
Desires into *our* hearts, and *pray their prayers!*
With them we weep and laugh, with them we love
And hate; and ere we realize they're not
Beside us here, we look around to meet
The love-glance from their watchful eyes; we reach
Our arms to clasp their shadowy, viewless forms;
We strive to press their phantom lips with lips
Of clay; we listen for their footsteps in
Our room; we listen for their voices in
Our solitary haunts, and in the still
And quiet places where we love to dream;
We wait to feel their spirit-hands upon
Our brow; we linger for their fond caress,
And tremble with a dream of unknown joy;
We feel a happiness too high, too *pure*,
For *mortal* to express; a joy too deep,
Too *holy far* for language to describe;
The vail that hides *eternity from time*
Is *almost torn away*; again we reach
Our arms to fold the gone ones to our heart.
The tear-drop glistens in our eyes, we come
So near to those we *can not* see. We fain
Would *speak* to them—our lips begin to move;
Our quick voice breaks the deathy stillness of
Our soul; we startle like a frightened bird,
And then the vision fades away fore'er.

Again we feel *alone!* again we ask
Our heart, if, when their forms grew cold, they launched
Their marble boats at Death's dark pier, and sailed
Away *so far*, across a sea *so wide*,
That they can ne'er again return to earth;
Again we wonder if they never *hear*
Us when we call; again we wonder if
They never know the mystic longings of
Our fettered soul; but all is *mystery*,
And *never*, until God sees fit to break
Earth's prison-bars that bind the spirit here,
Can we determine *where* immortals dwell.

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IDEALITY AND SUBLIMITY.

As from the charming little springs in nature's wilds gush forth the clear, cool, and sparkling waters, so from largely developed Ideality and Sublimity spring all our beautiful emotions, thoughts, expressions, actions, purity, taste, grace, refinement, polish, elegance, neatness, poetry, and a love of the grand, sublime, vast, endless, terrific, and that love of the beautiful, pure, and perfect in all its forms—from the little bee, as with the music of his wings he softly alights upon the flowers of the morning, still decked and glistening with those bright gems of nature, the pure and sparkling dewdrop, to the true poetry of man's mind, with its grandeur, elegance, and purity; from the beauties of summer, with its birds and its flowers, its fruits and its skies, to man and his works, his paintings, his oratory, and all the beauties of those among us who love their Maker and obey His laws.

It is the organs of which we write that confer upon us those traits of character which perceive, imagine, conceive, and judge of the grand and the beautiful; and as we look upon nature and perceive its grandness, vastness, and beauties, it is these faculties acting with Veneration that look up through nature to nature's God. Wherever we are, upon the land or upon the sea, in the crowded streets of the city, or among the charming beauties of the country, we are still at that spring of nature, where we may drink of its beauties and satiate our thirst—for nature is before us, and how beautiful it is! "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" How full is the world of beauties! Take all else away, and we need but look upward to the skies that float above; they are always grand, sublime, and beautiful. Observe the rainbow spanning the face of the heavens, in the home from whence the rain-drops are falling—how beautiful! How sublime a painting from the pencil of God! Reader, 'tis but a sign to put us in mind of a merciful promise: obey His laws, and the beautiful works that He has made will still more brighter beam with grandeur and beauty sublime. The rainbow melts away, the storm-cloud passes by, and the sun's bright beams smile upon lawn and meadow, upon garden and field; the happy birds are seen patiently toiling and sweetly singing as they build their nests. The day has gone, another drop from the ocean of Time descends the falls of eternity, and the red clouds seem hastening to bid the sun farewell as he slowly sets 'neath the western hills. All things are now at rest; the stars, one by one, shine forth—

"The midnight moon serenely smiles
O'er nature's soft repose;
No lowering cloud obscures the sky,
Nor ruffling tempest blows."

The very silence is grand, as upon the banks of a silent river the moonbeams' gentle play upon the waters is watched. The silence now is interrupted; a magnificent steamboat in all its beauty and sublimity glides slowly by with gracefulness of form and lighted lamps of many colors. It is upon a Western river. A century ago the same moon shone in all its brightness, the same stars were in the sky, but they shone upon vast forests where as yet but few white men had found their way. What a picture for the eye of mind to contemplate would it be, could we in imagination distinctly paint a bird's-eye view of those sublime forests at such a time stretching away before us as far as the eye could reach, and all "bathed in the moon's pale light!"

"I hear the winds among the trees,
Playing celestial symphonies:
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument."

The rays of the heavenly orbs shone upon no steamboats—the floating monuments of civilization these. But upon those same waters silently floated the canoe of the red man; and as he gazed upon the beauties and those scenes so full of sublime grandeur around him, he thinks of the great Author of them all.

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way."

So sublimely great is nature's God, that the works that He has made partake in this respect of the greatness of their Author. The seeming little things are great. A drop of water the microscope reveals to us to be almost a little world of itself, full of life and vitality, creatures with brains, nerves, and hearts. "How small," we say, "they must be!" Small in size, it is true, but are they not greater for their very smallness? The sounding line of the mariner has brought up from ocean's bed what appeared to be but simple clay, which, after drying, its particles were so fine as to disappear in the pores and cracks of the skin when rubbed between the fingers. Yet in this seeming simple clay all was life, for under the magnifying lenses of the microscope it is ascertained to be little shells, and these little shells inclose and protect from harm and danger a body within them that is full of life, looked upon by us as remarkably small; yet we, compared with the bulk of the sun, are yet smaller. And there are beings in nature so small indeed, that through microscopes most powerful they can not be perceived. And there is grandeur and sublimity in *all* these things, and in *all* things that God has made for the benefit of man.

"Methinks it would seem quite impossible
Not to love *all* things in a world so full—
Where the breeze warbles, and the soft bland air
Is music slumbering upon her instrument."

Ideality takes cognizance of the ideal and beautiful in nature and art, while Sublimity recognizes the grand, vast, and sublime. The situation of these organs is near the moral organs, and it is natural, especially if the latter organs are largely developed, to associate with the grand beauties of nature their great Author. Ideality refines and makes us purer, fills us with the ideal, and raises above everything that is vulgar. Sublimity delights in the awful magnitude and grandeur of God's works, and delights to dwell upon such subjects as space and eternity, because of their wonderful vastness. The little child gazes upward to the blue sky above him, and wonders where the end of that clear blue may be; but the child only wonders. Man may *reason* upon the same subject, and he may direct his telescope far into those realms of space; and he, like the little child, may ask, "Where is the end?" His reasoning faculties tell him *there is no end*. And he is confounded, confused, *bewildered* at the magnitude of God's works—and after all, like the little child, can only wonder. The earth is only a speck compared with the size of the sun; the sun is hardly more, compared with the magnitude of stars (what are they?) composing our cluster. And who can tell but what this cluster is but a speck compared to the immensity of bodies that float in the awful immensity of space *which has no end* and *no lines of boundary*—which is so boundless and great that even the *eye of imagination* can penetrate into but a very little way? And yet God has made man, the most wonderful of his works, in His image, but a little lower than the angels. Reader, let us so live that we may deserve His mercy. "Man is fearfully and wonderfully made," and also is beautifully and sublimely formed, for there is beauty and sublimity in the proper exercisation of all his faculties. There is sublimity in Friendship, Love, and Truth, in Faith, Hope, and Charity. It is a sight full of beauty and sublimity as in some little village we watch the inhabitants slowly wending their way along the grassy paths that lead to the village church. We enter with them and observe the sublimity of Tune as the grand old organ peals forth its notes of praise, and see Veneration sublimely bow the head in humble gratitude to Him who hears their prayers! How sublimely grand is the exercisation of Benevolence when it hushes the cry of the orphan and dries the widow's tears! How sublime the sight, as in the gray dawn of morning we watch the increasing brightness that glows in the eastern sky, and, growing brighter as we look, until the morning sun in all its glory beams full upon us, and the darkness is turned into light! Reader, there is beauty and grandeur in the glorious and sublime science of Phrenology! If you doubt its truths, you are in the dark; and as you look toward the east in the darkness of morning, and perceive the rising of the king of the sky, if the world would so look to Phrenology, its sublime truths would gradually unfold and dawn upon them, until the avalanche of truth would burst upon them in all its glory, showing the truth, the light, and the way for man to reform himself where reform was needed, and become better and rise higher and higher in the scale of Christianity and goodness, turning the darkness to light.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN. J. I. D. B.

SIMPLE MODE OF COMPUTING INTEREST.—A new method of computing interest on any number of dollars at six per cent. appears very simple. Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days of interest desired, separate the right-hand figure, and divide by six; the result is the true interest of such sum for such number of days, at six per cent. This rule is so simple and so true, according to all business usage, that every banker, broker, merchant, or clerk should post it up for reference and use. There being no such thing as a fraction in it, there is scarcely any liability to error or mistake. By no other arithmetical process can the desired information be obtained with so few figures.

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MRS. E. A. PARKHURST.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

THIS lady evidently inherits all the conditions favorable for health and long life. She is probably descended from a hardy stock, endurance and activity being marked characteristics of her physical organization.

She should be known for her mental activity, ambition, imagination, perseverance, and executiveness; is evidently her father's daughter, inheriting his spirit, his Constructiveness, and his propelling power.

Intellectually, she should be both quick and curious to examine all subjects which come within the range of her appreciation. She also comprehends principles as well as facts and details, and can impart information almost as readily as she can acquire it.

If trained to it, she would excel in teaching, in literature, art, or authorship.

She must have fine mechanical talent; would be apt in construction, if not inventive. Her highest and best gift is intuition, which is akin to inspiration. She is so organized as to be easily impressed by external circumstances and invisible influences. She seems to see with the mind, to reach, as it were, into the future; to anticipate events, and foresee what is about to transpire. She is, in a sense, prophetic.

She has large Ideality, and would be fond of poetry, oratory, art, and music.

She can imitate and do well what she sees done by others. She is also eminently mirthful, youthful, and playful; is, in fact, uncommonly fond of fun, and can create it.

She has an excellent memory of whatever she sees distinctly and attentively; personal experiences are held by her firmly in mind.

She can read the character and motives of others very readily, and could not be easily deceived by strangers.

She can make herself agreeable and acceptable to all; is comparatively without affectation, acting out her real nature frankly, and just as she feels.

She has much taste, refinement, and great fondness for the beautiful as well as for the grand and sublime. See how broad the brain through Ideality and Sublimity!

She is conscientious, hopeful, devotional, sympathetic, liberal, and kindly, and could easily live a consistent, religious life.

She is firm and steadfast, quite set in her way. She is quick and resolute to resist and defend; very spirited as an opponent, and will never yield where moral principle is involved. She is not the first to give offense or to get into a controversy, nor will she let go when in the right.

She is self-relying, full of new plans and projects, and rarely without resources. Failing in one thing, she would turn quickly to another and another, until success crowns her efforts.

Her social nature is distinctly marked. She is capable of enjoying all that belongs to home and to domestic life. If suitably mated, she would be pre-eminently happy as a wife; would be very fond of children, friends, and home.

She has sufficient application to finish what she

MRS. E. A. PARKHURST.*

begins; her motto would be, "One thing at a time," though she likes to dispatch work quickly. If thrown upon her own resources, and dependent upon herself, something in the line of art, literature, or mechanism would suit her best; but if qualified for it, she would excel in authorship. She could superintend a school, seminary, or an asylum or a hospital, though her tastes do not lie particularly in those directions. Altogether, she is well fitted to make her own way in the world, and to aid those who are less favored by nature and who are less helpful.

This physiognomy is strongly marked, and indicates great activity. It has a live look—not sleepy, not passive. The perceptives are prominent, constituting her a good observer. That is a purely feminine nose, and indicates mental development and activity. The eyes are earnest, and the mouth expressive. The hair a dark-brown, plentiful and curly. The chin is prominent, the jaws strong, the lips full, nostrils ample, and the breathing circulation and digestion good. Altogether, she has a head, face, and character that will impress favorably all who meet her.

BIOGRAPHY.

The subject of our sketch, well known in musical circles, was born at Leicester, Worcester County, Massachusetts, in 1837.

Her parents on the one side were of English, on the other of Scotch descent; so that she may be said to be the fortunate possessor of the energy of the Scot, the persistence of the Englishman, and the indomitable spirit of activity which belongs to the American. Whether she has really manifested these qualities or not, we leave our reader to judge as he peruses this brief biography. While she was yet an infant her parents removed to Boston. There she received the benefits of a common-school education. At the early age of fourteen, however, her scholastic relations were terminated, and a new sphere of action opened up to her. When very young she had shown unusual musical taste. Her parents procured a piano for her. This was an era in her life. Without a teacher—for her parents were in humble circumstances—or any marked advantages, she commenced the study of music on her own account, her devotion to it heightening as she advanced. At the age of thirteen she had so far progressed as to be competent to teach others the art of performing on that instrument, of which her own unaided efforts had made her mistress. At the age of fifteen her parents removed from Boston to the city of New York. Less than two years after this removal she was married to Mr. Parkhurst, and took up her residence with him in Lowell, Mass., where he engaged in business of a mercantile nature. The financial complications of 1857 compelled him to close his business in Lowell. Subsequently, having settled his affairs there, he removed to Brooklyn, N. Y. Here he became so poor in health that Mrs. Parkhurst was obliged to undertake the support of the family. Her musical talents then proved an invaluable ally. Through the instrumentality of a well-known music dealer of New York city, who generously came to her assistance, she was enabled to command the attention of the music-loving public. Her compositions have ever stood well in the popular esteem, and she may be said to be second to none among American composers of ballad music. Mrs. Parkhurst is now a widow; her husband having enlisted in the army of the Union in 1862, was killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, Va., June 3d, 1864.

Little Effie Parkhurst—now eleven years old—her only child, possesses remarkable musical abilities, and is already well known as a concert singer.

The compositions of Mrs. Parkhurst comprise a list of considerable length, and have from the first been extensively published by Mr. Horace Waters; Messrs. Hall & Son; William A. Pond & Co.; Firth, Son & Co.; Oliver Ditson & Co.; Tolman & Co.; Russel & Co.; Brainard & Sons; Whitemore & Co.; John F. Ellis & Co.; C. M. Tremain; W. Demorest. Among them are the following: Norah, Dearest; How Softly on the Bruised Heart; The Beautiful Angel Band; I Can't Forget; Dost Thou ever Think of Me, Love? Angel Mary; Weep no More for Lily; Mary Fay; The Union Medley; The Tear of Love; Katy Did, Katy Didn't (comic); This Hand Never Struck Me, Mother; The Dying Drummer; The New Emancipation Song; The Soldier's Dying Farewell; No Slave Beneath that Starry Flag; Dey Said We Wouldn't Fight; Little Joe, the Contraband; There's Rest for All in Heaven; Come Rally, Freemen, Rally; They Tell me I'll Forget Thee; Only You and I; I'm Willing to Wait (comic); My Jamie's on the Battle-field; Our Dear New England Boys; Were I but his own Wife; There are Voices, Spirit Voices; A Home on the Mountain; Do they Love me still as ever? Oh! Send me one Flower from his Grave; Wait, my Little One, Wait; Richmond is Ours; Glory to God in the Highest (anthem); The Peace

* We are indebted to Mr. Bogardus, 363 Broadway, for the original photograph from which the above portrait was taken. Mr. B. is now the leading—down-town—photographic artist, and is taking some of the finest pictures to be seen in the New York galleries.

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Jubilee; Scandal on the Brain; Mourn not, O ye People; Sweet Little Nell; The Angels are Hovering Near; The Patter of the Rain; Don't Marry a Man if he Drinks; Looking Forward; I'll Marry no Man if he Drinks; Famous Oil Firms; Father's a Drunkard, and Mother is Dead (Temperance song); Give to me those Moonlight Hours (duet); Love on the Brain; Before I trust my Heart to Thee; True Love, it is worth Keeping; Sweet Home of my Early Days; Art thou Thinking of me in my Absence? Give us Freedom for our Battle-cry; Mary of the Sea; There are Hearts whereon to Rest; The Angel I Love; Give me the Hand that is True as a Brother; Christmas Greeting; New Year's Song; My Love is like the fragrant Flower; A Pretty Little Maiden (comic); Who will save my Darling? (Temperance); Maryland's Free; Nellie, Dear, Good-Bye; There's a Sound that is Dearer.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Spirit Polka; Sanitary Fair Polka; Tender Glance Schottishe; Sigh in the Heart (waltz); Starlight Waltz; Summer House of Roses (galop); On to Richmond Galop; President Lincoln's Funeral March (lith.); Our Soldiers' Last March; Airy Castles (romance); Cloud with a Silver Lining (romance); The Gem of the Mountains (mazourka); Yankee Doodle (var.); Blue Bells of Scotland (var.); Away with Melancholy (var.); General Scott's Farewell March; Sweet Evelina (var); They Worked me all the Day (var.); Sanitary Fair Polka (four hands); Sigh in the Heart (four hands); Tender Glance Schottishe (four hands); Promenade Concert Polka; Promenade Concert Polka (four hands); Sunlight Polka (brilliant); Algerian Polka; Sunny Side Set; Easy Pieces; General Scott's Funeral March; Something Pretty (mazourka).

Pres. Lincoln's Funeral March was composed in twenty minutes, and is probably one of her best efforts. Upward of 30,000 copies of this have been sold. Of her other compositions, upward of 50,000 are sold annually.

The prices of the above range from 20 to 75 cents each, and can be obtained from most music dealers in the United States. Many of her pieces have been republished in Europe.

FRANKLIN.

WHAT HE WAS, AND WHAT HE DID.

The tendency of public opinion, which has of late been to undervalue our great philosopher, will receive a wholesale correction through the general circulation of Mr Parton's excellent work, "The Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin."

WHAT HE WAS.

A great and a good man, a statesman, a philosopher, a philanthropist, and a practical Christian. Mr. Parton truly says:

"He lived almost universally admired, and died almost universally lamented. If he enjoyed more than any other man of his time, it can also be said with truth, that he contributed as much as any man of his time to the enjoyment of others. These two are great facts: he achieved a sustained happiness for himself, and added greatly to the happiness of his fellow-men. Of such a man we

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

can say with the utmost confidence, that he must have complied, in a remarkable degree, with the essential conditions of human welfare; or, in other words, that he must have been an eminently wise and virtuous person, since there is no such thing possible as continuous well-being apart from intelligent goodness.

"This is taken for granted. We have a right to say, after so long a recorded residence of man on earth, that no one has ever been able to cheat the universe out of a welfare. The price must have been paid; the conditions must have been complied with. Nor can there be, in modern times, such a thing as a lastingly unjust fame. One who lived in the view of mankind as Franklin did, and has retained the cordial approval of five generations, and is loved the more the more intimately he is known, must have been, in very truth, the friend and benefactor of his race. The soul of goodness must have dwelt in that man. He must have done nobly, as well as correctly.

"Franklin, then, let us simply say, *lived well;* and enjoyed, in consequence, the joyous and lasting welfare which follows, necessarily, from a compliance with the eternal laws. Surely, then, it is well for us, at the close of our labors, to consider what are those conditions of welfare with which he so signally complied, and to inquire how much of his happiness was due to circumstances beyond his control, and how much to circumstances within his control.

"Why he alone of seventeen children should have been greatly endowed, is a preliminary question to which science has not yet enabled us to give any kind of answer. We only know the fact. His brothers and sisters all led ordinary lives in ordinary spheres; only his youngest sister seemed, in any sense, his peer, and she only by virtue of her loving heart. And even she, dearly as she loved her brother, was awed by his presence, and dared not, as she said, utter her thoughts freely in his hearing, but sat worshiping him in silence. Baffling mystery! that in one of the humblest homes of a colonial town there should have been born sixteen children of only average understanding, and one who grew up to teach and cheer the whole civilized world. Yet the stuff of which Franklin was made was all in that family. It was the veritable father of Franklin, whose voice at the close of the day, accompanied by his violin, was 'extremely agreeable to hear.' It was his true grandfather who sung an early song of toleration. And we see bits of him in Uncle Benjamin, in his great-uncle Thomas, in his sister Jane, in his runaway brother Josiah, and even in his churlish brother James. But only he was a Franklin in full measure. He was the one great, round, sound apple on the tree. In our great ignorance of nature's most hidden laws, we can only say, that Benjamin Franklin inherited from his ancestors great powers of mind, and a most happy constitution of body."

SIZE OF FRANKLIN'S HEAD.

The following anecdote, related by Mr. Parton, illustrates the well-known fact that Dr. Franklin had a massive as well as an active and perfectly balanced brain.

"Dr. Franklin, we are informed, began his preparations by ordering a wig, since no man had yet dared to contemplate the possibility of exhibiting uncovered locks to a monarch of France. Mr. Austin used to say, that not only was the court costume exactly prescribed, but each season had its own costume, and if any one presented himself in lace ruffles when the time of year demanded cambric, the chamberlain of the palace would refuse him admission. Readers of Madam Campan remember her lively pictures of the intense etiquette which worried the soul of Marie Antoinette in these very years. So Dr. Franklin ordered a wig. On the appointed day, says tradition, the peruquier himself brought home the work of his hands, and tried it on; but the utmost efforts of the great artist could not get it upon the head it was designed to disfigure. After patiently submitting for a long time to the manipulations of the peruquier, Dr. Franklin ventured to hint that, perhaps, the wig was a little too small. 'Monsieur, it is impossible.' After many more fruitless trials, the peruquier dashed the wig to the floor in a furious passion, exclaiming, 'No, monsieur, it is not the wig which is too small—it is your head which is too large.'"

WHAT HE DID.

Mr. Parton gives the following interesting summary of Franklin's labors:

"He established and inspired the 'Junto,' the most sensible, useful, and pleasant club of which we have any knowledge.

"He founded the Philadelphia Library, parent of a thousand libraries, an immense and endless good to the whole of the civilized portion of the United States.

He edited the best newspaper in the colonies—one which published no libels and fomented no quarrels, which quickened the intelligence of Pennsylvania, and gave the onward impulse to the press of America.

"He was the first who turned to great account the engine of advertising—an indispensable element in modern business.

"He published 'Poor Richard,' by means of which so much of the wit and wisdom of all ages as its readers could appropriate and enjoy, was brought home to their minds, in such words as they could understand and remember forever.

"He created the post-office system of America and forbore to avail himself, as postmaster, of privileges from which he had formerly suffered.

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"It was he who caused Philadelphia to be paved, lighted, and cleaned.

"As fuel became scarce in the vicinity of the colonial towns, he invented the 'Franklin Stove,' which economized it, and suggested the subsequent warming inventions, in which America beats the world. Besides making a free gift of this invention to the public, he generously wrote an extensive pamphlet explaining its construction and utility.

"He delivered civilized mankind from the nuisance, once universal, of smoky chimneys.

"He was the first effective preacher of the blessed gospel of ventilation. He spoke, and the windows of hospitals were lowered; consumption ceased to gasp, and fever to inhale poison.

"He devoted the leisure of seven years, and all the energy of his genius, to the science of electricity, which gave a stronger impulse to scientific inquiry than any other of that century. He taught Goethe to experiment in electricity, and set all students to making electrical machines. He robbed thunder of its terrors, and lightning of its power to destroy.

"He was chiefly instrumental in founding the first high school of Pennsylvania, and died protesting against the abuse of the funds of that institution in teaching American youth the language of Greece and Rome, while French, Spanish, and German were spoken in the streets and were required in the commerce of the wharves.

"He founded the American Philosophical Society, the first organization in America of the friends of science.

"He suggested the use of mineral manures, introduced the basket willow, and promoted the early culture of silk.

"He lent the indispensable assistance of his name and tact to the founding of the Philadelphia Hospital.

"Entering into politics, he broke the spell of Quakerism, and woke Pennsylvania from the dream of unarmed safety.

"He led Pennsylvania in its thirty years' struggle with the mean tyranny of the Penns, a rehearsal of the subsequent contest with the King of Great Britain.

"When the Indians were ravaging and scalping within eighty miles of Philadelphia, General Benjamin Franklin led the troops of the city against them.

"He was the author of the first scheme of uniting the colonies—a scheme so suitable that it was adopted in its essential features, in the union of the States, and binds us together to this day.

"He assisted England to keep Canada, when there was danger of its falling back into the hands of a reactionary race.

"More than any other man, he was instrumental in causing the repeal of the Stamp Act, which deferred the inevitable struggle until the colonies were strong enough to triumph.

"He discovered the temperature of the Gulf Stream.

"He discovered that north-east storms begin in the south-west.

"He invented the invaluable contrivance by which a fire consumes its own smoke.

"He made important discoveries respecting the causes of the most universal of all diseases—colds.

"He pointed out the advantage of building ships in water-tight compartments, taking the hint from the Chinese.

"He expounded the theory of navigation which is now universally adopted by intelligent seamen, and of which a charlatan and a traitor has received the credit.

"In Paris, as the antidote to the restless distrust of Arthur Lee, and the restless vanity of John Adams, he saved the alliance over and over again, and brought the negotiations for peace to a successful close. His mere presence in Europe was a moving plea for the rights of man.

"In the Convention of 1787, his indomitable good-humor was, probably, the uniting element, wanting which the Convention would have dissolved without having done its work.

"His labors were for the abolition of slavery and the aid of its emancipated victims.

"Having, during a very long life, instructed, stimulated, cheered, amused, and elevated his countrymen, and all mankind, he was faithful to them to the end, and added to his other services the edifying spectacle of a calm, cheerful, and triumphant death, leaving behind him a mass of writings, full of his own kindness, humor, and wisdom, to perpetuate his influence and sweeten the life of coming generations."

OUR PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN

was copied from an engraving published in the *Massachusetts Magazine* for May, 1790, the month following his death. The editor pronounces it "a striking likeness of his Excellency."

HOW TO LIVE.

SOMETIMES we want to be a minister, or an author, or a public lecturer, or one of those privileged people who go around laying down the law to people and telling them what they are to do and what they are to leave undone! Occasionally, "unaccustomed as we are to public speaking," the spirit moves us very strongly to express our mental perturbation on more subjects than one!

Now suppose, or as the little ones say "make believe," we were a minister, a week-day sort of a minister, we mean, to preach on topics of every-day interest, this is the text we should select to-day—a text, not from the Bible, but from the lips of half the people you meet. Stop, sir, and listen—you know it was on your own tongue not half an hour ago, in the injured whine of a man who fancies the world is treating him very hardly!

"It costs so much to live!"

That's all nonsense, and you know it is! Life isn't to blame, it's you! Just let us look at your dress—expensive broadcloth lined with silk—gold watch-chain swinging like a cable rope across your chest—hat modeled after the last Broadway style—kid gloves and handkerchief soaked in perfume. We should think it might cost you something to live if it is necessary to pass your life inside such a costly envelope as all that! If it was necessary to fashion to wear gold you would go and get yourself gilded, we've no doubt, and then complain at the iron pressure of "hard times!" Other fools run after the fashion, and so must you! Give us, however, the hard-handed hero who believes in being behind the fashion and beforehand with the world. Do you smile at the word? A man can be a hero about his coat and hat as well as at the battle-front; there are more kinds of courage than one!

"Costs so much to live," does it? You entertained your friend last night with lobster salad, champagne, and pink pyramids of cream, and the confectioner's bill is enough to give you a cramp in the face worse than any ague! Now, don't you think they would have been quite as well satisfied if you had asked them, half a dozen at a time, to a quiet evening with iced water for refreshments and a plate of crackers on the side-board? Look at your daily table. Jones can't afford partridges and quails and black coffee and expensive sauces—but then Jones don't find it half as hard to live as you do, and never has the dyspepsia either! Put back that cigar into your pocket, you don't need it; half a dozen a day, at twenty cents apiece, count up; throw it into the gutter and make up your mind to let it alone! Are you thirsty? Don't go into yonder saloon, but drink a glass of water—it will be better for both nose and purse! Jones never touches anything stronger than black tea. Jones walks down Broadway while you dash past him in an omnibus; Jones' coat looks a little seedy, while your garments are immaculate; but, nevertheless, Jones will be a rich man before you will. You see, it don't cost Jones so much to live as it does you. His wife is contented in a neat delaine, while yours "*must* have a new silk;" his wife mends the old carpet and skillfully disposes rugs here and there to hide the worn places, while yours orders a new velvet at seven dollars a yard. "We can't possibly get along without it, my dear." His wife is not above going down into the kitchen to concoct little desserts and look after the remains of cold joints and chicken pies, while your helpmate would think it dreadful to rustle her skirts over the underground threshold. "It looks so mean."

And one day you come home with wide-open eyes and mouth and inform your wife that "Jones has bought a country place on the Hudson! how could he ever have afforded it with his salary?"

It puts us clear beyond the bounds of patience when we hear people grumbling that they "can not live." You dear, stupid, confused souls, you could live on one quarter of the money you foolishly throw away! The trouble with you is that all your life long you have had too much money—you have bought things you couldn't afford, and didn't want. Just begin the world over again on a new footing. Ask yourself honestly, "Do I need this thing?" before you pull out your pocket-book. Don't buy a gimcrack because your neighbor has got one just like it; and don't cut your fustian jacket after the pattern of your millionaire employer's velvet coat! Remember the "rainy day" that comes sooner or later to every one, and lay aside all your surplus funds to meet its exigencies, and you will not only be a richer, but a better man. There is nothing on earth that tries the temper like "living from hand to mouth." A man that has a hundred dollars in the savings-bank respects himself and walks the earth with a freer footstep than the poor slave of debt. As for your neighbor's opinion, it is a free country, and he is quite welcome to it. Farther than that, it ought to be a matter of entire indifference to you.

It costs a great deal more to live like a fool than to live like a sensible man, and it is not half so satisfactory in the long run. Try it and see, and if you still remain unconvinced, we will never ask you to repose any more faith in our week-day sermons or week-day texts! L. R.

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GEN. LEWIS CASS.

Gen. Cass was a very large man. He stood near six feet high, and weighed upward of two hundred pounds.

His temperament was vital-mental, inclining to the lymphatic. Intellectually, he was more thoughtful and comprehensive than practical and brilliant. He was ponderous and prosy rather than vivacious and imaginative; that is, neither a poetical or an ethereal organization. He lived in the body rather than in the spirit, and looked after the good things of *this* life. With a stomach so capacious, with lungs so large, and a circulation so uniform, his appetite would be strong, digestion excellent, and he would be a good liver. His love of property would be the same. There was large Acquisitiveness in the head, and the temperament favors economy. There was more Approbativeness than Self-Esteem and Firmness, and he was compromising. With more dignity, he would have had more authority, more power. We should not look to such an organization for great enterprise, reform, nor philanthropy. Still he was "big," and in some respects a great man.

Gen. Lewis Cass was the son of a revolutionary patriot, Jonathan Cass, and was born in Exeter, N. H., Oct. 9, 1782. He was therefore in the 84th year of his age at the time of his decease (which occurred in Detroit on the 17th of June). In 1799 the family moved to Wilmington, Del., where young Cass taught school, and from there to Zanesville, Ohio, the year following. Here Lewis studied law and engaged in practice. In 1806 he was elected to the Legislature as a supporter of Mr. Jefferson's administration, and during his term was appointed by the President U. S. Marshal for Ohio. When the difficulties of 1812 broke out he headed the Third Regiment of Ohio Volunteers as colonel, which formed part of Hull's force at Detroit. He was included in the surrender, and it is said when asked to deliver up his sword, he broke the blade and threw it away. After his release he was made brigadier-general, and served under Harrison, then commander at Detroit, and subsequently Governor of Michigan by appointment. For many years he was identified with the settlement and with the Indian affairs of the Northwest. In 1831, when Gen. Jackson reconstructed his cabinet, Gen. Cass was appointed secretary of war. In 1836 was sent as ambassador to France. In 1834 Gen. Cass was a prominent candidate in the National Democratic Convention for the Presidency, but was beaten by Polk. Shortly after Polk's election he was chosen U. S. senator from Michigan. In the Baltimore Convention of 1848 Gen. Cass was again urged for the Presidency, and secured the nomination only to be defeated by Gen. Taylor. On his nomination he resigned his seat in the Senate, but on his defeat he was re-elected. In 1850 he was a member of the famous Compromise Committee, and in that year he was re-elected for a term of six years to the Senate. In 1852 he was again a candidate for the Presidency, but was defeated in the Baltimore Convention by Franklin Pierce.

In the campaign of 1856, Gen. Cass was not a candidate for the Presidential office, but threw his influence in favor of James Buchanan, who, on assuming the duties of the office, tendered the position of secretary of state to Mr. Cass, by whom it was accepted. He continued in the cabinet till the movements of the secessionists menaced Fort Sumter, when he retired in consequence of a neglect of the President to send the necessary aid to protect the garrison and secure the safety of that fortress. On leaving the cabinet he retired to private life, where he remained till death closed his earthly pilgrimage.

Having spent over fifty years in public life, participating prominently in the political discussions covered by that period, it is not strange that Gen. Cass received from political opponents a full measure of that adverse criticism common to heated party strife. This was borne with philosophical coolness as a portion of the penalty attendant upon high political aspirations, coupled with marked and decided partisan action. As a private citizen, however, his political opponents have never failed to concede the purity of his conduct, and his course as honorable alike to himself and the State of his adoption. The deceased leaves one son and two daughters, heirs of his public fame and of a very ample private fortune, which a long life of temperance, rigid economy, and industry enabled him to accumulate and keep.

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE GENERAL LEWIS CASS.

A Man's strongest passion is generally his weaker side.

A Sensible Woman on "Waterfalls."—Mrs. L. Maria Child writes a letter to the *Independent*, in the course of which she uses the following language in regard to the fashions in hair: "Thinking of the great and blessed work done during these last four years by women in the Sanitary Commissions, the hospitals, and school-houses for the emancipated, I seemed to see a bright light dawning on our future career. But the vision receded in the distance, when I looked from my window and saw a bevy of damsels sailing by, with hencoops in their skirts, and upon their heads a rimless pan of straw with a feather in it—useless for defense against wind or sun. To make this unbecoming head-gear still more ungraceful, there descends from it something called by the flowing name of waterfall, but which, in fact, looks more like a cabbage in a net tricked out with beads and wampum. If I had met them in Western forests, I should have taken them for Ojibbeway squaws, but their dress was *à la mode Parisienne*. This tyranny of France is, I suppose, one of the things that must be endured, because it can not be helped, till our brains are better developed. In process of time, I trust the Empress Eugenie will sleep with her illustrious ancestors, and that no other fanatic queen of fashion will come after her to lead the civilized world such a fool's dance. What a set of monkeys we are, in feathers and furbelows, dancing to the time of that imperial show-woman!"

You can not preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.

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NEW YORK,
AUGUST, 1866.

"IF I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Foe.*

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SUMMER.

ITS DUTIES AND ITS LESSONS.

WE are now in the midst of that season of the year which the poet loves to call Summer, but which a selfish and narrow-spirited policy has dubbed "the heated term." The latter appellation is suggestive of naught but the annoying and uncomfortable—awakening visions of dusty, steaming streets frequented by sweaty-browed pedestrians, exhausted quadrupeds, dirty, semi-nude children, and a sun inexorably pouring down a flood of scorching rays, which even the most secluded and shady retreat is not entirely free from. But the good old name, Summer, how different its signification! How many pleasing memories and prospects it inspires! The laughing, sunny day; the warbling of forest birds; the gentle zephyrs sporting with the leafy billows; the purling brook; the merry farmer boys tossing and stirring the fragrant hay; the rambles through the groves and glades; the lively fun-begetting and fun-affording picnics, excursions, and berrying parties; the thousand varied enjoyments which a vivid imagination or a retentive memory calls up, render the round of summer life pleasurable without intermission. In Gail Hamilton's new book, "Summer Rest," we have looked in vain for some practicable diagnosis of what the clever authoress means by the title of her said book. Evidently she desires to be known as taking her "otium cum dignitate," and spicing this state of eloquent leisure with occasional muscular and mental efforts with the pen. We seek in vain for *solid* advice and timely suggestions as to how we shall spend our summer. She is strikingly shy and indefinite on the subject. Now we would venture to say something timely for the benefit of those who go out of town, and those who dwell in the rural districts. "Make hay while the sun shines," is a motto which the farmer is called upon practically to observe. He must go forth to the harvest-field with his help early in the day, and *push* the work of mowing the grass and cutting the grain, stirring and curing it, and carting the same to the barn or stack till sundown, or even long after that signal of approaching night. It is doubly incumbent upon him to make haste and use the golden moments of opportunity while the sun beams forth in all his glory, or a sudden shower—that frequent occurrence in midsummer—or a day or two of rain, may spoil much valuable material, and render much costly labor useless. The farmers' wives, those thrifty helpmates, the glory of American rusticity, have their "world of work" at this season. So much more food must be prepared than usual to meet the sharpened appetites of the augmented force of field-hands. So much more butter and cheese must be made from the increasing yield of milk, now the cows are fully reinstated in their rich pastures. So much attention must be given to the garden, with its wealth of vegetables, berries, and flowers, and so much solicitude must be shown for the clothing of the male members of the family, who are liable to make awkward and astonishing rents in the course of the unusual muscular efforts which they sometimes think themselves called upon to make. The "mending" part of a farmer's wife's duties in high summer-tide is no small item in her daily programme. How ungenerous, thoughtless, and annoying it is, therefore, for city people to invade the homes of their rustic friends at such a time and expect from them that careful attention which only those who have leisure can accord! Most city people visit the country on pleasurable objects intent, and expect their country friends to minister to those objects. This, in most instances, can only be done at considerable loss in time and material. We would enjoin all those who turn their eyes countryward, and ere long hope to escape from the dust and strepitude of the city to some quiet farm-house, with its narrow, green window-blinds and bright chintz curtains, to remain at home if their pockets are not deep enough for some rural boarding-place. If they must go to that quiet farm-house, let them freely offer their aid in forwarding the general interests, taking care not to attempt the more laborious and complicated departments, and they will find their visit duly and heartily appreciated by the farmer and his wife.

Summer is the central season of the year. Around it cluster the hopes of the agriculturist—the aspirations of youth. Should that season prove infelicitous, no summer's sun in autumn can compensate the loss entailed. As the summer is to the year, so is the soul to the man—the center from which radiate all the warm and noble emotions which mellow and beautify his character. When unhappy influences throw their dark and depressing shadows over the soul, the whole man deteriorates; and if the gloomy state continue, his life becomes embittered and demoralized. We should seek to make our lives a perpetual summer—an influence for good, gladdening and animating all with whom we are associated. No one is so mean, poor, or insignificant as not to exert some influence upon others; and all can so live as to make their influence edifying and improving toward others, and by its natural retroactive effect, a blessing to themselves.

APPROVED

WE question the propriety of inserting extracts from letters which speak in terms laudatory of our work; yet we would have our readers know that there are many men, and women, too, who by the attentive perusal of our columns have grown to be wiser and better men and women. The seeds of truth which with each successive number of the JOURNAL we are earnestly endeavoring to implant in some hearts, do occasionally take root and grow, to the physical and moral benefit of the person heeding our counsel. Selecting two letters from several recently received from subscribers who with the renewal of their subscriptions express in strong terms their indebtedness for the good advice given them in the past, we give the following brief excerpts. One letter is from Cascade, Wisconsin, and may be taken as representing the feeling of our extreme Northern subscribers; the other is from an editor at Palestine, Texas, and may be said to represent the feeling for us "away down South."

Our Wisconsin friend says: "I am thankful for the knowledge I have received through your JOURNAL, and I am trying to improve my habits. * * * It seems to me that every number is growing bet-

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ter, and I can not do without it. Through its influence I have been kept from acquiring or becoming confirmed in many improper or foolish habits, such as are common among young men." etc.

Our Texan friend says: "As a philanthropist I feel it my duty to use my influence for the dissemination of your publications for the good of man; not that I agree with you in all you say or publish, but *no establishment has equaled yours* in exciting candid inquiry, and millions yet unborn will be profited by your labors."

Such frank, outspoken, manly expressions of favor encourage us more in our efforts to radically improve society than the high sounding encomiums of city journalists. They assure us that the country people, those who constitute the *robor*, the strength and backbone of our country, appreciate our teachings. Taking the revealed will of God as our *hand-book*, we base our moral and religious instructions upon its infallible counsel, and we would have our readers try our testimony by that pure standard. We do not, can not, expect all to agree with us in our views of the various topics presented from time to time. In this age of educational enlightenment and liberal inquiry, opinions must greatly differ; at the best, we are mentally controlled by "the light that is within us." Exclusiveness and illiberalism we abominate—freedom of thought and catholicity of opinion we advocate. Without the latter, no true, substantial, and edifying advancement in all that appertains to the moral, social, and physical conditions of humanity could be made. Free inquiry inspires with life and vigor researches in science, art, and metaphysics; illiberalism fetters civilization, and hinders if it does not altogether obstruct human progress. It is but recently, within twenty-five years, that telegraphy, photography, the sewing-machine, and a thousand other now indispensable discoveries and inventions, have been brought to light and made practicable. There has been more substantial advancement in this way during the past half century than during ages before. Free inquiry and untrammeled opinion have been mainly influential in producing so many beneficial results. And thus we should go on developing the grand resources of mind and the inexhaustible resources of nature.

Thoughts for Parents.—It is quite a mistake that all children are alike, and therefore may be treated alike, for there is among them a great diversity in temperament, taste, and disposition. It is with children much as it is with soils. Soil is not everywhere the same—although generally it has elements in common; nor will it in all localities produce the same crops with the same cultivation. So with children. Though intelligent, depraved, and immortal, they are dissimilar in many respects. And hence parents should study and learn the peculiarities of their children—their mental and moral characteristics, and govern and educate them accordingly. Much damage is done to children and the community by failing to do this.

God's ways seem dark, but soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil can not brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.—*Whittier.*

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL CULTURE.

A few days since we availed ourselves of a cordial invitation to visit Eagleswood Military Academy, near Perth Amboy, New Jersey. The visit proved a most delightful one. Mr. Marcus Spring, the proprietor, may well be proud of his school and its location. The grounds command a fine prospect, and overlook Raritan Bay. They are tastefully laid out, and combine all the attractiveness and variety that can be found in most rural seats. The participle charming can be well applied to this place, and scarcely prove adequate to the expression of its beauty. The large brown-stone school building has an air of antiquity, which in itself is agreeable. The régime of the institution is excellent, and probably unsurpassed at any boarding-school in the country. The most ample accommodations and facilities for physical development are afforded the pupil. The gymnasium, the bowling alley, the daily drill, the pure ocean air, and extensive grounds furnish a round of exercise which it would be difficult to match in any other school. The fine physiques of many of the students struck us as specially worthy of remark, and we inwardly questioned the scholarship of such, thinking, perhaps, they had paid more attention to expanding the chest and developing the muscles than the intellect. But we were agreeably surprised by their recitations, and found in them an appropriate illustration of the physiological axiom,

"Sana mens in corpore sano."

Within easy distance of New York, and accessible by railroad or by steamboat, Eagleswood seems to us to comprehend all those facilities and conveniences which a parent who desires the welfare of his son would seek in a school. The experienced proprietor and principal show an interest in their young charges with regard to their comfort which is little short of paternal. We are pleased to know of the existence of an academy so near New York where physiological training is not ignored or regarded an insignificant item in juvenile education, but where its necessity to sound and enduring mentality is appreciated and practically made a part of the system. The more such schools we have, both male and female, the sooner will we be able to realize the psalmist's aspirations: "Our sons shall grow up as the young plants, and our daughters become as the polished corners of the temple.*

An Ohio stumper, while making a speech, paused in the midst of it, and exclaimed: "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?" Instantly a man rose in the assembly, and with one eye partially closed, modestly replied: "I think, sir, I do indeed, sir, I think if you and I were to stump the country together, we would tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir, and I'd not say a word myself during the whole time, sir."

* Those who would like a circular of this academy can obtain it from the proprietor at Perth Amboy, N. J.

The Labor of Writing.—A rapid longhand penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his quill through the space of one rod—sixteen and one-half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong, and in five and one-third hours one mile. We make, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words a minute, we must make four hundred and eighty—eight to each second; in an hour, twenty-eight thousand eight hundred; in a day of only five hours, one hundred and forty-four thousand; in a year of three hundred days, forty-three million two hundred thousand. The man who made one million strokes with a pen a month was not at all remarkable. Many men make four millions. Here we have in the aggregate a mark three hundred miles long, to be traced on paper by each writer in a year. In making each letter of the ordinary alphabet, we must take from three to seven strokes of the pen—on an average three and a half to four. [In Phonography, an expert can write 170 to 200 words in a minute! Apply your multiplication to this, and see where your longhand writer stands.]

Value of Accuracy.—It is the result of every day's experience, that steady attention to matters of detail lies at the root of human progress, and that diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck. Accuracy also is of much importance, and an invariable mark of good training in a man—accuracy in observation, accuracy in speech, accuracy in the transaction of affairs. What is done in business must be well done; for it is better to accomplish perfectly a small amount of work than to half do ten times as much. A wise man used to say, "Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner. Too little attention, however, is paid to this highly important quality of accuracy. As a man eminent in practical science lately observed, "It is astonishing how few people I have met in the course of my experience who can define a fact accurately." Yet, in business affairs, it is the manner in which even small matters are transacted that often decide men for or against you. With virtue, capacity, and good conduct in other respects, the person who is habitually inaccurate can not be trusted; his work has to be gone over again; and he thus causes endless annoyance, vexation, and trouble.

Self-Dependence.—Many an unwise parent works hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with the money left him by his relatives is like tying a bladder under the arms of one who can not swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will not need the bladders. Give your child a sound education. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend on his own resources and the blessings of God, the better.—*California Teacher.*

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Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts set forth.

ORIGIN OF COAL.

REPLY TO YARDLY TAYLOR'S CRITICISM.

IN Mr. Yardly Taylor's "Origin of Coal, Vegetable Theory," in your June number, he takes exception to a few points contained in my article on the "Origin of Coal," as a mineral product, in your March number, but fails to notice the many substantial reasons, therein cited, in favor of its mineral, and opposed to its vegetable origin.

I will now reply briefly to some of the points of Mr. Taylor's theory, which he seems to fancy as of great importance in support of the vegetable origin of coal; as well as to correct some of his mistakes in statements, and false impressions of my views.

The carboniferous era, the period of the great coal deposits, was so named by geologists because of an assumed amount of carbon then in the air (that is, some form of carbon, and in this case, of course, with its associate oxygen to form carbonic acid gas) not really known to have existed at that or any other period of the earth's history, but assumed in aid of a pet theory as the only way of accounting for the then supposed enormous vegetable growth as a pre-requisite to form the immense coal-beds of that era; and hence my expression of so much carbon in the air must have been very stifling to the then fauna —fishes and reptiles principally—not supposing that any intelligent reader, much less a critic, would conclude that pure, solid carbon was meant, as that would not be very stifling, but rather difficult to be supported in the air.

As an evidence that the vegetable origin of coal is far from being a fixed fact in our philosophy, I will merely cite the opinions of a few eminent observers for another cause than the vegetable or mineral theories. J. Sterry Hunt, F. R. S., says that coal is due to bituminous springs which come largely from Devonian strata, before terrestrial vegetation was formed, and ascribes their origin to animal remains. Sir Charles Lyell takes the same view of the origin of bitumen, in the impure coal of the Kimmeridge clay, as probably due to animal remains. Hugh Miller says that fossil fish are frequently found surrounded with a tarry substance, still sticky to the touch, and evidently coming from the decomposition of the animal. As the staunch advocates of the vegetable origin of coal are now obliged to admit its animal origin, in extensive cases, perhaps Mr. Taylor, in view of a uniform origin for all coal as probable, will be less tenacious of his vegetable theory, if he is not already converted to its homogeneous mineral origin.

As bitumen is thus largely ascribed to animal remains, and its constituents are mainly carbon, and derived from rocks formed before the existence of vegetation, what becomes of Mr. Taylor's theory, that carbon is exclusively due to the action of vegetation, sunlight, and electricity? Again, what becomes of his adopted theory of the origin of colors from bottled sunbeams, exclusively elaborated in plants, if similar colors come from bitumen of acknowledged animal origin?

Wood is mainly carbon, with some oxygen and hydrogen united, and in artificially converting this combination into charcoal, the simple action of heat, without sunlight, is sufficient to separate the two latter, leaving what is called pure carbon. Carbon unites with all the elementary gases, variously combining to form oxides, chlorides, etc., as well as mingling with hydrogen in mineral waters; thus variously existing as gases, liquids, and solids. With carbon thus variously disposed, who shall set bounds to nature, in her great laboratory, for powers of separation as well as combination of her varied elements, without the necessary intervention of vegetation for the production of carbon, seeing that fire, in the act of making charcoal, is sufficient to separate that material from its union with oxygen and hydrogen, to the end of nature's elaborating more mineral carbon, from its various combinations, than all the coal-fields contain?

Though Mr. Taylor claims that carbon is exclusively elaborated by plants, it is thus seen to be found equally pure in animal bitumen, and more pure in the diamond than either; and this last is now, for cogent reasons, claimed to be of aqueous origin, and if so, elaborated from liquid carbon.

Mr. Taylor asserts that because several colors are obtained from coal resembling solar prismatic colors, that therefore such are bottled sunbeams, elaborated in plants, and consequent evidence of the vegetable origin of coal. If so, then wherever color is found there must be evidence of the vegetable origin of the materials holding such hues, even among metals and their oxides in precious stones, which the actinic effects of sunbeams also bottled for such sage conclusions!

Wood ashes contain alkali largely; whereas coal-ashes have absolutely none; it would therefore be difficult to account for this disappeaance of alkali in the assumed conversion of wood into coal.

Mr. Taylor seems to ignore the numerous anomalous ups and downs of the coal-fields, equal to the number of their separated but superimposed seams, with detrital matter between—such being the necessary as well as usually admitted theory of the supporters of the vegetable origin of coal. If submergence of the land was not necessary for each detrital layer; and again elevation of the land for each new growth of vegetation and subsequent decay, for each successive coal seam, how came they vertically superimposed, on the theory of their local growth and decay on the spot where the coal is found, as maintained by the vegetable theorists?

Mr. Taylor asserts that bitumen contains no oxygen. Elastic bitumen, found in coal-mines of England and United States, contains 30 per cent. of oxygen. Asphaltene, the solid parts of petroleum, contains 15 per cent. of oxygen and even anthracite coal still retains a trace of oxygen.

On the mineral theory, unusual floods, mingling with bituminous matter from springs, carried materials for detrital layers into estuaries, and these in such preponderance as frequently to entirely obscure the bitumen, but without any rising or sinking of the land for their mutual submergence and superposition.

Here I will end, on my part, any further controversy on this subject, content that others judge of the merits of the two theories from the expositions made of each.

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

LOCUST VALLEY, QUEENS Co., N. Y.

BEST THOUGHTS.

DEAR JOURNAL: You have solicited our best thoughts, and I will write of what I think are the best inheritances our heavenly Father, in his wisdom and love, has bequeathed freely to all mankind, if they only will accept them. First of all, the knowledge of that future mansion, "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," which we may occupy in the blessed hereafter, if we fulfill our "divine mission" here. Secondly, the pure, holy, undying love that may join heart to heart.

The sacred tie of marriage, how beautiful it becomes when after ten years' journey by the side of our dear mate, through all the toils and cares incident to this life, we may look back and say, I love him or her more fervently than when those holy words were spoken which forever made us one. Husband and wife, if you *truly love* each other and are united in your interests, as you should be, there is nothing in the way of happiness which you may not attain. Gentle, loving, faithful, tender wife, when you see your dear husband beset with trouble; when, if morally, he were almost on the brink of an awful, yawning precipice likely to be engulphed, without some interposition, Providence has assigned you to win him back! You can do this; you hold, or should hold, a place in his heart that no other person possibly can, and I firmly believe that a true wife has an almost unbounded influence over her husband if she rightly uses it. I do not mean to say that she would rule him, or ought to; I do not think that either should *rule*, but I do think the influence of a pure, loving woman is eminently fitted to "win upon the iron hardness of a man's nature like a rising flame." Men need never fear they will lose the dignity of manhood by yielding to those tender influences cast about them by the holy love of a good and pure wife.

Thirdly, I think God must have loved us when he gave us children to love. Mother! with that darling babe nestling close to your happy beating heart—perhaps your first-born—do not your thoughts, almost unconsciously, flow with love and gratitude to "the Giver of every good and perfect gift," for this priceless treasure. To you also is given the power to mold the little one so that it will be a well-spring of pleasure to your heart and home. God has given us numerous other blessings besides; we may all be happy if we sincerely determine to do all the good we can and make the most of life. Success to all!

MILLICENT LAMOUR.

TROUBLE IN SCHOOLS.

MR. EDITOR—In the May number of the JOURNAL, page 137, you have published part of a young man's letter to his father, asking advice on certain points of school ethics, and the father's letter in reply. With much that I heartily approve in the father's advice, there is one point wherein I think he is vitally wrong. And since it is the most important point in the whole matter discussed, I beg you will publish my view hereinafter expressed.

The young man says: "Yesterday ——— was expelled, and the offense with which he was charged was not *proved* against him, but only suspected. But as he would neither confess nor deny the charge he was expelled. His expulsion will be a blessing to us all; but I don't like the principle involved, that a person may be expelled if he will not confess. Do give me your advice on the subject."

The father's view on this point is expressed in the following: "In regard to the expulsion of ———, I have no doubt every pupil of worth and judgment will approve it five years hence."

Now here is the point of my disagreement. I hold that to bring the accused party on to the witness-stand to testify in his own case of guilt or innocence on pain of expulsion or any other kind of punishment, is wrong. It is as wrong in school government as it is in civil jurisprudence; and here the law is so guarded in this particular, that it releases a witness from giving testimony even against another if by so doing he is liable incidentally to criminate himself. This is not the rule of law in all civilized countries without reason; a contrary rule would violate not only good policy in jurisprudence, but that which civil law cherishes higher than all expediency—moral principle. To convict an individual of a misdemeanor against college laws or the laws of society is of small value compared with the evil of adopting a principle calculated in its operation to undermine that degree of integrity of character which even the accused is yet supposed to possess.

Whatever else government may do or leave undone, let it recognize the supreme value, both to the individual and to society, of truthfulness of character, integrity, and be careful that it shall in no wise jeopardize this. School government, which has to do with the young, should, if possible, be more guarded at this point than civil government, which bears more generally upon adults. If you will get a youth to cherish TRUTH—cherish it for the love of it, for the sacredness of it, I will vouch for his good conduct henceforth.

This is my only objection to the otherwise very excellent letter of the gentleman to his son; nor am I myself a student, but on the shady side of forty.

Yours for the right, X.

A STUDENT'S OPINION.—*Mr. Editor:* I know it can not be other than encouraging for an editor to know that his paper is highly appreciated by its readers. For myself I will say that I am a student, and that I am educating myself. During the last ten months I have not been able to spare $2 at one time to send for the JOURNAL. This is strictly true. But I could not for a moment think of doing without the JOURNAL; so I bought it by the month at the news depôt. Several times I have paid my last money for the JOURNAL, while at the same time I did not know where my next dime was coming from. At one time I had just 25 cents, and only 25 cents. But I bought the JOURNAL, and never have I regretted it. Your paper has done me an incalculable amount of good. In my own humble opinion, the JOURNAL is second to no other periodical in the country.

J. W. S.

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HEAD AND BODY.

THEIR RELATION.

The relation between the *form* of the head and the height of the body is a subject which seems to have received but a very limited share of attention from the phrenologist.

It has been ascertained that the ratio of the different parts of the limbs to each other is the same with giants that it is with children, and that dwarfs have the change of ratio which is natural in the progress of growth carried to an unusual extent.

Something analogous to this is observable in the form of the head which accompanies unusual height of stature, when compared with that which accompanies the smaller developments of physical frame. Children are characterized by a peculiar slimness and depression about the nape of the neck and protuberance of the occiput. As they grow up, these features, in a great measure, disappear, and the bulky and rather ill-shapen back-head becomes diminished in relative size, smooth and symmetrical, having been apparently absorbed and carried forward to the front-head to add to its bulk and perfection of form.

[The author is right in regard to the apparent changes of the back-head and front-head from infancy to manhood, but we think decidedly wrong in his explanations of it. The cerebellum, located at the base of the skull at the nape of the neck, in infants is small; as they advance to maturity, that part of the brain is greatly enlarged, while the other portions of the occiput are not at all diminished; and the neck, the muscles, as well as the base of the skull are built up and enlarged as the child grows in muscular power. If he will look at the calf, he will find the neck at birth to be extremely light; but as the calf advances to maturity, the neck becomes thick, the muscles are expanded. The same holds good to some extent in regard to the necks of the human race, especially men. The idea of the back-head being apparently absorbed and transferred to the front-head is better explained by saying that the front-head grows while the back-head remains nearly stationary. One might say that because one fork of a tree put forth and developed more than the other, that one had been absorbed to form and constitute the growth of the other, when each grows on its own separate basis, though one grows faster than the other. The infant child does not need a large forehead, for he has not the power to execute if he had the ability to plan; and since it is one of nature's economies not to have the head any larger than is necessary at birth, the animal part, which first comes into use, is more strongly developed than the intellectual part; hence the relative smallness of a child's forehead and the largeness of the middle and back head.—Ed. A. P. J.]

This is the history, briefly stated, of that general change of form which marks the cranium of the human family during the period of adolescence. But there are individual instances in which this change of form appears not to be so fully completed as in the large majority of cases. There are also individuals in whom this change appears to have been pushed to an inordinate extent.

Since the change of form of which I speak takes place when the body in general is increasing in size, it would be natural to suppose that, in cases where the growth of the body had reached an unusual height, the change of form in the head would be found in the highest degree of perfection. But this is not the case. Paradoxical as it would seem, the head, and even the body, bears with it many of the marks of its infantile condition. The nape of the neck is depressed and narrow; the back-head bulky and protuberant; and on the front aspect of the encephalon we find the forehead retreating from the eyebrows, and in cases where the central side-head is rather full, low and narrow; but when the side-head is much flattened, a somewhat swollen congested appearance of the forehead over the temples.

I would not be understood, however, as including the retreating of the forehead from the eyebrows as among the marks of infancy, though such, indeed, is the idea which most writers on Phrenology seem to entertain. [Those tall men who seem to have the protuberant back-head and light nape of the neck that belong to children, are long, lean, lank individuals who have not bulk of muscle anywhere; so if the neck is slim, it simply is like the arms, limbs, and loins. We know tall men who are stout as well, and they have a beefy, broad neck, and the head is not so very protuberant; not that the head is any shorter, but being filled up an inch in the back of the neck makes all the difference.—Ed.] The head of the infant in point of *size* is small and depressed about the forehead, but in point of *form* is perpendicular or overhanging; the common error being doubtless owing to the practice of attributing to the forehead specifically what only is true of the head collectively.

The description which I have here given of the form of head connected with unusual height of stature will hold good in by far the larger number of cases, and it is that which I can not but regard as the most normal of forms connected with lofty stature, since it is joined with length in the central masses of the body, such as the head and trunk. But there is another class of tall forms which I will briefly describe. They differ from the class previously described in being short in the central masses and long only in the limbs and connections, which latter may be exemplified by the neck and waist. In these the back of the head is more wide and bulky than protuberant, the top-head flat, the forehead big and bulging above and on each side, but dented in at the root of the nose, and depressed immediately over the eyes. In mental character, the first-named class are keen, discerning, shrewd, practical men; the second, good, obliging neighbors, but destitute of every spark of what might be called *genius*. Common sense they seldom lack, and more than this they never have.

I shall close by adverting briefly to the physiological causes which result in the phenomena I have described, postponing a more extended notice of them to a future chapter. The grand fundamental principle upon which the whole rests may be enunciated in the following terms: Every material substance, whether animal or vegetable, in which the principle of life resides, is liable to have that principle in its maximum power concentrated upon a single part of the vitalized substance, or to have it changed from one part to another, or diffused throughout the whole, or divided among two or more specific localities.

Now my first described class of tall men are instances of the *concentration* of the vital force, though concentrated, it is true, upon a *line* rather than upon a *point*; my second, of the division (not *diffusion*) among two or more parts. Among vegetables, corresponding conditions of the vital power are exemplified—of the first, by the common corn-stalk, the growth of which, as a whole, is in such prompt sympathy with its several parts; of the second, by the tomato plant, which will continue to throw out an enormous mass of vigorous top, while its stem near the root may be bruised, worm-eaten, or otherwise much impaired. J. W. M.

Ecce Homo.—The Author's Head.—When phrenological descriptions of known authors, or of those of any calling, are given, it may be said, although it is not a sufficient answer, "Well, the phrenologist knew what to say; all know the person has such traits."

Now I have just finished the reading of Ecce Homo, and of course, with the rest of my countrymen, know not who is the author of that wonderful book so much talked of in the religious world, the most notable perhaps which has been written in this century, but from what I have learned of Phrenology I will venture to predict, that when the writer is revealed, as probably he will be, ere long, he will be found to be generally and by nature more than an ordinary man as to strength of both body and mind. He was in good health when he wrote the book. That he is a cultivated and learned man is manifest. The sex of the author, as implied, is manifest. His brain is of full or large size. The reasoning powers are large, especially Comparison. The observing and recollecting faculties are well developed. He has, according to Phrenology, large Comparison, Ideality, Benevolence, and Conscientiousness, with a fine but vigorous temperament. Perhaps the reader would prefer that the test turn on the preceding sentence. Now we will see, if we have to send to England for a measurement of his head. STUDENT OF PHRENOLOGY.

RECONCILIATION.

A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.

In the December number of the A. P. J., 1865, under the head "General Items," page 185, is an article, "*Stirring up Strife*."* Let me thank you for those remarks, for they do justice to the great majority of the people South, especially all those who made good soldiers and stood earnestly and faithfully by the South in her struggle for "State sovereignty." Slavery is now gone, and I believe that I express the honest sentiment of a majority of the *most enlightened of those who owned slaves*, when I say that if a vote were taken to-morrow to place the slaves back where they were before the war, or let them remain as they are now—freedmen—an overwhelming vote would be for their freedom, and this by slaveholders only.

Every Southern soldier, in my knowledge, and every man who stood out to *the very last* for the South, in this part of the country (and there were as faithful followers of the Southern standard here as anywhere in the Southern States), every one of these, I say, is willing to say, "Let bygones be bygones." They want no more disturbance of the government. They want in the future "to live in harmony and peace." This, before God, is true.

There is no ill feeling here against the negro. My father was a staunch supporter of the Southern government. He now has twelve families of freedmen working on his farm for half they can make. He furnishes the land, the farming implements, the teams, and everything necessary to carry on the farm, and furnishing their provisions for one year. They get half they make, all they are out is their labor. *One of these families alone* has prepared the ground for putting in forty acres of cotton, with corn, wheat, and vegetables in proportion. This forty acres, if the season is as good for cotton as any one of the last five has been, will yield at the least calculation 32,000 pounds of cotton. One half this 32,000 lbs. will be the property of one family, together with one half the sorghum, corn, wheat, vegetables, etc., they may raise. In addition to this they have stock-hogs furnished them, with corn, the produce of last year, to feed them; one half of all they raise will be theirs. They have cows furnished them to give milk, simply for the taking care of them. Each family also has a fine opportunity to raise poultry of all kinds, being at a distance from each other of from one quarter to one mile. They will be at no expense but to furnish their summer clothes and pay their doctor's fees. All the other families have the same opportunity as the one I have just described. My father is giving them this opportunity to make a start for themselves because they were his old servants and were faithful to him up to the surrender. Other men in the country whose servants remained with them faithfully are doing the same. There is a good state of feeling pervading the neighborhood, and there is not the slightest wish in the bosom of soldier or citizen, man or woman, to see any more war, but all hope for a long peace. And when you take into consideration that all men who were private soldiers, and all who aided and abetted in any way the Southern cause, are not allowed to vote for ten years, and all who held commissions over the rank of captain are not allowed to vote in fifteen years, I believe you will conclude we are getting to be lovers of peace and good order, and that there are hopeful signs of civilization.

As you are good phrenologists, you will be willing to testify that what I say is my honest conviction. I write this to let you know that much that is said against the South is not true. Notwithstanding we had once so much animosity against the people of the North, yet were you to come here, you could get up a phrenological class anywhere, where the science of Phrenology is appreciated. G.

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* Stirring up Strife.—The only parties now engaged in trying to reopen the question of disunion, and to create hatred between sections and the States North and South, are those who *did not* take up arms. Among the soldiers, officers, and men of the whole country there is mutual respect and good feeling. Many—nay, the majority—in the South, stood on the ground of State sovereignty, and *believed* in the right to secede. They are now satisfied of the mistake, and readily yield to the arbitrament of the sword to which they appealed. They and we are satisfied with the settlement of the question—with the abolishment of slavery, and with a return of the States to the Union. But the babbling, noisy miscreants who have nothing to lose will keep up a howling, in the hope of exciting "bad blood." We counsel all good citizens to discountenance all controversy on *settled* questions. "Let bygones be bygones," and let us in future *try* to live in harmony and in peace.

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OUR NAVAL APPRENTICE SYSTEM.

A DAY ON BOARD THE U. S. SCHOOL-SHIP SABINE.

HOW THE BOYS LIVE.

THE great and vital importance to a maritime power of an efficient naval apprentice system is now beginning to be thoroughly comprehended, and, as a consequence, the parents and guardians of boys who evince an aptitude for a sea life, are anxious to learn what is the course of training pursued on board the school-ship, and what are the chances of the boys for promotion to higher grades in the service. Since it became probable that sixty of the most deserving of the naval apprentices would be annually admitted to the Academy at Annapolis, and there fitted to fill the highest positions in the service, we have been in receipt of frequent inquiries as to the course to be pursued in placing boys on board the school-ship, and have been induced thereby to lay before our readers the following facts in regard to the method of obtaining admission, as well as a brief sketch of the daily routine of study and drills pursued by the boys after their admission.

Boys desiring to enter the navy as apprentices must be physically sound, well developed, between fourteen and eighteen years of age, be able to read and write fairly, and understand arithmetic as far as long division; they must also be of good moral character, and must bring testimonials to that effect from responsible citizens.

The boy must go to the Sabine at New London, Conn., and must be accompanied by one of his parents or his guardian, who gives his or her written consent to the boy's enlistment until he attains the age of twenty-one, and who are required to sign the shipping articles.

The apprentices whose terms of service have expired, and who have received honorable discharges, will *always* be preferred to any others for the positions of warrant and petty officers in the naval service.

The pay of apprentices is $8, $9, and $10 per month, according to their rating. The greater part of their pay is taken at first for their outfit, but a certain sum is retained every month until the close of his term of enlistment, when the whole amount is given to him with his discharge.

Having thus explained the method of obtaining admission, and the terms upon which the services of the boy are accepted, we will now give a brief sketch of a day's life on board the school-ship Sabine, explaining the forms which are thoroughly impressed upon the boy, and by attention to which he will in time become a valuable and efficient naval seaman.

At daylight the apprentices are turned out of their hammocks, which are then stowed in the nettings, each boy lashing up and stowing away his own hammock. The decks are next washed down, and at 7 o'clock the boys are sent over the mast-heads in order to familiarize them with that duty. At 7.30 breakfast is served, twenty minutes being allowed for that meal. At 9 o'clock all hands are ready to begin the exercises of the day. At 9.30 the boys are summoned to quarters for inspection, after which the exercises are carried on until 10¼. At 11 o'clock drill ceases, and at noon dinner is served. At 1 o'clock the boys are again sent over the mast-heads. This exercise occupies about a quarter of an hour in all its details. At 2¾ school begins, and is dismissed at 4.30. At 5 o'clock supper is served, and at 6 the boys are again sent over the mast-heads. From 6.30 till 7 o'clock they are occupied in boating or battalion drills, or in reefing, furling, and loosening sails. After these exercises, recreation is indulged in, and at 9 o'clock the "hammocks are piped down." Half an hour is allowed for getting into their hammocks and talking, and at 9.30 "silence" is ordered.

In the routine exercises and the school the following are the branches taught: handling of yards and sails, use of lead and compass, knotting, palm and needle, boating and great guns, howitzer drill, swords and rifles, reading, writing, spelling, grammar, arithmetic, gunnery, etc. Many of the boys show great interest in their studies, and are progressing finely. Commander Lowry is certainly well adapted to carry out the wishes of the Navy Department in relation to this system of education. He is kind, though at the same time firm; the boys like him very much, and no one need have any hesitation in placing their sons or wards on board this vessel. We are satisfied that everything is being done on board the Sabine to promote the best interests of the service, and to make the boys a credit to our navy. In years to come the nation will reap the benefit of this system of training, as France and England have already done; those nations having ever been conspicuous for the care with which they have fostered and encouraged this plan of creating a navy of reliable officers and seamen from the best and most talented of their naval apprentices.

There is no excuse for a bright boy if he do not succeed and progress under the plan pursued in the Sabine. No favoritism is shown, all being advanced by merit alone, while it is borne in mind that "boys will be boys," and due allowance is made therefor. The instructors are required to be mild, just, and impartial in their treatment, to be zealous in the improvement of their charges, requiring the fulfillment of all duties, and to bring to the notice of the commander any one exhibiting extraordinary merit. The conduct of the boys is carefully kept by merit and demerit marks, and at the end of every month an average is taken, which is forwarded to the Navy Department.

Every facility is afforded for communication with parents, and certain of the instructors see that they do so at regular intervals. Quarreling, fighting, and the use of profane and immoral language are strictly prohibited and punished. The food furnished is of the very best quality, and in quantity sufficient to appease the appetite of the most voracious eater. No tobacco or spirits are allowed. Cleanliness of person and dress is most rigidly enforced, and every care taken to make the apprentices learn to respect themselves.

Occasional cruises at sea give variety to their lives and increase their interest in their chosen vocation. Several of our first-class vessels, like the Colorado, now in Europe, and the Chattanooga, which will shortly proceed there, have taken their complement of naval apprentices from the Sabine; and now that Congress is about to throw open the doors of the Naval Academy to sixty apprentices per annum, we think that the prospects of the Naval Apprentice System were never brighter, and that the number enlisted during the present season will be so great as to require the establishment of an additional school-ship.

NORTHWESTERN MISSOURI.

MR. O. Z. ABBOTT, of Bethany, Harrison County, Mo., writes us concerning Northwestern Missouri, especially Harrison County, of which he says:

"It is located in the Grand River valley. The soil is mostly of black mold, and very productive, yielding generally from 40 to 60 bushels of corn per acre. The surface is gently rolling, drains well, has no swamps, and the people are remarkably healthy. The climate is mild, the winters are open and changeable, and all kinds of fruit, except peaches, do well, especially grapes. The soil and climate are well adapted to the growth of vineyards.

Free schools are well provided for; no dram-shop licenses are granted in the county. The people are very radical, and those of Northern sentiments are greatly in the majority.

Cattle, hogs, mules, and wool are the chief exports, purchased at the farmer's door, transported on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, and sold in Eastern markets. When the Galveston and Lake Superior Railroad, located through this county, is finished, and the great Pacific completed to the Rocky Mountains, we will be well connected with the best markets of the world—in the cotton-fields of Texas and the golden regions of Colorado."

Parties interested and desiring to know more before visiting, will do well to correspond with Mr. Abbott, who will, we doubt not, cheerfully reply—in post-paid envelope—to any questions.

MILDLY judge ye of each other,
Be to condemnation slow;
The very best have yet their failings—
Something good the worst can show.

TAKE CARE OF THE ORPHANS.—It will be found that many of the "unfortunates" among women were permitted to grow up without either parental care or proper guardianship, and especially without that moral and religious training which fortifies one against yielding to the common temptations of life. So it is with the men. Our profession has brought us in contact with the occupants of many State prisons, and we find, as a rule, that prisoners are sadly deficient in top-head. Their moral sentiments were not properly educated, and hence they fell. While we are not prepared to advocate a "state religion," preferring to leave his *mode* of worship to each individual's free choice, we would make it incumbent on those public officers who have orphans and friendless children in charge, to give every child the most thorough *religious* training.

So soon as possible, children should be removed from public alms-houses and adopted into private families, where they can be cared for, loved, and properly trained. We would not have well-to-do people remain childless, in order to give homes to others; nor would that be necessary. Here is a pretty little story to the point in verse, called

THE LARK.*

A little story of a LARK I'll tell,
And what sad fate the pretty bird befell.
Down in our meadow, where the summer grass
Grows tall, she made her nest. One day, alas!
The men were mowing, and cut off her head,
And left the mother of sweet birdies, dead.

Ah me! Must little birdies, helpless, die?
"Oh no!" my mother said; "*this* plan we'll try—
We'll take them home, and when, ere long, we see
The robin leave her nest that's in our tree,
We'll take her eggs and put these birdies there,
And hope she'll treat them with a mother's care."

Soon, when she flew away in search of food,
We took her eggs and left this little brood.
From our piazza we could watch and rest,
And soon she came and lit upon her nest.
"What's here! What meaneth this?" old robin said,
While o'er the brood she stood with wings outspread.
She eyed them—turned her head from side to side,
But what it meant, poor bird could not decide,
So off she flew, and soon brought back her mate;
And now they talk, and wonder, and debate.

Meanwhile the birdies raise their tiny necks,
For each of them a dainty worm expects.

At length they left the birdies all alone,
But soon came back and took them as their own,
For in their bills the dangling worm we see,
And hear each birdie say, "*Give one to me!*"

And so they fed and loved them day by day,
Till birdies grew to birds and flew away.

This sweet example shown to that young brood,
Should toward all orphans make us kind and good.

VOICES—WHAT THEY INDICATE.—There are light, quick, surface voices that involuntarily seem to utter the slang, "I won't do to tie to." The man's words may assure you of his strength of purpose and reliability, yet his tone contradicts his speech.

Then there are low, deep, strong voices, where the words seem ground out, as if the man owed humanity a grudge and meant to pay it some day. That man's opponents may well tremble, and his friends may trust his strength of purpose and ability to act.

There is the coarse, boisterous, dictatorial tone, invariably adopted by vulgar persons, who have not sufficient cultivation to understand their own insignificance.

There is the incredulous tone that is full of a covert sneer or a secret "You-can't-dupe-me-sir" intonation."

Then there is the whining, beseeching voice that says "sycophant" as plainly as if it uttered the word. It cajoles and flatters you; its words say "I love you—I admire you; you are everything you should be."

Then there is the tender, musical, compassionate voice, that sometimes goes with sharp features (as they indicate merely intensity of feeling) and sometimes with blunt features, but always with genuine benevolence.

If you are full of affectation and pretense, your voice proclaims it.

If you are full of honesty, strength, and purpose, your voice proclaims it.

If you are cold and calm and firm and consistent, or fickle and foolish and deceptious, your voice will be equally truth-telling.—*Agnes Leonard.*

* By Lester A. Miller. To be spoken by Flora E. Miller, at school, Woodstock, Vt., close of summer term, 1866.

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Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* The Phrenological Journal *may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.*]

The Cultivation of the Native Grape and the Manufacture of Wines. By Geo. Hasman, of Herman, Missouri. New York: Geo. G. & F. W. Woodward. 1866. 12mo, pp. 192. Price $1.

The growing interest everywhere manifested in grape-culture is calling out some excellent works on the subject. One of the best of these is the handsome volume before us, so full of just that kind of information which the would-be grape-grower needs. As a practical manual for the use of the novice, it leaves little to be desired so far it relates to general instructions; but its teachings being adapted particularly to the Southwest, will in some few cases require modification when applied to operations conducted where a different soil and climate prevail. The book may be consulted with profit, however, by grape-growers everywhere.

Temperance Recollections, Labors, Defeats, Triumphs. An Autobiography. By John Marsh, D.D., Secretary of the first three National Temperance Conventions, and thirty years Corresponding Secretary, and Editor of The American Temperance Union. N. York: Scribner & Co. 12mo, pp. 378. Cloth, $2 25.

A timely book in these stirring times, when the friends of Temperance are mustering their forces and sounding the alarm, "There's death in the pot." Dr. Marsh, in this deeply interesting volume, succinctly reviews the progress of the Temperance reform during the past thirty years, giving graphic sketches of those who have conspicuously figured in the good work, and enlivening the course of the narrative by many a well-told anecdote. Temperance lecturers, and all who are interested in the cause of truth and morality, will find this book available as an authority to which to refer for statistical matter connected with the ravages of alcohol.

The New York Social Science Review. A Quarterly Journal of Sociology, Political Economy, and Statistics. Simon Stern, and J. K. H. Willcox, Editors. Vol. II., Nos. 1 and 2, January, April, 1866. 8vo, paper. Price $2.

The two numbers are bound in one, including the International Almanac for 1866. The Report of Mr. Hayes, of the Revenue Commission, on the best modes of Taxation, is an elaborate statistical document. As figures are said "not to lie," and are most convincing in the way of practical argumentation, Mr. Hayes has braced up his propositions well with the "figurative." The article on Political Economy, which is simply a review of Prof. Perry's new book, is a good one. "What is Free Trade?" is very readable, presenting the writer's views in a strong light.

My Vineyard at Lakeview. By a Western Grape-grower. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 12mo, pp. 143. Cloth, price $1 25.

In this compact volume we have the *ipsissima verba* of one who has tried it and knows whereof he speaks. The most acceptable feature of the book is the plain, pithy language used, and the directness of the suggestions. The author gives the substance of his experiments and a lucid account of the method pursued, by which were obtained the most gratifying results.

Poems. By Miss Mulock, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. Blue and gold. Price $1 50.

This neat little volume is made up mainly of occasional poems published from time to time by the author in various magazines. Many of them have been revised and improved before their appearance in the collated form. The metre is generally easy and flowing, but the attempt to follow in blank verse classic patterns, sometimes renders the verse deficient in spontaneity.

Summer Rest. By Gail Hamilton, author of "Country Living and Country Thinking," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo, pp. 356. Cloth, $1 75.

Gail Hamilton, for her *manly*, open, face-to-face discussion of popular subjects—piercing with the sharp arrows of honest criticism whatever she deems unrighteous and unfair, deserves to be read and pondered. Although her theology may not always prove sound, yet earnestness is certainly a strong characteristic of her statements; and so direct is the acknowledgment of her difference of opinion in matters of faith and practice, that though the intelligent reader may not be persuaded, yet he is disposed to encourage her by his sympathy. The new book is written in her most natural idiosyncratic vein, and commends itself for its genuine humor.

New Music.—From Mr. Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, we would acknowledge the receipt of the following: "Looking Forward," a song; words by Frances L. Keeler; music by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst, price 30 cts. "Sunlight" Polka-Brilliant, 40 cts. General Scott's Funeral March, by Mrs. E. A. P., 30 cts. "I'll Marry no Man if he Drinks," 30 cts.

The Catholic World, a monthly magazine of General Literature and Science, for June, contains much interesting matter of general interest, besides articles more closely related to Roman Catholicism. Christine, a Troubadour song of considerable length, concluded in this number, is an idyl of much merit, and well worth the price of the magazine for its own reading.

Af "Phrenological Journal and Life Illustrated" hafva vi emottagit junihäftet, och hänvisa till var rekommendation i numro 57.—Denna journal är af sa mangfaldigt intresse, att hvarje skandinavisk familj skulle förmera sitt husbibliothek dermed.

☞ Till agenter och clubbar gora vi följande proposition: Hvar och en som betalar för en argang pa vart blad och tillika insänder 1 dollar f50 cent, erhaller den phrenologiska journalen för ett ar tillsänd, hvilket är 50 cent mindre än nämnde journal annars kostar.—*Skandinavisk Post.*

The Emigranten, C. F. Solberg, Editor, is said to be the oldest and most widely circulated newspaper among the Scandinavian population of America. The Norwegian population in the West now numbers more than 200,000 souls, and is rapidly increasing by emigration from the old country.

The Emigranten is increased to a large mne-column paper, the largest ever published in the Norwegian language in this or the Old World. It is published in Madison, Wisconsin, at $2 a year.

The Kirkelig Maanedstidende, organ of the Norwegian Lutheran Evangelical Church of America, Right Rev. H. A. Preus and Rev. I. A. Ottesen, Editors. Price $1 per year, is published at the same office. The Norwegians are thriving; they are peaceable, industrious, frugal, intelligent, and religious. We give them a hearty welcome to this Western world, and rejoice in their success.

The Church Monthly for June, Vol. X., No. 6, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Boston, is a truly good number, containing matter profitable for the general reader. "The Moderate Episcopacy of Leighton" is written in a liberal spirit. "Beggar Jacob" is a touching allegory, well illustrating Scriptural doctrine.

Proceedings of the Eleventh National Woman's Rights' Convention, held at the Church of the Puritans, New York, May 10, 1866. This pamphlet contains a full report of this interesting convention, the speeches of Mrs. Stanton, Lucretia Mott, Theodore Tilton, Hen. Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, and others, being given verbatim. Also an address to Congress. Price 50 cents.

New Books.

[*Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable and interesting:*]

Clerks' and Conveyancers' Assistant. A collection of Forms of Conveyancing, Contracts, and Legal Proceedings for the Legal Profession, Business Men, and Public Officers, with copious Instructions, Explanations, and Authorities. By Benjamin Vaughan Abbott and Austin Abbott. 8vo, pp. xl., 702. Sheep, $6 50; cloth, $6.

Life: its Nature, Varieties, and Phenomena. By Leo. H. Grindon. First American edition. 12mo, pp. 578. Cloth, $2 50.

A Brief Biographical Dictionary. Compiled and arranged by Rev. C. Hole. With Additions and Corrections by W. A. Wheeler. 16mo, pp. xv., 453. Cloth, $2 25.

The Immortality of the Soul, considered in the light of the Holy Scriptures, the Testimony of Reason and Nature, and the various Phenomena of Life and Death. By Rev. Hiram Mattison, D.D. Second edition. 12mo, pp. 398. Cloth, $1 75.

The Treasury of Bible Knowledge. Being a Dictionary of the Books, Persons, Places, Events, and other matters in Holy Scripture. By Rev. John Ayre. With Engravings and Maps. 16mo pp. xi., 943 (London print). Cloth, $5 50.

A Treatise on the Steam-engine, in its various applications to Mines, Mills, Steam Navigation, Railways, and Agriculture; with Theoretical Investigations and Practical Instructions. By John Bourne. Being the Seventh Edition of "A Treatise on the Steam-engine, by the Artisan Club." Illustrated. 4to, pp. xii., 495 (London print). Cloth, $20.

The Horse. By William Youatt; with a Treatise on Drought. Revised and enlarged by Walker Watson. 8vo, pp. viii., 589 (London print). Cloth, $4 50.

The Materialism of the Present Day. A critique of Dr. Buchner's System. By Paul Janet. Translated from the French by Paul Masson. 16mo, pp. xii., 202 (London print). Cloth, $1 75.

The Resources and Prospects of America, ascertained during a Visit to the States in the autumn of 1865. By Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart. 8vo, pp. xv., 428. Cloth, $4.

Why Not? A Book for every Woman. The Prize Essay to which the American Medical Association awarded the gold medal for 1865. By Horatio Robinson Stoner, M.D. Issued for general circulation by order of the American Medical Association. 18mo. Cloth, $1 25.

Prison Life of Jefferson Davis. Embracing Details and Incidents in his Captivity. Particulars concerning his Health and Habits, together with many Conversations on Topics of Great Public Interest. By Lieut.-Colonel John J. Craven, M.D. 12mo, pp. 377. Cloth, $2 25.

Commentaries on American Law. By James Kent. In 4 volumes. Eleventh Edition. Edited by George F. Comstock. 8vo, pp. xxv., 668; lxxxi., 864; lxii., 651; liv., 713. Sheep, $22.

Coal, Iron, and Oil; or, The Practical Miner. A Plain and Popular work on our Mines and Mineral Resources, and a Text-book or Guide to their Economical Development. With numerous Maps and Engravings. By S. H. Daddow and Benjamin Bannan. 8vo, pp. 808. Cloth, $8.

A Treatise on the American Law of Landlord and Tenant; embracing the Statutory Provisions and Judicial Decisions of the several United States. With a Selection of Precedents. Fourth Edition. By John N. Taylor. 8vo, pp. xiv., 739. Sheep, $8.

Book of Praise.—The Psalms and Hymns of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in North America. (Bound in same covers, but separated horizontally.) Large 8vo, pp. 428. New York. Half morocco, $3.

Asiatic Cholera. By F. A. Burrall, M.D. 12mo, pp. 155. Cloth, $1 75.

Duncan's Masonic Ritual and Monitor; or, Guide to the Three Symbolic Degrees of the Ancient York Rite, and to the Degrees of Mark Master, Past Master, Most Excellent Master, and the Royal Arch. By Malcolm C. Duncan. Explained and Interpreted by copious Notes and numerous Engravings. 16mo, pp. 250. Cloth, $2 75.

The Great West.—Railroad, Steamboat, and Stage Guide and Hand-book for Travelers, Miners, and Emigrants to the Western, Northwestern, and Pacific States and Territories. With a Map of the best Routes to the Gold and Silver Mines. By Edward H. Hall. 12mo, pp. 151. Paper, 55 cents; cloth, $1 10.

The Man of the World. By William North. 12mo, pp. 427. Paper, $1 75; cloth, $2 25.

The Principles of Biology. By Herbert Spencer. Vol. I., 12mo, pp. 475. Cloth, $2 75.

The Culture of the Grape. By W. C. Strong. Tinted paper, 12mo, pp. 355. Cloth, $2 25.

The Origin and Antiquity of Physical Man. Scientifically Considered. Proving Man to have been cotemporary with the Mastodon, etc. By Hudson Tuttle. 12mo, pp. 258. Cloth, $1 75.

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To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your* "BEST THOUGHTS" *solicited.*

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, *etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department*—TO CORRESPONDENTS—*and communications for the Editor, must be written on* SEPARATE *slips.*

SPECIAL NOTICE—*Owing to the crowded state of our columns generally, and the pressure upon this department in particular, we shall be compelled hereafter to decline all questions relating to subjects not properly coming within the scope of this* JOURNAL. *Queries relating to* PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, *and* ANTHROPOLOGY, *or the general* SCIENCE OF MAN, *will still be in order, provided they shall be deemed of* GENERAL INTEREST. *Write your question plainly on a* SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER, *and send us only* ONE *at a time.*

PHRENOLOGICAL STUDENT.—How late can I secure a place in your next class, and what will be the line of topics taught? in other words, do you propose to begin at the foundation and make a thorough explanation of the whole subject in detail?

Ans. Our class last year, and our proposed classes for the present, have this object, viz.: To instruct intelligent, moral men in all that relates to theoretical and practical Phrenology, with a view to their preparation for public teachers in this great work. Good phrenologists are wanted in every State in the Union, and those properly qualified for the work will find a welcome everywhere, with as much business as they are able to do. The great States of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia, each would support three good phrenologists for the next ten years, and furnish full and constant employment for them; and the same in other States and Provinces, in proportion to their population. We know a phrenologist who lectured summer and winter for over seven years in six counties in one of the Eastern States, and in that time did not visit more than half the desirable places. Why should not every COUNTY have its phrenologists as well as its dentists, its physicians, its lawyers, its judges, and its teachers? This running from place to place a hundred miles apart will not answer well except for a man who is extendedly known, and most of them would do better to sweep the field clean by visiting also places of minor importance.

As to when our class will be full, we can not state. We shall reject no capable and worthy person up to the last moment, except for a want of room. In the thorough method of teaching practical Phrenology, which we have adopted, we can not, we think, properly instruct a crowd; consequently those earnest persons who would go to the bottom of the subject, so that in the lecturing field or professional office they may become "workmen not to be ashamed," will have the preference, should the offers for membership be too numerous. We hope applications will be so early made that the available number of students will be full during the months of October and November. Our next course will commence on the seventh of January, 1867. We have prepared a circular setting forth the topics to be taught, the books desirable to be read, the terms, etc., entitled, "Professional Instruction in Practical Phrenology," which will be sent by mail to any person who may wish it, on receipt of a prepaid and properly addressed envelope. Address this office.

A "CONSTANT READER" desires to know what we think of the writings of a so-called Dr. H——, whose books are illustrated with bawdy pictures. He is simply an unprincipled foreign quack, who came to America a few years ago and set up as an author on private diseases, and swindles "indiscreet young men." One cause of the fighting propensity is the intemperate habits of the people referred to. Take away their whisky and tobacco and substitute common schools and a true religion, and you would soon see less of the satan and more of the saint. There can be no objection of a marriage between the German and American, providing the conditions be favorable.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER.—EUROPEAN POCKET TIMEKEEPER.—One dollar each. Patent applied for, June 29, 1865. An exact and reliable pocket timekeeper for ladies and gentlemen. Correctly constructed on the most approved scientific principles, and warranted to denote solar time with absolute certainty and the utmost precision, it never can be wrong. It requires no key or winding up; never runs down, and can never be too fast or too slow. It is always correct. Approved by the press and all who have used them. Just introduced into this country from Europe, where it is secured by royal letters patent, and is creating an immense sensation. Price for a single one, with plain or fancy white dial, in gold or silver gilt case, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. All orders must be addressed to BLANK & Co., Sole Proprietors. [We are asked to examine and report on this "small thing with a great name," which reminds us of the "Newly Invented North American Rat Trap;" and the great "United States Double-Back Action Hen Persuader;" and of the "Royal United Kingdom Penny Whistle." The "scientific wonder" is a little paste-board "sundial," with a string to hang it up. We should judge it to cost, say, *one cent* each, or less, by the bushel.]

RIGHT AND LEFT HANDED.—It is a great convenience that most persons are right-handed, and it is doubtless an institute of nature that it is so. Occasionally one is left-handed, and sometimes we find men who are naturally ambidextrous, using both hands with equal skill, ease, and efficiency. If all children were placed with left-handed people, ten times as many of them would insist on using the right-hand as now insist on being left-handed while surrounded by right-handed people. A lameness or wound on the right hand frequently induces the equally free and lifelong use of the left hand. The use of the right hand and right side muscles tends to a larger development of the right side. So far as we have observed, the right side of the head and right hemisphere of the brain are larger than the left. Most men do their sharp listening with the right ear and their sharp seeing with the right eye.

INVENTIVE BUNGLERS.—1. Can a person have inventive talent, and yet be unskilled in the use of tools?

Ans. Yes, precisely on the same principle that a man can have good reasoning talent and lack practical judgment; or musical talent and not be a musician. There is a peculiar development of Constructiveness which indicates the power to plan and contrive, and this works with Causality and Ideality. There is a manifestation of Constructiveness which seems to work with the perceptive organs, adapting one to carry out the plans of others; to use tools in construction, but not to plan and lay out the work.

2. Is the brain of woman smaller than that of man?

Ans. As a general thing it is. The brain of woman, however, is probably as large in proportion to the size and weight of the body as that of the man. Some maintain that it is larger.

SIGHT.—Can the eyesight be cultivated?

Ans. Yes. Seamen can discover a sail or the peculiarities of a ship at distances which would utterly baffle the perception of a landsman. Farmers, hunters, and others who live in the open country, can see distinctly at much greater distances than citizens whose ordinary vision is restricted to the length of a room or the width of a street. The citizen, however, accustomed to observe small objects near at hand, will detect more sharply than outdoor people minute differences.

TONGUE AND PEN.—Why can some people talk much better than they can write? I can imagine a story, plan it out in my mind, and even repeat it to my friends in good style, but can not write it. There is a lack somewhere. Where is it?

Ans. You probably have an impetuous and excitable disposition or temperament, and when you come to write you have not the patience to plod; or else, being a slow writer, too much of your thought and time have to be devoted to the writing, which causes you to forget what you want to write. Putting one's thoughts on paper is an art to be learned, and requires the experience which comes from practice. One who is accustomed to writing—a clergyman, for instance—can think a great deal better with his pen in his hand than otherwise. When you talk the story to your friends, your language more nearly keeps pace with your thoughts than your pen can be made to do. A person like you, in order to become an editor, would need a short-hand writer to whom he might dictate, and let him copy it out. But practice would do very much toward changing this state of facts with you. Many, if not most cultivated or educated persons, can write better than they can speak.

BOYS AND THE NAVY.—HOW can I get into our naval school?

Ans. Write to or call on Mr. B. S. OSBORN, 132 Nassau Street, New York, who will put you in the right way. We would suggest to our authorities the propriety of opening school-ships for the instruction of boys in all our principal seaports—Portland, Boston, New York, Charleston, etc., and that the facilities for this branch of national instruction be largely increased—that it be put on a footing at least equal to that of any other nation. Such schools tend to develop and make men of hundreds who would otherwise come to naught. By all means let us have more naval schools. Read the article entitled "Our Naval Apprentice System," in our present number.

BLOOD.—Is there anything in the *blood* of an individual as to the formation of character, instincts, and influences? Or is it in association and education of a child or man that gives direction to his life and character? Or is it in the mental endowments of individuals that gives tone to their life? We hear of *good blood, bad blood.* Should we not say, good mental character, etc., instead?

Ans. There is *much* in "blood." or, in other words, in the organization inherited from one's ancestors. Education and external conditions may do much to modify or change our inborn tendencies, but "blood" is an element that must never be lost sight of in estimating character.

HAIR AND NAILS.—Why do the nails and hair of some persons grow more rapidly than those of others?

Ans. The hair and nails are, in the physical constitution, a system of themselves. They may be said to be of one character. Some persons secrete more rapidly the elements which go to make hair and nails than other persons. Moreover, one constitution is so organized that the liver is more active than any other part of the system; another person has a peculiarly active condition of the kidneys; another seems to have a constitutional facility for the development of bone, and the bone-matter grows superabundantly; they have an affinity for secreting from their food all the bone element which it contains. Another man will secrete other qualities belonging to the food. Some secrete equally all the various qualities that belong to their food. One man becomes more fat; every thing he eats seems to go to fat; in another it seems to go to bone; in another to hair. Some persons seem to develop in the nervous system; their brain is large and active, and all their strength seems to be worked off through the brain and nerves. Another one is easy, and calm, and heavy, and inactive, and insensitive. Do you ask us why this is the case? Questions might be asked quite as difficult to answer—as, for instance, Why one man is tall and thin, and another short and plump? Why one has red hair and another black hair? one blue eyes, another black eyes? one a fair skin, another a sallow skin? Approximations to just answers may be made to all these points; but the questions are not fully solved. We can not tell precisely how or why a blade of grass grows. But when we ask why the grass is green instead of red, and why some things are red instead of green, like grass, we begin to be puzzled, and we can only say that the law of its organization is such that it develops in a particular way—each in general according to fixed laws of order.

TEMPERAMENTS.—In your January number you made the assertion that persons of widely different temperaments do not "become one." If so, how can they enjoy each other's society? Yet you advocate the intermarrying of opposite temperaments—unless the person possesses a well-balanced temperament.

Ans. We have explained the subject of Temperaments in relation to marriage so often that we need not repeat our explanation here. The question answered in the January number was a psychological rather than a phrenological or a physiological one, and the word temperament was not used in its strict sense, but rather as a synonym of *character.* Harmony in our social relations, as in music, results not from sameness, but from *accordant differences*—from complementary notes. There are differences which attract, and there are differences which repel, though we may not be able, except in this general way, to tell why.

REFORMATION.—Why is it that many persons while in their wicked state seem almost destitute of moral feeling, while they show very strong animal propensity; but when they become converted, the reverse seems to be the case?

Ans. In the first place, the "house of

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Saul" in the soul was active, and "the house of David" was dormant. When the latter became aroused it ruled, and the former became weakened by inactivity. The soul has received and obeys a new law; it has new and higher motives, and "old things" seem to "have passed away," and "all things have become new." The mind itself is not fundamentally changed, but its motives and aspirations have changed. Peter was impulsive, hot-tempered, rash, and magnanimous after he became a disciple, and was constantly liable to get off the track. Paul was the same clear reasoner, the same thorough and sincere man after as before conversion. Once he vehemently persecuted, afterward he earnestly sustained the cause of Christ. Men's constitutional peculiarities are not abrogated; they accept a new master and a new law of action when they adopt Christ, and morally ignore the world as their master.

BAD DIRECTION.—MR. AUSTIN CHEADLE. Please tell us at what "Lebanon" you reside, as there are at least ten Lebanons in the United States and Territories. We beg all our correspondents to write the name of the State and county, as well as the name of their post-office at the head of their letters; then we can reply to them at once. We sometimes spend an hour trying to decipher the post-master's mail-mark on a letter, and in studying the post-office book or our subscription books, to find out the address of a careless correspondent. Men sometimes inclose money in letters, and forget to write their own name or the name of the place from which the letter is written or to which the answer is to be sent. Hardly a day passes without some such trouble.

LAZINESS.—Can a person with a good head, with Activity such as to be marked 6, Excitability 6, Continuity 6, Motive Temperament 5, justly acquire the reputation of being very lazy?

Ans. It is not to be expected that a person so organized shall be lazy; still, the *habits* have much to do with the vivacity or the lassitude of a person. If the head be too large for the body, there will often be exhibited a tendency to inaction. Besides, it is possible to mark conditions too high.

NOSE-BLEEDING. — I have suffered all my life from nose-bleeding, sometimes so severely as to endanger life. Will you tell the cause, and best method of treatment?

Ans. Hemorrhage may sometimes arise from a depressed condition of the system, and especially from a relaxed state of the muscular coats of the capillary vessels. Bleeding at the nose may be caused by exposure to the sun, severe cold in the head, violent sneezing or coughing, the use of spices, coffee, tobacco, or alcoholic stimulants, and various mental emotions such as fear, embarrassment, shame, anger, or anything which sends the blood too much to the head. The bowels should be kept free by the use of Graham bread and fruit, the head cool, the feet warm, and the extremities warmly dressed. Cold water may be poured on the back of the neck, and sniffed up the nose, and the head wet with cold water.

HOW TO SLEEP. — A correspondent writes us all the way from California as follows: "Is it better to sleep on the back or on the side?"

Ans. It is better, generally, to sleep on the back, but it is well to alternate, and sleep occasionally on either side, not always on the right, nor always on the left, but on both. The question is often put to us, "Why is my head lop-sided or larger on one side?" It *may* be accounted for by always lying on one side. Young mothers are apt to place the child always in one position when putting it to bed, and the skull being soft and thin, the brain grows most on the under side, and *finally* assumes permanently this irregular and uneven shape. In cholera times, or when the bowels are cold, constipated, and inactive, it is well to lie on the belly, and thus keep the bowels warm. Try it.

THE TEETH.—What will arrest decay of the teeth? I have hardly a sound tooth in my head; before my teeth are fairly grown they begin to rot. Can you give me a recipe for making a good dentifrice?

Ans. Some people have constitutionally poor, chalky teeth, and nothing will prevent their early decay; but a good brush and water with a little soap, on rising in the morning—the removal of all particles of food, and the use of the brush and water after eating, will ordinarily be all that is needed for the teeth of persons in good health. The teeth are injured directly by hot drinks and by ice-water, and by not being kept clean, and they are indirectly ruined by the use of stimulants, condiments, sugar in immoderate quantities, rich food, or anything which tends to impair the general health and keep the system in a feverish state. It is well to have a good dentist examine them at least once a year, and remove any tartar that may accumulate, and fill any small cavities that may occur before they become large, deep, and fatal to the teeth. There ought to be more information among the people on the subject of the teeth. See the "Family Dentist," full of illustrations and valuable information. Price, by mail, postage paid, $1 25.

CAN NOT TALK.—I have ideas, but can not find words to express them. Please tell me what is the trouble with my cranium, and tell me how I may, in a measure, overcome it.

Ans. The faculties and qualities of your organization which think and feel, which generate thoughts, ideas, and emotions, are more strongly developed and active than the organ of Language. Consequently while you have all the vividness of mental conception and emotion, you lack the power of expression, your thoughts seem to you like fire shut up that seeks an outlet but can not get it. Some people have too much Language; they are full of sound and little sense, hence they give a deluge of words for a drop of wisdom. You can cultivate your Language by reading aloud, by remembering words when uttered by others, by thinking over ideas and putting them into sentences when not called upon to utter them. You should speak pieces, repeat verses and speeches, talk to your intimate friends, when not embarrassed, in such language as you would desire to use among strangers, and thus you will, day by day, improve your power of forming thoughts into words and giving them oral expression. Many a man loves art, but his hand does not know how to realize it. The artist, by practice, trains his hand quite as much as he trains his eye; he knows the art long before he has the power to produce it. The landscape gardener has learned how to realize his ideal. Hundreds appreciate his work as well as he; but the trouble is to produce it. You must learn to produce your thoughts in the form of words. It is an art to talk. Some have it by nature strongly marked, but all can be cultivated in this respect. Read our Hand-Book, "How to Talk."

DOCTOR N. HADE.—A lady writes us from Mirabile, Caldwell Co., Mo., desiring your address. She presents the most urgent claims on your attention, among other matters, a newly-born babe, which you have not seen. She wishes to learn the present whereabouts of its perambulating father. Will the Doctor please do his duty, report to the proper person at once, and relieve a most painful anxiety.

Publishers' Department.

HOW TO DO IT.—We wish to be accommodating. Many of our readers have the true missionary spirit, and want to do good. They believe with us, that a more extensive circulation of this JOURNAL would awaken new aspirations for self-improvement; open and liberalize the minds of its readers; favor the cause of Temperance in all things; and beget a desire to aid in bettering the condition of mankind individually and collectively. Now, therefore, to second the efforts of our friends and voluntary co-workers in this new field of inquiry, and to place the JOURNAL within easy reach of every family, we submit the following propositions:

1st. We will send to clubs of a hundred, 100 copies of the A. P. J. from July to January—half a year—at 75 cents each. But the club must be made up between this and the first of November. There must be a hundred. We will send all to one, or to a hundred different post-offices.

2d. For $40 we will send fifty copies.

3d. For $22 we will send twenty-five copies; and for $10 we will send ten copies, from July to next January.

The object in placing the rates so low—which would not cover cost—is, as before stated, to enable our friends to place the JOURNAL where it would not otherwise reach. Already, in many cities, villages, colleges, seminaries, academies, etc., clubs are being formed on the plan here proposed with the best success. Friends in interest, the JOURNAL is in your hands and at your disposal. We will publish if you will distribute. If you approve, please talk it up among your neighbors.

SOMEBODY ELSE.—"Mistakes will occur in the best regulated families," is an adage to which we do not feel often called upon to quote as applicable to ourselves. But in our last number a serious blunder was committed, and that, too, after every precaution, as we supposed, had been taken to insure accuracy. In the group of clergymen was presented a fine-looking portrait of a distinguished divine who had been represented to us as Dr. A. L. Stone, but who proves to be quite unlike that gentleman in feature. We shall avail ourselves of the first opportunity which offers to secure an authentic likeness of Dr. Stone and give it to our readers. We do not wish them to be deceived by "false faces," and as we rarely put on a false face ourselves, we are far from desiring to show up substituted physiognomies in the case of others, especially ministers of the Gospel, who in our earnest opinion are among the worthiest of men.

WE will admit in acknowledgment of P. P. M.'s kind favor, that the statement in the article on "Working Politeness," in our June number, is rather far-fetched. The idea which it was intended to embody is not aptly expressed. We were not sufficiently critical in our examination of it before printing to detect and right the inconsistency. The purport of the article is good and the advice generally sound and timely. The Bible axiom, "Answer a fool according to his folly," would certainly apply were the "bore" spoken of in the second column of the article in question a fool. We think, however, that in our impatience and restlessness to be about something else, and in our (speaking representatively) lack of due respect for seniority, etc., we are inclined to be hasty in pronouncing this or that one a "bore."

It is our duty to treat all with politeness, and not be wanting in kindness and good-nature because another intrenches upon the rules of decorum. Above all things, we should "put on charity," which "suffereth long, and is kind."

MR. WM. ANDERSON, formerly phonographic reporter, has prepared a lecture on choosing matrimonial companions, which he will deliver the coming season before literary societies in New York and vicinity. We are informed that Mr. Anderson bases his arguments on Phrenology, and that he makes his lecture very interesting. He is indorsed by the *Christian Advocate*, the New York *Times*, and other journals. He may be addressed at the office of the New York *Herald*.

OUR BOOKS IN BOSTON.—The enterprising house of Messrs. LEE & SHEPARD, 149 Washington Street, opposite the old South Church, has obtained a complete stock of our publications, and will in future supply agents and the Book trade of New England, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Canada East, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland, etc., with all our publications at New York prices.

Besides our own works, these gentlemen keep a large assortment of the best books; and supply at wholesale and at retail any books in the market. We commend Messrs. Lee & Shepard as every way reliable, and their clerks both intelligent and polite. Give them a call.

ADVERTISEMENTS must reach this office by the 1st of the month previous to that in which they are to appear, *i. e.*, a month in advance. Our very large edition requires us to close up thus early.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA in the July number:

My 20, 11, 3, 13, 15, 19, 8, 17, 6. 19 is Washington, a name revered by all true Americans.

My 10, 5, 12, 23, 9, 21 is Wesley, the founder of the most popular church in the United States.

My 15, 9, 16, 2, 6 is the negro.

My 4, 2, 11, 19, 17 is Grant, the hero of the late war; and I love his name next to that of Washington and Lincoln for having done so much for my country.

My 1, 18, 7, 25, 9 is Morse, the great lightning-tamer.

My 17, 5, 15, 16, 24, 12, 8, 15 is Tennyson, the author of poems I love to read.

My 10, 5, 22, 14, 19, 8, 17, 6, 15 is Wellington, one of the greatest of warriors.

My whole is one of the best contributors to the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, Mrs. Geo. Washington Wyllys. God bless you in your good work. M. Mc P.

[Also correctly answered by A. G. and others.]

MR. JOSEPH LODGE, of Metucheon, N. J., offers for sale an interest in his Spring Park Nursery. Parties interested should visit the same.

SOUTHWARD, HO!—See advertisement of Georgia Fruit Lands on our cover.

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Business.

[*Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be* LEADED *and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 25 cents a line.*]

NEW PHYSIOGNOMY; OR, SIGNS OF CHARACTER—as manifested through Temperament and External Forms, and especially in the Human Face Divine. With more than 1,000 illustrations. By S. R. WELLS, Editor of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. In one volume, handsomely bound, post-paid, $5.

FOWLER AND WELLS,
389 Broadway, New York.

This work systematizes and shows the scientific basis on which each claim rests. The "Signs of Character" are minutely elucidated, and so plainly stated as to render them available. It is in the delineation of individual character that the system finds its most useful application. The various races and nations are described. The Teuton, Celt, Scandinavian, Greek, Mongolian, Indian, Patagonian, African, etc., has each his representative. Portraits, in groups, of distinguished persons of ancient and modern times, with biographical sketches and delineations of character, render the work of interest to all. DIVINES, ORATORS, STATESMEN, WARRIORS, ARTISTS, POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, INVENTORS, PUGILISTS, SURGEONS, DISCOVERERS, ACTORS, MUSICIANS, etc., are given. It is an ENCYCLOPÆDIA of biography, acquainting the reader with the career and character, in brief, of many great men and women of the past 1,000 years, and of the present—such, for instance, as Aristotle, Julius Cæsar, Shakspeare, Washington, Napoleon, Franklin, Bancroft, Bryant, Longfellow, Barnes, Irving, Rosa Bonheur, Theodosia Burr, Cobden, Bright, Lawrence, Bolivar, Whately, Thackeray, Dow, Knox, Richelieu, Hopper, Buckle, Dickens, Victoria, Wesley, Carlyle, Motley, Mill, Spencer, Guthrie, Thompson, Alexander, etc. Every feature of the book, where practicable, has been illustrated with neat and finely-executed engravings.

AGENTS WANTED.

FILTER THE WATER.—The Asiatic Cholera (see *Tribune* of July 7, 1858) "Has made its appearance in London. Its first victim attributed his fatal malady to the poisonous impurities of the Thames, on which river he was employed as a lighterman."

"The Diaphragm Filter, manufactured by ALEXANDER MCKENZIE & Co., No. 35 West Fourth Street, near Broadway, is the kind of porous filter to which I alluded in my recent report to the Croton Board. I consider the artificial sandstone which constitutes the filtering medium to be an excellent article for the purpose. The instrument is quite durable, and only requires to be reversed occasionally to insure its action. JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D.,
"NEW YORK, *April* 25, 1862. Chemist."

Call or send for circular to ALEXANDER MCKENZIE & Co., Plumbers and Gasfitters, 35 West Fourth Street, N. York. 3t

A TREATISE ON THE STEAM-ENGINE in its various Applications to Mines, Mills, Steam Navigation, Railways, and Agriculture, with Theoretical Investigations respecting the Motive Power of Heat, and the proper proportion of Steam-Engines, Elaborate Tables of the Right Dimensions of every part, and Practical Instructions for the Manufacture and Management of every species of Engine in Actual Use. By JOHN BOURNE. Being the Seventh Edition of "A Treatise on the Steam-Engine," by the "Artisan Club." Illustrated by thirty-seven Plates and five hundred and forty-six Wood-cuts. One vol. 4to, cloth (recently imported). $20.

FOWLER AND WELLS, New York.

THE NEW YORK CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY PAPER PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF SUGGESTION AND INVESTIGATION, IN THE INTEREST OF INTELLIGENT AND ORTHODOX REFORM.

CHARLES G. HALPINE,
Editor and Proprietor.

GEO. ALFRED TOWNSEND,
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THE GOATHERD AND THE GOATS.

IT was a stormy day. and the snow was falling fast, when a Goatherd drove his Goats, all white with snow, into a desert cave for shelter. There he found that a herd of Wild-goats, more numerous and larger than his own, had already taken possession. So, thinking to secure them all, he left his own Goats to take care of themselves, and threw the branches which he had brought for them to the Wild-goats to browse on. But when the weather cleared up, he found his own Goats had perished from hunger, while the Wild-goats were off and away to the hills and woods. So the Goatherd returned a laughing-stock to his neighbors, having failed to gain the Wild-goats, and having lost his own.

They who neglect their old friends for the sake of new, are rightly served if they lose both.

THE COUNTRY MAID AND HER MILK-CAN.

A COUNTRY MAID was walking along with a can of Milk upon her head, when she fell into the following train of reflections: "The money for which I shall sell this milk will enable me to increase my stock of eggs to three hundred. These eggs, allowing for what may prove addle, and what may be destroyed by vermin, will produce at least two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be fit to carry to market just at the time when poultry is always dear; so that by the new-year I can not fail of having money enough to purchase a new gown. Green—let me consider—yes, green becomes my complexion best, and green it shall be. In this dress I will go to the fair, where all the young fellows will strive to have me for a partner; but no—I shall refuse every one of them, and with a disdainful toss turn from them." Transported with this idea, she could not forbear acting with her head the thought that thus passed in her mind; when—down came the can of milk! and all her imaginary happiness vanished in a moment.

THE COUNTY MAID AND HER MILK-CAN.

THE EAGLE AND THE JACKDAW.

AN Eagle made a swoop from a high rock, and carried off a lamb. A Jackdaw, who saw the exploit, thinking that he could do the like, bore down with all the force he could muster upon a ram, intending to bear him off as a prize. But his claws becoming entangled in the wool, he made such a fluttering in his efforts to escape, that the shepherd, seeing through the whole matter, came up and caught him, and having clipped his wings, carried him home to his children at nightfall. "What bird is this, father, that you have brought us?" exclaimed the children. "Why," said he, "if you ask himself, he will tell you that he is an Eagle; but if you will take my word for it, I know him to be but a Jackdaw."

THE EAGLE AND THE JACKDAW.

THE BEEVES AND THE BUTCHERS.

THE Beeves, once on a time, determined to make an end of the Butchers, whose whole art, they said, was conceived for their destruction. So they assembled together, and had already whetted their horns for the contest, when a very old Ox, who had long worked at the plow, thus addressed them: "Have a care, my friends, what you do. These men, at least, kill us with decency and skill, but if we fall into the hands of botchers instead of butchers, we shall suffer a double death; for be well assured, men will not go without beef, even though they were without butchers."

Better to bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of.

THE LION AND ASS HUNTING.

A LION and an Ass made an agreement to go out hunting together. By-and-by they came to a cave, where many wild goats abode. The Lion took up his station at the mouth of the cave, and the Ass, going within, kicked and brayed and made a mighty fuss to frighten them out. When the Lion had caught very many of them, the Ass came out and asked him if he had not made a noble fight, and routed the goats properly. "Yes, indeed," said the Lion; "and I assure you, you would have frightened me too if I had not known you to be an Ass."

When braggarts are admitted into the company of their betters, it is only to be made use of and be laughed at.

THE FISHERMAN.

A FISHERMAN went to a river to fish; and when he had laid his nets across the stream, he tied a stone to a long cord, and beat the water on either side of the net, to drive the fish into the meshes. One of the neighbors that lived thereabout seeing him thus employed, went up to him and blamed him exceedingly for disturbing the water, and making it so muddy as to be unfit to drink. "I am sorry," said the Fisherman, "that this does not please you, but it is by thus troubling the waters that I gain my living."

THE BRAZIER AND HIS DOG.

THERE was a certain Brazier who had a little Dog. While he hammered away at his metal, the Dog slept; but whenever he sat down to his dinner, the Dog woke up. "Sluggard cur!" said the Brazier, throwing him a bone, "you sleep through the noise of the anvil, but wake up at the first clatter of my teeth."

Men are awake enough to their own interests, who turn a deaf ear to their friend's distress.

THE GEESE AND THE CRANES.

SOME Geese and some Cranes fed together in the same field. One day the sportsmen came suddenly down upon them. The Cranes, being light of body, flew off in a moment and escaped; but the Geese, weighed down by their fat, were all taken.

In civil commotions, they fare best who have least to fetter them.

THE ASS, THE FOX, AND THE LION.

AN Ass and a Fox having made a compact alliance, went out into the fields to hunt. They met a Lion on the way. The Fox, seeing the impending danger, made up to the Lion, and whispered that he would betray the Ass into his power, if he would promise to bear him harmless. The Lion having agreed to do so, the Fox contrived to lead the Ass into a snare. The Lion no sooner saw the Ass secured, than he fell at once upon the Fox, reserving the other for his next meal.

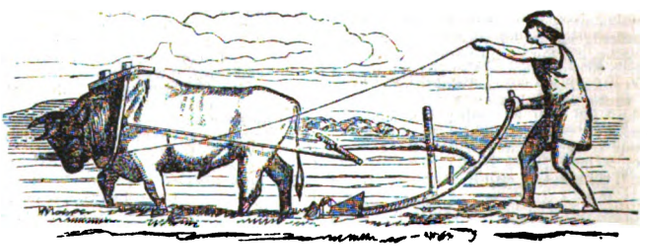
THE TRUMPETER TAKEN PRISONER.

A TRUMPETER being taken prisoner in a battle, begged hard for quarter. "Spare me, good sirs, I beseech you," said he, "and put me not to death without cause, for I have killed no one myself, nor have I any arms but this trumpet only." "For that very reason," said they who had seized him, "shall you the sooner die, for without the spirit to fight, yourself, you stir up others to warfare and bloodshed."

He who incites to strife is worse than he who takes part in it.

THE HEIFER AND THE OX.

A HEIFER that ran wild in the field, and had never felt the yoke, upbraided an Ox at plow for submitting to such labor and drudgery. The Ox said nothing, but went on with his work. Not long after, there was a great festival. The Ox got his holiday; but the Heifer was led off to be sacrificed at the altar. "If this be the end of your idleness," said the Ox, "I think that my work is better than your play. I had rather my neck felt the yoke than the axe."



THE HEIFER AND THE OX.

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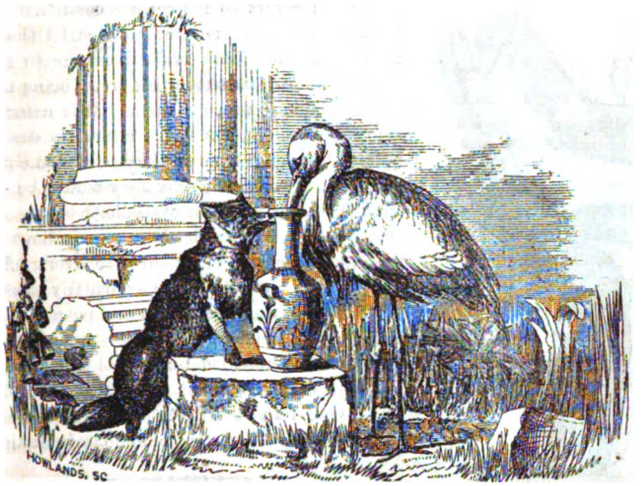
THE FOX AND THE STORK.

A FOX one day invited a Stork to dinner, and being disposed to divert himself at the expense of his guest, provided nothing for the entertainment but



THE FOX AND THE STORK.

some thin soup in a shallow dish. This the Fox lapped up very readily, while the Stork, unable to gain a mouthful with her long narrow bill, was as hungry at the end of dinner as when she began. The Fox, meanwhile, professed his regret at seeing her eat so sparingly, and feared that the dish was not seasoned to her mind. The Stork said little, but begged that the Fox would do her the honor of returning her visit; and accordingly he agreed to dine with her on the following day. He arrived true to his appointment, and the dinner was ordered forthwith; but when it was served up, he found to his dismay that it was contained in a narrow-necked vessel, down which the Stork readily thrust her long neck and bill, while he was obliged to content himself with licking the neck of the jar. Unable to satisfy his hunger, he retired with as good a grace as he could, observing that he could hardly find fault with his entertainer, who had only paid him back in his own coin.

THE HUSBANDMAN AND THE SEA.

A HUSBANDMAN seeing a ship full of sailors tossed about up and down upon the billows, cried out, "Oh, Sea! deceitful and pitiless element, that destroyest all who venture upon thee!" The Sea heard him, and assuming a woman's voice, replied, "Do not reproach me; I am not the cause of this disturbance, but the Winds, that when they fall upon me will give no repose. But should you sail over me when they are away, you will say that I am milder and more tractable than your own mother earth."

THE MAN AND HIS TWO WIVES.

IN days when a man was allowed more wives than one, a middle-aged bachelor, who could be called neither young nor old, and whose hair was only just beginning to turn gray, must needs fall in love with two women at once, and marry them both. The one was young and blooming, and wished her husband to appear as youthful as herself; the other was somewhat more advanced in age, and was as anxious that her husband should appear a suitable match for her. So, while the young one seized every opportunity of pulling out the good man's gray hairs, the old one was as industrious in plucking out every black hair she could find. For a while the man was highly gratified by their attention and devotion, till he found one morning that, between the one and the other, he had not a hair left.

He that submits his principles to the influence and caprices of opposite parties will end in having no principles at all.

THE BULL AND THE GOAT.

A BULL being pursued by a Lion, fled into a cave where a wild Goat had taken up his abode. The Goat upon this began molesting him and butting at him with his horns. "Don't suppose," said the Bull, "if I suffer this now, that it is you *I* am afraid of. Let the Lion be once out of sight, and I will soon show you the difference between a Bull and a Goat."

THE BULL AND THE GOAT.

Mean people take advantage of their neighbors' difficulties to annoy them; but the time will come when they will repent them of their insolence.

THE JACKASS IN OFFICE.

AN Ass carrying an Image in a religious procession, was driven through a town, and all the people who passed by made a low reverence. Upon this the Ass, supposing that they intended this worship for himself, was mightily puffed up, and would not budge another step. But the driver soon laid the stick across his back, saying at the same time, "You silly dolt! it is not you that they reverence, but the Image which you carry."

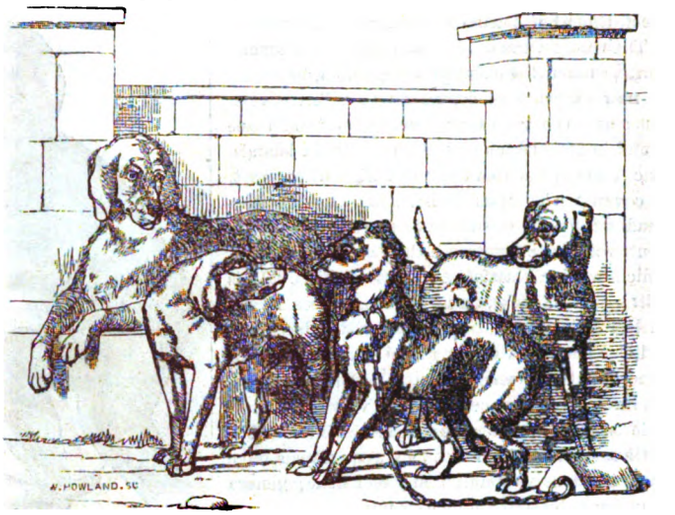
Fools take to themselves the respect that is given to their office.

THE ASTRONOMER.

AN Astronomer used to walk out every night to gaze upon the stars. It happened one night that, as he was wandering in the outskirts of the city, with his whole thoughts rapt up in the skies, he fell into a well. On his hollooing and calling out, one who heard his cries ran up to him, and when he had listened to his story, said, "My good man, while you are trying to pry into the mysteries of heaven, you overlook the common objects that are under your feet."

THE MISCHIEVOUS DOG.

THERE was a Dog so wild and mischievous, that his master was obliged to fasten a heavy clog about his neck, to



THE MISCHIEVOUS DOG.

prevent him biting and worrying his neighbors. The Dog, priding himself upon his badge, paraded in the market-place, shaking his clog to attract attention. But a sly friend whispered to him, "The less noise you make, the better; your mark of distinction is no reward of merit, but a badge of disgrace!"

Men often mistake notoriety for fame, and would rather be remarked for their vices or follies than not be noticed at all.

THE EAGLE AND THE ARROW.

A BOWMAN took aim at an Eagle and hit him in the heart. As the Eagle turned his head in the agonies of death, he saw that the Arrow was winged with his own feathers. "How much sharper," said he, "are the wounds made by weapons which we ourselves have supplied!"

THE WOLF AND THE GOAT.

A WOLF seeing a Goat feeding on the brow of a high precipice where he could not come at her, besought her to come down lower, for fear she should miss her footing at that dizzy height; "and moreover," said he, "the grass is far sweeter and more abundant here below." But the Goat replied: "Excuse me; it is not for my dinner that you invite me, but for your own."

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

A WOLF, once upon a time, resolved to disguise himself, thinking that he should thus gain an easier livelihood. Having, therefore, clothed himself in a sheep's skin, he contrived to get among a flock of Sheep, and feed along with them, so that even the Shepherd was deceived by the imposture. When night came on and the fold was closed, the Wolf was shut up with the Sheep, and the door made fast. But the Shepherd, wanting something for his supper, and going in to fetch out a sheep, mistook the Wolf for one of them, and killed him on the spot

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THE ANTHROPOID APES.

The term anthropoid is applied to the family of tailless apes. These apes are all able to walk erect, though not usually moving on "all-fours."

The Orang-Outang, or *Simia satyrus*, in former times, included the chimpanzee, which, however, is now regarded as belonging to a different genus; and the term Orang refers only to an ape found in Indo-China and the East India islands. The S. satyrus is about five feet high when erect, is covered with reddish hair, and, as the forehead is full, and the snout not extremely prominent, resembles man more than any other ape of which we have satisfactory information. It is solitary in its habits, and builds in trees a rude shelter from storms. Some naturalists have placed this ape below the dog in the scale of intelligence; but this seems unjust. Buffon and others have given instances in which very considerable intelligence was manifested. The orang is little known in the West, as few specimens have been imported, although many of other genera have been exhibited under its name.

The Chimpanzee, or *Troglodytes niger*, inhabits a narrow district of western tropical Africa, and is the Angola orang of the old naturalists. It is four to five feet high, covered with grayish hair, long and thick upon the back, but short and thin elsewhere. It is gregarious, and lives almost wholly among the trees. To protect itself against the furious storms of its country, it constructs a hut of twigs and leaves like the orang, and when attacked defends itself with clubs and stones. The first individual of this species ever seen in Europe was brought to England in 1738, and exhibited as a curiosity. Of late years, many have been brought to Europe and America, where they have been exhibited as orang-outangs.

The Nshiego Mbouve, or nest-building ape, the *Troglodytes calvus* of Du Chaillu, inhabits the gorilla country. It is of secluded habits, and is but little known. It is of moderate size; its face when young is white, but sooty black in the adult; its head is bald, and its body is covered with dark hair; it skillfully constructs nests or huts in trees, with the tops curved to shed rain. In one of these a pair (for the T. calvus is not gregarious) abide until the berries in the vicinity are consumed, when they remove and construct another nest. These huts are so well built that Du Chaillu was for a long time unwilling to believe them other than the work of hunters.

The Koolo-Kamba, or speaking ape, was also discovered by Du Chaillu. It is covered with hair, which on the face is arranged like the whiskers of the bearded races. Its forehead is very prominent, and its cranial cavity is very large. If Du Chaillu's account can be relied upon, it resembles man more than any other of the family. Nothing is known of its habits, as its timidity is so great that even Du Chaillu himself was unable to discover or invent anything concerning it.

The Gorilla, or man-monkey, is found only in western Africa, inhabiting a narrow strip of country near the equator. It is of gigantic size, a specimen in the museum at Melbourne, Australia, being nearly seven feet high, and five feet about the shoulders. The body is covered with

ORANG-OUTANG.

thick hair, varying in color from gray to black; the face is black and bearded, and the eyes are deeply set. Although, like other apes, its natural mode of locomotion is on all-fours, yet it is able to move erect with ease and rapidity. It is a restless, nomadic creature, living in pairs with its young; is strictly vegetarian, and always sleeps with its back to a tree. The strength of the gorilla is prodigious. It is said to bend and break a gun-barrel without difficulty. This, however, is doubtful. We have only Du Chaillu's word for it. It is known that one stroke of its massive hand will disembowel a man, or break his arms. The lion is not found in its country, and the leopard flees at his approach. When excited, it beats its breasts, and makes a deep roaring sound. Although the only animal that meets man face to face, the gorilla is not the frightful creature of our imagination. Usually it is retiring, even timid, and is found after patient search. Its ferocity appears only in defense of its young, except in case of a lonely male, who, having been deprived of his mate, seems full of malice, and wanders up and down, doing all possible damage.

It is from these tailless apes, according to our modern theorists of the "development" school, that man is descended It may be so; but in that case, we think the less we say about the matter the better. Let us leave it to the apes to claim relationship. We may be excused for not recognizing these "country cousins" when we meet them, especially as their costume is so decidedly unfashionable.

Seriously, "transmutation of species," as a writer in the *Educational Monthly* truly remarks, "is unknown in nature. By careful culture, varieties, differing greatly from the primary, of animals and vegetables may be produced; but these invariably degenerate and disappear, or return to the original stock. If man, by stress of peculiar circumstances, has been developed from the ape, then, as soon as the restraint is removed, he should revert to his former condition. But he does not. From time immemorial the savages of Borneo have trained orangs to throw down the cocoa-nuts from the trees, being themselves unable to procure them. It is natural to suppose that these savages anxiously desire to possess the long arms of the ape and the power of climbing trees, whereby they would be freed from the labor of training obstinate brutes. The Development theory leads us to believe that these desires would incite them to strong efforts, and that such efforts would eventually cause the production of the new organs and powers. Nevertheless, no such organs have yet appeared; and that, too, notwithstanding the fact (according to the Development theory) that, to obtain them, they require only to obey the laws of nature and return to their original conformation."

Novelties in Naval Architecture.—As at present arranged, Mr. Winans' "cigar" ship will be launched from the premises of her builders, Messrs. Hepworth, Millwall, on October 19th. This novel addition to our naval architecture is, we understand, to be succeeded by another experimental vessel on an entirely new principle, and which is about to be laid down by an eminent ship-building firm for the projectors, who have patented the invention. It is described as the light-draught roller-ship, or water-chariot. The principle consist in supporting a car or vessel above the water-level on axles or shafts passing through rotary hollow drums or cylinders, which are made to revolve by steam or other motive power. This car or vessel, constructed to carry passengers and freight, is supported by the buoyancy of the drums, and kept suspended above the water-level. The advantages of the invention are said to consist in increased speed at a much less expenditure of motive power and fuel, and, from the light draft of water, greater safety from shoals, rocks, etc. Should the theory prove successful on its practical application, it will be highly useful for the navigation of creeks and rivers, where vessels requiring any considerable depth of water can not be used.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

Charms strike the sight,
But merit wins the soul.

THE

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL,

S. R. WELLS, Editor,

Is devoted to The Science of Man, in all its branches, including Phrenology, Physiology, Physiognomy, Psychology, Ethnology, Sociology, etc. It furnishes a guide in Choosing a Pursuit, in selecting a Wife or a Husband, and in judging of the dispositions of those around us, by the external "Signs of Character."

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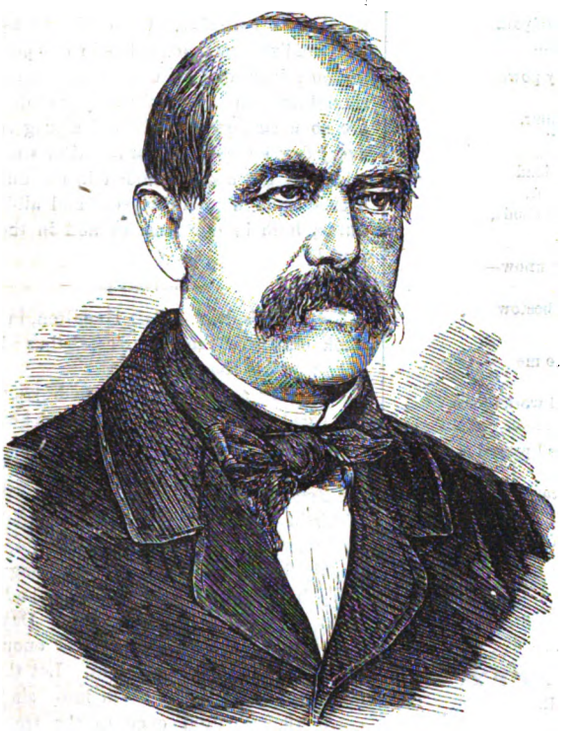

PORTRAIT OF COUNT BISMARCK.

PORTRAIT OF ARCHDUKE ALBERT.

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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—*Young.*

THE LATE EUROPEAN WAR.

THE brief but sanguinary struggle which lately convulsed Europe is at an end. It has closed before the mass of the people on this side of the water (readers and thinkers though they be) had hardly learned what it was about. We had purposed to give our readers the facts at some length, but as they will feel less interest in the matter now that the contest is over, we need do nothing more than to pass them by with a mere mention.

The duchies of Schleswig and Holstein had been associated with Denmark for a long time, and by the treaty of Vienna her rights were fully confirmed; but in 1863 the king of Denmark granted independent rights to Holstein, but annexed Schleswig to his own kingdom. Austria and Prussia protested against this, and the German Diet demanded the annulment of the decree of annexation, and that both Schleswig and Holstein be united with the German confederation. The refusal of Denmark to comply led to a war with Prussia backed by Austria, which resulted in the wresting of the duchies from Denmark.

The dismemberment of Denmark did not, however, result in the realization of the promised millennium. Austria and Prussia were immediately at issue as to what was to become of the

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provinces. The allies became bitter foes. Prussia, ever anxious to extend her boundaries, proposed to absorb Holstein; Austria, jealously watching the growth of her neighbor, refused to accede. Hence the late war, in which Italy associated herself with Prussia against Austria because she saw in it the opportunity she sought to strike a blow for "Italian unity" and perhaps to regain Venetia. Austria, always brave, and with immense well-disciplined armies, but almost always unfortunate in war, has been defeated, and yields, it is understood, to all the demands of Prussia and Italy.

At the time of writing this, the full results of the war can not be estimated. The bases of the treaty of peace, however, are believed to be substantially these:

1. The dissolution of the present Germanic Confederation.

2. The construction of a Bund, from which Austria is to be excluded.

3. Prussia to annex the Elbe Duchies, except North Schleswig, which is to revert to Denmark. Prussia to have the entire control of the military forces of Germany north of the Main, and to conclude military conventions to that end with the various States whose sovereigns will be restored.

4. The cession of Venetia to the King of Italy.

Our portraits represent two of the men whom the late war brought prominently into notice, and a few brief remarks about them, as they appear from a phrenological standpoint, will not be out place.

Count Bismarck exhibits a marked degree of strength and force of character in the form and expression of head and face. He evidently possesses clearness of perception, a strong will, abundant self-possession and self-reliance, a good deal of policy and shrewdness, and a great deal of boldness, pluck, and executiveness. In the prosecution of his plans he may at times appear even unscrupulous; he believes in doing, and will accomplish, if the scheme is practicable. He is not credulous enough to attempt the impracticable. There is something of the gladiator in that head and face.

The Archduke Albert is a narrow, high-headed man, more theoretical and speculative, more inclined to credulity and less inclined to definite and vigorous action than Bismarck. He is better fitted for the council chamber than for the field. He does not exhibit any special tendency to activity or progressiveness. His large reflective faculties and caution serve to check or hinder decided enterprise. The difference between these two dignitaries is marked: the one is full of will and determination; the other is slow and perhaps over-considerate. One is practical—the other philosophical.

A STRONG MAN.—Ambrose A. Butts, of this town, recently lifted a dead weight of 2,737¾ lbs., which is the greatest lifting feat on record. He has been practicing at intervals for the last six years. Dr. Windship, for several years past considered the strongest man in the world, at last accounts had lifted only 2 600 lbs.—*Geauga Democrat.*

[Dr. Windship, it is said, now lifts 3,000 lbs.]

NEAR THE RIVER.

NEAR by the shores of the unknown world
My feet were wandering long;
The bright banner of earthly hope was furled,
And silent life's sweetest song.

Dreams that had grown to be more than dreams,
Away from my heart were torn;
On my brow, instead of joy's starry beams,
A crown of sorrow was worn.

Just a little step it seemed to be
Across to the other side,
To the river of Life, the jasper sea,
And the pearl-gates opened wide.

Just a little step! and oh, so sweet
Would the heavenly refuge be;
For the path of life for my weary feet
Had grown very dark to me.

God, in the love that I had not learned,
That my soul refused to know,
All the hopes of my hoping heart had turned
To a weary weight of woe.

All the toil of years had been in vain,
Life's struggles had come to naught;
For a sad, sick heart and a couch of pain
Were not the things I had sought.

And against my Father's almighty power
I raised my weak human will,
Till a lesson learned in a darker hour,
Bade my sinful heart "Be still,"

Till a sharper pang and a heavier load
Brought patience to wait and bear,
Till I should be called to the blest abode,
Or the burdens of life to share.

And since—for a reason I can not know—
Death's river is still uncrossed,
The lessons that suffering has to bestow
Shall never be wholly lost.

This earth is more beautiful far to me
Than it ever was before,
And the more of God's wonderful works I see,
I love Him and praise Him the more.

And I bless Him for life that once I prayed
He would in His mercy take;
And some blossom of good that can never fade,
May it bear for His dear sake.

And I'll try to make it a hymn of praise,
While it lingers here below;
Till the streams that float through the heavenly ways
Shall summon my soul to go.

March, 1866.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

THIRD ARTICLE.

THE happiest place on earth should be home; and yet how many homes there are destitute of nearly all true happiness!

Why is it so? Answer. Because husbands and wives do not understand and appreciate each other as they should.

Parents and children are strangers to each other. The holiest and purest affections of the soul are never called into action by thousands in daily life, but rather chilled and deadened.

We live under the same roof, eat at the same table year after year, and yet are as really ignorant of the inner life of each other as strangers. These things ought not to be so. But the old Puritanic spirit which we inherited from our ancestors has not all disappeared. Well do I remember feeling, when living in my childhood home, surrounded with all needed comforts—watchful and provident parents—brothers and sisters near and dear—that yearning of soul, that craving for sympathy and love which manifests itself by outward tokens and expressions from my loved and honored father; but in vain. No, it was not thought to be dignified and manly to give expression to tender, affectionate feelings in the family circle; it would look weak, silly, *womanish.*

Sad, fatal mistake! How much of domestic happiness is lost through ignorance of our own natures!

Fathers and husbands! do you not know that life is made up of *trifles?* that one bright ray of love cast upon the home-altar will impart more warmth and life to the souls gathered around there than all the golden trappings of wealth and show?

Away with the idea that fine houses and splendid equipage can appease the hungerings of the immortal mind or nurture and develop the sweet, affectional natures which a God of love has wisely given us, both for our happiness here and in the bright hereafter. Oh, could we as parents fully realize how much it lies in our power to do for ourselves, our children, and community, we should awaken as from the stupor of death! We are so accustomed to the old zigzag routine of every-day stereotyped duties, that we need the trump of the angel sounded in our dull ears to arouse us anew to life's great and all-important duties, both in our families and in the *moving world!*

H. J. S.

THE LORD'S DAY.—Gail Hamilton, in her new book entitled "Summer Rest," thus eloquently apostrophizes the Lord's day:

"So long as the stable earth blossoms under the tread of human feet, let human hearts celebrate this glorious day which saw the Lord arise It is no sabbath of restriction and penalty, but the Redeemer's gift, sacred and over-full with joy of birthday and thanksgiving. The bud of every anniversary flowers in the bright hope of this weekly festival. It is a day for congratulation and jubilee, for songs of praise and adoration—a day of triumph and of victory. Day of days, that saw the Lord arise! Never enough to be exulted over and rejoiced in. Let thy mountains and hills break forth into singing, oh, earth, that thrilled once to the tread of the Redeemer's feet, and let all the trees of the field clap their hands. Rejoice, oh, man, forever exalted in lending thy form to the Son of God, rejoice on this His resurrection-morn. Go up into His courts with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. Let the whole earth be garlanded with gladness, and the breath of her life ascend, a sweet incense to the Holy One, the Blessed, the Beloved, our Friend, our Redeemer."

AFRICAN GIPSIES—De Chaillu, the great African traveler, sends to the London *Times* some interesting notes on a tribe of pigmies which he discovered in western Africa. They resemble the gipsies somewhat in their habits, and gain their livelihood by trapping game, which they sell in the villages. They average about four feet six inches in height, and are known as the Obongo.

[We shall, doubtless in time, have photographs of these newly discovered and singular specimens of humanity.]

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"Signs of Character."

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—*Spenser.*

PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY.

BY JOHN NEAL.

If these two sciences are indeed *sciences;* and if they are what they are claimed to be, by learned, conscientious, and careful men, who have made it the business of their lives to see for themselves, then they deserve to be introduced, not only into our colleges and lecture-rooms, but into our primary schools, as a part of our common education.

But if we are to understand what Phrenology means, apart from craniology, and of what it is *now* capable, we must look to the leafing and flowering, as well as to the fruitage. Being rooted and grounded within a narrow region, shall it be allowed to spread itself by its vital, inherent, and self-perpetuating power? or shall it be hindered and thwarted and dwarfed, by distrust or prejudice? And so with Physiognomy.

WE MUST INVESTIGATE.

It is only by patient investigation, after we have begun to feel our need, and after we have entered upon the right path, that great discoveries are made, or great good accomplished; and then, it is only in proportion to our needs, our felt and acknowledged needs. We desire to be acquainted with our fellow-men. We would, if it were possible, read their very hearts; we should like to overhear them thinking aloud—though we may have no desire to become eavesdroppers, or listeners at key-holes. At the most, we are only anxious to read character; and to read it for ourselves, without regard to appearances or professions—appearances that mislead the superficial, or professions that deceive and paralyze the unreflecting.

God has put all his rational creatures upon inquiry. The more they know, the more they may know; but having endowed them with tremendous capabilities, and glorious appetites and instincts, and put within their reach the sources of knowledge and the means of gratification, and clothed them with a correspondent accountability, He stops there. He never forestalls their experience, nor emasculates their understanding. They must see for themselves, and judge for themselves—or take the consequences.

NATURE TO BE QUESTIONED.

Most of us may be made to see, and some to acknowledge, with reverent thankfulness, that flowers are colored and perfumed, that shells are tinted and burnished, and birds emblazoned, and tropical fishes painted to match their skies, and insects incrusted with jewelry and powdered with golden dust, or dripping with fire, not to be overlooked, but to be studied and questioned; that God, having endowed us with appetites and inclinations, which are denied to the lower orders of the animal creation, it is our own fault if we do not enjoy what the lower animals pass by without seeing, or trample under foot. But even the best and wisest of men usually stop here. They lack patience—they have no time for investigation—they are obliged to take everything upon trust, and, of course, their enjoyment is all at second-hand, vapid and worthless, like second-hand opinions, or sunset skies reflected in turbid water. They will not stop long enough on the great, overcrowded, noisy, and dusty thoroughfares of life, to look into God's cabinet and laboratory, though full of wonders that neither Blumenbach, Humboldt, Cuvier, nor Agassiz ever dreamed of; mysteries that need only a little sunshine, or a breath of air, to blaze up and astonish the world.

Cattle see no beauty, and perhaps find no flavor, in the blossoming herbage they trample on, while cropping herd's-grass or timothy; but men, being made capable of enjoying the lavish outlay of color and infinite variety of twig and leaf and flower, may be justly held answerable—as they always are—for overlooking either, or, in other words, for not *enjoying* and *appropriating*.

NO GOOD ATTAINED WITHOUT LABOR.

And so with all other manifestations of character and purpose in God or man. But for the hiding of God's power in all his works, so that man, if he would enjoy, must understand, and labor and dig for results, we should have neither gold nor silver for commerce, whatever we might have for ornament or show; no diamonds, no emeralds, no rubies, no pearls, worth mentioning—for the largest pearls are found in the deepest waters, like the pearl of great price, and the burning gems that men most covet are hidden away among the lowest foundations of our strength. But for this unquenchable—this unappeasable instinct, we should now have no coal, no petroleum, no telegraphs, no one of all the countless wonders we are so familiar with, in the shape of lucifer-matches, gas, anesthetics, and photographs, all but playthings and trifles when first discovered, but now indispensable necessities, without which life would be stripped of many chief attractions.

WATCHING AND INQUIRING.

Let us now take another step. God says "he will be inquired of;" and the wisest of mankind are they who are always inquiring of Him what is meant by such and such of his manifestations. They are glimpses of Himself, and we are invited to watch and wait for them, till they are understood.

To apply this, which concerns not Phrenology and Physiognomy alone, but all the arts and all the sciences, let us take up some familiar every-day object—something, I care not what—something which has hitherto been overlooked, not only by the great unreasoning multitude, who go about cropping the herbage that God has put in their way, like the brute beast, without caring for color or flavor, but even by the watchful, the curious, and the inquisitive; something, in short, which lies forever within reach, and is constantly obtruding itself upon our notice and challenging investigation, though never heeded.

For example—on the shelf before me lie a large number of small wooden blocks, gathered from the pump and block-makers, the ship-yard, and the cabinet shops; no two of them alike, you see, in color, fiber, or texture. Observe how the gnarled oak—the tough hackmatack (our *Larix Americana*), and the hornbeam (the *carpinus Ostrya*) differ from the myrtle, the mahogany, the satinwood, the black walnut, the rosewood, the birdseye and curled maple, the birch and the Southern pine. Yet all are alike beautiful—after their colors are brought out, by oil or varnish—wonderfully beautiful. That there is a meaning and a purpose in the differing arrangement of all these different fibers we may be sure, if we could only find it out. And who shall forbid us, if we try? Can it be, when they are tortuous and involved, as in the oak, and American Larch, or hackmatack, that it is for strength only, so that they may be used for knees in ship-building? that lignum-vitæ was made only for trucks and blocks? or that, when the fibers are parallel and straight, or nearly so, as in the pines, the poplars, and the ashes, it is only for the sake of cleavage in building and manufacturing purposes? To the unthinking, trees are for fuel—for fuel first, and then for houses, and fences, and ax-handles, and plows.

But the richest woods, with their involved and strangely tortuous fiber, like the mahogany, or black walnut, or luminous maples, would burn no better than the straight-fibered; nor would they be better for building purposes. And then, wherefore such beauty of coloring and arrangement, as if the long-imprisoned sunshine or thunder-clouds of another age were only waiting for a touch, to flame up—here with a metallic luster, and there with the gorgeousness of sunset, or the iridescent splendor of a salmon trout, or mother of pearl—only that they may be used for firewood or fences or pig-sties?

HIDDEN GLORIES.

This can not be; we must look deeper; we must make use of our thinkers. Bear in mind that from the beginning of the world, all these differences of color and arrangement of fiber have been hidden by the bark from all but the over-curious and inquisitive. Can it be—think before you answer—can it be that God has been storing up all these riches and glories for a better kind of cabinet-work—for the cabinet-makers of a higher civilization? just as he did the precious metals, and the fiery gems that Job speaks of, and the coal and naphtha and petroleum, till they were wanted? till a race had possession of the earth capable of understanding, appreciating, and enjoying such testimonials of His goodness? If not, wherefore so much of hidden, unsuspected richness of coloring and beauty of arrangement, capable of being brought forth, like the "gloom and glory" of the tortoise-shell, only by long and wearisome elaboration, such as our earliest forefathers were incapable of, and had no time for? Says the poet—

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

True; but for how long a time? Forever?—or only until the "dark unfathomed caves" are visited by the curious and the inquisitive, who are always on the look-out for wonders, in a diving-bell; and the desert is peopled with intelligent beings, who can not believe that anything, not even the long hoarded sweetness of a flower, is ever "*wasted?*"

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HASTY GENERALIZING.

The great mass of mankind generalize; the few particularize. I have heard a very intelligent woman declare that she never could distinguish one cow from another, except by the color, and a person of singular acuteness acknowledged that to her, all negroes were alike. Both were deficient in what phrenologists call the organ of *Form*. But the faculty, whereby the superior mind is chiefly distinguished, after all, is the faculty of seeing resemblances where others see only differences, and differences where others see only resemblances. Hence the whole system of classification, whereby all the sciences are brought within reach of the multitude.

As with chemistry and ornithology, as with botany and ichthyology, as with conchology and Philology, so with Physiognomy and Phrenology; the more exact and careful we are in verifying the particulars, the safer and the more satisfactory our generalizations.

HIDDEN REVELATIONS.

We have eyes, but we see not; ears have we, but we hear not, while surrounded by hidden revelations—I mean what I say, *hidden* and hoarded revelations, waiting to be questioned and interpreted like the Rosetta Stone, or the Pyramids. But how few are they who care to see for themselves, or to interrogate the mysteries that lie within reach! In this life, and probably in the next, there is little to be had for the asking; but much for them that labor and wrestle and wait; for all which let us be thankful. If it were otherwise, we should fall asleep in our easy-chairs—or hammocks—and the world itself would not be worth having. What we have not toiled for, and suffered for, we do not value much, until it is withdrawn or threatened; and then, in our deepest and direst trials, we only feel the strings that are tugged at, and while some are snapped, others are slowly untwisted, so that we may not be disturbed. Men, like the blind Huber, who have gone aside for a lifetime to study the habits of a bee—and others who are found examining flowers, or sifting mountains, or studying languages, are often asked by their neighbors what good will it ever do them. Perhaps the best answer would be to ask in return, if they would forego any knowledge they have obtained upon any subject, however out-of-the-way, or apparently trivial, it may appear to others, for all it has cost them?

MY EXPERIENCE.

A word or two now of my own experience in two departments of what may be called out-of-the-way knowlege. While yet a boy, not over twelve years of age, Lavater's great work on Physiognomy fell in my way. I read it with care, and not only read, but studied, and, I think, inwardly digested it, judging by what I now remember, though I have never opened it since. From that hour, I went about the daily business of life with new aspirations, and with a much wider horizon before me, look where I would. I can not say that I believed in the system, as a whole; though I certainly did in the facts I saw, and in the facts presented, and in most of the leading principles; and, having my eyes and ears open, I was constantly meeting with corroboration, and with facts which could not be explained, I thought, upon any other hypothesis. And so I began to interrogate myself somewhat after this fashion:

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

Are we not all determined by *appearances*—outward appearances—in the first choice of our friends, before we have time to know them; and by the judgment of others; and by outward appearances only, in most cases? for what can we know of the great multitude around us, beyond what we see, unless enlightened by others having better opportunities for observation—that is, for the observation of *appearances?*

If we choose an apple, an orange, or even a potato, are we not always decided by the configuration, the color, and the smoothness or roughness of the skin? Is there not a physiognomy, therefore, not only in the countenance of a human being, but in that of an orange or a potato, to say nothing of the brute creation?

INSTINCTIVE LIKES AND DISLIKES.

Yet more; we find that most people can guess at the ages of persons they see for half a minute, with sufficient accuracy for common purposes; that we are all in the habit of deciding upon the disposition, temper, character, and occupation of strangers by such outward signs as others overlook, and often without being able to give a good reason for our opinion, even to ourselves, much less to justify our antipathies or partialities to another. And all this, I saw, was needed for our protection; that instinct—the unreasoning, unexplainable instinct of dislike or aversion—of preference or sympathy—must often decide the greatest questions for us, without hesitation or delay, and without the help of experience. Otherwise, we should be always in danger; for deadly serpents and poisonous fruits and flowers are often exceedingly beautiful, and some of the most dangerous animals would be attractive but for the warnings of our innermost nature. I saw, too, that while the young of many a loathsome and abominable creature were made unattractive, the duckling, the gosling, the lamb, and the kitten are made so captivating, that children feed and pet them, till they change color and become "ugly ducks," old sheep, or something worse. And why?

I found, moreover, that even little children—babies—were attracted, or repelled, by countenances—that is, by *appearances*, without regard to professions; and were never to be reasoned out of their prejudices or predilections. Were not all these embyro Lavaters—physiognomists from the shell? If it were necessary for them to understand something of character, before they committed themselves to a stranger, how were they to obtain that knowledge? They were not old enough to read—they had not even the gift of speech—and they could not probably understand the language, even of a mother. Of course, therefore, nothing was left for them but to see for themselves, and judge for themselves, and take the consequences. As with the youngest, so with the oldest of God's family. They are to study the signs—they are to watch for intimations—and be governed, now by their instincts, and now by their reasons; by their instincts till capable of reasoning, and by reason after they have had experience and opportunity for making up their minds.

ALL ARE BORN PHYSIOGNOMISTS.

Next, I satisfied myself that we were all physiognomists from our birth, and in spite of ourselves; that having eyes, we must use them, and as we could not help seeing, so we could not help judging from what we saw; that our limbs and features had a physiognomy of their own, like our countenances and complexions.

At this time, nothing was known or said about temperaments, although everybody could see a difference between the lymphatic, the nervous, the bilious, and the sanguine, without having a name for either. After awhile, I took another step toward the truth, as it now appears. I ventured to believe and to maintain, that if a hundred hands were thrust through a partition, so that we could only see the shape and color of each, anybody would find it easy to determine which were male and which female—which belonged to the middle-aged or the ancient, and which to the youthful; which were the indolent, the active, the choleric, the energetic, and the domineering; from all which I concluded—was I wrong?—that certain of the great laws of color and configuration were impressed, not only upon the living creatures we saw, so as to reveal their hidden characteristics to the diligent searchers after truth, but upon the landscape and the sea, upon sky and earth, and that, therefore, we were all physiognomists, and all governed by *appearances*.

PHRENOLOGY.

And here I rested, until the outbreak of that new revelation, which, by superseding Lavater, and by giving reasons and proofs and appealing to hourly experience, makes Phrenology the stronghold of our faith, by going behind appearances, and evolving their cause, so that if apostles become martyrs, they can plead a justification.

But I am asked what I have to say about Phrenology in this age of the world. To which I answer, first, that I look upon Phrenology as now understood, by experts and professors, not only as a science worthy the name of science, but as one of the greatest discoveries, and one of the most beneficent and useful, if rightly employed, that was ever made by mortal man. There was a time when it would have passed for inspiration. But what has it done—what is it doing for mankind? Much, every way—infinitely more than the people have an idea of. It is modifying our whole system of education. It is changing all our notions of insanity, and leading to new treatment in our hospitals and courts of justice. Do men gather figs of thistles or grapes of thorns? Of the phrenologists and physiognomists, as of other teachers, we may well say, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

ADVENT OF THE NEW SCIENCE.

But how have I reached these conclusions? Follow me patiently for a few minutes, and I will try to satisfy you. About the year 1823 I first heard of the new science, at Baltimore—from Dr. Tobias Watkins, Assistant-Surgeon General of the U. S. Army, who had become acquainted with a few of the principles, I know not how, and was sufficiently in earnest, to try his hand at manipulation, with, I must acknowledge, no correspondent

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or satisfactory result. With him, indeed, it was only Bumpology—or, at the best, Craniology—and every analysis he attempted upon a stranger was a wretched failure. The truth is, he did not understand the subject—he was not familiar with the organs—he mistook their relationship, and sometimes their location—and the whole map of the brain was a myth and a puzzle to him, for want of certain organs in his own cranium. But all this I found out afterward. He lacked patience, and that indispensable characteristic of a safe examiner, the power of rapid analysis and swift combination.

After awhile, another enthusiastic champion appeared—Dr. Jonathan Barber, a pupil of Thelwall, the teacher of elocution, a surgeon of considerable reputation over sea, and after this, the professor of elocution at Harvard. But he also, though much better acquainted with the system of Gall and Spurzheim than was our friend Watkins, even he had no manipulating power; his examinations were guess-work even among his friends, and he never meddled with strangers, nor examined in public. The result was, that, when I left this country, so far was I from being a phrenologist, that I regarded the whole system, if system it might be called, as a pitiable delusion, and the teachers I knew, as laboring under a dowright hallucination, which, though harmless then, might soon prove mischievous, by lessening our sense of accountability, if it should be encouraged.

THE TURNIP STORY.

While I was laboring with myself—unwilling to condemn what I did not understand, yet afraid to approve, there came out a story in Blackwood about the cast taken from a Swedish turnip (the ruta baga) and submitted to George Combe, I believe, who pronounced it the head of a most extraordinary man—a prodigy.* It was declared to be a deathblow to Phrenology. I thought otherwise. To me it proved nothing, either one way or the other. But the "world's dread laugh" was against the professor, and I could not help joining in it—although I could not conscientiously agree with my friends, as to the conclusiveness of the experiment.

But a severe retribution was preparing for me; and most thankful am I, that, in spite of my prejudices and my openly avowed opinions against Phrenology, I had honesty enough and patience enough to investigate the subject for myself; though, at first, it was rather in the hope of being able to show it up, as the greatest of humbugs for Blackwood himself, than with the expectation of becoming a convert. But having once made up my mind to have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, if it could be had for love or money, I began to cast about for the means.

DEVILLE

One day, while I was investigating certain phenomena of which I had been a witness, in palmistry, judicial astrology, and animal magnetism—or mesmerism—all of which had been both misunderstood and misrepresented by the scoffers, and especially mesmerism, by Dr. Franklin himself in that report of his, which his coadjutor, Jussieu, was honest enough to gainsay in language not to be misunderstood, three friends called upon me to pay a visit with them to Deville, in the Strand, who was just then agitating the London world with his revelations of character, and furnishing casts by the wheelbarrow load, for lecturers and associations. Our plan of procedure was arranged, so that if the manipulator depended upon guess-work—he would not be much helped by us; our names and occupation being a secret, and any lucky hit he might make being provided for, by an agreement among ourselves to be surprised at nothing, and to acknowledge nothing till he had got through.

These three friends were Chester Harding, and Robert M. Sully, portrait painters, and Humphries the engraver; constituting, with myself, four persons of decided character, and so utterly unlike, that what would be true of one, would be utterly untrue of all the rest. The examinations were made with great quickness, and so far as I could then judge, with undoubted honesty. Not a word was uttered—not a sign given, either of assent or dissent—until he had finished; and then, being the spokesman of our party, I felt obliged to say that the examiner had given the leading characteristics of each and every one of us; that I saw no evidence of trick or subterfuge or collusion, and that, *therefore*, I should investigate the subject for myself at my earliest leisure. This, however, I had no opportunity of doing, till after my return to this country. And then, though I greatly desired to see Spurzheim, who was lecturing at Boston, I was unable to do so, and went to work by myself. I read all the treatises I could find—examined all the casts known to be authentic, and began, though cautiously and timidly at first, to examine the heads of people I knew—or thought I knew—for my own amusement and theirs. Of two things I became entirely satisfied—first, that Phrenology deserved to be dealt with seriously and reverentially; and then, that all the objections urged against it, upon the ground that a belief in organic influence or predetermined tendency, went to diminish our sense of accountability, were just as good against temperament, inclinations, education, associations, and appetites. And that slicing the brain like an orange, or a Swedish turnip, instead of macerating and unfolding it with the breath, as Spurzheim and George Combe did, was on the whole no credit to the anatomists, or the naturalists, who held to that course of treatment in their demonstrations.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.]

* A correct version of this story is given by Mr. Combe himself in a letter to Francis Jeffrey, Esq., of Edinburgh, published in the Edinburgh *Phrenological Journal*, vol. 4, 1827.

"By far the greater number of alleged blunders of the phrenologists are gratuitous fictions of the opponents, destitute of all foundation in fact. The following will serve as an example: 'It was recorded in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and reprinted in most of the newspapers of Britain and America, that I had drawn a phrenological character from the cast of a turnip, supposing it to be taken from a real skull; when the very opposite was the fact, namely, that I instantly detected the imposition and returned the cast to the person who sent it, with a doggerel parody of the Man of Thessaly pasted on its surface.'"

The parody was as follows:

There was a man in Edinburgh,
And he wasswond'rous wise;
He went into a turnip field
And cast about his eyes.

And when he cast his eyes about,
He saw the turnips fine;
"How many heads are there," says he,
"That likeness bear to mine?

"So very like they are, indeed,
No sage, I'm sure, could know
This turnip-head that I have on
From those that there do grow."

He pulled a turnip from the ground;
A cast from it was thrown:
He sent it to a Spurzheimite,
And passed it for his own.

And so, indeed, it truly was
His own in every sense;
For cast and joke alike were made
All at his own expense.

It is elsewhere related by Mr. Combe that the individual apologized for the affair, but was assured by him that no offense was taken, and that if the perpetrator of the joke was satisfied with his part of the wit, Mr. Combe had nothing to regret in the matter.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

THE IDEAL AND THEIR LIVING TYPES.

One of the master aims of great dramatic authors is to send down to other times portraitures of their own. Generations hence, those representative plays, which may be distinguished as dramatic portrait galleries of their times, will still survive. The world will be pleased to know what the world was, and how it looked, when Massinger lived and Shakspeare wrote.

It has been the crowning triumph of the masters of dramatic art to aptly present types of individualities—to bring before us marked characters of various qualities living, moving, acting—palpitating with the nervous substance of realities. Especially since the days of the great magician of the English drama, all the best writers for the stage have applied their genius to the creation of characters, rather than to the production of rhetorical splendor or poetic fancies. True, they abound with fine passages, but they are only happy in them when they are the exuberant outshootings of their great individualisms or the rich expressions of corresponding action. As mere "posies" of composition, they are defects in the quality of acting plays, and are always "cut out." Dramatic authors create their little worlds for the mimic stage of life, and people them with the creatures of their minds. Granted they are but Ideals in their texts, yet they are formed in their conception to be clothed with flesh and blood, impassioned, and surrounded with the circumstances of the drama as in real life. They are, therefore, proper subjects for the phrenologist or general physiologist as for the literary critic. Indeed, Shakspeare has created them especially as representative embodiments of human nature, and for this reason they deserve to be treated as more than stage effigy. They are characters for the philosopher as well as for a theater-going public. Were any uncommon type of the human race discovered, would not physiology at once find a subject? Would not the phrenologist and physiognomist also find one?

HAMLET

found, shall he not be a study for science and a volume for the metaphysician?

Hamlet is the most famous of Shakspeare's creations. Macbeth, Lear, Richard, and others may rival it in splendor and force; but, as the conception of a type of rare psychological qualities, Hamlet stands pre-eminent. Though the cast of this transcendent character consists so much in its metaphysics, and in a certain incorporeal tangibleness, which, like the object of the play, seems to struggle to give to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name," yet Hamlet has become to all the world as a familiar friend. He will ever be as much a part of humanity, and a mover in the world in which we live, as though in every succeeding generation he found a metempsychosis. The historical Hamlet was but a poor skeleton of Shakspeare's famous character; it is in its individuality, doubtless, more than three parts a creation of the poet, yet our Hamlet—everybody's Hamlet—is as much a famous living

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personage of the great world of to-day as any of the illustrious men of the age, and so has he been for generations past.

It is worthy of notice that, in his text, Shakspeare has indicated a different physiology for Hamlet than that given him by his histrionic illustrators. Actors have made him their *beau ideal* of a noble classical figure, and the nearer their own physical developments conform to this, the more are they and the public satisfied with their personified type of the royal Dane. He is also represented with luxuriant waves of sable hair hanging gracefully about a head worthy a demi-god, and a face of dark intellectual beauty. Nearest this ideal of person John P. Kemble has stood; and perhaps the graceful and stately *physique* of the brother of Mrs. Siddons, and the opportunity which actors of intellectual mold have found in Hamlet to give to themselves, as well as to the character, the charm of superior being, have made this the orthodox physiology of the royal Dane. But in his text Shakspeare made him not as he is usually represented on the stage, neither did his Danish parentage. Among many of such counter-indications take the following, in the scene of the sword-play between Hamlet and Laertes:

King. Our son shall win.
Queen. He's fat and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin; rub thy brows.
* * * * * * *
Come, let me wipe thy face.

A biographer of Edmund Kean, speaking of his first appearance in Hamlet in Drury Lane, remarks:

"He did not in his appearance, indeed, precisely answer our previous notions of Hamlet, because, by a strange error, we had been accustomed to associate with the character a grave, noble, attenuated figure—the ideal personation of grief; whereas, 'our son' is 'fat and scant of breath.'"

Not for a moment, however, must it be imagined that Edmund Kean aimed for the innovation of representing Hamlet "fat and scant of breath." It is doubtful if the most literal stickler could be tempted to make him very palpably *fat* before an audience, and equally doubtful if any public of Shakspeerian admirers could endure to see their ethereal favorite "scant of breath," and bathed in perspiration, after only two rounds with Laertes. The remark of the queen-mother passes over the ears of an audience without a discord, for everybody sees the refutation, and that the stage Hamlet is still noble and highly-wrought in personal symmetry. No one thinks of criticising Shakspeare physiologically, but decidedly no audience wishes to see Hamlet "fat" and puffing, and one might be pardoned for adding to the queen-mother's sins the weight of his fleshy substance.

I was astonished once by an actor informing me that an eminent tragedian's conception of Hamlet is that he was a "big man," basing his judgment upon the passage,

O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!

Surely, said I, some wag must have palmed this upon the great tragedian. Melancholy is not fat; no alderman wishes to feel his corporation resolving itself into a dew. Yet an examination of the text of the play shows many indications that Hamlet was physically powerful. He admired the personal developments of the brother of Ophelia:

That is Laertes,
A very noble youth.

And yet in physical contest he felt himself more than a match for him.

In clothing this famous Shakspeerian ideal according to the text, and a general agreement with nature, he would be something as follows:

Hamlet was a Dane. He was not Roman in his physiological structure, and had not the iron constitution and temperament of that race, nor was he of the classical Italian type. As represented on the stage, he seems a son of Italy and a poet. But though he might be given all the physical perfection of *his Danish race*, Hamlet was not in personal appearance what he is represented, yet all that a Dane might be he was.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's—eye, tongue, sword—
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mold of form,
Th' observed of all observers.

The Anglo-Saxon and the Danish races range, in the medium, from five feet seven to five feet nine. Hamlet might be considered about five feet ten; for as he was inclined to "fat," and young, he had not run up like a tall tree. Anything in him suggestive of raw-boned lankness would be a contradiction of this. Like his race, he was fair. Ophelia describes him, "Th' expectancy and *rose* of the fair state," implying youthful and rosy beauty. This is still more evident from the fact that he must have been of the sanguine lymphatic temperament, or he could not have been "fat and scant of breath;" and in this mixture of temperament and rosy manliness he was consistently Danish. His hair should be auburn. He must not be given the dark raven locks which adorn him on the stage. Nature and his country did not give them to him. He had not black nor even dark eyes, was not characterized with high cheek bones and a strongly marked face, nor with these possessed of a strong bony hand, else it would have struck vengeance like lightning He was not what we, by a "strange error," have made him—a grave, noble, attenuated figure—the ideal personation of grief; but he was young, full of blood, with cheeks which nature had painted like the rose; and if sometimes, in distraction and horror, he was pale as his father's ghost, and diseased with melancholy, even to the last scene we find him far from being "attenuated." Moreover, Hamlet had not been long in his morbid state at the opening of the play; he was, a few weeks before, an ardent young lover who had written, "To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia." Though Polonius was producing this love-letter to prove that Hamlet's madness was for his daughter, this was too much the lover's cherry for the old man's mouth, and had too much the ring of ardent, poetic youth—too little of the character of the "attenuated" philosopher. The physiognomy which seems to be most satisfactory for Hamlet is a fine intellectual face with much character, but not of the strong executive cast. He must have had a beautiful Grecian nose, and the ears and mouth finely chiseled; a clear, high forehead, and eyes blue gray or light hazel. His mouth might have shown much character, but it must have been expressive of intellect and sentiment, with perhaps a tinge of cynical quality. Had he with his capacious brain the Roman physiognomy, and the flowing sable locks usually given him upon the stage, with the necessary dark hazel or black eyes, the play of Hamlet would have been a different play, and the character of Hamlet a different character. These would have accompanied the bilious temperament; iron would have been in his purposes and the swift thunderbolt in his hand. A person on first seeing Hamlet would not have to wonder throughout four acts, after the oath of vengeance given to his father's ghost, why it is not executed—(Act III., Sc. 4:

This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose)—

and to fear, even at last, that the king is going to escape out at the door, and that all will be killed but the villain of the piece; nor would Shakspeare have found the opportunity for his hero to dream out his subtile metaphysics and matchless sermons on the inner life and the world to come.

But though Hamlet had not the strongly-marked physiognomy and iron temperament of a Cæsar, nor that of the "lean and hungry"-looking Cassius, the thinker and conspirator, yet it must not be imagined that he had a puny face, and that his countenance lacked majesty. His must *be* the face of a demi-god, but the majesty of intellect of the poet, the scholar, sat upon his brow; still his type in this was the Danish type, and not that of the swarthy Italian. Why not let him have Shakspeare's own face and auburn hair? or Milton's fair flowing locks and beautiful blue eyes? Shakspeare has evidently given to Hamlet much of his own mind—much of his own Saxon physiology—much of himself altogether.

It is truly surprising that those whose profession it has been to study Hamlet, and illustrate him upon the stage, have not been more struck with the fact how essentially throughout he is of the Danish or Saxon type, and equally a matter of surprise that philosophical critics have not insisted upon Hamlet being "made up" in conformity with his nation and the text, for in this there are the marginal readings and harmony of his character and action in the play. It was the fact that he had *not* the black flowing locks in which actors dress him, not the dark or black eyes which would accompany them, and was not an *attenuated* walking statue of grief. It was the juicy nature of his sanguine temperament that gave him a body of fine Danish mold and plumpness, and made him the amorous lover of Ophelia; and it was the mixture of the lymphatic in him which tended to fatness, and quenched the fire of action kindled in him by his father's ghost, that caused his capacious brain to dream itself away in soliloquies, instead of hastening to the execution of his revenge.

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Here is a picture of Hamlet the Dane, and not Hamlet the Italian:

> I pr'y thee take thy fingers from my throat;
> For though I am not splenetive and rash,
> Yet have I in me something dangerous,
> Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand!

How well Shakspeare understood his own Saxon nature and character is very strikingly manifested in his Hamlet the Dane. In fact, his exceeding fidelity in giving him the Danish elements has even complicated Hamlet. There is in him Shakspeare's own great metaphysical brain, with slumbering physical prowess dangerous when aroused; here is an incorporeal ideal conceived in Hamlet, but the text is ever reminding you that he is a Dane. If you choose to forget what that means, you have only to analyze him to find that he is a soul palpitating in about one hundred and fifty or sixty pounds of flesh and blood.

How truly Anglo-Saxon or Danish is the "madness" of Hamlet! Take the most extravagant, for action, in the whole play—the scene where he leaps into Ophelia's grave and challenges Laertes with, "What wilt thou do for her?" Yet mark, though his extravagance reaches the pitch, "Let them throw millions of acres on us, till our ground, singing his pate against the burning zone, make Ossa like a wart," how suddenly and characteristically he comes down, "Nay, an thou'lt mouth, I'll rant as well as thou." And again, in that famous soliloquy where he spurs himself up to "rant," how here, also, he as suddenly cools off, "Why, what an ass am I."

Hamlet did not lack purpose, nor the severity of mind to conceive a vengeance. But he lacked the iron fiber of a bilious constitution, which *seizes* its purposes with a clutch that never relaxes. Note his consciousness of this, and of his lymphatic Danish temperament:

> O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
> * * * * * * *
> Yet I,
> A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
> Like John a-dreams unpregnant of my cause.
> * * * * * * *
> But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
> To make oppression bitter; or ere this
> I should have fatted all the region kites
> With this slave's offal.

Hamlet says he lacks "gall;" his mother says that he is "fat and scant of breath." But, doubtless, Shakspeare would be quite satisfied with his illustrators that they do not give to the royal Dane a corporation on the stage. He most certainly could have possessed none, excepting the youthful fullness of a prince, with a sanguine lymphatic temperament; but this all proves that he was not the "attenuated" ideal of classical melancholy, as commonly represented. Something can be allowed to be taken from his physiological make-up, to increase metaphysical effects, for anything suggestive of a Sir John Falstaff or a fat alderman would destroy the charm of the character, and give a kindred corpulence to the Hamlet within the soul that struggled to make the essence of things a tangibility, and reveal the invisible to the sense. Yet there can be no reason why this most wonderful type of being, whom we have recognized as one of the brotherhood of our race, should not be represented as nature and the text have made him. Why should he not be the fair Saxon Shakspeare himself?

HAMLET AND SHAKSPEARE ONE.

With scarcely any radical difference, Hamlet is physiologically and metaphysically Shakspeare. Let them be transposed with an exchange of history and surroundings, and you will not lose much from either. The radical character of Hamlet grows not out of the circumstance of the play, nor from the visitation of his father's ghost. He is Hamlet in his essential self, and in that essential self he is Shakspeare. The immortal dramatist found an opportunity to put himself in his entirety into this character, and, in the clothing of the circumstances and narrative, to evolve his own nature and great metaphysical mind. Indeed, the substance and quality of the character do not depend chiefly on its action. It is not what he does, but what he says—what he struggles to unfold of the inner life, the divine majesty of man, the hereafter, and in his relations with a personage who had "shuffled off this mortal coil." Is he the ideal of grief? Where is it manifested? He is distempered in his mind by the death of his father, the marriage of his mother with his uncle, and lastly through the visitation of his father's ghost. But what does all this find form and expression in? Why, in the unfolding of Hamlet and the capacity and tone of his mind, and not in the progress of action. The proper action of the play is in Hamlet's mind, and not in his execution of vengeance. He is suspended from the fulfillment of his oath—the circumstantial action—that he might further unfold himself, and vent a distempered soul. The texture and majesty of the play is in the derangement of a mind almost superhuman. Hamlet is Shakspeare distempered.

I have not designed a series of elaborate criticisms, but merely to throw up pictures of dramatic characters; and by way of point let me finish this number of Shaksperian portraits with

CASSIUS.

Here, now, we have the severe man, the "attenuated figure"—the man who is *not* "fat," neither in his body nor the qualities of his mind. He has the iron in him; he has not Hamlet's juicy amorous nature; he is not distempered; he, too, is a man of mind and character, but he is Cassius the Roman, not Hamlet the Dane. What a portrait of a conspirator is the following:

> *Cæsar.* Let me have men about me that are fat;
> Sleek-headed men, and such that sleep o' nights:
> Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
> He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
> * * * * * * *
> Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
> Yet if my name was liable to fear,
> I do not know the man I should avoid
> So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
> He is a great observer, and looks
> Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
> As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
> Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
> As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
> That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
> Such men as he be never at heart's ease
> Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
> And therefore are they very dangerous.

In this portrait has not Shakspeare preached a sermon on signs of character?

Having given such a cast as that of Cassius, an author could not at all unfold him in the action of the play in the way that Hamlet is unfolded. Here are two of the strongest contrasts that could be found. Cassius is all that Hamlet is not. Both are of the greatest mark in their individualisms; but one is the severe Roman, with a "lean and hungry look," the other, the gentle, fresh-natured Dane, in spite of his distempered mind. All the force of Cassius' brain and nature—all the purpose of his intense thinking lead to action:

> Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.
> See what a rent the envious Casca made!

How suggestive of the opposite, of the almost purely metaphysical action, unfolded throughout the play of Hamlet. When would Cassius have executed his oath to the ghost? Indeed, the very substance and movements of the tragedies of Julius Cæsar and Hamlet are each other's reverse. The one is all execution, the other all suspension. Had not Brutus and Cassius struck the imperial Cæsar, to give the very birth of the tragedy, there would have been no play of Julius Cæsar; whereas if Hamlet had *executed*, there would have been no play of Hamlet. Upon summary action, the one is essentially built—upon suspension, the other.

How markedly Cassius evolves his Roman self in one speech! Note the contrast to the Danish prince:

> I can not tell what you and other men
> Think of this life; but for my single self
> I had as lief not be, as live to be
> In awe of such a thing as I myself.

See a Roman *enduring* life, in contradistinction to Hamlet's desire to "shuffle off this mortal coil." His being "born as free as Cæsar," and of equal caste, passes away before the strong expression—

> We can both
> Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

Then what a picture comes of *direct action*, as well as of iron, forceful character:

> For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
> The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
> Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
> *Leap in with me into this angry flood*
> *And swim to yonder point?* Upon the word,
> Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
> And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.

Is not this a very history of their warlike race:

> The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
> With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
> And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
> But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
> Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*

See the imperial Roman type of character that conquered empires:

> I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
> Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
> The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tyber
> Did I the tired Cæsar.

Then Cassius' description of Cæsar's illness in Spain, how full of a Roman's unconquerable nature, contempt for weakness, and repugnance to the admission of anything superior to himself! How full of contempt and envy in his close:

> Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
> A man of such a feeble temper should
> So get the start of the majestic world,
> And bear the palm alone.

Truly was Rome an iron empire; and every Roman a living iron statue, stalking abroad in the great world, and hurling himself against all other races.

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PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH STURGE.

JOSEPH STURGE,

LATE OF BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

TEMPERAMENTALLY considered, the subject of our sketch possessed the vital or sanguine in a predominant degree. The whole contour and quality suggest freshness and susceptibility. He was impressible and emotional, inclined to warm up heartily to whatever obtained his attentive consideration, and to keenly appreciate the sympathetic and affectional. From the portrait, we derive the impression that his head was even massive in its proportions—at any rate, much above the average size. The features are large and forcible, unmistakably evincing strength of character and power of action. The heavy, projecting brows show great perceptive power, acute discernment of men and things. In the world of business his judgment should have been practically sound. He possessed ability to store up material facts, to investigate realities, and to discriminate carefully between the useful and the useless. There is no indication of any lack of reasoning ability; on the contrary, we find excellent evidence of genuine depth and breadth of thought, founded mainly upon the factitious and utilitarian. He would be no dreamer, no schemer, or dweller in Utopia, but would found his speculations, if he was ever at all fanciful, upon a positive and certain basis, so that the real held his imagination in check as it were by leading-strings. Hence he would not have been marked by an intemperate zeal in any cause, although he would manifest the staunchest spirit of determination and earnestness in carrying forward that project which enlisted his warmest sympathies. The full side-head and the well-marked Cautiousness indicate the man of prudence, energy, policy, and sagacity. There was no want of business talent, no deficiency of shrewdness. Combativeness is largely indicated, and gave strength and tone to his moral sentiments. How lofty the brow! how grand in Benevolence! This is the most striking feature in the cranial organization of our portrait, and certainly was the most distinguishing characteristic of his disposition. So great a development of Benevolence would not, could not, fail to give a sympathetic, humanitarian coloring to his every action. Such a man would be most at home in dispensing benefactions among the needy; in conducting measures for the promotion of individual or general improvement, physically and morally. Such an organization was born for philanthropical work. The evidences of a warmly social nature are palpable; home and its associations were ardently appreciated and tenderly cherished. Approbativeness and Self-Esteem appear to have been nearly even in development, the former predominating of the two organs. The desire to advance in public estimation was quite influential, and no doubt in early life prompted him to take those steps in the business world which were attended with so great success.

The ability to exercise the organs of speech with facility, and to express freely his opinions and sentiments, is well evinced; but with ease of statement there would be associated no disposition to over-rate or unduly elaborate, but clearness, earnestness, and warmth would be the main features of his language. He would speak his mind fully and perspicuously on a given subject, basing his remarks upon the solid basis of fact or upon a clear appreciation of the truth, and show little or no inclination to indefiniteness or uncertainty of statement. The vague and speculative would find little sympathy from him; the solid and substantial, so far as adapted to his purposes and pursuits, would receive his hearty indorsement. Weight, substance, solidity, and strength impress the observer as inherent in this organization.

As a judge of character, a reader of men, he should have been remarkable, and he should also have possessed unusual grace and cordiality of manner, and also much of that *bonhomie* which enters into the constitution of the true gentleman.

BIOGRAPHY.

This eminent humanitarian, in every sense of the word, was born at Elberton, Gloucester County, England, August 2d, 1793. He was of Quaker stock, and of wealthy and highly considered parentage. In his youth Mr. Sturge worked on his father's farm, and managed to a considerable extent its affairs. When he had attained his majority he went to Bewdley, where he commenced business operations in corn. His first efforts as a merchant were successful, and trade increased under his conduct. After continuing in Bewdley about seven years, during which time his business was highly prosperous, he removed to the more important town of Birmingham, where he established his commercial relations, which were attended with the most gratifying success. He also established a branch of his business in Gloucester, under the charge of his brother, Charles Sturge. Both brothers being enterprising, judicious, and efficient, they succeeded in building one of the first commercial houses in England, their receipts and shipments constituting the largest part of the trade at the port of Gloucester. Mr. Sturge was twice married, his first wife died shortly after marriage.

He commenced his career of benevolence and Christian usefulness when yet a young man, by associating with those of his community who were most distinguished for practical benevolence, and co-operating earnestly with them in measures of social and moral improvement. He was among the foremost as an opponent of slavery and the spread of intemperance. When his pecuniary circumstances were such that he could withdraw considerably from the engagements of business, he devoted almost all his time to the promotion of different works of charity, besides contributing large sums of money toward objects not altogether within the range of his personal operations. He inaugurated and maintained at his own expense the first reformatory set on foot in the midland district of England; took great interest in educational movements generally, both religious and secular; donated several acres of valuable land as a play-ground for the working classes of Birmingham, and was for some time President of the Birmingham Temperance Society. In the famous Corn Law agitation Mr. Sturge warmly espoused the cause of the Free-traders, and exerted a wide-spread influence.

An advocate of peace, he was an energetic member of the Peace Society of England—as its delegate, attended the European Peace congresses which were held in the principal cities of Europe until 1852, and took a prominent part in their proceedings. In 1848 he visited the members of

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the Provisional Government of France, had repeated views with Lamartine and others, and was an influential instrument in producing the decree of the abolition of slavery throughout the French colonies.

During the diplomatic negotiations which preceded the Crimean war, Mr. Sturge, in company with others deputed by the Society of Friends, visited St. Petersburg to present an address to the Emperor of Russia, urging him to avert if possible, by arbitration, the threatened sanguinary conflict. The deputies were received very courteously by the Emperor, and won his respect and that of his court by the mildness and benevolence of their demeanor. After a life of considerable duration, marked by a consistent practical manifestation of sincere Christian affection for his fellow-men, he died suddenly on the 14th of May, 1859.

At a subsequent meeting of the Peace Society, of which Mr. Sturge was a most active member, a report was read relative to his death, from which we extract the following expression of the Society's estimation of him as a man:

"The first duty which the committee of the Peace Society has to perform this year in presenting their report to their constituents, is one as unexpected as it is mournful. At their last anniversary it was their privilege and pleasure to propose to their friends the name of their honored and beloved friend, Mr. Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, as the future president of their association—a proposal the entire fitness of which was so instantly recognized by all, that it met with a cordial and unanimous response. Having accepted that office with the simplicity and modesty that was natural to his character, he entered upon its duties, as he did upon whatever work he took in hand, with an energy and thoroughness which in him sprang from the depths of a most earnest and conscientious nature. In the course of the year he accompanied two other friends on a visit to several of our auxiliaries in the country, with a view to their revival and reorganization.

During that journey, though to the apprehension of those around him his usual strength and cheerfulness seemed little abated, he appears to have had some foreboding consciousness of his approaching departure; for when affectionately inviting the young friends whom he had an opportunity of addressing to come forward to the help of the Peace Cause, he scarcely ever did so without declaring his strong conviction that it was the last time he should ever be permitted to speak to them on the subject; while he also expressed the deep satisfaction he should feel in devoting the brief remnant of his own life to so sacred a cause—allusions which were sufficiently touching at the time, but which, to those who heard them, are now clothed with an inexpressibly pathetic significance"

IDLENESS is the mother of mischief; the moment a horse has done eating his oats, he turns to and gnaws down his manger. Substitute labor for oats, and virtue for manger, and what is true of horses is equally true of men.

PORTRAIT OF HORACE VERNET.

HORACE VERNET.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

NEXT to that of the first Napoleon we do not remember a more conspicuous face than that of Horace Vernet. The nose is splendid, indicating the fullest degree of development. The eyes are large and expressive, the mouth ample, the chin conspicuous, and the head itself magnificent. The brain was evidently large, considerably above the average, and of the finest texture. The temperament indicates a great amount of activity, clearness, and susceptibility. What a comprehensive intellect! How large the perceptives, and how ample the upper forehead! how broad between the temples and at Ideality and Sublimity! how high in the moral sentiments—Conscientiousness, Veneration, and Benevolence!

The social nature was evidently strong, but there was more imagination, practical intellect, and love of art than mere sociability. There was real poetry here. Had he given attention to music, he could have taken the lead as a composer. Ethnologically, he furnishes a favorable specimen of the better class of Frenchmen, and his countrymen are justly proud of him.

Such a brain, with a good body, would be sufficient, if suitably cultivated, to fill any place he might aspire to. There is nothing small, pinched up, or deficient. The whole is a grand make-up, a grand success. The following brief biographical sketch will relate the more prominent facts of his life.

BIOGRAPHY.

Emile Jean Horace Vernet, or, as he was most generally and familiarly called, Horace Vernet, was born in Paris, June 30th, 1789. His talent for art was innate. Several of his ancestors had already rendered their names illustrious as painters, among whom were his great-grandfather, Antoine Vernet—his grandfather, Joseph Vernet—and his father, Carle Vernet. Horace Vernet displayed the family taste for art at a very early age, and studied under several masters, principal among whom, however, was his father. His first picture, "The Capture of a Redoubt," was produced in 1809, and exhibited the chief feature of his genius, originality, in a very striking degree—thus departing entirely from the teaching of the times, which was to imitate closely the "antique." The youthful artist painted exactly what he saw, without regard to the "schools." His forte was the representation of battles and other martial scenes. Having served in the ranks to some extent, his spirit was so pervaded with military ardor that he delighted to portray the great European battles with which his youth was familiar.

As a pictorial historian he was indefatigable, and placed on canvas all the great battles of his own epoch and many of the years preceding. (Most of these are on exhibition in the national galleries in Paris.) Before 1814 he had established his claim to popularity by the "Dog of the Regiment" and "The Trumpeter's Horse." The merit of the artist was acknowledged with fitting testimonials by the several French monarchs in whose reigns Vernet lived. By both Napoleon III. and his illustrious uncle he was held in high esteem. His death occurred in 1863, at the ripe age of seventy-four years. As a citizen his kindness and benevolence rendered him respected and loved by all France.

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DEBATING SOCIETIES.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION.

THESE nurseries of statesmen, of ministers, and teachers of the public have had for more than a third of a century our warmest sympathy. Young men and boys who are members of them, however, are liable to fail of reaping all possible benefit from their efforts, by the selection of improper subjects. Pupils in schools, in the selection of subjects for "composition," make a similar mistake. How can a girl or boy of twelve to sixteen years of age be justly expected to write easily or well on some massive and abstract subject, like "Virtue, Man's Highest Interest," or, "The Moral Sublime," "Principles, Not Men," "The Spirit of Milton," "Aspirations of Genius," "Undercurrents of Nature," "Duty and Dignity of Disinterestedness," "Man's Immortality?" Yet such subjects, if not encouraged, are tolerated by teachers, and what wonder that pupils dread "composition day," and have such just occasion to think composition a task.

Subjects for debate are selected with equally bad judgment, considering the reading, the habits of thought, the experience and knowledge of the debater. No wonder that only a few continue to take part in debates, and that so little of the general mind becomes trained to easy and sensible public speaking. Cicero, Demosthenes, Everett, Webster, and Sumner can not be successfully imitated by unread and untrained juveniles. Let students cease all attempts at "speaking," and try at first only to "talk," and to tell what they know—not in grandiloquent, spread-eagle style—not in ponderous and glowing paragraphs, but in plain, practical words, the meaning of which they understand perfectly. Boys and young men can talk easily enough upon subjects which they understand, and the topics for their school composition, as well as their subjects of debate in the lyceum, should be of a familiar character.

What man, though his general education be good, would feel free to talk on natural science with Prof. Agassiz as an auditor, on anatomy or physiology with Dr. Gray and Dr. Dalton as listeners? Men of excellent education can not talk well on subjects of which they have little knowledge, and who can expect boys to do better? Great subjects lie above their full comprehension, beyond the scope of their knowledge and experience; and if they attempt to treat them they will fail, unless they can do better than adults in similar circumstances.

We are often interrogated by letter as to what are appropriate subjects for a "young men's debating society." To a certain extent the answer would depend upon the location of the persons interested. In a manufacturing district—in a mining district—in a commercial district, and in agricultural districts the topics of inquiry and debate would be different. The interests of trade and commerce may, to some extent, be occupied in learning the relation of agriculture and manufactures to each other and to commerce; but after all, geography, navigation, international law, the products of various climates, exchanges, etc., must form the staple of consideration for the student who contemplates a commercial life. In New Bedford, Mass., where nearly all the smart boys for the last century have hoped to become masters of successful whale-ships, the mining of coal or the smelting of iron would be a dull study and a dry one for debate. The cotton planting, the rice and sugar cultivators of the South and West, the miners and iron makers of the Middle and Western States, the cotton spinners and Yankee notion manufacturers of the East, would care but little about harpoons, whale-boats, and all the tools and trials of the Arctic whaler's life. But each, in respect to his own pet pursuit, can think and talk, at least with interest, if not with intelligence, and that each may be as intelligent as possible in his own sphere, the topics which are to occupy the main part of his life, thought, and labor, should be the theme of his reading, conversation, and discussion.

We would have debates based primarily on that which most interests each debating society, always bearing in mind that debaters must know something of the subjects selected. When persons have become good talkers on topics familiar, and as their reading widens and their minds ripen by age and thought, the themes for debate of course will be more elevated, more abstract and profound.

Everybody is interested in truth, justice, health, temperance, good laws, and good morals, and any of these may form the kernel of subjects for discussion, as they relate to the daily duties and dangers of life; but what special difference will it make with a dozen sons of farmers in Wisconsin whether Hannibal or Cæsar were the greater general, or "the invention of the art of printing more beneficial to mankind than that of the magnetic needle."

We listened to a course of six sermons "On the Angels, their Nature, Habits, and Occupation," and for years we tried to get out of them a particle of profit, but could not do it. Ministers should preach of beings of whom something is known, and boys should debate questions in regard to which something practical is known or may be found out. If young men would take for debate, "Is the influence of tobacco on the health of man more damaging than the use of alcoholic drinks?" "Has man any more right to indulge the appetite in such a way as to impair the health, the usefulness, the temper, and the moral and intellectual perceptions, than he has to lie, cheat, or steal?" "Are the practices of over-study and neglect of exercise, sunshine, and sleep, whereby student-life often tends toward the total wreck of happiness and hope, less culpable, in those well instructed in the fact that a sound mind must have a sound body, than the dissolute and demoralizing practices of rowdyism in those but partially enlightened on the common duties of life?" This question we commend to theological students: "Are boxing, fencing, bowling, billiards, rowing, wrestling, and racing, as pastimes for students, in view of their great need of physical culture, of more benefit to them and the world through them, than is the evil incident to these practices by the uncultured and those who use them in the way of rough dissipation?"

We suggest these questions, not as being in proper form to be discussed, but to show what topics come home to the needs of young men, and with a view to induce the study and discussion of such subjects. We have been amused in listening, not once or twice, but many times, to the discussion of this subject, "Is Phrenology a true science." Debaters who understand many other subjects and discuss them well, make sorry work of this, and some skeptical doctor or minister has then a chance to ridicule the science when no one competent to explain and defend it is supposed to be present. Perhaps not one of the debaters had ever carefully read a work on the subject. Hardly a month passes that we do not have letters asking our aid for some luckless disputant who has proposed the subject for debate, and finds himself utterly unqualified to discuss it.

Rather than become involved in subjects of which debaters have little knowledge, and not the means at hand to acquire it, young men should take up the negro's question, viz., "Ef a hen hatch duck's eggs, am she de mother of de little ducks, or de duck dat laid de eggs?" After being discussed two evenings it was decided that the duck was the mother, and the hen the stepmother. Such a decision would throw light on another question sometimes debated by young gentlemen of 17, viz., "Are stepmothers in any cases to be tolerated?" The negro's question would furnish some fun at least, while neither amusement nor instruction can be educed from many questions which are gravely discussed.

To sum up, selections should be made of questions the discussion of which would be, 1st, useful; 2d, within the grasp of the best talent in the association; 3d, the facts should be within easy reach of all; 4th, practically applicable to the condition and just expectations of the debaters; 5th, healthful in moral tendency; 6th, there should be equality of the two sides of the proposition, and, as near as may be, equality of talent between the debaters.

EFFECTS OF CLEANLINESS.—With what care and attention do the feathered race wash themselves and put their plumage in order! And how perfectly neat, clean, and elegant do they appear! Among the beasts of the field, we find that those which are the most cleanly, are generally the most gay and cheerful, or distinguished by a certain air of tranquillity and contentment; and singing birds are always remarkable for the neatness of their plumage. So great is the effect of cleanliness on man, that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain.—*Count Rumford.*

IT is a maxim worthy of being written in letters of gold, that there is no method so certain of defeating the plans of wicked men against us as by acting uprightly.

AN American poet talks of the music of a low wind. The wind is often low, and very few of the poets can raise it.

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ANTHROPOLOGY,

PHYSIOLOGY, PSYCHOLOGY, PNEUMATOLOGY.

Few deny that the proper study of mankind is man, yet fewer obey the implied precept, to study and know themselves. The natural history of the lower animals is justly esteemed interesting, and is pursued with avidity. The study of man has hitherto been too much neglected. The very names indicating this branch of knowledge are yet strange to a majority of ears. Definitions of them are needed, even by readers well informed on all other subjects.

If you inquire into the nature of the human body, its various organs and parts, its conditions in health, its liabilities to disease, its decline with age, its inevitable decay and final dissolution; all this, and more, is *Physiology*—the science of the Body.

If you go a step higher and inquire into the perceptive and sensational nature of man, his likes and dislikes, his yearnings and loathings, his loves and hatreds, his lower appetites and passions, this is *Psychology*—the science of the Soul.

If you ascend still higher and investigate man's spiritual nature, that which constitutes him an intellectual being, with reason and conscience and aspirations to the immortal and the divine, this is *Pneumatology*—the science of the Spirit.

Physiology, Psychology, and Pneumatology are the three branches of inquiry which make up the science of *Anthropology*—the study of man in his entireness.

For two or three centuries past, man has been thought and spoken of as a two-fold being. Every thoughtful man has so regarded himself and his fellow-men. The literature and theology of the civilized world have so pronounced him—have made the words *soul* and *spirit* synonymous, as if they meant one and the same part of the human being, and have taught us to use either term—sometimes one and sometimes the other—to designate the immortal in man. This is a great change from more ancient usage. Why the change was introduced, and how it has maintained itself for centuries past, and may confuse mankind for centuries to come, would be easy to show, if space permitted. But it does not, and I must pass on, content with the bare statement of such a fact, and believing that any reader, who will inquire and reflect, may easily satisfy himself of its truth.

I believe the two-fold, or bipartite view of man, as if consisting of body and soul only, is fraught with mischief. It makes men skeptics. Its tendencies are infidel, and it pushes men—often thoughtful, serious, upright men—to the verge of infidelity, if not into its dark, cheerless abyss. This, more than any one thing else, has led men to ask, "Is man less mortal than the beast? do not both die alike? If one is immortal, why not the other?" I have had gloomy experiences in this line. Thousands have had, if they would be as ready to confess.

I have seen a very ignorant and very wicked man driving a fine, well-trained, noble horse. Was it the devil that put it into me to reason thus: "That horse knows more than his master; why will not God hold him equally accountable? he has more virtues than his master and less vices; why will not God reward the horse with immortality as well as the owner? But more of these evil tendencies of the comparatively modern bipartition of man in another place.

My object is to show that the three-fold, or tripartition, view of man into body, soul, and spirit was held by the ancients, was taught throughout the sacred Scriptures, and is the only true and safe view of this subject.

Poets and philosophers taught this; no student of Homer can doubt that he and his predecessors, who forged those scores of soul-stirring poems, out of which he wrought his magnificent epic, believed in and taught the tripartition of man. His dead heroes left a body behind, while a soul and a spirit went to the congregation of the great and the good who had preceded them to the other world. No student of Virgil's Æneid can fail to see that its talented and amiable author taught and believed the same.

The philosophers of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, some of them good as well as great men—almost Christians without having heard of Christianity—believed and taught the same doctrine. The "*Trimeres hypostasis, somatos, psyche kai pneumatos*"—"three-parted existence of body, soul, and spirit"—was on their tongues and in their writings.

If it be said that poets and philosophers were only learned pagans, that their authority, though weighing something, must not be considered decisive, I will adduce a sample or two from the fathers of the Christian Church. They were not pagans; they were learned, Christian men, and they wrote at no great distance from the times of Christ and his Apostles; but I will not insist that even their opinions are decisive. Irenæus says: "There are three things of which the entire perfect man consists—flesh, soul, and spirit." Origen says: "There is a three-fold partition of man—the body or flesh, the lowest part of our nature; * * * the spirit, by which we express the divine nature, in which the Creator, from the archetype of his own mind, engraved the eternal law of the *honest* by his own finger, and by which we are firmly conjoined to him and made one with him; and then the soul, intermediate between these two."

But we need not depend upon the testimony of men, however learned and pious. The testimony of God is greater. In the Bible we have His testimony as often as we translate it accurately and interpret any portion in harmony with every other portion, and in consonance with a humble and enlightened reason. Let us come to its teachings.

In the Hebrew are three words, each appropriated to the three several parts of man. I will exhibit them as best I can in English letters. They are *bawsor*, sometimes translated, in our version, *flesh*, at others *dust*; *nephesh*, generally rendered *soul*, rarely life; and *rooah*, generally translated *spirit*. Each of these, on the most careful examination, seems clearly to express qualities of a higher order than the one preceding it in the arrangement above given. The reader will not wonder that *bawsor* (flesh, dust, body) should be ascribed equally to brutes and men in the Old Testament. He may be surprised to learn that the same is true of *nephesh* (soul). From Genesis to Malachi, the *nephesh* (soul) is predicated of man, and is equally predicated of all the lower animals. If man is represented as becoming a *living soul*, so is the beast, the fish, the bird, the insect, down to the insignificant reptile and the microscopic animalcule.

But when we come to the word *rooah* (spirit), it manifestly indicates a higher order of affections, abilities, and responsibleness; and this word is applied to man only. The brute has the *bawsor* (body) and the nephesh (soul) in common with man. Man alone has the rooah (spirit), and this, indicating a higher nature, greater powers, and more weighty obligations, severs man from the lower animals, and associates him with the Deity. "The dust," we are assured, "shall return to the earth *as it was*, and the spirit shall return *unto God* who gave it."

Coming to the New Testament, we find three Greek words of similar import: *soma* (body), *psyche* (soul), and *pneuma* (spirit). The writers of the New Testament, being mostly of Hebrew origin, and familiar with the Hebrew Scriptures, would naturally—almost inevitably—use these Greek words precisely as they had been accustomed to use the corresponding words of their vernacular tongue. A careful inspection shows, beyond a doubt, that they did so use them. Here, then, we have, in the language recording the sayings and doings of Christ and his Apostles, three words, each denoting a distinct part of man. No two of them are synonymous, denoting the same part. Each has its own distinctive import. It is as certain that the words *psyche* (soul) and *pneuma* (spirit), as used in the New Testament, do not mean the same, but very different parts, of man, as it is that, when we speak of the shaft and base of a column, we do not mean the same, but different parts of the column; or that when we speak of the memory and of the judgment, we do not mean one and the same, but two different faculties of man; and yet the English words *soul* and *spirit*, strange to say, have, in the literature and theology of the age and in the minds of man, become synonymous, implying that the soul and the spirit of man are one and the same.

Many passages in the New Testament, giving a different view, might be cited. Time and space allow me to adduce but two. St. Paul, Heb. iv. 12, says: "The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit," etc. Here the structure of his language forbids the idea of separating what was before one thing into two, as when the carpenter cleaves a block of wood. It implies the separation of two things, which were closely conjoined, from each other, as when the dissector draws his knife between an artery and a muscle. Alone, it proves that St. Paul did not hold the modern views of soul and spirit. In his mind they were two parts of man, not one. But lest any doubt of his views on this point should remain, I will cite him in 2 Thes. v. 12: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and may your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless," etc. Here we have his view of the tripartite nature of man most distinctively. Were he with us and speaking our own tongue, and should he tell us that the whole man is constituted of spirit, soul, and body—these three, no less, no more—his language would not be more unequivocal.

I hope I have established, or at least have contributed something toward establishing, the tripartite constitution of man, especially with such as regard the Scriptures as the great and reliable source of knowledge both of God and man. If asked by any reader, what then? cui bono? I can not answer *now*, but may attempt a reply at another time.

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Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

MODERN STYLE.

BY FRANCES L. KEELER.

'Tis just the nicest thing you see,
Just what it's been held up to be—
The dearest word on English file,
A worshiped pet—this modern style.

'Tis "breaking fast" on dry, hot toast,
And "home-made" coffee—that's the most;
The morning paper to peruse,
To fill the void by "eating" news.

'Tis dining on a hard, burnt steak
That keeps its victim long awake;
An evanescent, frail dessert,
That does no good—*perhaps* no hurt.

Alluring feast! a silver fork,
A china plate as light as cork;
A silver goblet, golden lined;
But then 'tis *style*—so never mind.

'Tis supping on a china cup,
With "milk" and water half filled up;
A napkin and a napkin-ring,
Just what the stylish waiters bring.

And *this is style!* and every day
We eat our fill and go away;
We wonder if the time will be
When style and victuals can agree.

OUT OF PLACE—A COMPLAINT.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLIS.

THE world is very curiously ordered and organized in the middle of this nineteenth century. We do not by any means belong to the party of red-hot radicals who are in favor of turning everything upside down; but we do sometimes wonder whether, if the terrestrial ball we live on could be taken up and well shaken, people and things might not settle down into a much more advantageous position. Everybody is out of place, everything is packed in the wrong corner, and some of us spend a lifetime in fruitlessly endeavoring to set ourselves right end uppermost, in order to begin the world fairly. To be sure, we are better off than we were in the old ante-phrenological days. *Now*, if men choose to go frankly and ask the right road whereon they may travel, the friendly-finger-post of science stands ready to point it out; the doctor need not go stumbling down the lawyer's lane, nor is the embryo banker stultified into breaking stones on the highway. Geologists need not subside into grocers nor is there any unavoidable necessity for large-browed, imaginative artists devoting themselves to the dry details of the hardware business.

Yet with all these advantages and facilities people *will* blunder into the wrong places. Don't we see it every day and every hour of our lives? Is it not patent to the least observing eye? Look at yonder pale-faced slender mortal drudging his life away in the dreary monotony of measuring ribbons, changing ten-cent pieces, and cutting off lining silks. Is *he* in his proper place? Don't you feel the impulse strong within you to pick him up and drop him somewhere among the apple orchards of a Pennsylvania farm, where he can grow strong, breathing in the odors of fresh-turned earth, and recover some fraction of the manhood nature meant him to have?

That great, honest, lumbering fellow who sits staring in the college lecture-room without the shadow of an idea lurking behind his moons of eyes, *he* is out of place. You may keep him in college until he is gray, and he won't know any more than he does now; but all the arguments in the world would not convince his father that he is not destined to be a modern Copernicus, or induce him to alter the plan he has laid out for his son's education. Why isn't there some law to compel the old blockhead (it's a strong word, but we feel the necessity for strength of expression just now) to let the young Hercules follow the natural bent of his inclinations, and knock his ponderous head up against the world as a merchant, a farmer, a dray-driver—anything but a scholar?

In the quiet shadow of homes whose external appearance bears no type of incongruity, you find people out of place. Mrs. Massin, with her colossal height drawn up on the sofa, and cheeks like new mahogany, is being dutifully waited on by the slender little serving-maid who reminds you of a broken lily; and the apoplectic alderman is committing slow suicide with spiced meats and stimulants which would be like a new lease of life to the pale shoemaker who has the honor of making his Excellency's boots, and waiting an indefinite length of time for his pay therefor!

Women and wives of America, can not you bear testimony to the assertions we have made? Does not Mr. Busybody make himself signally out of place when he comes prying down into the kitchen to see what became of that cold ham-bone, and whether the box of candles is holding out as it ought to do? Is it just the place of a lord of creation among the frying pans and dish kettles? Would it not be more manly in him to stick to his sphere? Is Jenkins exactly in his place when he follows his wife round from store to store, checking off her small purchases in his note-book, and whistling under his breath when she ventures into any expenditure beyond the beaten track of what "*I* consider perfectly right and appropriate, my dear!" Does his system of domestic economy exactly square with the popular idea of manhood? Is Mr. Cantwell in his proper place teaching ragged school, and carrying a small cartload of tracts round among the purlieus of the Five Points, when his wife is splitting her own kindlings, and carrying her own coal, and sewing on shop-work (when the baby kindly condescends to go to sleep) to pay the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker? Is Cicero Proudfoot in his proper place making speeches at small political caucuses and drawing up resolutions at ward meetings, while his business, in the forcible phrase of mankind, is "going to the dogs?"

Once in a while, as well, you will find a woman out of place. Possibly she is delivering public tirades on women's rights, while her young family is endangering itself with grates and table-knives at home. Perhaps she is dragging forty yards or so of expensive silk over the mud or dust of Broadway, while her husband's shirts and stockings are unmade and unmended on the work-table at home. Perhaps she is cultivating her mind at lectures and lyceums at the expense of her kitchen economy; perhaps, again, she is queening it at Saratoga or Newport, in diamonds and grenadine, while her children are turned over to the tender mercies of a French *bonne* or an Irish nursemaid, and her husband, poor deserted soul, is literally homeless! And perhaps—it is just as well to look at both sides of the question—she is patiently toiling away the richest energies of a noble nature in behalf of some great, surly brute of a husband who treats her rather less kindly than if she were a dog, and considers the mere fact that she is married to him sufficient reward for all her meekness, humility, and self-sacrifice; a jewel thrown into the dusty road of life to sparkle all unseen. Such souls as these *will* be out of place in this life, but in the next world, who can tell how high up they shall shine?

Old bachelors and ancient maiden ladies are always out of place. Young folks don't want them prying and listening round with their sharp eyes and caustic tongues, and married people have a sort of suspicion that their babies are unappreciated, and their felicity misunderstood by these ciphers in existence. They are odd ones, solitary scissor-halves; and yet somewhere in existence there must have been a place provided for them. Well, let us wish them all success in finding it!

Alas! how many poor souls there are in just the same predicament, when one comes to soberly survey the chaos called society. Rabid housekeepers in a family where a dozen small children make it their business to undo whatever gets done; pensive, poetic dreamers in severely practical communities where dollars and cents, trade and profits, form the only topic of conversation; eager reformers where people obstinately refuse to be reformed; talkers where there are no listeners; pretty girls where there are no beaux; and editors where nobody thinks of paying the printer's bill! We seriously recommend all philanthropists to turn their immediate attention to the amelioration of these crying evils. Collisions on railroads are unfortunately becoming too common; we only wonder that there are not more collisions in every-day life, when nobody is in his right position. Some people are running on their neighbors' tracks; others on no tracks at all, and there is no red flag of danger to avert the impending crash. What would become of us poor blind mortals without Phrenology, if there were not a merciful Heaven bending over us all?

Patience, suffering humanity, one and all. Some of you will probably succeed in settling into your proper niches if you keep trying long enough. Others will only find theirs in the other land, when the strife and struggles are all over. Perhaps, in the millennium, we shall all find our levels, and until then it only remains to us to toil on and hope on and pray on. We shall come to the right places at last.

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"I WILL DO IT."

FOR BOYS.

JOHN CORSON was a tall, stout boy for his years. He was as full of life and spirit as ever a boy could be, running over with frolic and good feeling and restless energy. Any out-of-doors business was his delight: he could skate, fish, row, hoe garden, and drive horses as well for his age as the best. He was manly and truthful, too—a noble fellow in his boy style, that his mother loved, and his father was very proud of. Everybody liked him; I don't know indeed why it should not be so, for he was my ideal of a boy. Only he was not quite perfect, just as nobody in this world is. He had a quick, passionate temper; but that is no fault if it is not allowed to get the mastery of a man. John's temper did sometimes rule him; he had not learned to say "Down!" to the tyrant.

John liked to read. "Robinson Crusoe," all sorts of war histories, tales of adventure and heroism, and wild and exciting stories were devoured as greedily as a lunch at recess. Oh, how his boy imagination reveled in all dangerous exploits and longed for the dash and the daring of a soldier or a savage!

He went to school, as every boy does; but that was the place he never appeared to the best advantage. He was a favorite in the school-yard, and was admired for many fine qualities by his teachers; but he did not like to apply himself to a book; his out-door nature rebelled against the confinement of the school-room and the discipline of close, earnest thinking. He was not much of a scholar; I should say, perhaps, such was his reputation, since many boys younger and weaker and less talented than he stood head and shoulders above him in every class study. But really John had all the capacities of a true student, and if he were only diligent, he could have been as far ahead of the majority of the school in mathematics and classics as he was in archery and horsemanship.

Well was it for the boy that his preceptor was a judicious man; he opened no contest with his pupil, but he took with a true eye the measure of his capacity, and resolved to inspire him with an ambition he had never felt. For a day or two he waited, watching closely the boy's habits and moods, not as one determined himself to subdue, but whose purpose it is to lead the offender through his own sense of honor and right to self-mastery.

There he sat holding his grammar, and feeling as a bird fresh from the wood does the first day in a cage, and putting himself into ill-humor because he could not go off on some rollicking expedition with horse or dog. He was dreaming of Crusoe life, and wishing there were no such things as schoolmasters and Latin verbs.

The bell struck, and John's class was called for recitation. John's lesson was the least understood and the worst recited of the whole. Such a failure was common to John's case. He had been reproved, assisted, and encouraged, but his impatience of discipline left him always far below the standard of his fellows.

The master looked stern; the boy, bright, noble, and beautiful, stood before him, with his one great failing uppermost over all his young manliness. Mr. L. felt that the hour was a crisis in that young life. He could no longer allow in him the self-indulgence which should leave him weak and superficial in mental requirement; he must teach him to control his restless spirit, and to train his mind to think closely, and reason exactly, and act within itself in a way to become efficient in all worthy uses.

"John Corson," said Mr. L., "do you want to be a man?"

John smiled, and answered promptly, "Yes, sir."

"A whole, true, finished man, John, that can always do whatever he finds to do, being a power in himself—that can fight the bad with the good, and be always a victor?"

"Why, yes, sir," said John.

"I thought so; will you please tell me now what makes just such a man?"

John had a pretty good idea of a man; he looked as though he had some very strong independent thoughts about it, but he did not know just how to express his thoughts.

"Speak it right out, John," said the master; 'tell us what you think."

"Why, sir," said John, "a *man* is noble; he don't do anything mean; and he *is somebody*."

"Not a bad definition, my lad; a *man*, you suppose, does his duty, comes right up to the mark, whether it is pleasant to him or not, and makes as much of himself as he can?"

"Yes, sir."

"John, who do you suppose does the most for one toward making a man of him—a man, as you say, that *is somebody*."

"I don't know, sir, unless it is his father."

"A good father helps a great deal—a good teacher also; good companions and good books very much: but the work is done chiefly by the man himself. It is self-work, such as none other can do for him—more than everything else together. God gives one a being full of capacities to be developed and strengthened and enlarged; all good and right, you know; but they must be very carefully guarded and educated so as to do the best work and the most of it, and in the best manner. Some have more in themselves upon which to build a fine manhood than others; but it is for every one to say for himself how much of a man he shall be—whether little or noble—nobody or somebody. Did you ever think of this, John?"

"Not very much, I guess."

"So I suppose. You see how it is—one must work upon himself constantly if he would grow into somebody worth being His too strong points, like a hasty, disagreeable temper, he must subdue and keep down, because it is not noble to be overcome of a harsh and hateful passion; the weak places he must teach and train and strenghen as much as he can, or there will be great defects to shame and hinder him. The slack places he must take special care of. If there is anything in his duties of learning or training he does not like to do, he must gird his will and his resolution right up to see that he does not lose his chance of being a man just then.

"You have some nice accomplishments, John, and I am glad for it; they will help you to be a man; and you can be as brave and noble in many things as any boy I know, and that makes me proud and happy. But, oh, the slack spot, John! do you know where it is?"

"It is about the lessons, I suppose," said John.

"Yes. Here you are, a bright, strong, God-made boy, ready to work right up to a true, finished manhood if you will; but you come here day after day and sit restlessly and idly, with your hands full of true and important and beautiful work, which you leave half done because you are too slack to do it; you don't want to grow strong and large in intellect; to learn the best ideas of the noblest minds; to reason and compare and calculate, because it costs an effort you are not fond of now. And I never feel that my pupil, with all his talent for being somebody, is sure to become a noble man, full grown in mind and soul, because he does not take his work with a right manly courage and say, *I will do it!*

"You see, the battle is all to yourself, John, and nobody can fight it out but you—the battle between duty and discipline on one side and ill-tempered slackness on the other. How shall it be?—will you conquer the lessons, and so grow efficient in mind and manly in will? or shall the lessons conquer you while your intellect lies weak and untrained, and your manhood becomes only a dwarf to the strong, brave character it can as well grow to as not? In this great life-battle will you be a common soldier, or an officer fit to command yourself and to lead other men?"

John could not bear to think of being less than a man; he saw and was ashamed of his weakness. But he did not say much that day, and Mr. L. left him to his own meditations.

The next day John came to school and sat down to his duties.

"Well, my lad,' said the master, very kindly, "have you decided who shall conquer?"

"*I will do it!*" answered John, promptly and nobly; "please, sir, see if I don't!"

"That is the point to be gained, John; hold to it, and I expect you to be a man."

Oh, it was hard work, sometimes—up-hill work for a while, but John Corson persevered and conquered. All the boy's better nature was enlisted; the new motive, the manly aim, accomplished the master's ideas. Mr. L. became proud of his pupil.

I wish you could see John now that ten years are added to his age—ten years of close study and earnest thinking and doing. He has been looking carefully to the weak places and the slack places, for which he has reaped an honorable and beautiful reward. He *is somebody*, and whoever looks upon his intelligent face and manly figure acknowledges it. We shall hear of him again some day, for such energy and talent as his resolution has developed, can not live in a corner.

John Corson will never forget that schoolmaster; he loves him with a noble friendship, and thanks God that there was one to inspire him at the right moment with a right ambition. I think, also, that Mr. L. was never more grateful that God had given him some true work to do than when a few years ago he called on his old teacher to express his gratitude for the few kind words that startled him out of his indolence and set before him a true and honorable endeavor.

"Conquer or be conquered, as you spoke the word that afternoon," said he, "has stood by me ever since."

"Rather say," replied Mr. L., "that the '*I will do it!*' you uttered the next morning has carried you through."

"But," says some great boy, who reads my story and thinks he should like to be *somebody* if he only had the genius for it, "John Corson was cut out for a smart man." Yes—and so, very likely, were you, if you were as much determined to fill out the pattern. He had a good fair measure of brains, and strength enough in his broad chest and stout limbs to sustain ambition and will and effort. Have not you? Take up the *I will do it*, fill out the pattern of your best, noblest being, and see if that is far different from or much less than genius!

E. L. E.

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ANALYSIS OF CHARACTER.

In the Platonian philosophy we find the earliest approach to analytical reasoning; but its primal elements were so inwrought with speculative fancies and metaphysical subtleties, that it failed to reach a standard of demonstrable clearness. Poets, luminous-tongued and golden-mouthed, from Homeric age to the prolific present, run mad with rhythmic verse and classic measure, have made sharp their pens for keen analysis. Pre-eminent in this marked peculiarity of genius, universal concession awards the palm to Shakspearian verse. His exquisite delineation of the passion love and its attributes; his masterly portrayal of avarice, pride, ambition, inconstancy, jealousy, injustice, and their opposites, are unsurpassed. His analysis of conscience, exemplified in its rebuking power, when opposed to vehement passion, is terse and forcible.

The works of the historian and biographer are not wanting in the analytical element, though not unfrequently lacking in fullness and accuracy of detail. Novelists have here a wide range, where their descriptive powers find free scope. The author of "The Bride of Lammermoor" evinces inimitable talent in his analysis of the striking peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of wholly different characters. It is an interesting fact, that in all the varied phases of human character the world has ever produced, not one has its duplicate.

There are certain qualities possessed by all in a greater or less degree, yet a marked dissimilarity in the peculiar properties, bringing them into active force, is apparent. We have glanced at analysis—the abstract; we come now to the realistic theory, reduced to practice Teachers have great need of a thorough knowledge in this science.

Through their knowledge of this, and wise application thereof, they may approximate their success. What is frequently termed tact, in understanding and guiding human nature, and to which the success of teachers and parents is attributed, is not always an inherent quality, but oftener a clear knowledge and use of analysis of character, through which each child or pupil's capabilities are graduated by their proper standard. You thus advance beyond the narrowed limits of the one-discipline system on to a broad foundation that shall comprehend all human nature, and with a wise and generous tolerance acknowledge and make it available.

The erudite disciple of Gall and Spurzheim takes your mental guage at a glance; needs only to make a few mysterious passes, prestissimo, over the subject's head to delineate the character thereof with fullest detail.

The modern physiognomist, carrying the science still farther, simply requires the lady to unvail her face, and making its fair lineaments a study, resolves with perfect ease and accuracy what were hitherto problems to her nearest friends and a puzzling enigma to herself. At a glance he will lucidly explain, if her organization will harmonize with the susceptible young Edwin's, of the firm of Sly & Dry, across the way, whether she is born to the school of prose or poetry, will or will not properly discipline the young olive-branches in prospective; graduates her hope, desire, memory, comparison, spirituality, and thus *ad finem*.

And yet in all seriousness, setting aside the spurious claims of those who, gathering a superficial knowledge of the human organization, seek to make capital of their limited and imperfect ideas on the subject in public demonstration, in which character reading is dragged in as an afterpart to some scenic show, legerdemain performance, or wonderful display of ventriloquism, and for a finale to the astonishing developments of their high art jugglery, any one person in the audience willing to submit their cranium to the hand of the presdigitateur can receive a delineation of their character gratuitously (!)—ignoring those surface-swimmers, in the highest and noblest study to which man can bring his supreme will and power, *i. e.*, himself, by those who have thoroughly studied and comprehended the science, it has proved the truest and most comprehensive text for practical analysis of character the world of science has ever discovered. When this has become more widely understood; when the touch-stone to moral, mental, and physical worth is applied without question or comment, the aspirant to our friendship will have no need to come prefaced with letters laudatory, with certificates of character well attested.

We look for that in the texture and quality of the brain; the structure and balance of the head; the lineaments of the face; and we are rarely deceived. The treacherous smile; the cunning words of false pretense; the mouth of guile; the persuasive voice and glance subtly hiding deceit, are all to your practiced eye unmasked; their deformity betrayed in prominent organs, the subtle arts of dissimulation fail to conceal.

How many fatal mistakes of a lifetime, cruel deceptions, and tangled chains of error might be escaped did men rightly understand the art of practical analysis!

The study of human nature affords an infinity of discovery. Michelet, the French author, says, in discussing love and woman: "She whom you loved in the morning is not the same woman at night. An Alsatian nun, it is said, forgot herself for three hundred years in listening to the notes of the nightingale. But whoever could listen to, and look at, a woman in all her metamorphoses, would be always astonished, might be pleased or offended, but never tired. One alone would occupy him two thousand years."

This author, who has in his zeal a trick of exaggerating, a habit of presenting theories through a too glowing and highly colored medium, does not err in this assumption, allowing the theory to include both sexes. The power of self-renewal, perpetually at work in the human organism, gives to analysis an ever-increasing interest. The character you delineate to-day, in less than a year's time may be hardly recognizable—its crudities refined and harmonized; latent powers developed; organs hitherto in the ascendant lessened in prominence, made subservient to organs whose growth and progress are something wonderful.

Not unlike a vast garden, whose boundary is the ocean. After exploring labyrinthine paths and lovely glades, that repeat themselves over and over again like a sweet rhythm, you come at last to the rose-tangled hedge, betraying you into the belief that you have reached the limits; when, lo! on the other side, coral gardens, stretching away in a limitless expanse, glow and redden under the sparkling wave and silver foam of the boundless sea. FANNY UPHAM ROBERTS.

SOMETHING SUGGESTIVE.

The proper education of children is a subject that has engaged the attention of clergymen, political economists, and philosophers, and many theories have been broached about the age when this forming process should begin. Some have described the mind of a child to be utterly blank and waste, like a sheet of paper, on which the writer may trace any lines or figures that he pleases. That such views are erroneous is too evident to require proof. We believe that every child is born with the germ of all the faculties it ever exhibits. Education may, and undoubtedly does, do much to assist their development, and that is the utmost of its power. Now the great question is, whence is the germ derived? We answer, unhesitatingly, in the mental conditions of the parents, especially of the mother. Hence it is impossible that women can be too careful of themselves during their periods of gestation, and this care should extend not only to their physical comforts and arrangements, but also to the proper government of temper, the restraint of propensities, and the exercise of all social and moral virtues. That many children are born with physical deformities is a well-known fact. That such deformities have been occasioned by frights or injuries sustained by the mother can scarcely be doubted. Now if the embryo or fetus can be thus affected in its body or limbs, why not in the rudiments of its mental parts? If it can be thus affected in extraordinary cases so as to produce an unnatural disfigurement, is it not reasonable to suppose that under ordinary circumstances its physical or mental characteristics are thus determined? Hitherto, marked peculiarities in children which have been produced by causes operating anterior to their birth have been rather the result of accident than design, and how far the mother, if she chose, might before its birth influence the future character and destiny of her child, is still open to experiment. From this cause, if no other, those who are usually, though improperly, termed half-witted, should not marry, their offspring being little, if any, superior to themselves in mental stamina. When the parents are both imbeciles, it is scarcely possible that their children should possess an ordinary degree of intelligence. This is sufficiently borne out by facts which have fallen under the immediate cognizance of the writer. Of an entire family of twelve persons, the father, mother, and ten children were all imbeciles. This was the more remarkable from the fact that the father was connected by birth with some of the most distinguished families in the State of New York, and his brother held an important political position. The father and mother were entire strangers previous to the acquaintance which resulted in a marriage. T. D.

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Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—Cabanis.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—Hosea iv. 6.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

It is amusing, but at the same time painful, to read the flaming advertisements of the money-making quack doctors who promise to cure many diseases—indeed, to "regenerate the race," with a single nostrum. These pretended benefactors bait their hooks with real common sense, and thus catch many victims. It is a rule of this office, not to publish, even in our advertising department, the deceptive announcements of these great rogues; but we overstep our rules in the present case, and publish, without pay, the following, taken from one of the leading New York daily newspapers. We omit names, and add remarks in brackets.

Physical Degeneracy of the American People.—In the young and rising generation, the vegetative powers of life are strong; but, in a few years, how often the pallid hue, the lack-luster eye, and emaciated form, and the impossibility of application to mental effort, show its baneful influence! It soon becomes evident to the observer that some depressing influence is checking the development of the body. [It will be seen, farther on, that the quack proposes to correct all this by the use of a few bottles of his worthless slops. Notice how complimentary to our grandmothers, and how indignant he waxes at the foolish folly of our young women. Read.]

The force of circumstances doubtless compelled our mothers and grandmothers to lead that sort of life which is most productive to health and happiness. This spirit of our mothers was due to the health, hopeful temper, industrious habits, and freedom from the tyranny of fashion and the innumerable follies of genteel nonsense. Who and what are we now? We can all see by merely looking around us. Our grave-yards are full, and the tombs of young wives whose ages vary from eighteen to thirty-eight are not alone, but those of little children from one to four, whose untimely death filled up the measure of maternal sorrow during the brief period allotted to herself. The mother's feebleness sent those little ones to the grave to be shortly followed by herself at a period when her life should be full of health, vigor, hope, and happiness, and when *each* pledge of love should be a source of additional joy. It was not so with our mothers heretofore. We are undoubtedly growing weaker and weaker. It is time that we had taken the alarm [and a few bottles of the quack's specific]. The reflection that the native blood of this country is flowing more and more feebly, and seems destined to flow out forever, should startle and arouse us to action at once. Is there any hope of reaction from *weakness* to *strength* and vigor, from idleness to industry, from fashionable nonsense to practical wisdom? [A few bottles of the Invigorator will "tone up"—the pockets of the quack—and leave the partial imbecile just a few steps nearer to idiocy or the grave than before.] We freely believe that there are means ample for our restoration; but whether our women can ever be induced to adopt the necessary treatment and maintain the restorative habits, we can not say. Although our condition be ever so bad, yet it seems as if we are bound to get worse before we are induced to adopt the remedy. In the country, and in the towns, and more especially in the large cities, the daughters of nearly all parents who are comfortably situated in life, insist on coming up to womanhood with only the knowledge of nonsensical fashion and foolish etiquette. In fact, this is the disposition of the majority of our daughters, and it is alarming to even think of. [So much the better for the wicked quacks who get rich on diseases and on the follies of the deceived.] The laws of nature are outraged by our excessively elevated and exquisitely refined state of society, to which the people are silly enough to submit with extreme devotion. This is the way in which we are growing weaker, in which our young women are unfitted for the duties of wives and mothers, our young households filled with sighing, sadness, sickness, and sorrow, and our grave-yards with young mothers and infants. [Here is more bait. You idle ones, read this, and shake with fear.] There is no better defined law in the world than that every one, male and female, should vigorously exercise themselves regularly in the free open air, and to this end must take strong and heroic hold of the rugged duties of life. [Does the quack practice what he preaches?] The truth is, that we were made to do what we must perform, and we refuse at our peril. There is nothing clearer than this, that every one, male and female, was made to do his and her share of the labor of this world. Health, strength, and long life are dependent upon obedience to this law. One quarter of the people are professional men and merchants, and they have organized such a social rank and caste as makes idleness, devotion to the fashions, and extreme gentility indispensable to respectability and good standing in society. Hence the fatal and dangerous influence of dissipation pervades all ranks except those who have not yet worked up to the requisite delicacy and ravishing charms of our first society. It has been proved, for instance, that the population of Paris have not vigor enough to perpetuate themselves in equal numbers, and that were it not for immigration from the surrounding country, a few generations would leave that city without inhabitants. [What will Frenchmen say to this? Secure a few bottles of the ———, and save yourselves from annihilation.] So of all other cities. We have no doubt that could New York be walled in to the exclusion of all people, and should the present population be subjected to the same deteriorating and baneful influences as now prevail, in two hundred years there would not be a single human being left within her gates. Then is it not time that we took warning, ere it be too late? [Ay. How many bottles will it require to prevent all this? Hoorah for the Invigorator. Blow the horn for the Invigorator.]

Hundreds suffer in silence, and hundreds of others vainly apply to druggists and doctors, who merely tantalize them with the hope of a cure, or apply remedies which actually make them worse. [There is more truth than poetry in this. How many bottles do you say?] Females, owing to the peculiar and important relation which they sustain, and the offices they perform, are subject to many sufferings and ailments. [Just so.] Freedom from these contribute to their happiness and welfare, for none can be happy who are ill. [What a pity!] Not only so, but none of these various female complaints can be suffered to run on without involving the general health, and ere long producing permanent sickness and premature decline. [Exactly; but how many bottles for this?] Nor is it pleasant to consult a physician for the relief of these delicate affections; and only upon the most urgent necessity will a true woman so far sacrifice her greatest charm as to do so. [But may she not consult a quack? or, how would it do to employ a female physician? Ah! second thought makes it clear: a few bottles of the ——— will do the work.] The reader must be aware that however slight may be the attack of these diseases, they are *sure* to affect the bodily health and mental powers. [Now we come to the nub. How pathetic his regrets! He is going to extract "something green" from the pockets of his verdant victims, while he is *talking* about "exterminating" disorders from the body. Look out!] While we regret the existence of those disorders, we are prepared to offer an invaluable remedy, and one that will radically exterminate them from the system. *It is unequaled by any other preparation in the world*, and unlike all other remedial agents and proprietary compounds, we make no secret of its ingredients. To Be used for Weakness arising from Excesses or Indiscretion, existing in Persons of both Sexes, and at every period of life, attended with the following symptoms: Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Power, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, General Weakness, Horror of Disease, Weak Nerves, Trembling, Horror of Death, Night Sweats, Cold Feet, Wakefulness, Dimness of Vision, Languor, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, often Enormous Appetite with Dyspeptic Symptoms, Hot Hands, Flushing of the Body, Dryness of the Skin, Pallid Countenance and Eruptions on the Face, Pain in the Back, Heaviness of the Eyelids, frequently Black Spots flying before the Eyes, with Temporary Suffusion and Loss of Sight, Want of Attention, Great Mobility, Restlessness, with Horror of Society. Nothing is more desirable to such patients than solitude, and nothing they more dread for fear of themselves, no repose of manner, no earnestness, no speculation, but a hurried transition from one question to another. [Hand me a bottle! Oh, the bottle! the bottle!] These symptoms, if allowed to go on—which this medicine invariably removes—soon follow loss of power, fatuity, and epileptic fits, in one of which the patient may expire. [Jemima Wilkinson! Bring me another bottle! Another, and another! I see—I see! What's that? I'm dizzy—or crazy? Where am I? Hold still! the poor thing is intoxicated! What is in these bottles? Bitters, to invigorate. But read on.]

During the superintendence of Dr. ——— at Bloomingdale Asylum, this sad result occurred in two patients; reason had for a time left them, and both died of epilepsy.

Who can say that these excesses are not frequently followed by those direful diseases, Insanity and Consumption? The records of the insane asylumns, and the melancholy deaths by consumption, bear ample witness to the truth of these assertions. In lunatic asylums the most melancholy exhibition appears. The countenance is actually sodden and quite destitute—neither mirth nor grief ever visits it. Should a sound of the voice occur, it is rarely articulate.

"With woeful measures, wan despair,
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled."

While we regret the existence of the above diseases and symptoms, we are prepared to offer an invaluable gift of chemistry for the removal of the consequences—[Here follow the name, number, price, etc., of the preparation, which can not by any possibility do the slightest good in any supposed case. Young men and old men, young women, old women, and children pay their money in the vain hope of relief, but find, when too late, that they have lost so much cash, swallowed so much slops, and are invariably worse than before.] Its medical term is ———, and it is composed of [whisky, molasses, roots, yarbs, and so forth—perfectly innocent.] It is prescribed by the most eminent [quack] physicians in the United States [who make money on its sales] and prepared in vacuo [by a Teutonic chap who takes the lead in advertising in many newspapers—some of which profess to be religious—being enabled to pay liberally, on account of the enormous profits he makes on his false promises. But why should we single out the advertisement of this particular quack? Is he worse than all the rest? No—no worse than the "Howard Association of Philadelphia," and the entire brood of bad men who poison and rob the unfortunate. We may expose them to little purpose, but we can warn *our* readers to beware of the quacks].

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PORTRAIT OF CYRUS W. FIELD.

PORTRAIT OF FREDERIC N. GISBORNE.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

EUROPE AND AMERICA CONNECTED.

THE Atlantic telegraph is an accomplished fact. The daily papers are publishing dispatches from London. Paris. Berlin, and Vienna promptly transmitted through the wires. It is a grand triumph of man over nature—one of the victories of peace—a long step onward in the march of civilization. This is but "the beginning of the end." From the shores of northwestern America the wires are being carried into Siberia and Russia, and the earth will soon be girdled with the metallic thought-bearing lines, and the ends of the earth be brought together, in fulfillment of prophecy. As one of our morning papers truly says: "The success of this grand undertaking will constitute an epoch in the world's history, of which the record of the enterprise will form one of the most dramatic pages. Future generations will read with intense interest of the steps by which success was ultimately gained."

The first practical idea of the Atlantic cable was obtained from Frederic Newton Gisborne, the projector of the electric telegraph from St. Johns to Cape Ray, Newfoundland,* to whom due credit should always be accorded.

The movement for the actual realization of the idea of submarine telegraphic communication between Europe and America was inaugurated in 1854 by the organization of the Atlantic Cable Company, the leading spirit of which was one of our citizens, Mr. Cyrus W. Field. In August, 1858, the first cable was successfully laid, but the current through it was feeble from the first and ceased entirely soon after the continents were joined. The failure of the attempt to lay another and a better cable last summer is still fresh in the memory of our readers. But the promoters of the enterprise were not to be discouraged. They had faith, energy, and perseverance, and they resolved to try again. We have had the pleasure of recording the result.

The paying out of the present cable from the Great Eastern was commenced on Friday, July 13, 1866, and on the 28th of the same month Mr. Field forwarded the following dispatch from Heart's Content, Newfoundland:

"We arrived here at nine o'clock this morning. All well. Thank God! the cable has been laid, and is in perfect working order."

Nothing can add to the force of this simple announcement, "Thank God! the cable has been laid."

CYRUS W. FIELD.

Cyrus W. Field, to whose indomitable energy and perseverance we owe the linking together of two continents by the electric wires, was born in Stockbridge, Mass., November 30, 1819. At an early age he came to New York, and commenced his business-life as a clerk in a counting house down town. So ambitious a youth could not long remain in such a position, and in a few years he became the head of a large and prosperous house of business—buying and selling printing paper. As a mercantile man he was eminently successful, so much so that in 1853 he was enabled to retire from active business pursuits.

After spending six months in South America, he turned his attention to the subject of oceanic telegraphs. This became his hobby, and the plan of laying a cable across the broad Atlantic his pet idea. In 1854, he succeeded in procuring a charter from the legislature of Newfoundland, granting him an exclusive right for fifty years to establish a telegraph from the continent of America to that colony, and thence to Europe. From that time to the present, in all its discouragements and temporary failures and, in its final triumphant success, the history of the Atlantic telegraph and the history of Cyrus W. Field are one.

* For the character and biography of Mr. Gisborne, see PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for September, 1865.

COST OF TELEGRAPHING TO EUROPE.—It costs at present to send a telegram from any telegraph station in America to any telegraph station in Great Britain, for twenty words or less, including address of sender and receiver, £20 in gold—*i. e.*, $100 gold. For every additional word, not exceeding five letters, twenty shillings sterling per word. To the continent of Europe the charge is £21 in gold for twenty words, and for every additional word twenty-one shillings.

WATER-PROOF DRESSING FOR SHOES.—1. Take oil, 5 ounces; wax, ½ ounce; Burgundy pitch, ¼ ounce; oil of turpentine, ½ ounce; melt together, and apply until the leather is saturated. 2. Suet, resin, and beeswax melted and applied. 3. A solution of India-rubber, 2 drachms, and oil of turpentine, 15 ounces; mixed, when dissolved by heat, with one pint of boiled oil. 4. India-rubber, one part; copal varnish, six parts; turpentine, sixteen parts. Dissolve with a gentle heat; then add beeswax, one part, previously dissolved in boiled oil, twelve parts; lastly add litharge, three parts. Boil a few minutes, and cool.

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IMPRESSIONS.

[A LADY correspondent, interested in "The Signs of Character," writes the Editor of the means by which she judges others.]

My judgments of people are formed by impressions received from the influence which they exert over me, whether by bodily presence or in other ways; and the strongest proof to me of the intimate relation and adaptation of each body to each soul is, that from these impressions I have often had pictured perfectly in my mind the faces of those whom I never saw, and of whom I never heard any description. So I believe that not only is the face the index of the soul, but that the soul also bears with it a picture of the face. I will try to explain what I mean. When I have been at a party, in church, or on the street, I have sometimes felt suddenly a marked change in the atmosphere around me—a strong influence either pleasant or disagreeable, and with this instantaneously a picture has presented itself to my mind, and upon looking around I have more than once gazed upon its original—a strong good face, or a strong bad one.

A face that makes no marked impression belongs to a mind that makes as little.

This influence, I believe, need not necessarily be direct to make an impression, but may come to us through many links of association.

Many incidents in my own experience make this theory seem true to me, whatever it may be to others.

I pray that the time may soon come when "magnetism," "clairvoyance," "spirit painting," etc., may be considered in their true light, as only powers of the human mind, given for good by a loving Creator, "who made man but a little lower than the angels."

VITUPERATION.—It is amazing that men of professed general character—exemplars for popular adoption—should ever indulge in low, dastardly flings at the private character of a political opponent, as means to prevent his success. The idea of sacrificing sentiments of philanthropy, truth and justice for any consideration, let alone that of trivial triumph, is both mean and contemptible. One commends the spirit of thorough investigation into the character and proclivities of candidates for office. Would it were ever severest scrutiny—their motives, capability, obligations, and what all else may affect the popular interest in case they be chosen; but at the same time every one should brand as low, contemptible, and dishonorable that conduct toward a candidate which exaggerates and manufactures faults, and lessens and denies merit. Such a course, so very common, should meet with the immediate and uncompromising hostility of every patriotic citizen of the country. W. H. G.

AN Irishwoman appeared in a court at Louisville, Ky., recently, to be appointed guardian for her child. when the following colloquy ensued: "What estates has your child?" "Plaze your honor I don't understand you." Judge: "I say, what has she got?" "Chills and fever, plaze your honor."

PORTRAIT OF EMMA, QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

EMMA, QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

OUR portrait represents her majesty the Queen of Hawaii, now on a visit to the United States. She arrived in New York quite recently from England, where, since August of last year, she had been visiting Lady Franklin. Her mission to England was for the purpose of interesting the friends of English Church Missions in the welfare of the Christians among her own people. She is of mixed blood, partly Hawaiian and partly English; her father was one of the native chieftains, and her mother was a granddaughter of John Young, a companion of Vancouver. She was born on the 2d of January, 1836, and was married to the late king, Kamehameha IV., in 1856, but their only child died in 1862, so that upon the death of her husband in 1864, his brother succeeded to the throne with the title of Kamehameha V.

The present form of government recognized in Hawaii is constitutional having been established in 1848. The legislature—which is composed of two branches, the Chamber of Nobles and the Chamber of Representatives, is convoked every two years. The ministers of government are nearly all foreigners; two of them—C. C. Harris, minister of justice, and E. H. Allen, keeper of the seals—are Americans. The established religion is the Episcopal, of which the principal bishop is an Englishman.

In personal appearance Queen Emma is quite attractive and lady-like. She is of the medium height, well and compactly built, and wears constantly a pleasant expression. With an olive complexion, jet black hair, lustrous dark eyes, and an easy though majestic demeanor, she would be taken even by veteran travelers for a creole lady of the Gulf coast or of the Antilles. She dresses in plain black, and shows no jewelry; in fact, she can be compared to no royal personage in her style and general appearance unless to Queen Victoria. She speaks English perfectly, and is quite entertaining in conversation and accomplished in manners.

There is not the slightest tincture of barbarism distinguishable in her pleasing and well-formed head and face. Hers is a warm and earnest nature, a strongly sympathetic and mobile temperament. The full eye, the comely nose, the shapely chin, the well-cut mouth, and the high forehead exhibit a degree of refinement and intellectual culture which would be creditable to the highest civilization.

SHARPENING EDGE-TOOLS.—We translate the following from a German scientific journal, for the benefit of our mechanics and agricultural laborers: "It has long been known that the simplest method of sharpening a razor is to put it for half an hour in water to which has been added one-twentieth of its weight of muriatic or sulphuric acid, then lightly wipe it off, and, after a few hours, set it on a hone. The acid here supplies the place of a whetstone, by corroding the whole surface uniformly, so that nothing further than a good polish is necessary. The process never injures good blades, while badly hardened ones are frequently improved by it, although the cause of such improvement remains unexplained. The mode of sharpening here described would be found especially advantageous for sickles and scythes.

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BEAMING EYES.

BY GEORGE W. ELLIOTT.

I GAZE upon those beaming eyes
That dimmed the empyrean's blue,
Then seem to mount the vaulted skies,
And find a spirit-form in view:
Her robes eclipse the roseate light
That Phœbus folds about his car;
Her radiant glances awe to flight
The gleam that pranks the evening star;
And so sublime the vision seems,
I'm lost awhile in heavenly dreams!

Dear memory softly near me steals
And lifts the vail of golden haze,
While fancy's mimic force reveals
The treasured scenes of other days;
Those beaming eyes evolve a light
That chastely decks a charming form,
Her tresses darkling plumes of night,
Her cheeks with envious roses warm,
Her voice the blissful soul of song—
Herself a queen to sway the throng!

Once more I trace those beaming eyes
To where a happy spirit-band
With glorious rapture thrills the skies
With notes of song supremely grand;
Soft, soothing strains of plaintive lays
That rise and fall, or, fainting, swell
To anthems loud of joyous praise,
Till vast creation owns the spell—
That charm from woe the dying years,
Or hold in chain the rolling spheres!

—*New York Evening Post.*

THE SINS OF SOCIETY.

"MISERABLE sinners!" It is rather a fashionable phrase in our popular churches—something that people mouth and mutter over without fairly knowing what they mean by it. Of course we are all "miserable sinners"—nobody hesitates to call himself by the title of humility, but once let his neighbor try the experiment, and one may easily imagine what the consequences would be!

"Miserable sinners!" Mrs. Petroleum comes to morning service in the Lenten season, and murmurs through the words over her gold-clasped prayer-book, really feeling very spiritual and exalted, and then goes home and directs Ann to tell all visitors for the day that her mistress is "not at home." But then, of course, Mrs. Petroleum does not regard that little mis-statement in the light of a *lie*—not she. It is merely an understanding in fashionable society. The great father of fibs glories in such "understandings." Why is not Mrs. Petroleum brave enough to say that she is "engaged," or that she "does not see company!" Just because it is not the custom!

Mr. Smithers goes to church, groans out the responses with the loudest of the elegantly clad "miserable sinners," melts into tears over the sermon, behind his gold spectacles, and really fancies he is doing a land-office business in the matter of repentance. For the moment, perhaps, he is. And then on Monday morning he goes down town, sharp-set as a pruning-knife, to sell a lot of damaged goods to the California market at fancy prices, or to palm off several cartons of last year's styles to country storekeepers as the "latest novelties in the market." But then, business is business, and Mr. Smithers' abstract conviction of his own unworthiness on Sunday don't at all affect his keen eye after interest on Monday. He will put a ten-dollar bill on the plate next week, and all the neighboring worshipers will say within themselves, "What a noble-hearted, generous fellow Smithers is! a pity there are not more like him!"

Ah, Mr. Smithers, do you remember who said, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you?" and, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you?"

Neither is Mrs. Smithers any exception to the general rule.

"If ye plaze, ma'am, Mrs. Tedious is down stairs," says Betty.

"Mrs. Tedious! How provoking! Of all mornings in the world, when I wanted all my time for the dressmaker! And she'll stay forever—the tiresome, stupid old bore! I do wish she would remain at home."

And Mrs. Smithers with a deep groan adjusts her cap ribbons and goes down stairs with an artificial smile on her lips.

"My dear Mrs. Tedious, this is indeed an unexpected treat! How kind of you to think of me when you have so many friends to claim your attention! I am *so* glad to see you! Now *do* take off your things and stay to lunch!"

And so on, *ad libitum!*

"But this is nothing more than ordinary civility," says the world. Yes, it is—considerably more. Of course Mrs. Smithers is not expected to tell Mrs. Tedious to her face that she is a bore and an intolerable nuisance; but where is the necessity for all those honeyed phrases of delight and flattery with which the poor old lady is fairly overwhelmed? A falsehood is a falsehood, and nothing less venial, gloss it over as you will.

Mr. Plastic is a "miserable sinner," too. At least so he informs the congregation in sonorous accents—but, nevertheless, he don't believe any such thing. And he bullies his clerks, and storms at his wife, and scolds the servants, and kicks the dog, without the least sting of conscience! Isn't he a church member? He rides down in the cars with the window wide open, although the pale young man at his side ties an extra handkerchief round his throat, and coughs consumptively ever and anon. Hasn't Plastic a right to his own window? He makes a spittoon of the silk skirt nearest to him, without the slightest compunction—why can't women keep their dresses out of the way? He jostles the little child in the street and knocks its hat over its blue eyes—why don't people keep children at home? And he gives the wan little beggar who pleads for a "penny" in charge of the next policeman. He won't be bothered with ragged brats at his heels!

Yet Mr. Plastic expects to go to heaven. Well, perhaps he may; but we wouldn't give much for Plastic's chance!

"Miserable sinners!" Not sinners in great things perhaps, are we all; but small sins weigh heavily in the balance. Sharp words, prettily spoken lies, false witness against our neighbor, little morsels of selfishness, straws laid on the already intolerable burden of sinking sufferers, averted faces, harsh judgments! So the archives mount up in the eye of Him "who seeth not as man sees."

Reader, think of these things, when next you ask God to be merciful to you, a miserable sinner!

SUNBEAMS.

THE FIRST POEM.—A school-girl sends us her first attempt at writing verses. She is far too impatient to get into print. First attempts in this line are generally failures; nevertheless, we will print a portion of our correspondent's pleasant rhymes, because we think we discover in them the *promise* of something better—something that we may be proud to print years hence, when our school-girl friend shall no longer be a school-girl but a woman of matured intellect and cultivated tastes. She will succeed, but let her "hasten slowly."

Sunbeams! sunbeams everywhere!
Trembling on the summer air;
Dancing on the cloudlet dim,
On the blue lake's glittering rim;
Softly quivering through the leaves,
'Mong the shadows binding sheaves;
Hiding in the tossing curls
Of the merry prairie girls,
Lingering in each flowery cup,
Till they drink the dewdrops up.
When they hide themselves away,
Whither do the sunbeams stray?

Will they steal within the soul,
Where the shadows dimly roll?
Will they shine upon the heart,
Will they dry the tears that start?
Nay, they are children of the day,
Passing with its hours away.

When the morning's golden beams
Softly circle o'er the streams,
And Aurora's throne is won,
(Dove-eyed sister of the sun,)
And she steals along the skies,
(How her rose-hued chariot flies!)
All her children* left behind
In the sunlight pale and blind,
And Æolus breathes a song,
Borne upon the wings along—
Song as soft and pure and sweet
As the cloudlet at his feet—
When the brightly beaming sky
Spreads its azure curtain high,
And the sun, so fierce and far,
Rides upon his glittering car;
Ah! his glance will tell you when
All the sunbeams come again;
But the dewy evening's fall,
Softly closes over all.

VIRGINIA.

THE VISITATION.

BY MRS. HELEN RICH.

LAST night my darling, Love exultant, scaled
The barriers of space, the walls of Time:
I stood beside thee as in other hours;
Thy voice went flooding all my joy-sick heart
With waves of rapture, and thy tender eyes
Sank to my spirit's center, and thy hand—
Glossing my hair—seemed blessing infinite!
Oh, then, like rose-leaves folded in sweet haste,
Thy lips met mine (the signet-seal of love)—
All glad emotion, all bright visions swept
Through brain and being, till I looked to see
Heaven's radiance burst upon my upward glance—
Angels had come, and next immortal bliss
Would surely clasp me! In my dreams I laid
My weary head upon thy loving palm. Tears—
Love's priceless jewels which he giveth joy,
When life's green isles are reached, and perfect calm
And holy peace have folded their white wings
About the soul—came slowly, tenderly!
I felt the touch celestial of thy arms,
I drank the music of thy strange, soft tones,
And heard in trance ecstatic this: "My own,
My only Love! behold all grief is past;
We part no more, for Death hath come to both."

CANTON, N. Y., *May*, 1866.

* The stars.

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Miscellaneous.

FAGGING AND FLOGGING IN ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

[So universal is the custom of flogging in English schools, that it not unfrequently happens that children are injured—crippled for life—by the barbarous practice of heartless teachers. During the time we were lecturing in England, there were two children, under twelve years of age, actually murdered—or punished so severely that they died from the effects. The practice is continued in most of the schools in that most eminently Christian country. Here is a statement, from the London *Daily News*, which describes the working of the English educational system.]

How laborious and incessant the tasks of the fag were only two years ago at Westminster may be inferred from the following disgraceful statements. The junior who happened to be "call" had to ask the twelve seniors, just before prayers at night, at what hour they would be called. Some would say, "At four," in which case the fag would have to rise at three, because he had to light two fires and get four kettlefuls of boiling water ready before they came down. The senior usually neglected the summons, and the "call" had to rouse him every half-hour till eight. Sometimes, with petulant perverseness, the fag would be blamed for not having dragged him out of bed, whereas, if he had dared to do so, the indignity would have been instantly resented. Between eight and nine the juniors were employed in their work, but were liable to be called upon by the upper boys at any moment for note-paper, india-rubber wedges to prevent the windows from rattling, dipfuls of ink, knives, pens, paper, envelopes, string, sealing-wax, pencils, and squares of paper called quarterns; they had also to carry matches with them, and their waistcoats were fitted with great pockets capable of containing the miscellaneous assortment. If the dips or inkstands were not clean, or were chipped, the seniors would menace them with a brutal punishment called "tanning in way"—that is, the offender had to raise one of his legs on a sink in the washing-place, when the "second election" would take a run at him and kick him with violence while standing in that position. To render this intelligible we should add that every senior has a second election, who is responsible for the acts of the junior and receives chastisement if he does not keep the junior up to the mark. Some of the punishments inflicted on the fags who have incurred displeasure were indicative of a refined cruelty. The sharp edge of a college-cap or paper-knife was driven with violence ten or twelve times against the back of their hands, which were extended on a table to receive the blow. The effect of such punishment is described as "tremendous," and in one case a wound was inflicted which left a permanent scar. Then there was what is called "buckhorsing," which consisted of the flat part of a racket being applied forcibly to the shoulders, or its sharp edge being jerked against the calves of the leg with such power that they were bruised and excoriated, and in some cases blood had been drawn. Another punishment was known by the phrase, "touch your toes." The supposed offender was ordered to bend as low as he could without permitting his knees to yield, when a severe caning was administered. How capriciously these castigations were given is made known by the evidence. There is a fag called "put to rights chairs," who has to arrange the chairs for the seniors at prayers. These chairs have to be fetched from the dormitory or other rooms, and returned to their places afterward. If, after they had been thus replaced, a senior required an extra chair, he would sometimes fetch one, and leave it in the upper election-room, although such an act was forbidden. Hence, on the following morning, another senior would upbraid "put to rights chairs" for neglect of duty; and, on the boy maintaining that he had put them all away, he would be told, "That is bosh!" and receives a thrashing. Another junior was denominated "put to rights tables;" and after arranging the tables and sweeping the room, it was his duty to place a Bible on the table for the master to read from. On one occasion, not being able to find a Bible at the moment, a boy substituted a Greek Testament—an act which caused no practical inconvenience, because the master invariably brought his own book. The deed, however, was observed by a monitor, who, as soon as prayers were over, summoned the boy up, and gave him such a caning that he staggered out of the room. Mr. Scott defends the monitor, and contends that the act was a moral fault which deserved punishment. In this we totally differ from him. The pressure exerted on the fags, and the system of terror in which they lived, was such that their moral sense was blunted, if not extinguished. Their ruling motive was to escape the dreaded torture, and everything else was forgotten, the dictates of conscience, principles, and right feeling were overridden by the peremptory necessity of striving to avoid corporal chastisement. It was the system, not the individual, who ought to have been charged with abetting fraud and deceit. While, therefore, a remonstrance might have been wisely offered to the boy, a sweeping reform ought to have been applied to the system under which such unjustifiable tyranny was practiced.

[Perhaps these are the means by which young John Bull gets on such strong belligerent propensities. His education, religion, and mechanism is literally *pounded into him*. If he survives this, he makes a good boxer, soldier, sailor, miner, fisherman, teamster—we pity the horses—and he manages to get rich, or to become a pauper. His school life is certainly very different from that enjoyed in these United States.]

MINUTE WEIGHING.

One of the most curious circumstances connected with minute weighing was that relating to the "light sovereign" excitement, in England, about twenty years ago. The Bank was authorized to reject all sovereigns weighing less than 122½ grains each. This was right enough; but what angered the public was, that sovereigns issued at one counter were rejected at another. The Bank did not intend anything unfair; it weighed all the eight million sovereigns in its vaults, singly, and in the best balances, rejecting those below a certain weight as "light." Yet the accepted coins were not at all really equal in weight. Minute differences in the weights employed, and in the even suspension of the scales; currents of air acting unequally upon the scale-pans; a gradual diminution of the weight of one scale-pan by the act of placing and displacing the coins to be weighed, by which the equipoise was deranged; the striking of the scale-pans upon the counters; differences in the judgment and perceptive powers of the weighers; the short time which could be allowed for each operation; the failing of eyesight, the flagging of attention, and the sleepiness produced by the monotony of the employment; differences in the rate of vibration of the beam; defects of principle in the construction of the scales, difficult to obviate without destroying their simplicity, and marring their general usefulness—all these contingencies affected the accuracy of the weighing. Under the pressure of this difficulty, Mr. William Cotton, Governor of the Bank of England, set his wits to work, and invented a most beautiful automatic gold-weighing machine. It consisted externally of a square brass box, with a hopper or open funnel at the top to receive the sovereigns to be weighed; the hopper descends at an angle of forty-five degrees, and will hold five hundred sovereigns at once. In front of the box are two small apertures, connected with two receivers, one for light sovereigns and the other for those of full weight. Inside the box is a beam or balance, with a small brass platform exquisitely poised. Around and near the balance are delicate little pieces of mechanism, which we should despair of describing with lucidity; but the general action may be made intelligible. The hopper being filled with sovereigns, the lowermost is shifted and brought by means of a slide along a channel just large enough for a sovereign of proper standard gold to pass, but not large enough to admit a counterfeit.* The sovereign then escapes from forceps which have temporarily held it, and becomes balanced on the little platform. If the sovereign be of the proper weight, the platform on which it rests remains in the lowest position; and a small lever turns round and dextrously pushes it off the platform into a receptacle prepared for it. If the sovereign be ever so little below the proper weight, the platform does not sink, and another lever, coming from a different quarter, swings round and pushes it into another receptacle. So exquisitely are the parts adjusted, that the balance would, if necessary, measure the ten thousandth part of a grain! No mental labor, no racking of the brain, no fatigue of eyesight, no delicacy of perception is involved; the bank clerk has only to grind away by turning a small handle, and the machine does all the weighing by its own automatic action. If he will feed the hopper with sovereigns, the machine will weigh thirty-three of them in a minute. And such weighing! Let the Master of the Mint determine what the proper weight of a sovereign shall be, and this machine will detect "light gold" with the most inexorable rigor. The Bank saves many hundred pounds a year by the use of these machines, in the saving of wages paid to those whose duty consisted in weighing the coins on the old system. Every sovereign that we receive at the Bank of England, whether old or new, is weighed by the machine—nay, measured as well as weighed—before it is handed to us; and it is indeed "a little" that would escape the vigilant scrutiny of the machine. Beautiful as this machine of Mr. Cotton's is, there is something even more surprising in that which Baron Segnier has invented for the French Government, seeing that the latter separates the gold coins into three groups, according as they are exact weight, a little over weight, or a little under weight.

* The double test in all these matters is this: if a bad sovereign is the same weight as a good one, it is too large; if it is the same size, it is too light—because standard gold is heavier than any metal likely to be used as a substitute.

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NEW YORK,
SEPTEMBER, 1866.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Foe.*

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WHOM TO ELECT.

INSTEAD of going into lamentations over selfish, corrupt, and wicked politicians; instead of deserting the right and yielding to the wrong, in order to stop the clamor of hungry office-seekers; or, Quaker-like, folding our arms and subsiding into meek submission to ambitious rule, we propose to keep on the armor, and fight willingly, cheerfully, yea, joyously, against the devil and his hosts. Let chicken-hearted weaklings sigh for stagnant pools and repose. We can not sympathize with them.

"'Tis not our trade;
But here *we* stand for right."

It is complained that our government is in the hands of low, base men; that individual rights are not respected or protected; that mobs and *emeutes* rule the hour; that "Republicanism is a failure;" that men will not, can not govern themselves; that the so-called principle of equality is no principle; that it is an absurdity; that the few must rule (and ride?) the many. To all this we say, mankind are, indeed, for the most part, what the best confess themselves to be, namely, "miserable sinners."

But, taken altogether, we—the people—are about as good as the average the world over; and judging from the frequent wars and upheavals in the Old World, the ignorance, dissipation, crime, and discontent in all the monarchies, our political condition is at any rate no worse than theirs.

Again, why is it that so many Europeans pull up stakes, pack their boxes, say good-bye to friends and father-land, and pitch their tents here? Why do not Americans emigrate to the Old World, or colonize in some other country? A few foolish Southerners, since the war, tried Brazil; some others tried Mexico; but we hear they are now returning, having suffered a bitter experience in those countries.

We are yet in a state of transition from slavery to freedom, and of course there will be struggles for measures and means among partisans; and these political agitations will continue more or less violently for a long time to come. There will also be religious revivals, commercial changes, money panics, seasons of excessive heat, cold, wet, and drought; epidemics, changes in the fashions, and so forth. Still, the world will roll on; the seasons succeed each other; farmers plant and reap; animals bring forth after their kind; young people obey the Divine injunction—marry, multiply, and replenish the earth. And *we* shall "keep right on," while we live, observing, thinking, and doing. But whom shall we elect or select to *serve*—not to *rule* over—us? If we follow the example of the Saviour, and *choose* our men, we shall have both good and bad. Was there not a Judas among the twelve? and can we find any body corporate or society without a Judas in it! Does it follow, then, that we must, of necessity, have bad men in our councils? By no means. It is our privilege to have whom we like—sober men or drinking men, intelligent or ignorant, honest men or rogues, philosophers or fools. Happily for us, no one can proclaim himself king or emperor, and plant a throne in these United States. When we want an hereditary "head center," we can import or create one. We simply want "*the right man in the right place.*" That man should be thoroughly *honest*, *intelligent*, and *religious*. We may not ask "what is his creed," or who was his grandfather, his grandmother, or how much is he worth, but "who is he?" "what has he done?" have his efforts been for the public good, or for mere personal ends?

Now we venture to affirm, that good men may be found in every State, county, and town who may safely be trusted with the administration of public affairs. Then why not elect such as these? Why put up with liquor-drinking, tobacco-chewing, vain, vulgar vagabonds, who are *known* to be bad, when *good* men may be obtained? It is the low, slavering, intriguing, profane, drinking, peddling politician who brings disgrace on a government; one without moral principle, who will drag the nation down that he may lift himself up; who will rob and riot, having neither respect nor fear for God or man. No more of these! No more vicious, ambitious men, who swear to "rule or ruin." Let such be counted out in all our elections, and only honest, temperate, intelligent, and religious men be elected.

PRE-NATAL INFLUENCES.

THE opinions of the world are divided as to whether the surroundings of a mother affect the character and talents of her to-be-born offspring. Though it is true that some children are born with healthy bodies and happy dispositions whose mothers were vexed and miserable from abuse, poverty, and hunger, yet we believe the general law is, that children, to a greater or less extent, take on the characteristics and states of mind and character predominant in the mother during the year preceding the birth of such children. Let a mother have happy social surroundings, and such leisure as will permit her to spend much of her time in reading and other forms of mental activity, and her child will be likely to inherit her then mental states—will love reading and mental activity, will be clear and forcible in thought, and have a cheerful disposition and a cordial, loving nature. Let these conditions be reversed previous to the birth of the next child and it will very likely be peevish, fretful, unsocial, unhappy, and not given to intellectual activity and clearness.

Thus, Zerah Colburn's mother, though uneducated in the simplest principles of arithmetic, puzzled all day and all night studying out the problem of a difficult web of cloth she was about putting into a loom, and her son was born a genius in arithmetic. Napoleon's mother spent much of her time on horseback in the military field the year of his birth, and took great interest in those affairs for which her son became so distinguished. Hundreds of cases if not quite so marked as these tend to prove the same law of special transmission. We have just heard of a case which occurred in Michigan in 1834. By invitation of the teacher of a private school a woman took her sewing and spent many half days listening to the recitations of the children, one of her own being of the number. A few months after this she gave birth to a son who became very brilliant as a mathematician. The statement comes to us from the father, indorsed as follows:

"MICHIGAN, *May*, 1866.

MESSRS. EDS. A. P. J.: Mr. D. C., who addresses you, is a citizen of ——, Mich., whose reputation as a gentleman of truth and integrity is unexceptionable. I have known his son C., of whom he writes, from early childhood and with my experience of thirty years' teaching, I have never known his equal in mathematical calculation. J. C. P.,

Teacher of Nat. Science and Mathematics in —— Seminary."

It is proper to remark that neither the father nor mother is at all distinguished for this trait, nor any other member of their family.

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"FOREIGN AIRS."

Prominent Imitation is not confined to monkeys, but is largely developed in many of the human race, white and black. Among the latter it is perhaps most manifest in the young, roguish students who imitate the gesture and language of their grave and dignified perceptors. Hottentots, like Europeans, imitate the actions, dress, and customs—even to the vices—of those who visit them. It is through this faculty that much useful knowledge may be acquired by the discriminating. When republican Americans go to Europe they are liable to imbibe aristocratic notions, and on their return home to affect the snob, the exquisite, or the swell whom they saw in the old country. We observe this more particularly in the young men, who bring home old tobacco pipes, pouches, snuff-boxes, horns, and mulls, and who wear their beard after the fashion of Lord Dundreary, and other half-imbecile popinjays. Eye-glasses are worn for effect. Servants and footmen must be dressed in livery after European modes. Little dogs take the place of babies, and other customs equally artificial and foolish are adopted and brought home. Just now it is becoming "fashionable" for Americans to send their children to monarchical countries to be educated, instead of in our own republican simplicity. Here, the first question has been *utility*. There, it is show. Here, our studies had reference to the realities of life—to science, natural philosophy, and practical affairs, rather than mere ornament. And this education has *told* on our iron-clads, clippers, reapers, mowers, telegraphs, printing presses, sewing and knitting machines, and ten thousand other inventions, by means of which labor is saved and men and women measurably emancipated from the slavery of constant toil. *We* have been engaged in the work of opening up avenues for travel, trade, and commerce throughout our vast continent by railways, rivers, and lakes, while they of the Old World have been studying the fashions, and how the few may keep the many in ignorance and more securely domineer over them. There, a few idle women rig themselves out in the most ridiculous costumes—having no reference to comfort, economy, or convenience—and the rest are expected to "imitate" them or lose caste. Look at the enormous hoops! the great bags of rope, artificial hair, and so forth, worn on the head, neck, or shoulders, vulgarly called "waterfalls." Where else, except among those with more vanity than brains, could such a fashion originate? Our Rocky Mountain squaws practice nothing more absurd. But this is "European." Wax dolls are not living, breathing beauties, nor are these artificially got-up cheats worth "imitating."

But we—Americans—are not alone in "putting on airs." Europeans who come here ape our "border ruffians," and take to chewing, drinking, swearing, and gambling as naturally as ducks to water. They talk of bowie-knives, dog fights, and cock-pits with a looseness quite alarming to the unsophisticated. They soon acquire the use of our backwoods and bar-room slang, and become over-jubilant. A few months in democratic America unfits them for the restraints of old country life, and after returning home, they come back with bag and baggage to settle among us. This is the case with the common class. The better class of visitors notice the workings of our free schools, free press, and free religion—we are coming to "free trade" when we get ready. They look at our inventions and give us credit for "leading the world" in that department; while in chemistry, surgery, phrenology, mining, engineering, etc., we are *teachers* rather than pupils. Nor will we admit that we have not in America all the facilities for acquiring as thorough and complete an education in nearly *all* departments as can be found in the Old World. In military and naval schools we are the equals of any nation. In mechanism we are ahead; so also in agriculture. But in foolish fashions, we admit, the old country is in the lead, and we are mere imitators.

Next year there will be a swarm of curiosity hunters pouring their spare cash into French coffers, buying gimcracks and gew-gaws at the French fair in Paris. While we approve sensible travel, we would not have Americans make fools of themselves; and hence these suggestions. Let us be true men and women, and not pitiful puppets or mimicking monkeys.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF OUR SAVIOUR.

When in Europe, a few years ago, we obtained several views by different artists, all said to be likenesses of Christ. One of great antiquity had under it the following description:

"The only true likeness of Our Saviour, taken from one worked on a piece of tapestry, by command of Tiberius Cæsar, and was given from the treasury of Constantinople by the Emperor of the Turks to Pope Innocent the VIIIth, for the redemption of his brother, then a captive of the Christians."

In this the features are thin and delicate; the eyes blue, large, and expressive; the nose prominent and nearly straight, more like the Greek than the Roman; the mouth not large; the lips full and slightly parted, not sufficiently, however, to show the teeth; the chin somewhat long and feminine rather than large and masculine; and the eyebrows full and beautifully arched. The head is high, long, and large, but not wide, except through the temples, covered with long, wavy auburn or reddish-brown hair, inclined to curl. His beard is slight, face unshaved, with a light moustache. Except in complexion, there is no special resemblance to the Jewish type of countenance.

A late English writer states that there are *two* races of Jews: one fair, with straight nose, often with reddish hair and blue eyes; the other, or western Jews, dark, with large noses, like the Syrians, descendants, not of the ten tribes, but of the Babylonians, who were taken to Judea. We may never know all the genealogical facts connected with this matter, but the theory of two distinct races seems not only possible, but probable.

Mr. John Sartain, of Philadelphia, has engraved on steel the largest and finest likeness—after the copy named above—which we have seen.

It is known that Hon. Edward Everett, Prof. Brittain, and S. R. Wells have copies, obtained in Europe, like the one from which Mr. Sartain has executed his engraving. Whatever may be thought of its genuineness, it is certainly much superior, as a work of art, to anything now procurable by the public. This print, which is not far from 16 inches by 20, is sold for $5; nicely framed in black walnut at $7, and may be obtained from J. S. Thompson, General Agent, New York. We will cheerfully take charge of any orders for this picture which may be sent to us.

Phrenology in the South.—We are pleased to learn that an active spirit, or, as Wm. Gilmore Simms calls him "a universal genius," down South is showing considerable zeal in Phrenology and cognate subjects. Now and then we find a person, not a professional phrenologist, who appreciates the merits and great utility of Phrenology, and unselfishly seeks to disseminate it by some earnest words in its behalf. Mr. James Wood Davidson has our thanks for the active interest he evinces in a good cause. Using the privilege of an author, he introduces into his published discussions of Phrenology substituted terms of classical origin which he thinks more specific. To this we make no objection; mere names are little where the principle and character of things remain unaltered. Phrenology, however, is the term by which our science is universally known, and is comprehensive enough for all its purposes. *Macte tua virtute*, Davidson, wake up the South and bring all to a knowledge of the truth.

Writing Verses.—Writing verses is a pleasant recreation for young people of poetic tastes and culture, and we see no serious harm in the practice so long as nobody may be bored by being compelled to read or listen to the reading of the "poetry;" but when the rhymster, imagining himself a poet, insists upon inflicting his rhythmic platitudes upon the unoffending editor, and through him (if he prove good-natured enough, or sufficiently ignorant of their worthlessness to print them) upon the much-abused public, it becomes quite another affair. Write verses by all means, if you like the amusement; but unless you have some better authority than that of your partial personal friends for believing that you are truly a poet—a thousand chances to one you are not—do not, we beg you, think of publishing them.

Remove Temptations.—The fact that many can not, or do not, regulate their appetites is self-apparent. Look at the poor liquor and tobacco inebriates who can't, when within "smelling distance, do without toddy and pipe." They are weak-willed, though strong in propensity. Then, what is to be done? If they are to be saved to themselves and to society the temptation must be removed, or *they* must be removed from the temptation. "Shut up the liquor shops," or shut up the tipplers.

It is said that man-thieves are knidnapping considerable numbers of negroes in the Southern States and selling them as slaves in Cuba. How can it be stopped? Stop slavery in Cuba. This is the only effectual way. How much longer shall this curse be permitted to exist in a civilized country? We ask Spain to abolish slavery in Cuba. Steps for gradual emancipation—with no more importations either from Africa or from the United States—should be taken at once. Let this ball be set in motion. Where are the "irrepressible" agitators? Where is that spirit that was "marching along?" Who will make Cuba free? Let there be no time lost. No more thieving of men, women, and children.

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Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts set forth.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

BY JOHN DUNN.

THE innovation which the States have effected upon the common-law status of married women is eminently just; but it is not of such a character as to countervail their social incapacities and render them qualified to wield the elective franchise. Neither does it follow, because these rigors of the common-law have been thus relieved, that it is just to innovate yet farther. The fundamental nature of the franchise, and the office which it was designed to answer, require that the freeman should act independently of every bias. In an elective government the people govern—their wishes are laws; the ballot is simply the expression of those wishes. Now if there is an authority which coerces the true sentiments of the people, the franchise becomes a mockery.

The object to be gained by admitting women to vote is to get the sense of a class now excluded—to get the sense of the whole people. If the matrimonial institution raises a power (be it in legal contemplation or resulting from personal influence of the husband) in one to dictate to the other, no benefit results to either the governed or the government (if, indeed, there is any distinction). It is supposed that husband and wife counsel and advise together regarding the one vote which the husband casts as representing their united wisdom; this is practically true of a large class, while that class of which it is not true is composed of those wherein the stronger of the two (either husband or wife) decides what ticket shall be deposited. In a majority of cases either the husband or wife has almost absolute control regarding their affairs; this is more generally true than we would at first thought imagine. No two persons are equally capacitated in every respect, and naturally the result proves that the abler one determines the nature of the act to be exercised concerning any specified thing; this in cases where the husband and wife are happily matched is therefore regulated by a law which can not be restrained.

Now, supposing we give *two* ballots to the twain, they both vote alike where they are thus happily mated, and the superior wisdom of *one* is respected. But, on the other hand (in my article in the February number I endeavored to give especial prominence to this, but your contributor waived all objections to it, apparently), suppose they are *unhappily* mated, each will act independently of the other, and, having each a ballot to cast, what is the result? Would not a difference of opinion, with the rancorous bitterness which is universally engendered in politics, destroy the peace of the family? and what happiness is there left for *either* party when rabid party spirit divides the household? and is not happiness the aim of our existence? Supposing, farther, that they have children, is it not reasonable to presume that there will be a strife concerning how those children shall be taught to consider the great propositions involved in political issues? and would not this make perpetual the division which now is marked only during the pendency of elections between political antagonists? This is analogous to the spirit which is aroused when husband and wife hold irreconcilable religious views; as a rule in such instances, one parent teaches the children to disregard the other parent's notions, and *vice versa;* at length this difference settles into a determined antagonism which enters into every phase of domestic policy. The disadvantages it entails every candid reader will observe. It is the policy of the law (common and statutory) to render in the highest degree sacred the marriage relation, because otherwise human hopes and happiness would never be realized.

Therefore, for the reason that if husband and wife voted alike, *the sense of the people would be no better determined;* and for the reason that if the two voted differently, *the most sacred institution known to society would become productive of the greatest misery to the human family*, married women should not vote.

The Creator has made man and woman physically different, and by force of it their duties differ. It is highly consistent with the design which we discover in His works that man should attend to the political duties of society and that woman should not; indeed, woman, by the peculiarity of her physical disposition, is incapacitated, if for no other reason. To vote implies the ability to hold office, and how can woman hold political trusts and at the same time discharge the duties which the Almighty has imposed upon her?

Progress should be slow to gain a healthy growth, and sudden revolutions, socially and politically, are the greatest enemies of advancement. But what madness has seized the proselytes of "progress!" what a reckless spirit pervades the times! how are the landmarks of safety disregarded by these enthusiasts!

SHALL THE EXACT TRUTH BE TOLD?

I NOTICE an editorial in the June number of the A. P. J. defining fear, faith, and hope; in which you assert in illustrating faith, that "it is said a colored minister, during the July riots of 1863, was delivered from the merciless rioters in answer to prayer." You say, "a simple act of faith opened the way, and light came down to illuminate the dark path."

Now this is all true in a sense, but the impression conveyed to most minds by yours and similar expressions, that the infinite Jehovah exerted his miraculous power to stay the rioters' weapons and vengeance while the man of God passed that bloodthirsty mob with his confiding family, is not in my opinion true. And yet I think if the man of faith had not exercised faith in prayer, but followed his first impulses and climbed out of the back window, he might have fared the sad fate too many black men and their families and property fared during those murderous riots. But it was the courage and cool resolve inspired by his prayer of faith, and which beamed from his countenance, as he boldly led his wife, followed by his children, that stayed their murderous hands.

Do you ask me, then, was it Daniel's courage that shut the lions' mouths, and the fire-proof coating of faith that shielded the Hebrew worthies in the fiery furnace? I answer, in those days of miracles *every* servant of God was preserved miraculously when danger threatened, so no other means could save; witness, for instance, the earth swallowing up Korah, the fire consuming Elijah's sacrifice, preserving Paul from shipwreck, etc.

But in these days, when effects follow legitimate causes, when such a servant of God as Col. Baker is coolly shot down at Ball's Bluff, and the mangled corpses of our best men mingle with the worst in railroad disasters, and sink in the ocean from steamboat explosions, I conclude if the days of miracles are not passed, they are certainly not wrought as of yore, to inspire men with a suitable faith to be always available in the hour of need.

I know the world believes that holding forth this doctrine of special providences works good to man. If I believed this I would shout Amen, and preach it, too, if not strictly true. But on the contrary, I believe thousands are to-day traveling the downward road, and will finally make their bed in hell, in consequence of the holding forth of this doctrine of the virtue and efficacy of *abstract* faith.

We tell our children that God made them, the beautiful apple on the tree, and every other thing that exists; and when they are young they consider that God acts especially to make *each* of these things, as much as the smith does to make an axe. But when they become men, and put away childish things (some never reach that state), they see God acting in nature everywhere, by fixed and *general* laws, and see no *especial* act of God in the production of apples, trees, etc., or in the repetition of themselves in their children.

But God creates another class of objects, as dispositions, temperaments, loves and hates, and we tell our children that God sees them always, and will punish for lying, stealing, and any sin they commit, and reward them for any good that they do; and that if they will ask God in *faith*, he will bestow on them any blessing they ask him to, provided they think to ask for the thing God thinks they stand in need of.

Now, if it was taught that the punishments God inflicts for our transgressions, and the rewards he bestows for our doing the truth, are but the natural sequences of the laws of nature, as the production of fruit, the reproduction of our species, etc., and that our prayers are answered in the same way, by producing change in us instead of changing God, I think many thinking men that now reason selfishly, saying, "I don't pray to God, nor ask him to bless the food I eat, or my children with health, knowledge, etc., while my neighbor prays often, and asks God's blessing on all he does and upon his household, etc., and yet we enjoy ourselves as well as they do over the way, and my children are more healthy and increase in knowledge *faster* than his children"—I say, if the truth was taught respecting the manner in which God executes his moral laws, as it is respecting the execution of physical laws, and that in both effects follow their legitimate causes, I believe that very many who now go selfishly the downward road, rolling sin as a sweet morsel under the tongue, would repent and do works meet for repentance, and thus be *saved from sin* in this world, and enter upon the future state rejoicing in the redeeming influence of the gospel of Christ. T. H.

A NATRAL FRENOLOGIST.

To give our readers an idea of some of the men who would represent "our noble science," we copy *verbatim* a letter received from one who proposes to enter the field as a lecturer. It will be seen that the education of our correspondent has been sadly neglected. We omit names. Read the letter.

Mr

Fowler and Wells Sirs I will give you my in tants I in tand to lectaur on phrenology and physiology and vantrisaquism after harves I can look prety nere thrue a purson when I see tha fase I wish you to send me a in Structer on phrenology and physolog and a fortune teling Book and fue Charts I lik you wood send me a mesmerism in Structer I wont you to be tha Jug what Will Sut me Best I am not a good Scouler and 55 yers of old thorefore I apele to you What Wood Sut me Best I do not be leve in fortun teling but thare as plinty yong fools in the World that Wood lik to by Sech Books here is two dolers I send to you at a Risk with out youre a adres I have but a smal infurmation of you or youre plas of Bisness I wood Send more money but do not noe whare it may go as Sun as I get youre a dress you Can da pend on me for to be a Regalar Custmar for Carts and other kind of book that Will answer for traveling on You Will ples Send youre a-d Dress to Saltsburg Indianah County Pa and Books Direct in Care of —— for ——
I onderstand vantrils a quism very Well Cauld mak a verey good profrmens at iney time it will ansewr to lecture one as its powers Coums from the lunge and I will give tha Crouds Sum good Spasemans of it I wood lik you to gin me the marked pris on what Book yo send me let me Knoe what you can let me have advertisments at nothing to be said consanning vantrisaquism in it only to lectaur on it as I onderstand it well Nothing more at present Yours Respecfull ——
June 18ten 1866 ples let me Knoe as Sune as posiable that I May Send for to you for a lot of Charts

[No one will doubt the propriety of our asking for helpers or workers in this great field of human culture, when such aspirants assume to teach. There are good grounds for the charge of ignorance, quackery, humbug, and the like, when Phrenology is judged by such standards. The notes of most all good banks are counterfeited. There are quacks and pretenders in all professions, imbeciles in every community, and bad men everywhere.]

MATHEMATICAL.—Permit me to introduce to your readers the knowledge of a new way to find the distance of a heavenly body.

The angle of the moon's equatorial horizontal parallax is 57′ 5″ of a degree, and converted into the linear measure of the tangent of the angle, is 3,963 miles.

1. The circular measure of the arc of the moon's parallax, carried to seven places of decimals, is .0166048 to be used for a divisor.

2. The linear measure of the base line of the parallax with seven places of ciphers annexed to constitute a dividend, and the quotient will be the moon's mean distance.

Demonstration: 3963.0000000 ÷ .0166048 = 238,665 miles. Therefore, by division, the mean distance of the moon is determined, and your labors in the advancement of the true and useful, combined with your agreeableness, inclines me to think that Fowler is Fairer, and Wells too profound to admit of the thought of their giving my scrap of knowledge the go-by. WM. ISAACS LOOMIS, *Baptist Pastor.*

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NEW THEORY OF THE SUN.

The solid globe, or real body of the sun, like the planets, is mainly charged with negative electricity. The photosphere surrounds that globe with its apparently luminous envelope at the outer limits of its atmosphere. This photosphere is positively electric, inherent to its position as the center of a system of revolving electric bodies (the planets), and all waste in the form of dispensed light and heat to the planets, etc., is constantly resupplied by the frictional movements of those attendants as well in space as in the electric, engendering motions of their contained elements. The body of the sun is also supplied with its light and heat, like the planets, from this same electric envelope. That beneath this envelope, and contiguous with it, is a gray cloud or fog stratum, which we call the penumbra, serving to screen the solid body of the sun, beneath, from an excess of this positively electric source of light and heat (the photosphere), which is thus made uniformly diffusive; so that night, or darkness, never visits the habitable body of that great globe. That this cloud or fog stratum, we call the penumbra, is composed of pellicles of suspended moisture, continually supplied from the body of the sun, beneath, by evaporation, just as similar vesicular formed clouds are temporarily furnished by evaporation from the earth, and held suspended in our atmosphere. That such penumbra, like our clouds, is positively electric; and as two positives repel each other, so the positive penumbra and positive photosphere are continuously antagonistic, and by their mutual repulsion give rise to uniform action over the whole surface of the photosphere,-producing the pore-like character of minute spots, which checker its general surface with small openings of varied size, showing the penumbra or gray cloud stratum beneath. This pore-like character of minute spots exists over the whole surface of the photosphere, except where they have combined to produce larger openings, generally designated as spots, or where these minute pores become closed by concentrated areas of condensed positive electricity in the form of concentric lines of brilliant faculæ. That the equatorial region of the body of the sun, in the line of its rotation, concentrates the thickest portion of its penumbra or cloud stratum, consequently that there exists the greatest accumulation of positively charged clouds (as we find in the equatorial regions of our earth); hence the greater antagonism with the positively charged photosphere, producing those larger pores or spots, as we call them, varying in position, size, and number, which generally distinguish the equatorial regions of the sun's photosphere. That in such spots the antagonism between the photosphere and penumbra is so great that the latter is also parted, showing the real body of the sun, beneath, which displays, by simple contrast, the apparent black centers of those spots. Fleecy clouds are sometimes seen through these large openings, underlying the penumbra.

The magnetic condition of the sun (another expression of electric action), which is known to affect the magnetism of our planet, and probably of all the planets of our system, doubtless reciprocally, may thus have its periodic variations, arising from planetary orbital positions, and thus may correspondingly influence the number, size, and duration of those conspicuous spots, as they have been observed to vary in time with the varying magnetism of the earth in maximum periods of about ten and a half years.

The photosphere of the sun is doubtless the storehouse of positive electricity, the Leyden jar of our system, consequently this positively charged envelope is the source of light and heat, although it does not become active, as light and heat, until reaching the conducting planetary bodies, when the positive element in its rapid passage through our atmosphere, and on reaching the solid globe, causes everything to glow which opposes its passage, and thus produces both light and heat; as, analogously, the Leyden jar of an electric machine, charged with positive electricity, contains also the elements of light and heat, but not until a negative body is brought within the recognized distance, is its positive element developed, in the form of light and heat, upon or near the conducting body. The negative planets being always within the required conducting distance of the positively charged sun from their many points of attraction (every atom on the surface and in the air being a conductor), thus analogously and continuously develop electric streams of light and heat upon or near the conducting planets. As with the Leyden jar, when the conducting body is composed of many points of attraction, as a negative brush, so the sun, attracted by the atoms of a planet (aerial, liquid, and solid), imparts continuous streams of diffused light and heat in both cases. In the act of restoring electric equilibrium (from the overcharged positive to the deficient negative), the positive element, by the rapidity of its passage through the atmosphere, or concussion, when reaching the bodies of the planets, either consumes or simply heats all that opposes its passage. These conditions are dependent upon the positive element being conducted in a concentrated form, as forked lightning, producing intense light and heat, or diffusively as solar light, sheet lightning, or auroral light (all electric), causing various degrees of modified light and heat. Perpendicular rays of the sun concentrate more of the positive or heat-giving element, in a given area, than do the oblique rays, which fully accounts for tropical heat and varied climatic changes, depending upon the position of the sun.

When we look at the sun, electric light fills the vision, consequently the body of the sun appears luminous; as if our eyes were placed behind a collection of attracting points, drawing elasticity from the ball of a Leyden jar, the sight would then be filled with electric light too, and the ball itself, from which the pencils of light come, would also appear luminous, although we know it is not so. Thus the photosphere of the sun may be as cool as the similarly charged Leyden jar of the electric machine, consequently light from the sun can not be developed in the photosphere any more than in the Leyden jar, nor in ethereal space, which fully accounts for the darkness of our nocturnal heavens, as no ray of light is then observed, or even diffused in space, in the passage of this electric source of light to any of the planets, yet they glow with borrowed solar effulgence—proving that light and heat are not developed until the electric medium reaches the atmosphere or body of a planet, or other condensed objects in space.

There can be no atmosphere outside the apparently luminous envelope of the sun, or we could not see the precise limits of its photosphere, which is as sharply defined as a carved solid, when seen through a good telescope, and when there is no disturbance in the atmosphere to interfere with distinct vision.

This theory has strong points of analogy with known operations upon our globe, besides those named, as well as with ascertained electric effects, to give it prominence.

CHARLES E. TOWNSEND.

LOCUST VALLEY, N. Y.

PHRENOLOGY.
HOW IT APPEARS TO ME.

This world, so full of human beings, each with his peculiar temperament, capability, and gifts, all differing more or less, but each capable of satisfactorily filling some position, could the right one be found, is like a delicate and complicated piece of mechanism which the great Artisan has made capable of grand and harmonious movement, and composed of numberless separate parts, the individual place and function of which may be readily comprehended by examining their construction and the arrangement of which belongs to the skillful hands of the workmen, intelligence and discernment; but whose proper authority is often usurped by the clown, ignorance; under whose control many of its members are forced into an action contrary to evident design. The result is plainly visible: misplaced bands jerk and twitch, wheels grate and whirl in the wrong direction, and a jar is felt in the whole economy. Who would not wish that universal knowledge might forbid the clumsy handling of ignorance.

Were every man's function or "mission" inscribed by his Maker's hand upon his organization, it may be said, how many difficulties and doubts would be removed. Phrenology shows that every one's place in nature is thus indicated. I would that its inscription were read, and its dictates followed by all. How many evils observable in daily life would it remedy!

I do not doubt that many a genius has been doomed to plod through life unrecognized, pursuing some time-honored occupation which may have been handed down from father to son for generations, and he must needs pursue it because his fathers did. The much-used phrase, that "he is no better than were his forefathers," clenches the argument against him. The yearnings of his spirit may be strong, making repulsive what is foreign to his nature; but his distaste for the path marked out for him is set down to the score of his laziness; and if his struggling thoughts and vague yearnings are ever expressed, they are met with ridicule by those whom ignorance and prejudice have blinded to the different capabilities of different souls. The sensitive spirit shrinkingly locks the doors of the mind, and learns to distrust itself, thinking that perhaps after all, inclination is only a secondary matter, that what seems so unavoidable must be right, and that this rebellious spark of human nature should be smothered. Falling with the best grace possible into the old-time way, the unrecognized genius does smother his true nature under the cares of his assumed life, or learns to perform, in a sort of mechanical way, duties which to another man differently constituted might be exactly suited and pleasing, while this latter personage may be making a donkey of himself and racking his brains in a position for which his natural gifts may have entirely unfitted him.

And thus for an unrelished mess of pottage does the one sell his birthright. A man of ability lays aside God's gifts to rust, to partially fill the place of a good practical business man, who in turn has mistaken his calling, and is dabbling in affairs which will never amount to anything but dabbling to him.

In this distorted course of life there can be but little satisfaction or happiness to either; and both are following the example of the servant of old with the buried talent; and when the Master comes He will but receive again his unimproved gifts. And all this because of insufficient light by which to discover the capacities best suited to different individuals. Much of this darkness has been already dispelled by Phrenology; but there are many in obscurity where its light has not yet shone.

Send it abroad; it acquaints human nature with itself, it inculcates virtue, it teaches charity; and from all who have known its efficient aid it asks a voice.

BERTHA.

NAMES OF THE STATES.—*M. Editor:* In the August number of your very excellent PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL you give the result of your investigations as to the origin of the names of the different States, and set forth therein that Pennsylvania was named after William Penn, its founder, which opinion I, with all due deference, believe to be erroneous, and, some ten years since, proved it so in the columns of the New York *Dispatch*.

In "Hughes' Life of Penn" the following passage occurs: "His (Penn's) application for the land before described, met with considerable opposition; it was, at length, however, decided in his favor, and he was, by charter, dated at Westminster, the 4th of March, 1681, and signed by writ of privy seal, made and constituted full and absolute proprietor of the tract of land which he had pointed out, and invested with the power of ruling and governing it according to his judgment. The charter was made out under the name of Pennsylvania, a name fixed upon by the king as a token of respect to Admiral Penn* (the father of the colonist), though much against the wishes of his son, who was apprehensive of its being construed into a proof of ostentation in himself, and was desirous of having it called New Wales, or Sylvania only; but the king said it was passed, and he would take the naming of it upon himself."

To settle a question so historically important as the naming of a State, we should be careful to go to the sources for its origin, and you will doubtless agree with me that no one is more competent to account for the origin of "Pennsylvnia" than its illustrious founder.

MAURICE BINGHAM,
181 Bowery, New York City.

* Admiral Penn's first name was Richard.

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Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.*]

THE GLORY AND SHAME OF ENGLAND. By C. Edwards Lester. In twelve books. Two volumes, demy octavo, 304 pp. each. Price $2 per volume. Bartram & Lester, publishers, N. Y.

This work is an elaboration of a book of the same title and signification published by the author about twenty-five years ago. In it he sets forth in clear, earnest, and forcible language the lights and shadows of English life, government, and public sentiment. The field covered is extensive, but treated in a terse and comprehensive manner. The main feature of the book, in our estimation, is its conciseness of statement, the reader being able to obtain clearer ideas of the actual condition of English affairs than could be obtained from ponderous tomes on the same subject. The whole treatment of the subject shows a mind of unusual ability. Did he not furnish in the course of his book frequent quotations from authentic British documents in support of his bold assertions, we would be inclined to think their severity extravagant and unwarranted. The fourth, sixth, tenth, and twelfth parts are written in a style at once attractive and deeply interesting, the author dealing with his themes with the spirit and power of a thorough knowledge of the matters set forth. Mr. Lester's is truly an able mind, and the trenchant manner in which he castigates oppression evinces an ardent sympathy for *free* institutions. We could not afford our readers an adequate idea of this work without detailing at considerable length the views and *ipsissima dicta* of the author himself, and for that we have neither time nor space at present; we, however, hope to give in a future number a more extended account of Mr. Lester and his writings; until then let a careful perusal of his "Glory and Shame" suffice.

AN ILLUSTRATED SKETCH OF THE MOVEMENT-CURE; Its Principles, Methods, and Effects. By George H. Taylor, M.D., author of "Exposition of the Movement-Cure" and physician of the Institute. Price 25 cents.

To those who are desirous of learning the nature of the Swedish movement-cure this pamphlet will prove serviceable. It is a synopsis of the larger work prepared by Dr. Taylor, and is intended to popularize the mode of treatment by movement. It is admitted by all experienced physicians that physical motions are efficacious in many diseases, especially those affecting the mechanical system. Dr. Taylor in his extended work has classified the specific movements adapted to different forms of disease, according to the recognized treatment of the Institute. The pamphlet gives several illustrated examples of the process in certain cases, and furnishes many excellent physiological suggestions aside from the immediate province of the treatise.

HINTS TOWARD PHYSICAL PERFECTION; or, The Philosophy of Human Beauty, showing how to Acquire and Retain Bodily Symmetry, Health, and Vigor, and Avoid the Infirmities and Deformities of Age. By D. H. Jacques. New York: Fowler and Wells. 1866. One volume, 12mo. $1 75.

A new edition of this remarkable and highly important work is now ready. Prof. Amos Dean, of the Albany Law School, speaks of it as "A very excellent work," and adds: "It exhibits within a very brief compass a great number of vastly important truths. I have seldom, if ever, seen a work that embraces so much of the first importance to be known by young men and young women as that book. The illustrations are also very happily adapted to carry out and enforce the ideas advanced. It ought to be universally read and studied."

THE PRESBYTERIAN HISTORICAL ALMANAC and Annual Remembrancer of the Church for 1865. By Joseph M. Wilson. Vol. 7. Philadelphia: Joseph M. Wilson.

This is a well-printed annual, and well worthy the perusal of all who take an interest in Church matters. The obituary record for 1865 is quite full, and several handsomely executed portraits are given with it. The elaborate statistics of the Presbyterian Church in America and Great Britain bear the impress of careful compilation, and furnish a large fund of interesting matter.

THE LOWER DEPTHS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN METROPOLIS. A Discourse delivered by Rev. Peter Stryker, in the Thirty-fourth St. Reformed Dutch Church, New York city. No. 38 of "The Pulpit and Rostrum." Price 15 cents.

In this deeply interesting discourse the reverend gentleman gives a graphic portrayal of a tour made by himself under the protection and guidance of policemen through some of the haunts of depravity and wretchedness in New York city.

THE Home Insurance Company of New York city have just published a handsome and well-delineated map of the seat of war in Central Europe. The enterprise exhibited by this Company is well worthy of notice.

LECTURES ON THE INCARNATION, ATONEMENT, AND MEDIATION OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. By Chauncey Giles, Minister of the New Jerusalem Church. New York: published by the General Convention of the New Jerusalem in the United States of America. Price 25 cents.

This well-printed pamphlet contains four lectures, in which the views of the Church of the New Jerusalem on the above great subjects are clearly set forth.

THE GAME-BIRDS OF THE COASTS AND LAKES of the Northern States of America. A full account of the sporting along our sea-shores and inland waters, with a comparison of the merits of Breech-loaders and Muzzle-loaders. By Robert B. Roosevelt, author of "The Game-fish of North America," "Superior Fishing," "Country Life," etc., etc. New York: Carleton, Publisher, 413 Broadway. 12mo, pp. vi., 336. $1 75.

This book, as the composition of a sportsman, and descriptive of his own experience and that of the best *talent* in England and America, will recommend itself to the profession generally as a practical treatise. The style of the author is clear and easy. The chapter on the comparative merits of muzzle-loading guns and breech-loading is a dispassionate review of the various trials made with them, and is of special interest to the American hunter. An appendix is given, which contains brief descriptions of the prominent game-birds of the Northern States, with the localities in which they are found. For a book of its size it is unquestionably the best of the kind that we have had occasion to examine.

"THE LITTLE CORPORAL" is "all alive" with his wise and witty sayings, which he spreads over the continent in his best of all the youths' magazines. His headquarters are in Chicago, and Mr. A. L. SEWELL is his secretary.

MEDITATIONS AND CONTEMPLATIONS. By James Harvey. $1 50.

Few characters, in ancient and modern times, have combined more excellences or displayed more virtues than Mr. J. Harvey, whether we consider his sincerity as a friend, his zeal as a divine, his knowledge as a scholar, his mildness and patience, his charity and love, as a man and a Christian.

FIRST LESSONS IN COMPOSITION, in which the Principles of the Art are developed in connection with the Principles of GRAMMAR, embracing full directions on the subject of Punctuation, with copious Exercises. By G. P. Quackenbos, A.M. Price $1.

Of this work 169,000 copies have been sold. The author, a distinguished teacher, commits the work to his professional brethren, and requests them to submit it to that practical trial which is after all the only true test of a school-book's value.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS from this World to That which is to come. By John Bunyan. With illustrations. $1 75.

We, of course, can not but commend this work to all our Christian friends.

A TREATISE ON ENGLISH PUNCTUATION, designed for Letter Writers, Authors, Printers, and Correctors of the Press, and for the use of Schools and Academies, WITH AN APPENDIX, containing rules on the use of Capitals, a list of Abbreviations, hints on the Preparation of Copy and on Proof-Reading, specimen of Proof-Sheet, etc. By John Wilson. Price, postpaid, $1 75.

A new edition of this excellent work is now ready—may be had at this office or by post.

THE CENTENNIAL 1766–1866.—The large, growing, and important body of worshipers known as METHODISTS celebrate this year their ONE HUNDREDTH anniversary in America. With them this is indeed a year of jubilee. In order to its proper celebration, books, pamphlets, and pictorials have been published; orations, sermons, and lectures delivered, and a complete review of the work accomplished put on record. Our friend Mr. N. TIBBALS, 37 Park Row, New York, has published a beautiful sixteen-page pictorial, with sixty-eight illustrations, embracing portraits of the preachers and their wives, of the past hundred years—living and dead—churches, colleges, camp-meeting grounds, etc., with a succinct history of the most important events connected with Methodism in America. This pictorial is sold for 25 cents, and may be ordered from this office. We need scarcely add that the paper must prove instructive to others as well as to Methodists.

PAST TIMES WITH MY LITTLE FRIENDS. By Martha Haines Butt Bennett, author of "Leisure Moments," etc. Price $1 50. New York: Carleton, publisher.

A story-book for children, which must have a large sale, especially in the South, where the authoress is so well known. We shall refer to this work again.

MESSRS. F. W. HURD & CO. have published a large chromo-lithograph of the Dansville Water-Cure, which will serve as a permanent advertisement of that establishment. It is one of the most extensive and expensive pictures of the sort we have seen. It is supposed that many of the patients at the Cure will purchase the picture, at $3 a copy, and this will make the investment a "good thing" for the proprietors.

IN PRESS.—THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY FOR 1867.—We are now printing the new Annual. It is to be enlarged, and presented in a handsome cover. It will contain among many other good things: Bashfulness, its Cause and Cure, illustrated (worth of itself more than the cost of the book); Hindoo Heads and Characters; Immortality, Scientific Proofs; How to Study Phrenology; How to Conduct Public Meetings; Handwriting; Probst, the Murderer; Shaking Hands, illustrated; Portraits, Character, and Biographies of Distinguished People, etc. Let it be placed in every counting-room or office, on every center-table, or hung in the chimney-corner of every dwelling. It will do good. Price, postpaid, 20 cents. Address this office.

THE NEW YORK COACHMAKER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for August has just been received by us, and contains, besides four handsome full-page engravings of new designs for carriages, an unusual amount of useful and interesting matter to those especially who are in the line of business to which the magazine is devoted. Specimen numbers can be obtained at 50 cents each.

QUESTIONS ON ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. By Rev. Joseph Emerson. 60 cents. This book is revised, completed, and published for the use of individuals, families, and schools.

STANDARD HAND-BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY FOR THE PEOPLE. Postpaid, 60 cts. Giving plain directions for the management of a family, servants, lying-in-room, nursery, sick-room, flower garden, kitchen garden, and household pets, etc.

FIRST LESSONS ON NATURAL HISTORY. Postpaid, 80 cents. Prepared under the direction of Professor Agassiz, and very interesting for children, and perhaps of some use to parents whose children share the general juvenile delight in aquarias.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS; or, Instructions in the Divine Life of the Soul. By James W. Metcalf. Postpaid, $1 50. This work is intended for such as are desirous to count all things but loss, that they may win Christ. Comprising Christian Counsel, Spiritual Letters, Method of Prayer, Spiritual Maxims, etc.

PASTORAL REMINISCENCES. By Shepard K. Kollock. With an Introduction by A. Alexander, Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey. Postpaid, $1 50. It contains about 240 pages in nine chapters, namely: "The Devout Widow," "The Scottish Seaman," "The Daughter of Dejection Comforted," "The Injured Man Subdued," "The Hardened Convict," "The Naval Apostate," "An Old Disciple," "The Hungry Soul," "The Wrong Step," and is considered a real accession to our stock of religious reading.

NEW MUSIC, recently received from Mr. Fred. Blume, of 208 Bowery: "Nellie's Gone Forever," by Blamphin, "A Pearl of Melody," price 30 cents. "The Light in the Window," a ballad, by Virginia Gabriel, price 40 cents. "Ha-foozle-um," a great comic song, price 35 cents.

THE HARMONIES OF NATURE; or, the Unity of Creation. By Dr. G. Hartwig. With numerous wood-cuts. 8vo, pp. xix., 406. Cloth, $8. (London print.)

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New Books.

[*Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable and interesting:*]

BOOTH MEMORIALS. Passages, Incidents, and Anecdotes in the Life of Junius Brutus Booth (the Elder). By his Daughter. Portrait. 12mo, pp. 184. Cloth, $1 75.

MEDICAL DIAGNOSIS, with Special Reference to Practical Medicine. A Guide to the Knowledge and Discrimination of Diseases. Illustrated with woodcuts. Second edition, revised. 8vo, pp. 784. Cloth, $6 50.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JOHNSON, Seventeenth President of the United States. Written from a National stand-point by a National man. Portrait. 12mo, pp. xii., 363. Cloth, $2.

BATTLE ECHOES; or, Lessons from the War. By George B. Ide, D.D. 12mo, pp. 325. Cloth, $2.

MILLER'S NEW GUIDE TO THE HUDSON RIVER. Illustrated. By T. Addison Richards. 18mo, pp. 181. Cloth, $1 30.

HOMES WITHOUT HANDS.—Being a description of the habitations of animals, classed according to their principle of construction. By the Rev. J. G. Wood. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 651. Cloth, $5.

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.—Stray Notes on Speaking and Spelling. By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. Small 8vo. Vellum cloth, $1 50.

THE DEAN'S ENGLISH.—A Criticism on the Dean of Canterbury's Essays on "The Queen's English." By Geo. Washington Moon. Small 8vo. Vellum cloth, $2.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN SELF-PORTRAYED. By Jno. Malcolm Ludlow, London. With Portrait. Small 8vo. $2 25.

THE PICTORIAL BOOK of Anecdotes and Incidents of the War of the Rebellion, Civil, Military, and Domestic, from the time of the Memorable Toast of Andrew Jackson: "The Federal Union—it must be preserved," in 1830, to the Assassination of President Lincoln, and the End of the War. By Frazer Kirkland. With over 300 Engravings. 8vo, pp. 705. Hartford: Hartford Publishing Co. By subscription only. Cloth, $4 50; full gilt, $5.

THE GLORY AND SHAME OF ENGLAND. By C. Edwards Lester. In 2 vols., 8vo, pp. (both vols.) 601. Cloth, $4 00.

GUIDE TO THE CENTRAL PARK. Illustrated. By T. Addison Richards. 18mo, pp. 101. Cloth, $1 50.

THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE. Three Lectures on Work, Traffic, and War. By John Ruskin. 12mo, pp. xxi., 127. Cloth, $1 25.

THE SILVER SUNBEAM: A Practical and Theoretical Text-book on Sun Drawing and Photographic Printing; comprehending all the Wet and Dry Processes at present known, with Collodion, Albumen, Gelatine, Wax, Resin, and Silver; as also Heliographic Engraving, etc. By J. Fowler, M.D. Fifth edition. 12mo, pp. 443. Cloth, $2 75.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your* "BEST THOUGHTS" *solicited.*

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, *etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department*—TO CORRESPONDENTS—*and communications for the Editor, must be written on* SEPARATE *slips.*

SPECIAL NOTICE—*Owing to the crowded state of our columns generally, and the pressure upon this department in particular, we shall be compelled hereafter to decline all questions relating to subjects not properly coming within the scope of this* JOURNAL. *Queries relating to* PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, *and* ANTHROPOLOGY, *or the general* SCIENCE OF MAN, *will still be in order, provided they shall be deemed of* GENERAL INTEREST. *Write your question plainly on a* SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER, *and send us only* ONE *at a time.*

MIRTH IN INDIANS.—We have a communication, from a lady in Minnesota, on the subject of "Mirthfulness among the Indians." She states that "they often enjoy a hearty laugh, and that they are not the sober stoics that they are generally asserted to be, and that they laugh heartily at the mistakes and blunders of their associates."

We venture the assertion that in a party of twenty Indians there will not be so much laughing in twelve months as in a party of twenty negroes in twelve hours. We have seen something of the Indians, seen them together, five, ten, twenty, fifty, in a crowd; we have seen them for hours at a time, and seldom saw a smile on an Indian face, if we may except the civilized Indian gentleman, George Copway—yet seriousness is depicted on his face; we have seldom seen what might be called a sunny-faced Indian, one whose face seemed to be the home of smiles. One may go among negroes, or white men, or Chinamen, and he will see numbers whose countenances beam with the twilight of smiles. The face is not shaped into a smile, it does not laugh, but there seems to be an expression on the face in harmony with smiling, as if a smile had just gone or was just coming; but the Indian face seems hard, stern, sober, even to sadness. If the Indian has the power to smile, if he often indulges it, we rejoice to know it.

"MARRYING COUSINS."—Where can I obtain your previous or *any* able articles in relation to "Marrying Cousins?" and where can I obtain information as to what exceptions would obviate the objections to unions in such cases?

Ans. By the numerous letters received of late on this subject, we should suppose the world to be getting crazy on the subject of marrying blood-relations; or, perhaps, we ought to regard the world as becoming *sane* on the subject, hence the inquiries. Formerly the marriages of cousins took place without inquiry or anxiety; now people are getting their eyes open and they seek information.

In reply to your first inquiry we refer you to our work entitled "Hereditary Descent: Its Laws and Facts," page 227 and onward. The work costs $1 50. If after reading that work you want to marry a cousin, go ahead—your children would lack common sense, marry whom you would. As to the exceptions, if any, they are to be found in cousins who respectively take after the parents that are not related. But this is a very unsafe experiment. If you can not find any one besides a cousin to marry you had better remain single, or else do not blame Providence, in case you *will* marry your cousin, if you find yourself at some future day the parent of imbeciles.

THE BARBER'S POLE.—Will you please state the origin of the barber's sign, viz., a striped pole?

Ans. The barber in former times did the bleeding and leeching, not perhaps the whole of it, but for the common people who would get directions from a physician to be bled or leeched, and they would go to the barber, who was glad to do it for a few pence. As a sign indicating his readiness to let blood, the barber had the spiral stripes, red and blue, painted on a white pole, the red indicating an artery filled with red blood, the blue indicating a vein filled with blue or venous blood—the white stripe indicated the bandage. How ridiculous it now appears since bleeding has gone out of fashion, even with the doctors! and the barber is never known to use the lancet. The striped pole now means, not, "I bleed," but, "I shave and cut hair." Perhaps a new set of colors could now properly be put on the pole, viz., black, brown, and auburn, signifying "I color hair," as well as shave.

WHAT is life? Echo answers.

B. T.—We are glad to receive your indorsement of our "policy," and although we find it a difficult task to always avoid the quagmires, yet when we do fall into them we are not slow to acknowledge our error.

QUESTION.—Can you tell me what the word "Mc" is derived from?

Ans. The prefix Mac or Mc is of Gaelic origin and signifies "son of."

AN OUTFIT.—As you have our set of forty portraits, busts, casts of brain, a set of anatomical and physiological plates, all you need as an outfit for lecturing are a few skulls of men and animals. Most of these you can acquire as you travel. Our advice is to begin lecturing, and add to your apparatus as you find you need it and have the opportunity.

POOR MEMORY.—I read a great deal, but can not recall what I read; and it is only with great difficulty that I can remember that which I have gained by study. How can I improve my memory?

Ans. The only way to improve any faculty is to use it rightly enough, but not too much. The right method of using faculties is as important as the use. We can not elaborate this point in the JOURNAL. Our work entitled "Memory and Intellectual Improvement applied to Self-Education and Juvenile Instruction," treats this whole subject of memory in a practical way, and can not fail to repay perusal and study by all who have a weak or capricious memory. The book will be sent by mail, postage paid, for $1 50.

HARMONIOUS PARENTS.—Can a husband and wife of like faculties and like temperaments be the parents of wise and healthy offspring?

Ans. Yes, most certainly, if the temperaments and the faculties are properly balanced; if of the right kind, they should be alike in both; if not nearly perfect, they should be unlike, so that the weakness of the one might be supplemented by the strength of the other.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—Self-Esteem and Combativeness are important organs in the battle of life, but not the only or most important. A man in order to achieve success must not only exhibit boldness, courage, and assurance, but also steadfastness, determination, and common sense. The organs which inspire the latter qualities, we presume you to be sufficiently versed in Phrenology to perceive at once.

MALE AND FEMALE HEADS.—What is the relative size of the heads of the two sexes of the human family?

Ans. A man weighing 150 pounds should have a 22-inch head. A woman weighing from 120 to 130 pounds should have about a 21-inch head.

2. Are not the reflective organs greater in the male than in the female?

Ans. Yes, generally; but woman has relatively most top-head—kindness, faith, hope, justice, and devotion.

IMAGINATION.—Is the imagination a creative or a reproductive faculty?

Ans. So far as man can create, the imagination is a creative faculty. A story is the work of the imagination, but its form and expression will be much regulated by knowledge and experience. Sometimes a work of imagination defies experience and knowledge and treads in paths untrod before by mortal man. The "Moon Hoax," of 1835, by Richard Adams Locke, and the poem entitled the "Culprit Fay," by Rodman Drake, are pertinent examples.

DRAWLING SPEAKERS.—Do not persons who draw their words in talking have the executive organs small?

Ans. The quality spoken of has more intimate relation to temperament than to phrenological development. Large Secretiveness would make one deliberate, perhaps soft, possibly drawling in speech. The enunciation of the cat tribes, which are remarkable equally for large Secretiveness and Destructiveness, is an eminent example of drawling.

AGASSIZ.—The pronunciation of this distinguished savant's name as generally received is very like Ag-a-se.

PANOPHONICS.—We are desired by the writer of an article in our June number, under this title, to convey to those whose letters are unanswered, his *thanks* for kind expressions of approval with the Panophonic movement. It is expected that a small pamphlet will soon be issued, giving the forms of the system and a brief statement of principles, etc.; of which information will be given in the advertising department of this JOURNAL.

A TOW HEAD.—My hair is of the very undesirable color known as "tow-colored," and it is a great annoyance to me at least. I see by the JOURNAL that "golden tresses" are all the rage in Paris. This is not the case here, and you would confer a great benefit on many of your readers by publishing some recipe by which we might color our hair permanently and safely, that is, without injuring it or causing it to fall out. I have a recipe which is as follows: liac sulphur, 1 drachm; sugar of lead, ½ dr.; rose water, 4 oz.

Queries. Is this recipe safe, and will it permanently color the hair? If not, what will?

Ans. We must in this case, as in that where curly hair is so much desired, recommend porridge to old country tow heads, and pudding and milk to Americans. For

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gray hair, we advise meekness and modesty rather than hair-dye. It is an indication of something akin to vanity to put on false colors. Age may be respectable, dignified, kind, and affectionate, and frosted or silvered hair adds to, rather than detracts from, a noble nature. Let us be content to appear as God intended we should, simply adding the graces of manly and Christian culture.

WEIGHT.—The way to cultivate it is to exercise it—the same as any other faculty. Yes. Back numbers of the A. P. J. to January may still be had.

DULL-HEADS.—J. W. R. The large square foreheads (you speak of), which are dull scholars, may be *short* in the *intellectual* lobe of brain, and like the vestibule of a church, which, though high and broad, is not deep, contains but little room. The temperament, also, may be sluggish and the fiber of the brain coarse.

PRUDISH MAIDENS sometimes decline eligible offers of marriage from a kind of delicate diffidence; but we think it the fault, mainly, of the suitor. A widower would win such a maid, because less diffident than a bachelor, and knowing better how to treat the womanly nature.

PHOTOGRAPHING.—What developments are necessary for a good photographer?

Ans. Besides a good general intellect and an active temperament, a photographer needs large Individuality, Form, Order, Weight (to give a good idea of attitude and balance to a subject), Ideality, and Constructiveness. He ought also to have good Color, to enable him to avoid the bad taste of daubing pictures with fiery red and glaring gilding.

BOW-LEGGED.—A correspondent says: "I have been greatly benefited by the advice you gave through your JOURNAL for enlarging the lungs, and now beg to inquire if there is a remedy for 'bowed legs?'"

Ans. One cause of bow legs is believed to be, permitting babes to walk too soon—or stand too long, before the bones are strong enough. One way to straighten them is to remain much in a horizontal position, and rub the legs frequently, causing the blood to circulate freely therein. It would be a very slow process to straighten the crooked legs of an adult.

THE FUTURE.—Do redeemed souls enter at once into the full enjoyment promised in the Bible, or is that reserved till after the resurrection?

Ans. Read Luke xxiii. 43. Then ask your clergyman. Then ask God. Your question is theological, not phrenological. But we would tell you if we knew.

GOOD MORAL CHARACTER.—Will you inform your subscribers what constitutes a good moral character? Our superintendents of schools certify that the applicants for certificates to teach have good moral characters, when they are known to be profane, impious, and irreligious.

Ans. A good moral character, as we understand it, is a person who is honest, truthful, just, and pure, and who lives circumspectly before the world. In New York, a person who applies for a license to sell liquor must have a good moral character. We were recently asked if a man of good moral character would sell liquor, doubting whether it was not a business which must be practiced by one lacking moral character. A man of good moral character, doubtless, could sell liquor; but, as that business is now regarded, one must have a rather low estimate of morality to engage in it. Liquor dealers ought to be moral, and all men ought to have good moral characters, especially should a person who aspires to teach. In most religious communities, an "impious, profane person" would be considered not as answering to the description of a good moral character; but most people think if one does not steal, cheat, or openly break the laws, he possesses a good moral character. But we fancy that the real standard of a good moral character is considerably higher than it is necessary, either to teach a common school according to public usage, or to sell ardent spirits according to the usages of that traffic. Our impression is, that eight out of ten who sell rum in these regions have no just claim to be considered "of good moral character." Rumsellers generally have been of the baser sort, and some of them are the basest of the base.

WHAT TO EAT.—I am traveling constantly, and think of abandoning a meat diet. Can a person live on bread and milk? as that can always be had, would it not be the best substitute?

Ans. If you must confine yourself to white bread and milk, you would become constipated in less than three months, and your health be broken down. If you could get unbolted wheat bread or wheat-meal mush and milk you could live nicely; but in traveling you would not often find that kind of bread. See Pereira, on Food and Diet. Published at this office.

DECEITFULNESS. — I have read your JOURNAL for six months, and am not yet able to tell who are deceitful and who are not. I am a young single man, and this question is of great importance to me.

Ans. Deceitfulness depends upon more than one condition. Large Secretiveness alone does not make one deceitful—it simply gives the *power* to conceal or deceive. If one has large Conscientiousness, large or full Self-Esteem, full Combativeness, and not too much Approbativeness, deceitfulness need not be expected though Secretiveness be rather large. If Combativeness and Destructiveness be so small that the person lacks courage to speak the truth, and Approbativeness be so large that the person dreads censure, and has so little Self-Esteem as not to have independence, and so little Firmness and so large Cautiousness as to lack fortitude and be timid, it will not require large Secretiveness to induce concealment of faults and deception to screen the reputation from reproach. If you had a phrenological bust and the "Self-Instructor," you could learn to estimate character.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We fully agree with the statement in the Ephesians, 5th chapter and 23d verse, wherein it says, "The husband is the head of the wife." But, don't you see, some husbands, or married men, are not "house-bands," but low, gross and brutal—yes, even *criminal*. Many are drunken vagabonds, kept alive by the labor of wife and children. It is *such* we had reference to in our former remarks. Still, in the eyes of Scripture and the civil law, until convicted, he is the head. Hard case, isn't it? Girls, look out and take care whom you permit to be your "head center."

CHLORIDE OF SODIUM, or common salt, is, to a limited extent, a disinfectant, but to so limited an extent that it would not appreciably destroy pernicious gases. The most available and cheap of disinfecting media is chloride of lime.

NITROUS OXIDE is the gas now administered to a large extent for rendering a person insensible to the pain of surgical operations. Its popular name is "laughing gas;" because when administered in small quantities its influence occasions in the recipient extraordinary and ludicrous performances. The subsequent effects of the gas are exhilarating and agreeable on most persons. One of the most eminent American surgeons considers nitrous oxide as the least injurious of known anesthetics. Its chemical composition is NO^4, or four atoms of oxygen to one of nitrogen. It is but one remove from nitric acid, one of the most deadly of substances, the composition of the latter being NO^5. Our readers need not be shocked at so small a difference in these two compounds, as the transition from the harmless or nutritious to the poisonous and deadly is shown by chemical analysis to be in numerous cases, even less than in the above specified substances.

WHAT is the origin of the oft-quoted phrase, "The world is growing weaker and wiser?"

Ans. We think it is derived from a couplet in the "*Old Man's Wish*," by Dr. Walter Pope, who died early in the last century.

"May I govern my passion with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away."

The common application of the above aphorism is quite erroneous when considered in the light of Phrenology and physiological truth. We hold that to-day the world is stronger than ever before. This must be so, or the advancement made in the arts, sciences, mental and physical philosophy is all a false show, a figment of the imagination.

TOBACCO.—Is it not good for one who is nervous to smoke tobacco?

Ans. It is quite as well for a nervous man to smoke tobacco as it is to take morphine, opium, or arsenic. Any one of them will make any man nervous, and in all cases tend to depress the health and break down the system.

CITIZENSHIP.—Will you be so kind as to inform me what I must do in order to become a citizen, so that I will have the privilege of voting? I am 21 years of age, and was born in England. I have been in the army three years.

Ans. As you evidently had been in this country three or more years previous to attaining your 21st year, you can quite easily obtain the papers necessary to make you a complete citizen. By going to the county clerk's office of your county and stating your case, you will be put in the way of naturalization. When legally authorized to vote, be careful always to cast an *honest ballot*.

SIZE AND QUALITY.—1. May not a small person with a small head be as smart as a large person with a large head?

2. What should be the size of a grown person's head who weighs 112 lbs.?

Ans. 1. Yes, quite as smart, but not as great. A pocket pistol may do as well as a cannon to kill a rat. So a pony may do as well as a horse in certain places. As a rule, moderate-sized persons may be made up of finer material than larger persons, and so be nearly equal, the one gaining in quality what the other gains in quantity. But don't you see that if the larger person be of the same fine quality, that he must be the greater? Size *and* quality determine the relative powers. 2. Brain measuring 21 inches in circumference is large enough for a body weighing from 112 to 120 lbs.

IN A PRIVATE SCHOOL OR COLLEGE, WHICH IS BEST?—A young man inquires which is best—to spend four years teaching a common school, and employing meantime a private teacher in the more difficult studies, or to spend four years in college?

Ans. If you can command means and time, we should advise you to take a course of collegiate training, for the reason that there are advantages in the way of varied association and comprehensive instruction to be obtained in a college which no single teacher could combine in one person.

ACQUIRING LANGUAGES.—If a young man has the leisure, he can employ it both pleasantly and profitably in learning foreign languages. They serve to extend his knowledge of his own dialect and make him more accurate in the use of words.

BLUSHING.—See article on "Bashfulness, its Cause and Cure," in "Our New Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy" for 1867.

DANDRUFF.—What is the cause of dandruff, and how can it be cured?

Ans. It is caused by impure blood and a lack of cleanliness and a proper care of the head. To cure it, remove these causes. Wash the head frequently and thoroughly with warm or tepid water; rinse with cool water, and use a good hair-brush.

BLACK HAIR.—What does a very heavy crop of coarse, stiff, black hair indicate? 2. And is there such a thing as effectually removing or preventing the growth of the hair on parts where it is not desirable, without injury to the skin?

Ans. 1. Such hair indicates the bilious temperament, a tough, muscular fiber, and correspondingly strongly marked and energetic character.

2. There is, so far as we know, no safe and effectual means of permanently removing superfluous hairs from the body.

SUCKING THUMBS.—Several children of my acquaintance are in the habit of sucking a thumb or one or two fingers, and all of them have large reflective organs. Is that faculty a disposition to the habit?

Ans. Sensible mothers will correct this injurious habit in their children by diversion, or giving them something else to do. We can see no reason for the inference that sucking the thumbs increases any of the intellectual faculties. It may render Alimentiveness more active, which is seldom necessary in children. They will usually eat all they can digest and assimilate.

DYSPEPSIA.—I have a tendency to dyspepsia. What can I do to cure it?

Ans. Eat less; avoid greasy food, pepper, mustard, tea, coffee, and tobacco; sleep abundantly; wash the body in cool or cold water three times a week, and exercise freely in the open air. Eat fruit, Graham bread, lean beefsteak, and make free use of the common vegetables. Keep your passions in proper subjection, and not over-work. This is the way to avoid becoming dyspeptical, and also the way to get rid of that condition when it has been acquired.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.—It indicates no lack of faith to use all available means to secure desired ends. Providence helps those who try to help themselves, and condemns sluggishness and improvi-

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dence. One can believe in special providence and consistently work out his salvation, while God works in him "to will and to do of his good pleasure." Men seem to forget that nature and grace, God and good men, all work together harmoniously.

WASHING THE HEAD AND HAIR.—What mode of washing the head and hair is best?

Ans. The mode which will best secure the end in view—cleanliness. Use a plenty of warm water and fine soap, shampooing or rubbing thoroughly, and then rinsing off with clean tepid or cool water, so that none of the soap be left in the hair.

Is there any other Phrenological Journal than the *American?*

Ans. No; but there was many years ago an *Edinburgh Phrenological Journal.*

THE TERM FENIAN.—Every student of Irish history will recollect that a chieftain existed in Ireland just anterior to the Christian era, named Fion McCuol. This personage was the commandant of the Feonian Erin or Irish militia at a period when Ireland was a nation, and her people protected themselves against the encroachments of all invaders.

ORIGINALITY.—Has a man the power to originate thought, or is all originality a direct gift of God?

Ans. Man is organized by the Creator with certain faculties to be exercised in accordance with "the laws of his being," rendering him capable of doing certain things, and among the rest is the use of that power which the world denominates "originality." A man will take a step entirely in advance of human information, push a fresh track of thought right out into the unknown and unseen. It is claimed by France that simultaneously with Doctor Franklin's discoveries in electricity somebody in that country made similar discoveries. It is also claimed that somebody made simultaneous discoveries with Prof. Morse in his telegraphic discoveries. Man has not, of course, power to go beyond the realm of humanity. All animals have certain instincts and are governed by fixed laws of being. The duck and the gosling, though hatched under a hen, will, on the first opportunity, glide into the water, greatly to the consternation of the stepmother. The canary-bird will sing like a canary without ever having heard another canary sing. A puppy will use his teeth and bark just as dogs have done in all past time, and this he does without instruction. This is originality, not imitation.

Man has philosophical power, and those endowed highly in this department of their nature will push their inquiries beyond precedent, and the world calls it "originality." The power to do, the power to know, is possessed by individuals. Some have a greater facility than others for developing what they possess. Some possess more than others; but the action of these powers is normal, not miraculous, and it does not come by any immediate, special interposition of Divine Providence. One is not obliged to wink the eyes, though nearly everybody does it. The presumption is, they are organized to do it, and feel the necessity for it. All the apparatus is there, and it would be very strange if they did not do it. Everything man can do, therefore, is more or less inborn, created, established in him. All that can be said of originality is, that men will work thoughts out or originate, will develop them without teaching. As a common-sense man makes progress, as he develops and strengthens his powers by use, he takes higher and still higher steps in the realm of originality, of development, of unfolding.

Publishers' Department.

IN ADVANCE OF DATE.—We stereotype this JOURNAL, and commence printing it some time in advance of its date. Articles, questions for answer, and advertisements intended for "the next number," *should reach this office at least a month* before it may be expected to appear. Contributors will please *condense* as much as possible. Our space is limited and very valuable.

WRITE PLAINLY.—It is scarcely necessary to remind sensible persons that is is not polite to write anything intended for publication either in pencil nor "in haste." The best white paper and the best black ink are not too good materials with which to record immortal thoughts. Spare us the agony of trying to decipher indistinct or unintelligible chirography. We like to read one's "Best Thoughts" plainly and handsomely expressed.

THE A. P. J. FOR 1867.—In our next we hope to announce subscription rates, with premiums, for next year. One thing is certain—no reduction in price can possibly be made without reducing size, quantity, and quality of matter. Our readers would not, we think, desire this; they would much rather we would increase than diminish it. At $3 a year we could much better realize our own ideas in making the JOURNAL what it *should* be. We could improve its illustrations, throw out the advertisements, or print them in a supplement, and thus increase its reading matter. But until we reach a circulation of 50,000 or more, we shall probably hold it at $2 a year. Next month, the rates will be fixed for 1867. Our friends will then be able to start new clubs for the new year.

GOLD AND SILVER—A WORD TO CALIFORNIANS.—Our prices for books, journals, etc., are based on "currency," not specie; and when we say the terms of subscription to the A. P. J. are $2 a year, or at lower terms in clubs, we mean in greenbacks, not "metallic."

PHONOGRAPHIC REPORTERS, not now profitably employed, or those seeking a change of position, would do well to communicate with this office. We keep a register of those seeking situations. Besides the full address, it would be well to state age, extent of practice, how many words per minute the applicant can write, and salary expected. We are always happy to assist reporters to find desirable situations.

ENIGMAS.—Correspondents who have sent us enigmas, will please accept our thanks, and not send any more at present, as we have a larger number on hand than we can publish within the next twelve months.

COVERS FOR "NEW PHYSIOGNOMY."—Our binder will supply cloth covers, with gilt sides, properly lettered on the back, ready to receive the four parts, at 75 cents. They will be sent post-paid.

THE HYGEIAN HOME, in Berks Co., Pa., is a mountain retreat, with all the quiet "home comforts," at reasonable prices. Scenery of surpassing beauty.

MUSICAL BOXES are always popular, except with those "who have no ear" for charming sounds; and the Messrs. Paillard, of Maiden Lane, New York, import the most beautiful instruments.

MEDICAL SCHOOLS opening for the fall and winter terms of the New York University Medical College and the New York Medical School and Hospital for Women, are announced in our advertising department. See, also, a list of medical works—text-books—used in the different schools, with prices.

MESSRS. HARPER BROTHERS advertise a list of new publications in our present number.

NEW CHURCH MUSIC is advertised by the leading music publishers of New England. Need we even mention the name? who else could it be but Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co.?

THE MESSRS. REMINGTON, of Ilion, N. Y., propose to fortify mankind with the weapons of offense and defense in the shape of fire-arms of nearly all sizes and descriptions. When we lived in the West, among the Indians, where hunting and fishing formed a part of our early days' employment—we will not call it sport, for it was then a rather serious matter—we depended almost solely on our "Remington," and it seldom missed, and never failed. Editors generally have provided themselves with one of Remington's revolvers, so look out!

DR. SHEPARD, of Brooklyn Heights, is enlarging his Turkish baths, and so arranging them that they may be enjoyed at all times by both ladies and gentlemen.

GIFT AND LOTTERY SWINDLERS.—We beg our subscribers *not* to waste their time and ours—to say nothing of stationery and stamps—in asking us to obtain for them gold watches worth $50, or prizes valued at $100 for $5 or $5 24; nor can we stand guard to watch the swindlers, and warn the public against attack. Let no one expect to get more than his money's worth from a stranger, especially from gift or lottery schemers, thieves, and robbers.

WE are desired by a friend to state that Rev. Dr. Barnes, whom we published among our "eminent American clergymen" in the July number, was prepared for college at Fairfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., instead at Fairfield, Conn., as we stated in the brief biographical sketch following his name.

General Items.

PHRENOLOGY IN COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.—We have received notice of a new movement in the great Northwest. An exchange says, "The Phrenological Club elected permanent officers at their meeting on Saturday evening: President, C. C. Strawn; vice-president, J. M. Carothers; secretary, Dr. S. W. Garwood; treasurer, M. B. Weaver. The club hold their next regular meeting at the town hall. We are requested to give the ladies of Columbus a special and cordial invitation to be present. Mr. John E. Kelly is named as one of the speakers.

LANDS FOR SALE IN FLORIDA.—On another page may be found an advertisement describing 12,000 acres of fruit, timber, and agricultural lands, situated on the St. John's River, in East Florida. Read of the orange groves, and let your mouth water, but don't be tempted by the tobacco. That Florida promises a delightful place in which to winter can not be denied; but is it not rather warm there in summer? We advise well-to-do farmers to remain where they are—be they in the West, North, or East; but to the unsettled thousands here and in Europe, we say "Go South." It is a goodly country in which to live.

Mr. Joseph Tillman, of Madison, Fla., will cheerfully give any desired information to prepaid inquirers.

GEORGIA LANDS.—The attention of persons contemplating emigration to the "Sunny South," and especially of farmers and fruit-growers, is called to the "Pine Hills of Georgia." See advertisement on cover, and send to Mr. D. H. Jacques, at this office, for circular.

CHANGES IN THE MONEY-ORDER SYSTEM.—The Post-office Department has put the new law of Congress relating to the money-order system in force, commencing in August. The working of the system is changed in several respects, and orders of fifty dollars and under are now sold, while under the old system the maximum was thirty dollars. The fees for money orders have also been changed; orders from one to twenty dollars being now issued at ten cents, and over twenty to fifty dollars inclusive, at twenty-five cents. Under the old law it was necessary for a duplicate to be issued. Under the new law, postmasters can administer oaths free of charge, and the certificate is also furnished without cost. Besides these changes, quite a number of other objectionable features have been removed. On the 2d of August three hundred additional money-order offices, mostly in the South and West, were put in operation. The system is daily increasing in popularity among all classes.

MADAME ——, phrenologist and clairvoyant, can be consulted on all matters pertaining to the past, present, and future. Madame —— has also an effectual remedy for "sore eyes," deafness, rheumatism, neuralgia, and all nervous diseases by a recent discovery in the healing art.—*The papers.*

[Simply an impostor, like astrologers, who feed on the ignorant and credulous. She must be classed among the quacks who rob and poison their foolish victims.]

THE JOURNAL FOR YOUNG MEN.—A young man who has read the JOURNAL for the last six months, writes:

I think it the best paper I have ever had the opportunity of reading, and that every young man and woman ought to take it. Had I taken it twelve years ago and continued to the present, I am sure I should be a different man—should have escaped the miserable vices which so many youth fall into. Now I am getting stronger by the knowledge received from the JOURNAL and some of your excellent books, and during the last six months have improved. I hope yet to be a man, burying the errors of the past in the reformation of the future!

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THE MOUNTEBANK AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

A CERTAIN wealthy patrician, intending to treat the Roman people with some theatrical entertainment, publicly offered a reward to any one who would produce a novel spectacle. Incited by emulation, artists arrived from all parts to contest the prize, among whom a well-known witty Mountebank gave out that he had a new kind of entertainment that had never yet been produced on any stage. This report being spread abroad, brought the whole city together. The theater could hardly contain the number of spectators. And when the artist appeared alone upon the stage, without any apparatus, or any assistants, curiosity and suspense kept the spectators in profound silence. On a sudden he thrust down his head into his bosom, and mimicked the squeaking of a young pig so naturally, that the audience insisted upon it that he had one under his clock, and ordered him to be searched; which being done, and nothing appearing, they loaded him with the most extravagant applause.

A Countryman among the audience observing what passed—"Oh!" says he, "I can do better than this; and immediately gave out that he would perform the next day. Accordingly, on the morrow, a yet greater crowd was collected. Prepossessed, however, in favor of the Mountebank, they came rather to laugh at the Countryman than to pass a fair judgment on him. They both came out upon the stage. The Mountebank grunts away first, and calls forth the greatest clapping and applause. Then the Countryman, pretending that he concealed a little pig under his garments (and he had, in fact, really got one), pinched its ear till he made it squeak. The people cried out that the Mountebank had imitated the pig much more naturally, and hooted to the Countryman to quit the stage; but he, to convict them to their face, produced the real pig from his bosom. "And now, gentlemen, you may see," said he, "what a pretty sort of judges you are!"

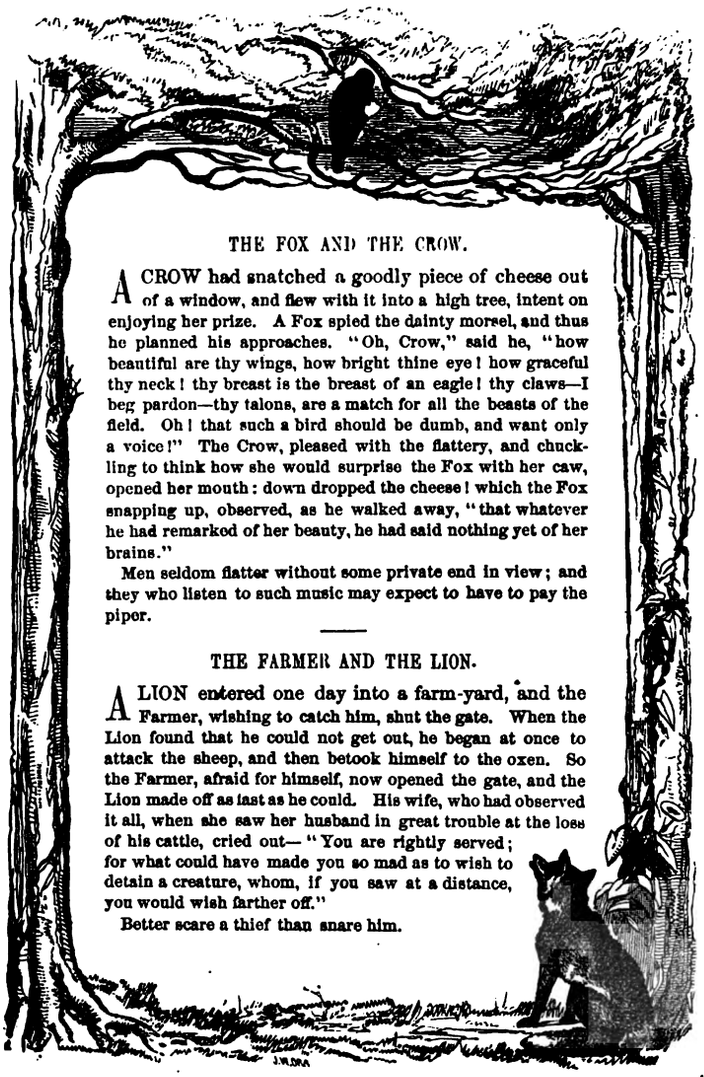
It is easier to convince a man against his senses than against his will.

THE HUNTER AND THE FISHERMAN.

A HUNTER was returning from the mountains loaded with game, and a Fisherman was at the same time coming home with his creel full of fish, when they chanced to meet by the way. The Hunter took a fancy to a dish of fish: the Fisher preferred a supper of game. So each gave to the other the contents of his own basket. And thus they continued daily to exchange provisions, till one who had observed them said: "Now, by this invariable interchange, will they destroy the zest of their meal; and each will soon wish to return to his own store again."

THE BOY BATHING.

A BOY was bathing in a river, and, getting out of his depth, was on the point of sinking, when he saw a wayfarer coming by, to whom he called out for help with all his might and main. The Man began to read the Boy a lecture for his foolhardiness; but the urchin cried out, "O, save me now, sir! and read me the lecture afterward."



THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A CROW had snatched a goodly piece of cheese out of a window, and flew with it into a high tree, intent on enjoying her prize. A Fox spied the dainty morsel, and thus he planned his approaches. "Oh, Crow," said he, "how beautiful are thy wings, how bright thine eye! how graceful thy neck! thy breast is the breast of an eagle! thy claws—I beg pardon—thy talons, are a match for all the beasts of the field. Oh! that such a bird should be dumb, and want only a voice!" The Crow, pleased with the flattery, and chuckling to think how she would surprise the Fox with her caw, opened her mouth: down dropped the cheese! which the Fox snapping up, observed, as he walked away, "that whatever he had remarked of her beauty, he had said nothing yet of her brains."

Men seldom flatter without some private end in view; and they who listen to such music may expect to have to pay the piper.

THE FARMER AND THE LION.

A LION entered one day into a farm-yard, and the Farmer, wishing to catch him, shut the gate. When the Lion found that he could not get out, he began at once to attack the sheep, and then betook himself to the oxen. So the Farmer, afraid for himself, now opened the gate, and the Lion made off as fast as he could. His wife, who had observed it all, when she saw her husband in great trouble at the loss of his cattle, cried out—"You are rightly served; for what could have made you so mad as to wish to detain a creature, whom, if you saw at a distance, you would wish farther off."

Better scare a thief than snare him.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

THE ASS'S SHADOW.

A YOUTH, one hot summer's day, hired an Ass to carry him from Athens to Megara. At mid-day the heat of the sun was so scorching that he dismounted, and would have sat down to repose himself under the shadow of the Ass. But the driver of the Ass disputed the place with him, declaring that he had an equal right to it with the other. "What!" said the Youth, "did I not hire the Ass for the whole journey?" "Yes," said the other, "you hired the Ass, but not the Ass's Shadow." While they were thus wrangling and fighting for the place, the Ass took to his heels and ran away.

THE ASS'S SHADOW.

THE FROGS ASKING FOR A KING.

IN the days of old, when the Frogs were all at liberty in the lakes, and had grown quite weary of following every one his own devices, they assembled one day together, and with no little clamor petitioned Jupiter to let them have a King to keep them in better order, and make them lead honester lives. Jupiter, knowing the vanity of their hearts, smiled at their request, and threw down a Log into the lake, which by the splash and commotion it made, sent the whole commonwealth into the greatest terror and amazement. They rushed under the water and into the mud, and dared not come within ten leaps' length of the spot where it lay. At length one Frog bolder than the rest ventured to pop his head above the water, and take a survey of their new King at a respectful distance. Presently, when they perceived the Log lie stock-still, others began to swim up to it and around it; till by degrees, growing bolder and bolder, they at last leaped upon it, and treated it with the greatest contempt. Dissatisfied with so tame a ruler, they forthwith petitioned Jupiter a second time for another and more active King. Upon which he sent them a Stork, who no sooner arrived among them than he began laying hold of them and devouring them one by one as fast as he could, and it was in vain that they endeavored to escape him. Then they sent Mercury with a private message to Jupiter, beseeching him that he would take pity on them once more; but Jupiter replied, that they were only suffering the punishment due to their folly, and that another time they would learn to let well alone, and not be dissatisfied with their natural condition.

THE RIVERS AND THE SEA.

ONCE upon a time the Rivers combined against the Sea, and, going in a body, accused her, saying: "Why is it that when we Rivers pour our waters into you so fresh and sweet, you straightway render them salt and unpalatable?" The Sea, observing the temper in which they came, merely answered: "If you do not wish to become salt, please to keep away from me altogether."

Those who are most benefited are often the first to complain.

THE BLACKAMOOR.

A CERTAIN man bought a Blackamoor, and thinking that the color of his skin arose from the neglect of his former master, he no sooner brought him home than he procured all manner of scouring apparatus, scrubbing-brushes, soaps, and sand-paper, and set to work with his servants to wash him white again. They drenched and rubbed him for manyan hour, but all in vain; his skin remained as black as ever; while the poor wretch all but died from the cold he caught under the operation.

No human means avail of themselves to change a nature originally evil.

THE ASS, THE COCK, AND THE LION.

AN Ass and a Cock lived in a farm-yard together. One day a hungry Lion passing by and seeing the Ass in good condition, resolved to make a meal of him. Now, they say that there is nothing a Lion hates so much as the crowing of a Cock; and at that moment the Cock happening to crow, the Lion straightway made off with all haste from the spot. The Ass, mightily amused to think that a Lion should be frightened at a bird, plucked up courage and galloped after him, delighted with the notion of driving the king of beasts before him. He had, however, gone no great distance, when the Lion turned sharply round upon him, and made an end of him in a trice.

Presumption begins in ignorance and ends in ruin.

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THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.

AN Ass having put on a Lion's skin, roamed about, frightening all the silly animals he met with, and, seeing a Fox, he tried to alarm him also. But Reynard, having heard his voice, said, "Well, to be sure! and I should have been frightened too, if I had not heard you bray."

They who assume a character that does not belong to them generally betray themselves by overacting it.

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.

THE BOY AND THE FILBERTS.

A CERTAIN Boy put his hand into a pitcher where great plenty of Figs and Filberts were deposited; he grasped as many as his fist could possibly hold, but when he endeavored to pull it out, the narrowness of the neck prevented him. Unwilling to lose any of them, but unable to draw out his hand, he burst into tears and bitterly bemoaned his hard fortune. An honest fellow who stood by gave him this wise and reasonable advice: "Grasp only half the quantity, my boy, and you will easily succeed."

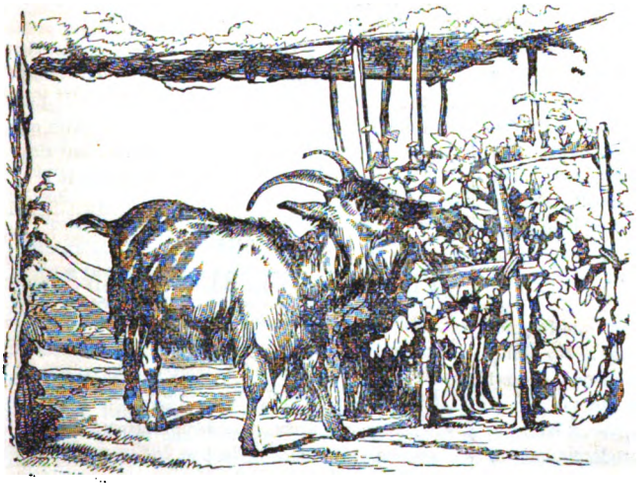
THE HART AND THE VINE.

A HART pursued by hunters concealed himself among the branches of a Vine. The hunters passed by without discovering him, and when he thought that all was safe, he began browsing upon the leaves that had concealed him. But one of the hunters, attracted by the rustling, turned round, and guessing that their prey was there, shot into the bush and killed him. As he was dying, he groaned out these words: "I suffer justly from my ingratitude, who could not forbear injuring the Vine that had protected me in time of danger."

THE VINE AND THE GOAT.

THERE was a Vine teeming with ripe fruit and tender shoots, when a wanton Goat came up and gnawed the bark, and browsed upon the young leaves. "I will revenge myself on you," said the Vine, "for this insult; for when in a few days you are brought as a victim to the altar, the juice of my grapes shall be the dew of death upon your forehead."

Retribution though late comes at last.

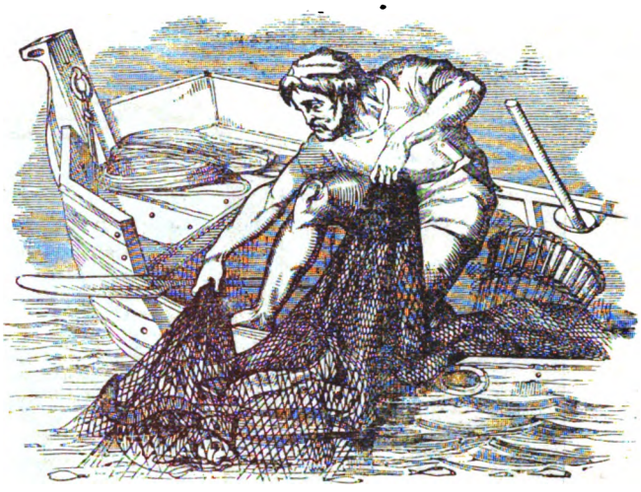


THE VINE AND THE GOAT.

THE GREAT AND THE LITTLE FISHES.

A FISHERMAN was drawing up a net which he had cast into the sea, full of all sorts of fish. The Little Fish escaped through the meshes of the net, and got back into the deep, but the Great Fish were all caught and hauled into the ship.

Our insignificance is often the cause of our safety.



THE GREAT AND THE LITTLE FISHES.

THE CHARGER AND THE ASS

A CHARGER adorned with his fine trappings came thundering along the road, exciting the envy of a poor Ass, who was trudging along the same way with a heavy load upon his back. "Get out of my road!" said the proud Horse, "or I shall trample you under my feet." The Ass said nothing, but quietly moved on one side to let the Horse pass. Not long afterward the Charger was engaged in the wars, and being badly wounded in battle was rendered unfit for military service, and sent to work upon a farm. When the Ass saw him dragging with great labor a heavy wagon, he understood how little reason he had had to envy one who, by his overbearing spirit in the time of his prosperity, had lost those friends who might have succored him in time of need.

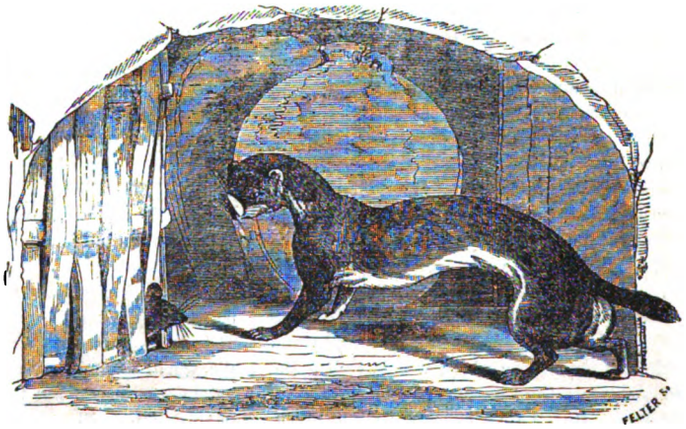
THE LION AND THE BULLS.

THREE Bulls fed in a field together in the greatest peace and amity. A Lion had long watched them in the hope of making prize of them, but found that there was little chance for him so long as they kept all together. He therefore began secretly to spread evil and slanderous reports of one against the other, till he had fomented a jealousy and distrust among them. No sooner did the Lion see that they avoided one another, and fed each by himself apart, than he fell upon them singly, and so made an easy prey of them all.

The quarrels of friends are the opportunities of foes.

THE MOUSE AND THE WEASEL.

A LITTLE starveling Mouse had made his way with some difficulty into a basket of corn, where, finding the entertainment so good, he stuffed and crammed himself to such an extent, that when he would have got out again, he found the hole was too small to allow his puffed-up body to pass. As he sat at the hole groaning over his fate, a Weasel, who was brought to the spot by his cries, thus addressed him: "Stop there, my friend, and fast till you are thin; for you will never come out till you reduce yourself to the same condition as when you entered."



THE MOUSE AND THE WEASEL.

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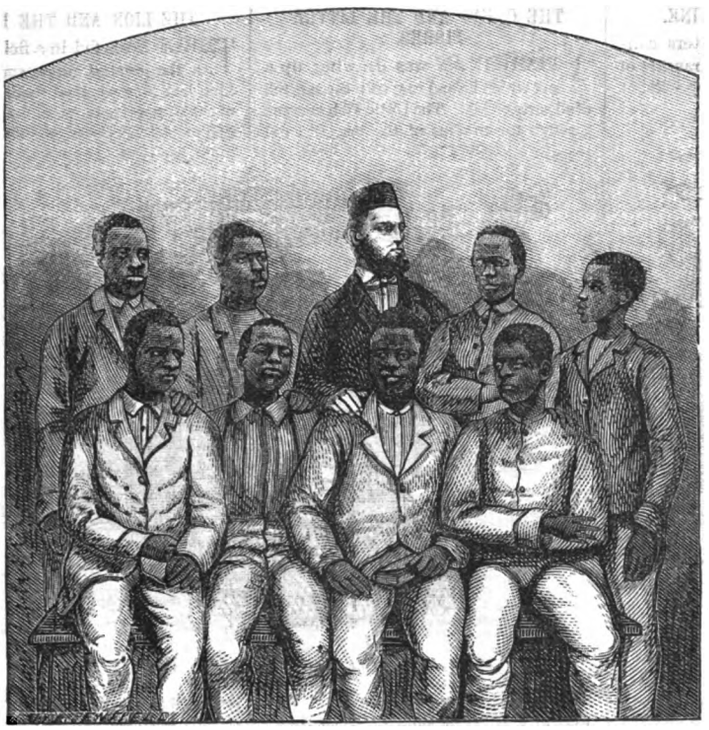

THE MISSIONARY AND HIS PUPILS.

On Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—*Spurzheim.*

THE AFRICAN MISSIONARY.

WE sometimes hear the question asked, What are the missionaries doing in Africa? We submit the above group as but a single instance of the Christian work now going on in that benighted land. At Akropong, on the Gold Coast, in western Africa, an extensive mission has been established under the patronage of the Basle Society. Connected with this mission is a school for the education of native ministers and teachers. The above group represents the principal of the school and eight of his pupils. These eight young men are now engaged in disseminating the truths of the Gospel among their Ashantee countrymen, acting as either teachers or preachers. Entering into the work with all the enthusiasm peculiar to their race, they show themselves most efficient colaborers with the white missionaries.

Many of these Africans are so favorably organized that they receive the rudiments of English education almost as readily as the whites—Imitation is large. As they advance toward the higher branches they show less originality and invention, less capacity to comprehend abstract philosophy and the sciences than those whites who have had the benefit of generations of culture concentrated in themselves. But the Africans can be improved, lifted up, civilized, Christianized, and the missionaries are doing the work of the Great Master. Let them be encouraged and sustained. We glory in every effort having for its object the development of mind, the improvement of morals, and the elevation of mankind. When may we look for the establishment of a phrenological society in Africa? We will render any assistance in our power to bring about this object. Think of it, a working phrenological society in western Africa! Who will help?

LARGE NOSES.

[IT is interesting to notice the discussions of editors on physiognomy; attributing a sense of music to the nose is new, if not true. Read what a writer in the Boston *True Flag* says.]

Phrenologists make great account of the nose. If any one is disposed to set them down as dreamers, then we cite Napoleon and other good judges, who thought very highly of this member as a prominent mark of character. By them a large nose is considered an almost never-failing indication of strong will. One can see this every day exemplified on very common occasions. The first time you are on board a steamboat, take the trouble to notice who first rush out of it to jump ashore. They are all big-nosed people to a man! You need not take anybody's word for this, but you can examine for yourself.

It was not for nothing that a conquering nation of antiquity had *Roman* noses. No timid people they, who did not know their own minds! They knew them very well, and made the rest of the world acquainted with them, too. Well-developed noses do not indicate predominance of imagination. The Romans were not distinguished for this faculty. But they appear, in some way or other, connected with taking the lead in practical matters. They go before and clear the way, where organs of less size and strength would fail to penetrate and open a passage. They always go ahead at fights and fires, and are foremost in crowds, in riots, and daring undertakings; sometimes getting the whole body into trouble; but then the first to lead the way to an escape. We see them pointing the way to glory in the warrior and hero, in Wellington and Washington; and, with never-failing forecast, guiding the sagacity of statesmen, and Burleighs of the cabinet.

We do not know if it has ever been remarked that the Hebrew nation owe their uncommon excellence in music to this portion of their physiques rather than to their ears. It is customary, we are aware, to speak of an ear for tune, an ear for time, etc.; but we would suggest, with deference, whether it would not be more correct to say a *nose* for harmony and song. Certain it is, that the descendants of Jubal and Asaph are among the chief musicians of this day, as the illustrious characters we have mentioned were of theirs; and they are all remarkably endowed with the nasal organ. Evidently, the nose was not placed in such proximity with the instrument of vocal sound for nothing! It is not only an index of musical capacity in its proprietor, but an excellent musician itself. [Oh, fiddlesticks!]

AN IMPORTANT MUSEUM FOUNDED.—"By the liberality of a gentleman engaged in one of the learned professions in London, a museum has been founded at Salisbury, Wiltshire, which bids fair to become one of the most important of its kind in England. It is known as the Blackmore Museum Collection, and is chiefly illustrative of Ethnology. The Drift of Salisbury has furnished a large and important series of stone implements. The valuable collection of Dr. E. H. Davis, of New York, has been purchased—a large portion of which was obtained by Dr. Davis and Mr. Squier from the Ohio Mounds, and to a description of which the first volume of the publication of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, United States, is devoted. The stone series from France, Denmark, Switzerland, and other localities, will be extensive."

[We have had the pleasure of sending to Mr. Blackmore specimens of Indian—Sioux—skulls to the Salisbury Museum. Americans will find this a most interesting place to visit. The old cathedral at Salisbury is richly worth the time and money it costs the tourist to examine it.]

THE

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S. R. WELLS, EDITOR,

Is devoted to **The Science of Man**, in all its branches, including PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, SOCIOLOGY, etc. It furnishes a guide in **Choosing a Pursuit**, in selecting a **Wife** or a **Husband**, and in judging of the dispositions of those around us, by the **external "Signs of Character."**

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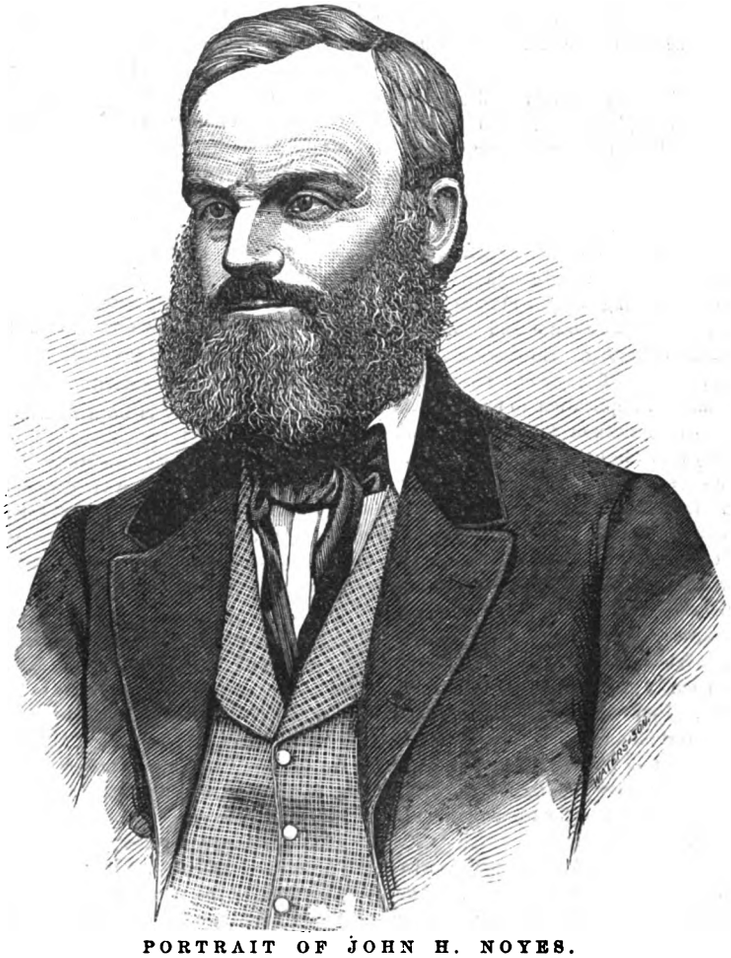
The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—Young

JOHN H. NOYES,
AND THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

JOHN H. NOYES has an excellent constitution, and is evidently descended from a long-lived ancestry, some of whom may have attained a very great age, say to eighty or, possibly, ninety years. We see no indications of disease or premature decay in him; on the contrary, all the vital conditions favor the inference that he may live long and healthfully. All the recuperative functions are strongly marked, the heart, lungs, and stomach being fully developed and in healthy action.

Intellectually, Mr. Noyes should be known for a disposition to investigate principles, to go back to the origin of things, to study cause and effect, or the why and the wherefore. He is even abstract in his speculations and metaphysical in his mental tendencies. There is something of the Ben. Franklin tendency in his character; and had his mind been directed to invention and the investigation of scientific subjects, he could have excelled in those pursuits. He would appreciate chemistry, geology, physiology, and psychology.



PORTRAIT OF JOHN H. NOYES.

In theology he is apparently less emotional than philosophical. He is not moved so much by his feelings as he is directed by his judgment and by his faith. His religion is based, first, on kindness; second, on justice, in doing good and doing right rather in bowing down to authority in humility and observing forms and ceremonies. He has not that feeling of deference and respect for the opinions of others which would incline him to follow in any beaten path made by them. He would hold himself accountable alone to the powers above, and worship according to the dictates of his own judgment.

He is not inclined to hope for too much, but will generally realize more than he anticipates. Some magnify their prospects, others undervalue them; he stands between those extremes. He would be somewhat rigid in his sense of justice,

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holding others to a strict accountability; and being very careful to fulfill all his own promises, would expect others to do the same.

He appreciates words of approval and encouragement, but would turn neither to the right nor the left to secure flattery or avoid frowns. If disapproved, he can endure it—if approved, he enjoys it; but he does not hold himself accountable so much to men or women as to a power or a principle above—a "higher law." He could conform to custom, but would prefer to strike out an original and independent course for himself.

Socially, he should be known for warm and even ardent affections and attachments to persons, to places, and to objects; but the affections, though prominent, are subordinate to his judgment and moral sentiments. He evidently inherits the sympathies, watchfulness, and sensitiveness of the mother, with the will, the love of liberty, love of knowledge, and sense of independence of the father, combining the qualities of both parents.

He appreciates property, knows its value, and would use it wisely but never wastefully. He would economize both time and money, but use them freely.

His appetite is good when in health, and he would enjoy his food, but would eat to live rather than live to eat. He is neither a gourmand nor an epicure. He is so organized and balanced that he will not be likely to commit excesses or go to extremes whereby his health might be endangered. Evidently, in most respects, he is a cautious, guarded, prudent person. Though a man of strong impulses, strong will, and strong sympathies, yet, having a resolute and self-relying spirit, he is self-regulating. He has dignity and decision, and will hold firmly to his convictions.

He has sufficient application to finish what he begins, but is not prolix or tedious. He would be moderately quick in his mental transitions.

Would be resolute to resist and defend, but not aggressive. He neither seeks nor avoids controversy, but defends his principles and friends with real moral courage. There is no malice, vindictiveness, or cruelty, but simply a determination to defend the right and to live down the wrong.

He is naturally frank, open, and free, with only that prudence which comes from the judgment, and from caution—not the cunning of Secretiveness. He would be dignified and manly without being distant or domineering; polite and gentlemanly, but not fawning. More Hope and less Cautiousness would incline him to venture more, whereas now he keeps within the limits of his own plans and knowledge.

He has taste, love for poetry, oratory, works of art, and all things grand and sublime, but does not lose sight of the useful in admiring the beautiful. It is utility first, however, and then ornament.

He can imitate and work after a pattern, but is more inclined to originate, to invent than to copy. He is mirthful, fond of fun, joyous, youthful, and playful. He has always been a good observer as well as a deep, original thinker. He can measure well by the eye, and would be correct in judging of forms, sizes, proportions, and of distance; can keep the center of gravity in marching or in climbing, and can readily detect resemblances. He is systematic and methodical, keeping things in place, and accurate as an accountant, if accustomed to figures. He enjoys music though he may not make it; is free if not copious in the use of language, and with practice could excel in both speaking and writing.

If a youth, yet to be educated for a particular calling in life, we should suggest the law as the first choice, whence he would go either into political life, or to the post of a judge, or a seat of honor and of trust under the general government. Next, we should name theology, in which he would engage in reformatory or missionary work with zeal, though it would be somewhat difficult for him to conform to a particular creed established by others. Next, in medicine and surgery, in which calling he would do well, especially in a medical school or college, as a teacher, or in an asylum or a hospital. If in neither of these, in some other public institution, as in a savings-bank, as a superintendent or a manager in any corporation. He could have been fitted for statesmanship, and would have excelled in directing public affairs.

In business he would be somewhat conservative, risking comparatively little, but would have been content with moderate profits rather than to have ventured more for possible gains.

His brain is of the larger class, well supported by a strong constitution, and a framework well filled up, and he ought to take a leading place among leading men. "Where much is given, much will be required."

The following biography, including the sketch of Mr. Noyes' life, now first published, is believed to be correct in every particular.

BIOGRAPHY.

John H. Noyes was born in Brattleboro, Vt., September 8, 1811.

His father's family originally lived in Newburyport, Mass., and was descended from a Puritan minister, who emigrated from England in 1634. His father graduated at Dartmouth College, was tutor to the class of Daniel Webster, and studied for the ministry, but subsequently devoted himself to mercantile pursuits. He was member of Congress for the southern district of Vermont in 1817, and died in 1841, at the age of seventy-seven—leaving considerable property to his children.

J. H. N.'s mother's family, whose name was Hayes, came from New Haven, and was descended from one of the earliest settlers of the Connecticut colony. She was remarkable for conscientiousness and religious zeal, and took great care to have her children educated in the fear of God. She died at Oneida, April 11, 1866, aged eighty-six. Mr. Noyes was forty years old, and Mrs. Noyes twenty, when they married. J. H. N. was the fourth child, but the first son of this marriage.

J. H. Noyes is fifty-five years old; height five feet and eleven inches; general proportion good; average weight one hundred and eighty-five pounds; very fair complexion; beard and hair originally red, the latter now somewhat whitened; head rather large, measuring twenty-three and one-half inches, with high projecting forehead, resembling that of Thomas Carlyle in some important particulars, according to the recent testimony of an intimate friend of that gentleman; the lower jaw slightly projecting and rather broad; the lips thin and finely curved; nose of medium size and slightly aquiline; the eyes hazel and sometimes almost black, with eyebrows well-developed, and sustained by a series of bold perceptive organs; head fully developed, especially in the regions of the moral and reasoning faculties.

He lived at Brattleboro, Vt., and in the neighboring town of Dummerston, until he was ten years old, when he commenced fitting for college at the academy in Amherst, Mass., under the instruction of Gerard Hallock. After the usual course there and at other schools, he entered Dartmouth College at the age of fifteen, and graduated in 1830. He then commenced the study of law with his brother-in-law, L. G. Mead, Esq., but at the end of a year his attention was called to the subject of religion, by a protracted meeting in Putney, Vt., to which place his father's family had now removed. We quote from Mr. Noyes' "Confessions" of religious experience, published several years since: "After a painful process of conviction, in which the conquest of my aversion to becoming a minister was one of the critical points, I submitted to God, and obtained spiritual peace. With much joy and zeal I immediately devoted myself to the study of the Scriptures, and to religious testimony in private and public. The year 1831 was distinguished as 'the year of revivals.' New measures, protracted meetings, and New York evangelists had just entered New England, and the whole spirit of the people was fermenting with religious excitement. The millennium was supposed to be very near. I fully entered into the enthusiasm of the time; and seeing no reason why backsliding should be expected, or why the revival spirit might not be maintained in its full vigor permanently, I determined with all my inward strength to be "a young convert" in zeal and simplicity forever. My heart was fixed on the millennium, and I resolved to live or die for it. Four weeks after my conversion I went to Andover, and was admitted to the Theological Seminary."

An incident is recorded as having transpired at this period, which evinced that freedom of thought and adherence to conviction which has ever characterized his course: "On one occasion," he says, "in conversation with my father, who was fond of theological argument, I suggested an interpretation of some passage in Scripture, which he thought was new. 'Take care,' said he, 'that is heresy.' 'Heresy or not,' said I, 'it is true.' 'But if you are to be a minister,' said he, 'you must think and preach as the rest of the ministers do; *if you get out of the traces they will whip you in.*' I was very indignant at this suggestion, and replied, 'Never! never will I be whipped by ministers, or anybody else, into views which do not commend themselves to my understanding.'"

After one year spent at Andover he joined the Theological School at Yale, and in August, 1833, was licensed to preach by the New Haven Association. For a short time after he received his license he labored as pastor of a small church in North Salem, N. Y. He says, "The first time I preached I read a written sermon—a thing which I never did afterward." Most of his ministerial labors were, however, confined to New Haven and the neighboring towns. During the former part of his residence in New Haven he devoted his leisure hours to religious labor among the colored people of that city. "My heart," he says, "was greatly engaged in this work. At Andover I became interested in the Anti-Slavery cause, and soon after I went to New Haven I took part, with a few pioneer abolitionists, in the formation of one of the earliest Anti-Slavery Societies in the country."

In February, 1834, while still connected with the Yale Theological Seminary, he embraced new views of Christian experience and theology,

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and was called thenceforth a Perfectionist. The principal points of his new faith may be thus stated: 1st. That Christ's second coming, and the establishment of his kingdom, took place within one generation from the time of his personal ministry; 2d. That the gospel of Christ provides means for full salvation, and consequently that no one living in sin and selfishness can justly claim the name of Christian in the highest sense of the word.

While at Andover he had been associated with such enthusiasts as Lyman and Munson, who were killed by the cannibals on one of the islands of the East Indies; Justin Perkins, the Nestorian missionary; Champion, who went to Africa; and he had pledged himself to the American Board that he would become a foreign missionary. This pledge was withdrawn after his conversion to the new doctrines, for the following among other reasons: "I saw I was already on missionary ground, among a people who (though professedly Christian) needed to be converted quite as much as the heathen."

In consequence of the announcement of the new doctrines, he was excluded from the Orthodox churches, deposed from the ministry, subjected to a flood of contention from the college and the seminary, forsaken by friends and relatives, and sent forth with the reputation of a fanatic and madman. In his own language, "I had lost my standing in the church, in the ministry, and in the college. My good name in the great world was gone. My friends were fast falling away. I was beginning to be indeed an outcast. Yet I rejoiced and leaped for joy. Some persons asked me whether I should continue to preach, now that the clergy had taken away my license. I replied, 'I have taken away their license to sin, and they keep on sinning; so, though they have taken away my license to preach, I shall keep on preaching.'"

The term Perfectionist was applied to two classes who came out from the Orthodox churches at about the same period. They resembled each other in many respects (both classes apprehending alike the great truth, that the new covenant means salvation from sin, the security of believers, the substitution of grace for law and ordinances, etc.), but there was yet this fundamental and important distinction: one class appropriated these doctrines in the interest of individualism, the other in the interest of unity; one class scorned the idea of subordination and discipline, the other joyfully received the idea of organization, and were willing to submit to such discipline as organic harmony should require; one class were all leaders, a regiment of officers, many of whom were for a time eloquent champions of the new truths, but the majority of them rushed into excesses which dishonored the name Perfectionist; the other class, led by J. H. Noyes, have plodded on their way, through trials and crucifixions, good and evil report, and finally developed a system of principles and a form of practical life which at least challenge the attention of the world.

One secret of the success of the latter class may be found in the fact, that while its leader has been interested in all reforms, and free to investigate all philosophies, and given to the most free and radical thinking, his respect for the Bible and veneration for its spirit are greater to-day than they were when he promised to be "a young convert forever."

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

Mr. Noyes has recently been conspicuous as the founder of the Oneida Community; and it is probable that the general reader will be most interested in his career as a socialist. But it should be clearly understood, that his socialism is only the outgrowth of his religious views and experience, and that socialism has never occupied the primary place in his mind. He has ever insisted, that the restoration of true relations between God and man should precede all efforts to reorganize society. In accordance with this view, the first twelve years subsequent to his second conversion were mainly occupied in meditations and studies, which resulted in the development of new theories on most theological subjects. Some idea of his labors in this department may be obtained by a glance at the "Berean," a volume of some 500 pages, published at Putney, Vt., in 1847. He is to-day much more deeply interested in the development of truth looking toward the redemption of men from sin and selfishness, than in the success of his own social experiments, or in any plans for the improvement of the external arrangements of society.

Although new principles in respect to the final relations of the sexes were discovered by him early in his career (which were published in Philadelphia in 1837 without his knowledge or consent), yet he steadily refused for twelve years to authorize or countenance among his disciples any departures from common sexual morality, and finally commenced innovations only after the development of the principles of mutual criticism and of male continence, which have been the effectual safe-guards of communism and social freedom. While holding that love should be free between the sexes in a state of society where selfishness is displaced by Christian unity, and where the above safe-guards are in operation, he regards irresponsible, anarchic free-love as only one form of licentiousness.

COMMENCEMENT OF PRACTICAL COMMUNISM.

Perfectionism assumed the form of association first at Putney, Vt., in a small circle of the immediate connections of J. H. Noyes. His wife (whose original name was Harriet A. Holton), and several members of his father's family being associated with him in religious faith, and in the business of editing and printing, adopted, or rather naturally fell into, the principle of community of interests. From 1840 to 1847 there was a gradual accession of members, till the family numbered nearly forty. During the same period all the leading principles of the present social theory of the Oneida Community were worked out theoretically and practically, and, step by step, the school advanced from community of faith to community of property, community of households, community of affections.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

The village of Putney was at first considerably excited on account of the religious doctrines of the new society, and afterward still more disturbed by the development of its social principles; and the little band was finally compelled to seek a new location for the community school. It is regarded as at least an interesting coincidence, that on the same day the exodus from Putney commenced (Nov 26, 1847), practical movements were being made by Perfectionists of the same faith toward the formation of a community at Oneida, Madison County, N. Y. The Putney exiles joined these brethren, and on the first day of the following February the Oneida Community was fully organized. At the last census it numbered 209 persons. There are other smaller communities at Wallingford, Conn., and in New York city.

COMMUNITIES ONLY LARGE FAMILIES.

These Communities are organized after the model exhibited to the world on the day of Pentecost: "The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things common." There is free interchange of men and means between the different Communities, and no accounts (except for purposes of information) are kept between the several Communities, or the members of the same Community. Their constitution and by-laws are not written instruments, but principles wrought out and embodied in customs and institutions. The general character of the government is similar to that of a family. Indeed, the Community organization began as a family, and has grown as a family, with this important difference, that in the original compact between Mr. Noyes and his wife, they mutually agreed not to be exclusively devoted to each other, but to receive others into their unity. Under this compact the original duality has been gradually increased until it embraces about 300 souls. When prudent persons intend marriage, they first seek acquaintance with each other, and endeavour to ascertain whether they are adapted to make each other happy—whether, in short, they love each other well enough to commit themselves to each other "for better or for worse." Thus it is in joining the Communities: all permanent connections are preceded by acquaintance, and take place as the result of affection and deliberate consultation. And as the original compact admits of a plurality of partners to the same marriage, so the effort and aim of the original pair has been to multiply the fathers and mothers of the Communities—to educate and encourage others to fill their places as guides and counselors; and they have so far succeeded, that their personal presence is not regarded as essential to the harmonious development of associative life.

MEANS OF GOVERNMENT.

The measures relied upon for good government in these Community families are, first, *daily evening meetings*, which all are expected to attend. In these meetings religious, social, and business matters are freely discussed, and opportunity given for exhortation and reproof. Secondly, on *the system of mutual criticism*. This system takes the place of backbiting in ordinary society, and is regarded as one of the greatest means of improvement and fellowship. All of the members are accustomed to voluntarily invite the benefit of this ordinance from time to time. Sometimes persons are criticised by the entire family; at other times by a committee of six, eight, twelve, or more, selected by themselves from among those best acquainted with them, and best able to do justice to their character. In these criticisms the most perfect sincerity is expected; and in practical experience it is found best for the subject to receive his criticism without replying. There is little danger that the general verdict in respect to his character will be unjust. This ordinance is far from agreeable to those whose egotism and vanity are stronger than their love of truth. It is an ordeal which reveals insincerity and selfishness; but it also often takes the form of commendation, and reveals hidden virtues as well as secret faults. It is always acceptable to those who wish to see themselves as others see them.

These two agencies, daily evening meetings and criticism, are found quite adequate to the maintenance of good order and government in the Communities. Those who joined the Communities understanding their principles, and afterward prove refractory and inharmonic, and also those who came into the Communities in childhood, and afterward develop characters antagonistic to the general spirit, and refuse to yield to the governmental agencies mentioned, either voluntarily withdraw or are expelled. Only one case of expulsion is, however, recorded.

BUSINESS ORGANIZATION.

The organization by which the business of the Oneida Community is managed is simple and easily explained. The first great wheel of the machine is the weekly meeting of the Business Board, comprising the heads of departments and such as choose to attend its sessions. It might be called a board of directors. Its officers are a chairman, whose duty it is to preside at the deliberations of the Board, and a secretary, who preserves a record of the proceedings. All the members of the Community are free to participate in the deliberations of this Board, and it is a limited body only because all who are not especially interested in managing, generally choose to

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stay away. The report of the secretary is read to the entire Community on the evening following the session of the Board, and opportunity is then given for discussion of any measure resolved upon by the Board; and business matters are frequently referred for discussion and decision by the Board to the general meeting; so that constant communication is kept up between the Board and the mass of the Community. There are no secret sessions. Everything is free, open, democratic. In the early spring of each year a special session of the Business Board is called for maturing plans of a business campaign, and for organizing the forces for the season. Previous to the meeting a conspicuous bulletin invites every one to hand in a written slip, stating what department of business each would like to engage in, etc. An organizing committee is appointed at this annual meeting, who select foremen for the different departments of business, and apportion the help, keeping in view as much as possible the expressed choice of individuals. Their plan is submitted to the Board for approval or amendment, and also to the family in general assembly. Still further, a standing committee is appointed at the annual meeting, consisting of two or three persons of approved judgment, whose duty it is to have a general oversight of all the businesses, and transfer hands from one department to another, as the fluctuations of business or the improvement of individuals may require.

The women also have a similar organization for the management of their particular departments of business.

In determining upon any course of action or policy, *unanimity* is always sought, by committees, by the Business Board, and by the Community. All consider themselves as one party, and intend to act together or not at all. This principle is illustrated in the working of juries. It forms part of the constitution of the Community. If there are serious objections to any proposed measure, action is delayed until the objections are removed. The majority never go ahead leaving a grumbling minority behind. This principle is found compatible with prompt action and the transaction of large and complicated business.

THE SOCIAL ORGANIZATION

of the Oneida Community and its branches, and the intercourse of the sexes, are also easily explained and readily understood. In the first place, the Communities believe, contrary to the theory of the novelists and others, that the affections can be controlled and guided, and that they will produce far better results when rightly controlled and rightly guided than if left to take care of themselves without restraint. They entirely reject the idea, that love is an inevitable and uncontrollable fatality, which must have its own course. They believe the whole matter of love and its expression should be subject to enlightened self-control, and should be managed for the greatest good. In the Communities it is under the special supervision of the fathers and mothers, or, in other words, of the wisest and best members, and is often under discussion in the evening meetings, and is also subordinate to the institution of criticism. The fathers and mothers are guided in their management by certain general principles, which have been worked out, and are well understood in the Communities. One is termed, *the principle of the ascending fellowship*. It is regarded as better for the young of both sexes to associate in love with persons older than themselves, and, if possible, with those who are spiritual and have been some time in the school of self-control, and who are thus able to make love safe and edifying. This is only another form of the popular principle of contrasts. It is well understood by physiologists, that it is undesirable for persons of similar characters and temperaments to mate together. Communists have discovered that it is not desirable for two inexperienced and unspiritual persons to rush into fellowship with each other; that it is far better for both to associate with persons of mature character and sound sense.

Another general principle, well understood in the Communities, is, that it is not desirable for two persons, whatever may be their standing, to become exclusively attached to each other—to worship and idolize each other—however popular this experience may be with sentimental people generally. They regard exclusive, idolatrous attachment as unhealthy and pernicious wherever it may exist. The Communities insist that the heart should be kept free to love all the true and worthy, and should never be contracted with exclusiveness or idolatry, or purely selfish love in any form.

Another principle, well known and carried out in the Communities, is, that *persons shall not be obliged to receive under any circumstances the attention of those whom they do not like*. They abhor rapes, whether committed under the cover of marriage or elsewhere. The Communities are pledged to protect all their members from disagreeable social approaches. Every woman is free to refuse every man's attentions.

Still another principle is, that it is best for men, in their approaches to women, to invite personal interviews through the intervention of a third party, for two important reasons, viz., first, that the matter may be brought in some measure under the inspection of the Community; and, secondly, that the women may decline proposals, if they choose, without embarrassment or restraint.

Under the operation of these general principles, but little difficulty attends the practical carrying out of the social theory of the Communities. As fast as the members become enlightened, they *govern themselves* by these very principles. The great aim is to teach every one self-control. This leads to the greatest happiness in love, and the greatest good to all.

All sexual freedom in the Communities is subject to the general restriction prescribed by the doctrine of *Male Continence, i.e.*, all men are expected to make it a point of honor to refrain from the propagative part of sexual intercourse, except when propagation is intended and provided for by due consultation with the Community and with the other party concerned.

But little practical advance has been made in the direction of propagation. The Community is waiting for light; but in the mean time holds firmly that this is one of the most important interests of society, and should not be left to blind chance or selfish, uncivilized passion, but should be placed under the control of wisdom and science at least as high as that which is perfecting the breeds of other valuable animals.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The children of the Community are cared for in the following manner: During the period of nursing, the mother devotes herself to her child as much as she pleases; has a room to herself, and assistants, if she wishes. When the child is weaned, say at the age of a year or fifteen months, it is placed in the general nursery or children's department. This is an establishment separate from the main household, but in close communication with it, and always open to mothers, and to all who choose to visit it. The mother, on weaning her child, generally takes her turn for a while in the children's department as assistant. Children remain in this establishment under the care of men and women, selected for their skill in managing the young, till the age of twelve or fourteen. The smallest children eat in the nursery at a table by themselves. The rest eat at the general table with the family. All attend school, and are taught, to read, write, etc.

COMMUNISM NOT ANTI-REPUBLICAN.

The Communists consider their form of government as republican, or at least consistent with the general principles of republicanism. Like families, or joint-stock companies, they have special and even stringent laws and principles for the management of their internal affairs; but they can not compel, and do not even ask, anybody to join them; and those who do join them can leave if they become dissatisfied. Even those who were born in the Communities are made entirely free to leave, if they choose to do so, when they arrive at years of discretion; so that subjection to the principles and discipline of the Communities is voluntary, like subjection to the discipline of academies and colleges, which institutions are not generally regarded as inconsistent with republicanism.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP

are abundant; but few, however, of those persons who apply are considered ready to enter the society, and are generally advised to study more thoroughly its character and principles before attempting a permanent junction. No one is considered as fit for membership who has not previously commended himself as earnestly devoted to the same objects the Communities have in view. Those who really love the principles of the society are certain to attract the fellowship of its members wherever they are, and so become virtually identified with them, whether they come into formal connection with them or not. Persons, on actually joining the Oneida Community, or any of its branches, are expected to sign the following document:

"On the admission of any member, all property belonging to him or her becomes the property of the Community. A record of the estimated amount will be kept, and in case of the subsequent withdrawal of the member, the Community, according to its practice heretofore, will refund the property or an equivalent amount. This practice, however, stands on the ground, not of obligation, but of expediency and liberality; and the time and manner of refunding must be trusted to the discretion of the Community. While a person remains a member, his subsistence and education in the Community are held to be just equivalents for his labor; and no accounts are kept between him and the Community, and no claim of wages accrues to him in case of subsequent withdrawal."

Those who brought no property into the Community, if they withdraw honorably, are given a good outfit of clothing and a sum of money not exceeding one hundred dollars.

RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

The Communists have no formal creed, but are firmly and unanimously attached to the Bible, as the text-book of the Spirit of truth; to Jesus Christ, as the eternal Son of God; to the Apostles and primitive Church, as the exponents of the everlasting Gospel. Their belief is, that the second advent of Christ took place at the period of the destruction of Jerusalem; that at that time there was a primary resurrection and judgment in the spiritual world; that the final kingdom of God then began in the heavens; that the manifestation of that kingdom in the visible world is now approaching; that its approach is ushering in the second and final resurrection and judgment; that a church on earth is now rising to meet the approaching kingdom in the heavens, and to become its duplicate and representative; that inspiration, or open communication with God and the heavens, involving perfect holiness, is the element of connection between the church on earth and the church in the heavens, and the power by which the kingdom of God is to be established and reign in the world.

NO PLACE FOR SELFISH PERSONS.

Of course in communities, where the members are sincerely devoted to such principles, poverty, oppression, and crime must be unknown. There can be no rich unless all are rich. There can be no poor unless all are poor. Every one will be respected according to his worth. Individual happiness will be found in seeking the general happiness and good of all. In the words of a Communistic writer: "There is here the largest liberty for love and generosity, but no liberty

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for selfishness and seeking one's own. If a person can find gratification in the public service and the prosperity of the whole, then Community is exactly his place. But those who enter with their eye mainly on private luxury and pleasure-seeking are courting special disappointment. True Communism has nothing for them but arrest and crucifixion until their motive is changed. The freedom to enjoy, which it is supposed must exist in such a state of society, has its counterpart in the renunciation of all selfish aims."

FINANCIAL EXPERIENCES AND CONDITIONS.

The Communities have not made the accumulation of wealth a primary object. They care not for money, except as it enables them to publish what they consider the truth, and to embody their ideal of a true life. The Community at Oneida was not, for the first eight years of its existence, self-supporting, owing to many causes, such as the lack of well-organized businesses, the printing of a free paper, extortions of seceders, outside enemies, etc.; but since 1857 there has been a gradual improvement in its circumstances. The Indian log-hut and unpainted wooden dwelling of the first year were early replaced by commodious wooden structures, to which are now added substantial brick houses. Their domain now comprises over 500 acres of well-cultivated land. The orchards, vineyards, and gardens cover about 50 acres. Much attention is given to the cultivation of grapes, strawberries, and other small fruits. Four hundred bushels of strawberries and eight tons of grapes have been harvested in a single season.

To the single water-power originally purchased, two others have been added, and a large proportion of the Community members are employed in the different mechanical branches carried on. Besides the ordinary businesses of carpentry, blacksmithing, shoemaking, tailoring, dentistry, etc., there is a large satchel factory on the site of the old Indian saw-mill. At another location there is an iron foundry and saw-mill. At another there are large machine-shops and extensive trap-works, where are annually made many thousands of Newhouse's celebrated steel traps, known among all trappers from Maine to Oregon and from the Hudson Bay to Texas. Here, also, preparations are now in progress for manufacturing sewing and machine silks. At still another place the business of fruit preserving is carried on. The fruits, vegetables, and jellies here put up are in great demand, and elicit many encomiums. Several other branches of manufactures are carried on, such as the making of tin cans, hop-stoves, Burt & Dunn's Patent Corn-Cutting Machines, Noyes' Patent Lunch-Bag, etc.

WOMAN'S POSITION IN THE COMMUNITY.

In this connection it may be remarked, that two of the leading businesses of the Community are superintended by women, viz., satchel making and fruit preserving. Women also keep the accounts of the Community, and are found well adapted to this employment. The sexes freely mingle in many departments of industry, and women enjoy many privileges denied them in ordinary society. They are at least relieved from household drudgery, and from the curse of excessive and undesired propagation, and allowed a fair chance with their brothers in education and labor.

ABOUT LABOR.

Compulsory labor is neither sought nor permitted in the Communities. The aim is to make labor attractive and a means of improvement; and this is found compatible with good and industrious habits. The members occasionally exchange employments, and many who brought a single trade into the society, are now equally proficient in many others. Mr. Noyes himself has been a farmer, gardener, brick-mason, job-printer, bag-maker, tinker, editor, steward, blacksmith, trapper, etc., and has been chiefly instrumental in starting several of the most profitable businesses of the Community. He acquired a practical knowledge of all the branches of trap-making, worked in that business as a regular hand at the forge several years, and originated several mechanical improvements of great service.

The Communities furnish employment to many who have not yet learned that they can do better than to work for wages. More than eighty outside helpers are at present on the pay-roll of the Oneida Community.

EDUCATION.

The Communists think much of integral education, and consider a knowledge of the practical arts not less important than the wisdom gained from books, and the culture of the heart and social character as most essential. But facilities for acquiring a good book education are allotted to all—to the old as well as the young. Persons of three-score and ten are seen as enthusiastically devoted to self-improvement as the young and middle-aged. It is in contemplation to establish at some future day a Community University, wherein all sciences shall be taught to persons of both sexes and of all ages; and the surplus income of the Oneida Community and its branches, whatever it may be, will be devoted to this enterprise and other like objects of improvement.

SOME THINGS NOT POPULAR.

Tobacco and ardent spirits are not used in the Communities; neither are tea and coffee. The members are not Grahamites, yet use little meat, preferring fruit and a farinaceous diet.

SHORT DRESS.

The short dress has been worn by the Community women since the summer of 1848; and it is supposed that the style originated at Oneida.

THE WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY

was established in 1851, has about 50 members and 228 acres of land, and is principally occupied with printing and educational enterprises. It has a splendid situation, which the Communities expect soon to cover with Communes and University buildings.

THE NEW YORK AGENCY

was established nearly two years since, for the benefit of the Communities. It has, however, grown into a general Purchasing Agency, for the benefit of all who choose to avail themselves of its acquaintance with the New York markets, or who can not afford to visit the city. It also is engaged in supplying dealers, manufacturers, and others with sewing and machine silks.

Those who would learn more of J. H. Noyes, and the Communities organized under his supervision, are referred to the "Confessions," containing an account of his early religious experience; the "Berean," already mentioned; "Bible Communism," a pamphlet of 128 pages, which frankly explains the social theory of the Communities; "Male Continence," a small tract recently published, relating to one of the physiological discoveries of J. H. N.; to the periodicals published by him and his disciples during the last thirty-two years, especially the *Circular*, now published weekly at the Wallingford branch, on the following conditions: "Free to all; those who choose to pay, may send one dollar a year." Some of the publications named may be purchased, and others borrowed, at the Community Agency.

THE sun should shine on festivals, but the moon is the light for ruins.

THEY who walk on the heads of the multitude, walk insecurely. Men's heads are dangerous footing.

A MISTAKEN IDEA.

BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

THE *Christian Intelligencer* says the writer of the subjoined article uses strong language, but perhaps not more so than facts justify. There are in all the professions not a few who are scarcely known beyond the narrow sphere of their labors, who, had they chosen some other pursuit or business for which, by natural gifts and education, they were better fitted, might have risen to positions of great usefulness and even eminence.

Somehow all the students in all our schools get the idea, that a man in order to be "somebody" must be in public life. Now think of the fact that the millions attending school in this country have in some way acquired this idea, and that only one in every one thousand of these is either needed in public life, or can win success there. Let this fact be realized, and it is easy to see that the nine hundred and ninety-nine will feel that they are somehow cheated out of their birthright. They desire to be in public life, and be "somebody," but they are not, and so their life grows tame and tasteless to them. * * *

Thousands seek to become "somebodies" through the avenues of professional life; and so professional life is full of "nobodies." The pulpit is crowded with goodish "nobodies"—men who have no power, no unction, no mission. They strain their brains to write commonplaces, and wear themselves out repeating the rant of their sect and the cant of their schools. The bar is cursed with "nobodies" as much as the pulpit. The lawyers are few; the pettifoggers are many. The bar, more than any other medium, is that through which the ambitious youth of the country seek to obtain political eminence. Thousands go into the study of law, not so much for the sake of the profession, as for the sake of the advantages it is supposed to give them for political preferment. An ambitious boy who has taken it into his head to be "somebody," always studies law; and as soon as he is "admitted to the bar" he is ready to begin his political scheming. Multitudes of lawyers are a disgrace to their profession and a curse to their country. They lack the brains necessary to make them respectable, and the morals requisite for good neighborhood. They live on quarrels, and breed them that they may live. They have spoiled themselves for private life, and they spoil the private life around them.

As for the medical profession, I tremble to think how many enter it because they have neither piety enough for preaching, nor brains enough to practice law. When I think of the great army of little men that is yearly commissioned to go forth into the world with a case of sharp knives in one hand and a magazine of drugs in the other, I heave a sigh for the human race. Especially is all this lamentable when we remember that it involves the spoiling of thousands of good farmers and mechanics to make poor professional men, while those who would make good professional men are obliged to attend the simple duties of life, and submit to preaching that neither feeds nor stimulates them, and medicine that kills or fails to cure them.

[Mr. Titcomb states the case as it is, but proposes no remedy. How are we to *know* whom to educate for the law, the ministry, or for medicine? Would not Phrenology and Physiognomy throw light on the subject? Without these will not the above-named errors be repeated and perpetuated? If one have the requisite faculties to *excel* in mechanism, art, science, or philosophy, may it not be predetermined, and thus save the time and expense of educating him for a calling the very opposite of these? Suppose the experiment be tried—it will cost but little, and may prove of incalculable benefit.]

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On Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight;
Lovely, but solemn it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

DREAMS AND DREAMING.

From a review, in the *Tribune*, of a work on the above subject by Frank Seafield, M.D., just published, we make the following extracts:

"Men of excellent repute for wisdom, common sense, and especially for fervid piety, have frequently not merely entertained but courageously avowed a lively faith in the providential and prophetic character of dreams. How far this, with the well educated, has ever deserved the respectable name of positive belief, it would require a nice and extensive investigation to determine. Few of us are very critical of our impressions. In certain moods of the mind we have in them a kind of vague confidence; we act upon them, though we may keep our motives private for fear of ridicule; and the whole matter being very loosely and unphilosophically entertained, there is not much difficulty in squaring this or that event with some vision sufficiently vivid to be remembered, and which might have been the result of an extra ounce of cold meat taken before retiring. It is easy to say that Heaven warns us of impending dangers or signifies to us an approximating good through the medium of a dream; it is also easy to say that Heaven does nothing of the kind; and one assertion is of about as much value as the other. It is altogether an affair of cerebral impressions more or less permanent. We remember to have read somewhere of a gentleman who was so unfortunate as to be chased on a certain occasion by a bull. For fifty-five years he could not eat supper without having in his sleep the dreamy impression that the bull was again after him in hot pursuit. A bit of cheese exposed him to the peril of being gored; a blot of mustard insured a toss; and he could never take a morsel of beef before bed-time without being pursued over meadows entirely destitute of fences, by some avenging father of the herd.

"The truth is, the extreme ease with which most dreams may be traced to quite physical, mortal, and terrestrial causes is extremely unfavorable to the theory of their celestial origin. There seems to be small reason for tracking to Jupiter the dream that you have broken every bone in your body, when it may have been naturally occasioned by an unusually hard bed. You dream that you are hung, the sheriff adjusting your last cravat and the chaplain conducting your last devotions, and wake to find the collar of your night-robe too tightly buttoned. A sudden noise resembling the report of a gun raises you to the rank of a brigadier-general, and puts you in the thickest of a heavy fight. So, too, the events of waking life are carried into sleep—hopes, ambitions, desires, failures, disappointments. We reach that summit of our ambition which so often, in the busy daytime, has been found too steep and distant for our utmost effort. We do in our dreams all that we have desired to do—we sing, write, dance, spout, philosophize, shoot, or play whist to admiration. 'Dreams,' says Mr. Seafield, 'are the safety-valves for disappointment'—a slim consolation, to be sure, but better than none in this weary world.

"If men can not agree upon the phenomena of mental activity exhibited under ordinary forms, and in a full condition of unmitigated wide-awakefulness; if all intellectual philosophy is full of speculation and contradiction, of guesses good and bad, and of conjectures more or less probable, it follows as a melancholy matter of course, that there will neither be much congruity nor any very satisfactory demonstration in our speculations upon dreams. It is astonishing to notice how many and how different are the opinions on the subject which Mr. Seafield has gathered together. Plato considered dreams as emanations from the divinity. Aristotle referred them to the impression that objects of outward sense make upon the soul. Zeno thought the study of them conducive to self-knowledge. Epictetus advised his pupils never to relate them. Galen attached much importance to the medical intelligence of dreams, and they afford symptoms to the modern homeopathic system. Dion Cassius was stimulated by them to undertake his history. Tertullian thought some dreams of God and some of the devil. The good Bishop Ken and the bad Archbishop Laud agreed in considering them significant for evil or for good. Dr. Johnson prayed God that his departed wife might appear and enlighten him in a dream. Richard Baxter deduced from them an argument for immortality. The stern John Newton, Cowper's most orthodox friend, wrote:

"But though our dreams are often wild,
Like clouds before the driving storm,
Yet some important may be styled,
Sent to admonish or inform.

"One thing at least, and 'tis enough,
We learn from this surprising fact,
Our dreams afford sufficient proof,
The soul without the flesh can act."

"In all this each man follows his fancy; in making his interpretation, he creates a special law for himself, and usually, in his exposition, he so falls back upon his fancy, so mixes past and things to come, so magnifies his own importance and so belittles the regulations of the universe, that out of his vanity, his blindness, and his illogical license, it is next to impossible that he should by accident hit upon the truth which his dream might convey through some almost independent moral influence. There has never been any rational way devised of expounding dreams, and it is not probable that there ever will be. Had they been necessary in the divine economy, it is not probable that a due understanding of them would have been denied us. On the contrary, with some notable exceptions, they have been the special amusement of the vulgar and the superstitious. They do not so much indicate our facility, under any circumstances, of looking into the future, as our inordinate desire to penetrate its gloom, and to make ourselves certain of what must remain the contrary. There is no doubt that a weak man may educate himself into a habit of dreaming, and of paying a morbid attention to what he dreams. If he wishes for coincidences he will find them; and the more he finds, the easier it will be to multiply the number and to make out recondite applications. Life may be thus made utterly wretched, aimless, and halting by a nervous habit of relying upon special guidance, when Heaven has designed that in all ordinary affairs a man shall rely upon himself.

"If one would fully understand the utter absurdity of attempting to give to dreams any special meaning, purpose, present or prospective value, he must look into 'the Dictionary of Interpretations,' from the works of Artemidorus and others, which Mr. Seafield has appended to his book. 'If,' says the sage, for instance, 'you dream that you are buried, it shall signify that you shall have as much wealth as you have earth laid over you;' 'to dream you eat cheese signifies profit or gain.' Do the men of Wall Street often dream of Stilton or Cheshire? It is a good sign to dream of going to the funeral of a prince—an amplification of Rochefoucauld. Be very careful, if you would be happy, not to dream that you have injured your hat—by getting a brick into it, for instance. There is one particular interpretation specially adapted to the meridian of Washington: 'To dream that one is deposed and put out of office, is ill to dream, and if he be sick, it shows he shall quickly die.' If this were true, what mortality or other misfortune would prevail at the capital upon the incoming of a new administration! We need give no other illustrations, even if these were needed, to convince our readers of the fanciful folly of attempting to interpret dreams which are merely the shadows of retreating and not of coming events. Mr. Hobbes, the great hard-headed English philosopher, who is quoted by Seafield, takes, as we should have expected, a purely physical view of these phenomena. 'And seeing,' says he, 'dreams are caused by the distemper of some of the inward parts of the body, divers distempers must cause different dreams. And hence it is that lying cold breedeth dreams of fear, and raiseth the thought and image of some fearful object (the motion from the brain to the inner parts, and from the inner parts to the brain, being reciprocal); and that as anger causeth heat in some parts of the body when we are awake, so when we sleep the overheating of the same parts causeth anger, and raiseth up in the brain the imagination of the enemy. In the same manner as natural kindness, when we are awake causeth desire, and desire makes heat in certain other parts of the body, so also too much heat in these parts, while we sleep, raiseth in the brain an imagination of some kindness shown. In some, our dreams are the reverse of our waking imagination, the motion when we are awake beginning at one end, and when we dream at another.' This is probably the best explanation which we can have of dreams, and it certainly leaves us at a wide distance from anything like a respectable and trustworthy interpretation.

"If we can not always determine, even when in the possession of our waking senses, the vital

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truths which human experience should demonstrate, we can anticipate but little from a study of the confused and involuntary imaginations of sleep. They may be curiosities for the psychologist, materials for the poet, food for gossip, incentives to reflection; but that they contain any peculiar and express revelation of the will and purposes of Providence is more than we can prove, and somewhat more than a sensitive and nervous man would care to have proved to his own dissatisfaction. Daylight sorrow is sufficient—waking misery is something more than we can bear. The world is really sad enough without making our beds the nurseries of apprehensive crotchets. The general estimate is wise and right. Dreams are stuff unworthy to feed our fears or our hopes. Let them be speedily forgotten, as oftenest they are, or let them be only laughingly remembered!"

Religious Department.

"The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill;
For him the ax be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared;
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite, and lies
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

WILL AND WAY.

BY REV. H. G. PERRY.

UP! the ranks of Right recruiting!
On! be brave, nor fear, nor falter,
Pondering and executing;
God means not for men to palter.

Where there's *will*, the *way* will follow!
Truth and energy must master!
Only *wrong* proves false and hollow—
WORTH wins way, despite disaster!

Come, then, let's be doing, brother!
With a WILL, the right WAY wending,
Cheering, helping one another,
Good beginning—GOD'S, the ending!

ROYAL TRUTHS.*

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

LOVE'S MESSENGERS.

"A bountiful mother sits in her house and says, 'Mary, go down to that dwelling, and carry this food. Julia, go down to the dwelling on the other side of the street, and carry this tea and this sugar. Charles, take this money to that man; I promised to pay his rent. James, take this clothing down to that woman; she is sadly in need of it. Elizabeth, take this book to that child.' Elizabeth, and Mary, and Julia, and Charles, and James are so many names of the messengers sent on these various errands of mercy; but the mother was back of them all, and sent them all.

"Now the soul has its mother, Love, and she says to Conscience, 'Here, do such and such things;' to Veneration, 'Here, do such and such things;' and to Reason, 'Here, do such and such things;' and Conscience and Veneration and Reason, and all the other faculties, run to do as they are bid; but it is the mother, Love, that sends them. They all represent her, and perform her errands. Though each one walks with a separate name, Love sits behind them, and they obey her mandates."

TROUBLES SHOULD EXALT US.

"You can imagine thistle-down so light, that when you ran after it your running motion would drive it away from you, and that the more you tried to catch it the faster it would fly from your grasp. And it should be with every man that when he is chased with troubles, they, chasing, shall raise him higher and higher."

HONOR ALL MEN.

"It is scarcely needful to exhort men to sympathize with those of their own kind, or with those whom they recognize as superior to themselves. Our selfishness would inspire it in the one case, and our ambition in the other. Men are quite willing from a subordinate rank to reach up to and sympathize with men of superior stamp. The student will sympathize with the ripe scholar; the cadet with the veteran soldier; the clerk with the millionaire. If Humboldt should take us into his library, show us the maps which he has consulted, the works which he has written, spread before us specimens of his cabinet—rock, earth, plant—he would not need to crave our interest and sympathy. Among men of our own rank, who dress as we dress, who spread their board as we spread ours, who occupy themselves with the very things which engage our time and attention, we find no difficulty of sympathy. Are we merchants? We honor a man that can drive a smart bargain, because we do such things ourselves, or try to do them. If one understands how to build a splendid house, how to invest money to a good advantage, how to get rich by dealing in stocks, or by wide yet circumspect enterprise, how to enter into the hurly-burly of life, and make his way through all difficulties by the force of will and wisdom—if one is what we are ambitious to become, if we are not like him already, we find it easy to sympathize with him. But when at sundown the sweated laborer comes trudging weary from the field; when the blacksmith, smouched and grimed, stands cooling himself in the door while we drive past; when the subterranean collier emerges into our sphere; when men forever stooping to the spade, back-bent, in laying stones, delving, groping, toiling men, whose extreme necessities have consumed all their hours with hard work, leaving little leisure, and no disposition for reading and improvement—when this great army, I say, that immensely populates the world, and represents nine tenths of the whole race, are brought before us, how seldom do we find working in us the quick response of relationship! We thank God and bless ourselves that our lot was not like theirs. Where there is one man engaged in the things in which you take interest, there are a million of blood-bought men, eternal spirits, that are groping, yearning, longing, in the midst of scenes far below you. And what is the command of God to you with reference to these uncounted and innumerable ones? 'Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Honor all men.'"

MAN HIGHER THAN INSTITUTIONS.

"'THE SABBATH WAS MADE FOR MAN, AND NOT MAN FOR THE SABBATH!' That sentence is passed upon every usage, custom, law, government, church, or institution. Man is higher than them all. Not one of them but may be changed, broken, or put away, if the good of any man require it. Only, it must be his higher good, his virtue, his manhood, his purity and truth, his life and progress, and not his mere capricious material interests."

RELIGION NOT TO BE LOCKED UP.

"Do you suppose that religion is like a bird in a cage, and that you can lock it up in the church, and that the keeper will take care of it, and feed it, and have it ready to sing for you whenever you choose to come here and listen to it? Is that your idea of religion? Very well, then, your Bible and mine are different. We read different translations!"

MAKING RULES FOR OTHERS.

"It is not selfishness in themselves, but selfishness in others, that men hate. Every man wants his wife, his children, and his neighbors to love him supremely. Everybody thinks that everybody else ought to keep their temper. He is the only one that has a right to indulge in ill-temper. Every man draws the reins tight in regard to other people, but allows himself the widest latitude."

VANITY.

"I would much rather fight pride than vanity, because pride has a stand-up way of fighting. You know where it is. It throws its black shadow on you, and you are not at a loss where to strike. But vanity is that delusive, that insectiferous, that multiplied feeling, and men that fight vanities are like men that fight midges and butterflies. It is easier to chase them than to hit them."

LOVE AND ETERNITY.

"Who ever passed the tomb of Abelard and Heloise in the ground of Père la Chaise without a heart-swell? There is no deep love which has not in it an element of solemnity. It moves through the soul as if it were an inspiration of God, and carries with it something of the awe and shadow of eternity."

LIVES LOST BY THE REBELLION.—The War Department computes the number of deaths in the Union armies since the commencement of the war at 325,000, and of Southern soldiers at 200,000 making at least 525,000 lives that have been lost, a part of the costly price paid for the defense of the nation's life. At Gettysburg, 23,000 Union soldiers were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners—our greatest loss during one campaign. Gen. Grant's losses, from the time he crossed the Rapidan until Lee's surrender, were about 90,000. Great as were our losses, they were far below those incurred in European wars, owing to our superior medical and sanitary arrangements, and the care of the Government for its troops.

* "Royal Truths," by Henry Ward Beecher. 1 Vol. 12mo, pp. 394. Cloth, $1 75.

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PORTRAIT OF JOHN PIERPONT.

JOHN PIERPONT.

John Pierpont had a marked constitution, both physically and mentally. His head was large, and amply developed in the reasoning, the moral, the social, and the executive forces. His high, broad, square forehead gave him the reasoning and analytical power. It was wide at Mirthfulness, and large at Ideality, giving him wit, poetry, and imagination. He had integrity, steadfastness, and self-reliance, which made him master of himself and of whatever subject he attempted to discuss. His strong social nature endeared him, to his friends, and enabled him to exert an influence wherever he went. He had an excitable mental temperament; at the same time enough of the motive to give him strength, endurance, and consistency.

We published in the Journal for 1853 an extended analysis and a very lengthy biography of this distinguished man, to which we must refer the reader.

From his biography, published at that time, we draw the following facts:

John Pierpont was born in Litchfield, Conn., on the 6th of April, 1785, consequently at the time of his death, Aug. 26, 1866, was in his 82d year.

His ancestors were among the Puritan yeomanry of New England. His grandfather, the Rev. James Pierpont, was one of the founders of Yale College, at which institution the subject of this memoir was graduated in 1804.

After leaving college, Mr. Pierpont adopted teaching as a profession, which he followed several years. From his early experience as an instructor he was led to take a warm interest in the subject of education, and the city of Boston will long remember him for his labors in this direction.

Mr. Pierpont returned to Litchfield in 1809, and commenced the study of law in the celebrated law-school of that place. In 1811 he married Miss Mary Sheldon Lord, of Litchfield, and settled as a lawyer in Newburyport, Mass. But his practice not agreeing with his health, he engaged in mercantile pursuits in Baltimore, but soon discovered that he was not fitted for trade. At the same time he was the subject of deep religious impressions, without which he would have been unfaithful to his Puritan descent. Inheriting a warm faith in Christianity, though unable to embrace the creed of Calvin, he had long cherished a desire to devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel. He determined to enter the clerical profession, and became a member of the divinity school at Cambridge in 1818. Within a year from his entrance he received an invitation to succeed the celebrated Dr. Holley as pastor of the Hollis Street Church in Boston, and was ordained in 1819. But being by nature a man of strong convictions and plainness of speech, he soon stirred up a spirit of opposition, especially among the wealthy Bostonians, who constituted a portion of his congregation. The ultimate result of this was a litigation, which lasted some years, with the wealthy distillers of Boston on the subject of temperance, not a few of whom were members of his congregation. With the high moral aims which have always characterized his career, Mr. Pierpont used his clerical influence for the promotion of social reforms. He labored in behalf of Temperance, Anti-Slavery, the Melioration of Prison Discipline, and other humanitarian objects with great zeal, throwing himself into these movements with peculiar energy and unflinching courage, never shrinking from their support on account of their unpopularity. He had no desire to "make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness." He uttered his convictions in the trumpet tones of religious earnestness. Every word told. At length, the persons who throve by existing abuses took the alarm. They began to quail before the burning eye of the fiery-hearted reformer. Discontented murmurs were heard "between the porch and the altar," as the undismayed "man of God" lifted up his voice in rebuke of some gigantic iniquity.

After vindicating his position, and sustaining the reforms he had adopted, he retired from the Hollis Street Church and became the first pastor of the Unitarian Church in Troy in 1845, remaining there four years, when he accepted a call to Medford, Massachusetts, which he occupied for seven years.

During his residence in Boston, Mr. Pierpont, besides devoting himself zealously to the more immediate duties of his profession, took an active interest in the progress of science. His first acquaintance with Phrenology made him a convert to the correctness of its principles. He studied it with enthusiasm, and delighted in explaining its practical applications. He saw in it a powerful auxiliary to the cause of education and of moral and religious truth in general.* Upon Spurzheim's visit to this country in 1832 he became his intimate friend, giving him the benefit of his influence, his counsels, and his sympathy, when a "stranger in a strange land." He felt the sudden death of that great philanthropist as a deep personal grief. No friend more faithful stood by his dying couch. No more intelligent or feeling tribute has been given to his memory than those which fell from the lips of Mr. Pierpont in his ode respecting his death, which we here copy.

AN ODE TO SPURZHEIM.

Stranger, there is bending o'er thee
  Many an eye with sorrow wet;
All our stricken hearts deplore thee;
  Who that knew thee can forget?
Who forget what thou hast spoken?
  Who thine eye—thy noble frame?
But that golden bowl is broken,
  In the greatness of thy fame.

Autumn's leaves shall fall and wither
  On the spot where thou dost rest;
'Tis in love we bear thee thither,
  To thy mourning Mother's breast.
For the stores of science brought us,
  For the charm thy goodness gave,
To the lessons thou hast taught us,
  Can we give thee but a grave?

Nature's priest, how pure and fervent
  Was thy worship at her shrine!
Friend of man—of God the servant,
  Advocate of truth divine;
Taught and charm'd, as by no other,
  We have been, and hoped to be;
But while waiting round thee, brother,
  For thy light—'tis dark with thee.

* Mr. Pierpont delivered an address, by invitation, before the Phrenological Society in New York, which was immediately published at this office, under the title of "Harmony of Phrenology with the Scriptures," price 25 cents. In this he analyzed the moral and animal faculties; shows why the wicked are sometimes prospered, and why godly men suffer adversity; the spiritual and the natural; what is regeneration? etc. It is a lecture which all phrenologists should read.

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Dark with thee! No; thy Creator—
All whose creatures and whose laws
Thou didst love—shall give thee greater
Light than earth's—as earth withdraws.
To thy God thy godlike spirit
Back we give in filial trust;
Thy cold clay—we grieve to bear it
To its chamber—but we must.

Mr. Pierpont was practical and humane, not abstract and dogmatic in his religion; in morals, lofty, pure, and uncompromising; in spirit, liberal, aspiring, and free; in thought, at once logical, imaginative, and original. His personal appearance combined dignity and elegance. At eighty years of age he was erect as an Indian warrior. His manners were graceful and impressive. His voice had a silvery sweetness, with a singular and most pleasing variety of intonation.

An interesting incident in Mr. Pierpont's life occurred last year, when a large number of his friends and admirers celebrated his eightieth birthday at Washington. Letters were received from nearly all of the prominent literary men in the country. Among these were the following poetical tributes:

FROM W. C. BRYANT, NOW PAST 70 YEARS OF AGE.

To the Rev. John Pierpont, on his Eightieth Birthday, April 6, 1865:

The mightiest of the Hebrew seers,
Clear-eyed and hale at eighty years,
From Pisgah saw the hills and plains
Of Canaan, green with brooks and rains.

Our poet, strong in frame and mind,
Leaves eighty well-spent years behind;
And forward looks to fields more bright
Than Moses saw from Pisgah's height.

Yet, be our Pierpont's voice and pen
Long potent with the sons of men;
And late his summons to the shore
Where he shall meet his youth once more.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER, THE QUAKER POET.

To John Pierpont:

Health to thee, Pierpont, tried and honest,
In Freedom's fight among the soonest,
Who still as Freedom's minstrel crownest
Her humble lays,
And like some hoary harper tunest
Thy hymns of praise!

Where now are all the "unco good,"
The Canaan-cursing "Brotherhood,"
The mobs they raised, the storms they brewed,
And pulpit thunder?
Sheer sunk like Pharaoh's multitude,
They've all "gone under!"

And thou, our noblest and our oldest,
Our priest and poet, first and boldest,
Crowned with thy fourscore years, beheldest
Thy country free—
O sight to warm a heart the coldest;
How much more thee!

All blessings from the bounteous Giver
Be thine on either side the river;
And when thy sum of life forever
The angels foot up,
Not vain shall seem thy long endeavor
All wrong to root up!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMESBURY, *3d m.*, 1865.

John Pierpont, the preacher and poet, was a man on whose shoulders the mantle of true genius had fallen. His pen was never elegantly feeble. He never gave you the glitter of fine words, but the gold of pure thought. He did not cringe and creep, and bow and lisp, like a literary fop, but like a brave, honest, earnest man as he was, spoke the sentiments that were born in his soul. He was an artist who thought the picture of more consequence than the frame. He loved nature more than he feared the critic. He never committed infanticide on his ideas at their birth for fear that they should hereafter be murdered by some hypercritical reviewer. Was there a temple to be dedicated to the service of God, his muse, with harp in hand, stood at the altar. Was there a monument to be erected over the dust of departed worth, he there built a pyramid of verse that will stand when the stones shall have fallen. Was there a crisis in the cause of reform, when the great heart of humanity must speak or break, his words were its throbs, his songs its sentiments.

BEYOND.

Oh, soul! why loiter with the clods of earth?
Why try thy pinions not in boundless flight,
Beyond the measure of the day and night,
And seek the source of thy celestial birth?

Nor hear a tale of strange and viewless things,
By voices of the wand'ring breezes brought,
Where thy immortal self hath never sought
To soar exultant with far-reaching wings?

Hath not the Eternal of Himself a spark
Made thee a deathless spirit evermore?
And shall not thy immortal essence soar
And hymn it farther skyward than the lark?

And shall earth's vapor-clouds ascend more high?
Approach more near His dwelling-place than thee
Who claimest of Infinity to be
An offspring having birth beyond the sky?

Oh, not with these! Oh, soul! thy flight abate,
But past the farthest star that shines through space,
Until thy longing eyes with rapture trace
The splendor blazing through the golden gate.

That entrance of thy birthplace view afresh,
With living bliss enwrapped and satisfied
To feel that thou, so near thy Father's side,
His face might see but for thy vail of flesh.

BERTHA HASSELTINE.

AUTUMN IS COMING.

BY FRANCES LAMARTINE KEELER.

Autumn days will soon be here,
With the grave-clothes of the year;
And the dreary winds will moan
O'er the life that shall have flown.

Autumn leaves will shortly fall,
Gently yield to Nature's call—
Sadly walk in little crowds,
Till they sleep in snowy shrouds.

Then the land will cease to ring
With the notes the warblers sing;
Birds of song love sunny skies,
Where the Summer never dies.

Autumn moments will not wait,
Soon they'll close the golden gate,
And the joys we *dreamed were ours*
Will have perished with the flowers.

Deeds of goodness, deeds of sin,
Grain and tares all gathered in;
This shall be the signal cast,
Telling us the harvest's past.

Fields all drear and desolate,
Hearts all barren—chilled by fate;
This shall be th' unwelcome dawn
Telling us the Summer's gone.

BUFFALO, *August*, 1866.

UTILITY *VS.* CURIOSITY.

Formerly, when Phrenology was but little understood, persons having a very limited degree of confidence in its practitioners manifested no little curiosity to hear what would be said of them. The usual mode of address was then somewhat as follows:

"I would like to have you examine my head and *see* if you can tell me my character." Now, it is very different, something like this:

"I have called to have my character delineated, with a view to learn what I am by organization best fitted for, or what I can do best; how to overcome and correct besetting sins, and how to make the most of myself," etc.

In this spirit two young ladies recently called at our office, and one of them placed in our hands a beautifully written note, without names, which we copy:

Dear Sir: The young person who gives you this is desirous of having her head examined. She does not come to you as to a fortune-teller, nor for mere amusement. She is really anxious to learn something of herself, with a view to self-improvement. She knows that if you deal frankly with her you will tell her some things not altogether pleasant to hear; but to improve herself, it is necessary to know herself. She will be most grateful to you for any assistance; merely marking her numbers on a chart will not be of so much help as a few words. She would like to know her capabilities that she may not waste her efforts in uncertain attempts, as she is endeavoring to make up to herself, by study, the disadvantages of early orphanage. Also, in what would she best succeed should she be obliged to depend upon her own efforts. She feels that when she sees you she will not be able to ask a question or say anything, because she will feel so timid; but I, the writer of this, have seen you, and have studied your publications closely; I have profited by them, generally, and your personal help in examining my head, and saying the few words that were so little for you to speak, so much for me to hear. Your kind, patient manner, though your time was so precious, assures me that she has nothing to fear, coming to you with sincere desire to learn, and I have therefore written to you in her behalf, for though unknown to you myself, yet I am what you would encourage,

A SEEKER OF TRUTH.

[We require no prompting to tell the truth, no cautions not to flatter, nor hints as to peculiarities. It is quite enough for us to know the person calling desires to be examined, to secure our best endeavors to do justice to the subject and to ourselves. Our accountability is higher than simply to please the subject. We *must* be true to our God, our science, and ourselves—*then* we shall be true to all.

Phrenology is no longer a plaything, to be used for amusement, though there is no subject more capable of affording agreeable entertainment than this, but it should never be prostituted to unworthy purposes, and no true phrenologist will let it down to a level with fortune-telling, or to bar-room rowdies.

The maid I love has dark-brown eyes,
And rose-leaf lips of red,
She wears the moonshine round her neck,
The sunshine round her head;
And she is rich in every grace,
And poor in every guile,
And crowned kings might envy me
The splendor of her smile.

A Cotemporary says that some miners have found silver on one of the slopes of Mount Parnassus. They are more successful than most of the poets have been.

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"Signs of Character."

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—*Spenser.*

PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY.

[CONCLUDED.]

BY JOHN NEAL.

While I was pursuing these investigations patiently and conscientiously, in my own way, Portland was visited by a number of itinerant lecturers, who were generally uneducated, ignorant pretenders and quacks, and they lectured in very bad English. But among them was one, a Mr. Jones, from Hartford, if I remember aright, who with a large, well-developed head of his own, had some very good notions upon the subject, and not only examined in public, but lectured in a sensible way.

He was rather unfair, however, and used to make inquiries about our leading men, and watch the countenances of those who were under examination, as a physiognomist; so that his opinions were not founded altogether upon the testimony of the organs, though he said they were, but wisely and properly upon expression, features, and temperament.

AN INCIDENT.

One day, in conversation with him, while a subject was under examination, he begged me to lay my hand upon the posterior region of the man's head, so as to cover the organ of Self-Esteem and touch the neighboring organs. I did so, and found the whole tablet broken up and apparently dislocated in a way I had never seen before. Yet it did not seem to be abnormal. Nor was it, as I had reason to believe; no violence had been suffered, and no ailment, so far as the party knew, to produce derangement or a partial absorption of the parts. But Mr. Jones told me that he had met with several cases of the sort, and that always, upon patient inquiry, he had found the individual to have undergone some kind of shipwreck in business, or some violent and sudden change in his hopes and purposes and plans of life—and all within a few years at furthest. I found such to be the case with the head under examination; and I dwell upon the fact with a view to something which occurred not long after.

PHRENOLOGY IN COURT.

About this time, early in the year 1835, I had an opportunity of bringing Phrenology into court, and obliging Dr. Mighels, Dr. Bartlett, and Dr. Barrett, three of our leading physicians, and all three believers, though only one (Dr. Mighels) was acquainted with the science, to testify under oath to their belief in the great leading principles of the science, though much against their inclination; for while they were ready enough to acknowledge their faith in conversation with me, they shrank from confessing it before men. Yet more; from these three witnesses, one of them, if no more, an expert, I obtained a solemn recognition of Spurzheim and Combe as authorities in medical jurisprudence. I had already secured Dr. Ray, who has since written so much and so well upon that subject. But all these gentlemen, being physicians, were unwilling to appear as phrenologists; and therefore they fought shy, as their brethren of Providence did at the time of Miss Brackett's appearance, when the claims of animal magnetism, and its accompanying mysteries of clairvoyance, and foresight, and suspended sensibility, were on trial.

But I persisted, nevertheless. The ends of justice required it of me. It was high time that Phrenology and the believers in Phrenology should be put upon the stand; new questions in medical jurisprudence were constantly coming up; and if, in the case I am about to give some account of, I could prove an injury to the head soon after birth; or make it probable, by the testimony of medical men, that the boy referred

Fig. 1.—Major Mitchell—Side View.

to had sustained an injury; or that there was a malformation of the head; or that the remarkable want of symmetry (one ear being higher than the other, and the development of Destructiveness and Secretiveness considerably larger on that side) indicated something *doubtful* as to the healthy condition of the brain, I should be able to introduce Phrenology for the first time into a court of justice, and obtain the responses of her priesthood upon oath. I prepared for trial, therefore, with these three leading objects in view, the discovery of truth, the promotion of justice, and the enlargement of legal science.

THE CASE ON TRIAL.

The facts of the case were as follows: A boy named Major Mitchell, an illegitimate child, who had been taken care of as a pauper, till his mother

Fig. 2.—Major Mitchell—Back View.

married a man who was not his father, enticed another little boy, with whom he had a misunderstanding, into the woods, and there stripped him naked, and tied his feet and hands to trees, and beat him, according to his own stories, with switches hour after hour, till both were exhausted, crammed earth and grass into his mouth, put him into a little stream of water to drown him, and held his head under, till he was quiet, and finally with a bit of crooked rusty tin, succeeded in mutilating him by castration. Mitchell was nine, the other boy, "little David," only eight. Upon an examination of the boy's head by Mr. Jones, who was an exceedingly cautious man, and self-distrustful, he pronounced him both cowardly and treacherous. That he might not be aided in his conclusions by the surroundings and appearances, Mr. Jones was taken into a private room of the jail, where he was first called upon to examine the head of a dirty-looking ragged boy whom he pronounced a very honest fellow, which was true After this, the little monster was brought forth, rigged out in his best and cleanest clothes, and after a careful examination, the character educed from the examination, and there announced, corresponded with all that occurred on the trial that soon followed.

THE LITTLE MONSTER.

I had a cast taken of the head by Michellicini, of Boston, there said to be employed by the Phrenological Society; but although it was received and published there as authentic and trustworthy, it was altogether a bungling affair, and like one made of myself at the same time, by the same *artist*, alike false and preposterous, as shown by actual measurements. I then had a drawing of the head in profile and rear, copies of which I send you herewith, and I have all the measurements before me now, if you need them. Three different reports of the trial appeared at the time: the first in a pamphlet by Mr. James F. Otis, now one of the *Picayune* editors; one by Mr. Patrick Greenleaf, then a lawyer and afterward a clergyman; and a third by myself, which came out, week after week, in the *New England Galaxy*, of which I was the senior editor, though not living in Boston, early in the year 1835.

The boy was convicted, and sentenced for nine years to the States Prison at Thomaston, and with my entire and hearty concurrence, as on the whole the best place for him; for though neither an idiot, nor morally insane, he was clearly underwitted, and might be dangerous, if allowed to go at large, without first undergoing a course of preparation for the great business of life, with wholesome discipline and restraint.

RESULTS OF THE TRIAL.

The result on the whole was more satisfactory to me than if the boy had been acquitted. He was out of harm's way, and the community more safe. Phrenology began to be inquired into, and talked about, and believed in, by hundreds who but a little time before had been among the scoffers and blasphemers. And here let me add, that when Mr. George Combe was in this country he came to see me about this very case, and we went over all the evidence together, and examined and measured the bust, and verified the drawing by Professor Seager, now of the Naval Academy. What use he made of the facts furnished him I do not know; but he wanted them, and promised to publish them after his return to Edinburgh.* Perhaps I ought to mention here that notwithstanding his profound theoretical knowledge of the science, I found Mr. Combe deficient in a certain kind of practical knowledge; he would not consent to make any examinations; so

* They were published in Combe's "Tour in America."—Ed. Phren. Jour.

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that if the living head of Major Mitchell had been submitted to his inspection, he would have known no more of his character than he did from the testimony of others.

AMATEUR EXAMINATIONS.

Not long after this, and at the time of the great fire in New York, in 1836, I believe, I happened to be there on business, and boarded at Mrs. Eaton's, on Broadway. A terrible snow-storm had put a stop to traveling, business was paralyzed, and people did not know what to do with themselves. We were looking for a declaration of war against France; the distant mutterings of the old-fashioned Jackson thunder were beginning to be heard. A party of us determined to go to Washington, as soon as the roads were opened, and to pass our time as pleasantly as we could, after the idling of the day—not the business of the day—was over, for there was no business, and our evenings were spent between dancing, card-playing, gossiping, flirting in a serious way, and the examination of heads. I had been questioned about my belief in the new science, and challenged to the proof, so that night after night, for more than a week, my hands were literally full. In every case I preferred strangers, though I did not refuse to examine the heads of those I knew best. I did not pretend to soften or qualify, nor was I mealy-mouthed in pronouncing judgment. The consequence was, that before I knew it, I had quite a reputation at stake.

TESTING PHRENOLOGY.

At last the roads were free, and our party started for Washington. While on the way, the subject of Phrenology was brought up, and some pretty tough stories were told about my success with the ladies at Mrs. Eaton's; with the ladies' heads, I mean, of course, for I had nothing to do with their hearts. I found myself surrounded by resolute unbelievers, among whom were Mr. Daniel Low, whom I had known at Paris, and a Mr. Hunt, of Cincinnati, I believe, who was said to be the richest man of his age in our country; the names of the others I have now forgotten. All tried to have the question settled in one way, and that was by examination of their heads. It was in vain that I remonstrated with them, saying they would never be satisfied, no matter how correct my judgment might be. Having been together day after day, for two weeks or so, they would believe that my judgment was founded upon what I had observed in their tempers, habits, and characteristics. I refused, therefore, point blank. "But," said I, "although I can not consent to examine your heads, while I know you to be unbelievers and scoffers, I will examine the head of any stranger you may bring me, and if the person has a character, anything whereby he may be distinguished from others, and you know enough of him to judge, I will undertake to satisfy you, and may probably tell you something that you never supposed to be in him, however long or intimately you may have associated with him; for I tell you plainly that I would rather trust my fingers, than my eyes or ears, in judging of character, and should rely more upon a five minutes' examination of any head, for certain purposes, than upon the acquaintance of many years." They were astonished at my earnestness and apparent sincerity, as they afterward acknowledged, and began to whisper among themselves, as if they had thought I was carrying the joke a little too far, which had been so pleasant in the long, dreary winter evenings at Mrs. Eaton's.

That night we were obliged to lie over at Havre de Grace. After supper, while we were sitting round the fire, and waiting for news from the outer world, the subject of Phrenology was again brought up, and I was badgered, till my patience began to give way. They wanted me to examine all their heads—we had nothing else to do—and it would help pass the evening. Again I refused, and for the same reason. I knew them too well; but I was ready to try my hand upon a stranger—not my "luck," as they called it, like the poor sailor who had such bad luck in spelling, when his fingers were cold.

A SUBJECT FOUND.

Yet more, if they would give me the character of anybody distinguished, I would tell them what his predominant organs *must* be, and show them how to finger for themselves, till they verified the man's earthly horoscope. Nay, more; from what I already knew of the party, I would undertake to say what predominant organs might be found in them all, and they might judge for themselves, though I would not promise to qualify them for reading character generally. But if a man were over-cautious, or obstinate, or quarrelsome, or arrogant, I was ready to show what his organs were, so that ignorant as they all were of the science, they might easily verify such truths for themselves. While we were gossiping and joking one another in this way, a stranger, who had been listening with great apparent interest, asked two or three questions at once. Before I could answer, there was a general outburst among my friends. "The very stranger you want," said they, "now take him!" "With all my heart," I replied; "but is there anybody here who knows him well enough to satisfy you—you, gentlemen, not me—I don't want any corroboration for myself?" "O yes," somebody answered, "we all know him; he has been here eversince—I forget how long ago."

"Very well; it is not just such a case, I must acknowledge, as I should like, if I may judge from appearances, but as you desire it, we'll run for luck." The stranger was a dark, small man, wiry, bilious, nervous, compact, and evidently taciturn, and about thirty, according to my present recollections. A long pause of preparation followed, while the bystanders arranged themselves; and then I added, that the stranger might know what he had to expect, "I am not mealy-mouthed, let me tell you, in my examinations; what I find, I shall speak of, and speak plainly, too, however much it may disappoint or offend you. You must not look for flattery or concealment; I may have to lay your very heart bare, and perhaps may communicate even to those who have longest known you, and even to yourself, something that neither you nor they are well prepared for. Are you satisfied with such conditions?"

"Go ahead!" was the reply, and the man stood uncovered before me, with a steady, untroubled look, as if waiting for the onset. A dead silence followed, as I ran over the general configuration of the head with a rapid touch, pausing here and there for a moment only, and at last stopping with these words:

"You could not have helped me to a better subject, gentlemen," said I, "than chance has thrown in our way. I am willing to rest the whole question upon what I have now under my hand; and, what is more, I undertake to say that the man himself will acknowledge the truth of what I have to say.

A STRONG CASE.

"In the first place, I am astonished to find him alive; I wonder he has not died upon the scaffold by judgment of law long ago; I never knew a more deadly, unforgiving temper, and yet," I added, for he began to breathe hard, and shift his feet, as if getting ready to spring at my throat, "and yet, he is of a generous nature, magnanimous, I might say, conscientious, and truthful, so that I, for one, am willing to take him at his word, after we get through. I find, moreover, that the domestic and social propensities are well pronounced, that he loves children, and reverences woman; but, notwithstanding all this, I do not believe he is a married man, or that he ever will be." As I said this, I felt him tremble all over. "Something has happened to him, something very terrible, which has broken up all his plans of life, changed his very nature, soured his temper, and made him unrelenting and remorseless." My hands, all the time I was uttering this judgment, rested upon the crown of his head, where I found the organ of Self-Esteem, and all the proximate organs, especially Inhabitiveness and Adhesiveness, broken up—undulating, with here and there a sort of edge lifted up, like a disturbed stratification. "And all this, I should say," thinking of Mr. Jones, and of the cases I had met with before, "all this must have happened to you within the last five, nay, within the last three, years."

PHRENOLOGY TRIUMPHANT.

"Anything more?" said the stranger, in a sort of stage whisper, which had a singular effect upon the bystanders, I thought, for they all moved away, as if they expected something serious to happen. "Have you done, sir?" he added, with startling abruptness, looking me straight in the eyes with an expression I never shall forget.

"Yes," I answered, "unless you have questions to ask."

He began to breathe more freely, and after inquiring into the grounds of my belief, so that I was obliged to give a lecture upon the science, he turned upon me and asked me, in my turn, if I had any questions to propound.

"Yes, sir," said I, somewhat nettled, I acknowledge, at his insolent manner—"yes, sir; and you must answer them, and answer them truly."

"*Must!*" he muttered, with a look of triumphant defiance, which made me feel rather uncomfortable.

"Yes, sir—*must*—must by a law of your nature which governs you, so that, as I told you all at first, the man himself is ready to testify, and what is more, to tell not only the truth, but the whole truth of himself, and nothing but the truth."

"And when do you say this 'breaking up,' as

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you called it, whereby all my prospects in life were blasted, took place?"

"Not more than three years ago," said I, determined in this one case to run for luck, and then explain after we were all through. He bowed, and after debating with himself for two or three minutes, folded his arms on his breast and waited the onset.

"Do me the favor, sir," said I, "to state in general terms to the company whether the character I have ascribed to you is just or otherwise—true or false—and then, if you please, I should like to have you go into particulars."

"I have nothing to say about general character," said he; "I have no fault to find with you; but really, sir—really—do you pretend to say you do not know me?—that you do not know who I am?"

"Know you, sir! I never saw you before—I never heard of you—I do not even know your name. Allow me to ask, if you ever saw or heard of me before, or if you know anything about me?"

"Nothing at all; so far as I know, and wish to believe, we are perfect strangers; but then"—covering his eyes with both hands for a moment—"how can I believe you? all this is so strange!"

I saw he was coming to the point, and said, "For the satisfaction of those gentlemen who do not believe in Phrenology, I want you to state such facts in your life as you may think proper to mention, whether they are for or against what I have declared."

After a little hesitation, the stranger gave us a brief, hurried outline of his life. He had been a trader in the West; was very poor, and had brought up and educated a whole family of brothers and sisters; living himself unmarried, until about five years before, he had met with a young woman (in Connecticut, I believe) who had engaged to marry him at a few days' notice, after he had settled up his affairs at the West. He left her and went back only to find that his partner in business had run away, and taken with him all the partnership property, leaving him utterly helpless and hopeless. He tried to find the wretch, but his tracks were so covered up, that he was obliged to abandon the hope for awhile; and being unable to marry, and without capital or friends, he came to Havre de Grace, where he had lived like a wild beast in his lair, waiting for his prey to go by. Yet more: in justification of what I had ventured to say about his deadly, unforgiving temper, he acknowledged that only a few months before, he had tried to kill a man in his little counting-room.

"How?" said I, "and with what kind of a weapon?" sure that I should find something curious or dreadful in the circumstances.

"With an umbrella."

"With an umbrella! but how?"

"I tried to thrust it down his throat," he answered.

"And why down his throat, pray?"

"Because," he replied, through his shut teeth, "*because* I wanted to punish the offending member. He had insulted me with his tongue."

"Are you satisfied, gentlemen?" said I, after we had got through, and they stood a little way off, nodding and whispering to one another, and occasionally interposing a question.

ANOTHER TEST.

They looked astonished—puzzled—but would not own up at once. They carried the story, however, to Washington, where I had my hands full again, so that every evening, and almost every hour of the day, I had callers, who were ready to submit, if I would indulge them. I could not refuse; and one evening went with some friends to the room of Abbott Lawrence, where we met Mr. Granger and some other of our notabilities and magnates, who had planned an attack upon me, and were prepared with charts of their heads by Mr. Fowler himself, which they proposed to let me look at, before I attempted any examination. I refused to see the charts—I would not even look at them; "But," said I, "gentlemen, I will take the same scale of ten, though I have always been accustomed to that of twenty; and after we are through, you may compare my estimates with Mr. Fowler's, and see how far we are agreed. They did so, and we were found to agree so perfectly, except upon our estimate of one single organ—I think it was that of Comparison—that they were indeed astonished.

MARGARET FULLER.

But I must finish. Not long after this, happening to find myself at Providence, R. I., whither I had gone to investigate for myself the phenomena of animal magnetism, and clairvoyance, and the pretensions of Miss Brackett, I had my last public trial. Among the medical men I met with was Dr. Hartshorn, who had just gone into the india-rubber business, but had both the time and inclination for scientific inquiry. One evening, while we were together, the subject of Phrenology came up, and Miss Margaret Fuller (the Countess Ossoli) pressed me in her clever imperious way to tell her honestly what I thought of Spurzheim, Gall, and others. I had just been delivering an address before a literary association of the University, and she had been graciously pleased to signify her approval. To show my sincerity, I related a number of anecdotes within my own personal knowledge, and, if I recollect rightly, made a few examinations in her presence.

"Did I know Mr. Fowler?" she asked me.

"There are two," said I; "but I have never happened to meet with either."

"What did I think of them?"

"That they are beyond all question, the cleverest and safest examiners I ever knew, judging by the charts I have seen of heads that I myself have had an opportunity of examining;" and then I mentioned what had happened at Washington.

"Would I like to see one of them, who was to lecture and examine heads that very evening?"

"With all my heart—nothing would gratify me more."

A LECTURE ON PHRENOLOGY.

No sooner said than done. She was already equipped; and we lost no time in finding our way to the hall. It was crowded, and a gentleman, said to be Mr. Fowler himself, *the* phrenologist, was on the platform. He examined two or three heads, and called for more. All the eyes of our party were turned upon me, as we sat together near the door, and a long way from the lecturer. I shook my head; again there was a call for somebody to step up to the captain's office, and the people about me began whispering and expostulating, till I was afraid they would call the attention of the lecturer to our part of the house.

"If you will not give my name," said I, at last, "I will consent to take the stand."

This being agreed to, up I went A capital examination followed—very just, I thought, except in one particular; and the result, by analysis, only went to confirm me in my good opinion of Mr. Fowler. There was an occasional outbreak, and not a few pleasant laughs, among our party, while the lecturer was going through with the examination. At last, having finished, he asked for my name A dead silence. "Oh, but, gentlemen," said he, "it is but reasonable that you should give the audience an opportunity of judging, for the gentleman, being a public man, must have a well-known character."

Somebody called out "Neal—Mr. Neal!"

"What Neal?" said he.

"John Neal." was the answer.

Upon which the lecturer left his other demonstrations, and stepping back a pace or two, threw up his hands, and exclaimed, "*Not* John Neal! If I had known that, I would as soon have thrust my hands into a lion's mouth! Why, ladies and gentlemen," he added, as the whole audience began laughing and shuffling and stamping, "why"—getting embarrassed—"he is the greatest living phrenologist," etc., etc.

Whereupon to relieve him, and put the audience in good-humor with themselves and with us, I left the chair, and requesting him to take my place, I went behind him. I gave them a brief lecture upon his head. They seemed to enjoy the joke, and so did he, for that matter, and Miss Fuller and Dr. Hartshorn and others of our party declared it was, on the whole, the most amusing and satisfactory demonstration they had ever witnessed. Let me add, however, that I have reason to believe that, although Mr. Fowler was advertised, it was not Mr. Fowler that I saw, but a coadjutor, with a Dutch name, which I have now forgotten. [Brevort?]

MY TESTIMONY.

And here I stop. And the result of all my experience for something over two-score years is this: that Phrenology is a revelation put by God himself within the reach of all his intelligent creation, to be studied and applied in all the relations and in all the business of life; that we are all of us both phrenologists and physiognomists in spite of ourselves, and without knowing it, and that we have only to enlarge our observations, and be honest and true to ourselves, and these two sciences will have no terrors for us, and our knowledge of them, instead of being hurtful or mischievous, would only serve to make us wiser and better, and therefore happier, both here and hereafter; and in conclusion let me say, that I have never yet examined a sturdy disbeliever with a head worth having.

A New Reading.—Examiner: "Who was the strongest man?" Smart boy: "Jonah." Examiner: "Why so?" Smart boy: "'Cause the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down."

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THE EYEBROWS,
PHYSIOGNOMICALLY CONSIDERED.

EYEBROWS may be thick or thin, fine or coarse, smooth or bushy, arched or straight, regular or irregular; and each form and quality has its special significance in reference to temperament and character.

Thick, strong eyebrows are generally found in connection with abundant hair on the head and other parts of the body, and with a full development of the motive temperament. Such eyebrows are generally, but not always, dark They are very common—almost universal—among the French. When also coarse, bushy, and irregular, we may expect coarseness, harshness, and unevenness of character. Thin, fine, delicate eyebrows are indicative of a fine-grained organization and an active, if not predominant mental temperament.

FIG. 1.

The general form of the eyebrow varies greatly. In some, it is straight and horizontal; in others, straight and sloping; in others still, it is arched; and the form of the arch varies almost infinitely. Straight eyebrows are masculine, or indicative of the masculine elements of character; arched eyebrows are more common to woman.

Low, projecting eyebrows indicate *Discernment* and, less directly, *Reflection*; the physiological reason for which is found in the fact, that the depression and projection depend upon the voluntary employment of certain muscles in order accurately to adapt the eye to the objects examined; hence the eyebrow is thus depressed when any object is closely examined, and hence persons reflecting are, by association, led thus to employ the muscles of the eyebrows, even when no particular object is before them.

FIG. 2.

An eyebrow greatly elevated. on the contrary, as shown in fig. 3, indicates less Discernment, and the absence of severe thought.

A lowering or frowning of the eyebrows accompanies or indicates the exercise of *Authority*, especially when it takes the form of *Forbidding*. It is generally associated with any marked development of the sign of *Command*, which consists in one or more transverse wrinkles over the root of the nose. Fig. 1 shows the first of these signs well developed; and the last is equally marked in the original, though not well represented in our cut.*

FIG. 3.

* From "New Physiognomy."

Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

SAY NO!

BY MRS. HELEN RICH.

THIS world, it is said, is a scene of probation,
W ere mortals partake both of sorrows and joys,
Yet grand is the scheme for their future salvation—
In comparison, honors sink into mere toys.
Calmly considering the subject referred to,
Fast youths, soon or later, must learn to move slow;
And if Young America wisdom deferred to,
He'd learn with his syntax to plainly say No!

For aye with the treasures of rich Colorado,
With streams of petroleum deep as the Styx,
If once with the wine-cup you're lost and betrayed, O,
Young man, be assured 'tis a serious fix!
The siren that sings in the sparkle of sherry,
But beckons you on to the breakers of woe;
The heart of the drunkard—ah, when was it merry?
Beware of the tempter, and learn to say No!

Don't dream that while stalking a young Chimborazo,
With costly "Havana" just under your nose,
You win from the fair and the wise who may gaze, O!
A tithe of the homage you vainly suppose.
No man wished a son, while he yet had his senses,
Nor girl, who knew much, ever sighed for a beau,
Whose business fell short of his dandy expenses;
If *she* should say "Yes," *you* had better say "No!"

In the deep game of life never say that the dice,
Cards, nine-pins, or billiards will aid you to win;
But, O youth, in the terrible knowledge of vice
Be a novice!—'tis ever too soon to begin.
To innocent pleasures—wit, lectures, and dances,
And love (though not always a pleasure, I trow,)
Debates, skating, concerts for various fancies—
To these 'tis not needful you learn to say No.

When launching your bark on life's perilous ocean,
Of industry, knowledge, and faith have a store;
Your compass, the truth of a pure heart's devotion;
The star of your hope, the bright girl you adore!
Your banner your country's—her honor and glory,
As dear as your own, blest and blessing you go;
Calm, sunny the voyage, triumphant the story,
If nailed at the mast-head the motto—"Say No!"

CANTON, N. Y.

WORKING FOR A LIVING.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

Do we not all "work for a living?"

It is customary, we know, to connect with the four significant words a sentimental accent of mild pity—a sort of imitation sympathy not unmingled with contempt, when they are spoken with reference to a woman. And sympathy flavored with scorn or compassion is, of all mental doses, the hardest to take!

It is honorable and highly proper for a man to work for his daily bread; it is his business; nobody expects anything else from him; and if he neglect it, he is very liable to "bring up" in the poorhouse or the penitentiary. But if a woman is driven by adverse circumstances or sudden reverses to support herself by the toil of her own unaided hands, she is, to a certain extent, socially ostracised. Now what is the reason of this paradox? For ourself, personally speaking, we do not know why the woman who sits at her sewing machine to earn a dollar a day, need necessarily be inferior to the women who sit at *their* sewing machines for nothing at all, save the very dubious pleasure of making shirts for a thankless generation of husbands! There *may* be a distinction and a difference; but, other things being equal, we should rather be inclined to think the "dollar-a-day" seamstress had the best of the bargain!

Neither could we ever understand exactly, why the woman whose life is made miserable by the weighing cares and responsibilities of a large household, should be considered so greatly superior in happiness to her humble sister who keeps house contentedly in one room, and takes in fine washing, and has nobody but herself to "superintend."

We all have our work to do in this world, and we all do it, except some few who are proficients in the noble art of "shirking;" but there are classes and grades and ranks innumerable, and the moment a woman sells the work of her hands and her feet, and her executive abilities, she becomes a "person"—very respectable, no doubt, and very praiseworthy in her spirit of independence, but still a "person!" And Mrs. Precision "would rather her Angelina did not associate with that class of people;" and Miss Prim looks the other way when she meets the offending individual in the street! Set Mrs. Precision and Miss Prim and the shrinking Angelina at defiance, do you say? Ah! that is not so easy. A woman is but a woman, and some of them have very soft, sensitive hearts, and although they make no comments, and go steadily along the path they have marked out for themselves, they carry the poisoned arrow rankling within them!

If it is—as the spelling-books and the political economists tell us—laudable to work, and wrong to be lazy, what is the reason people hide away the washings and the ironings and the sweepings of their existence into the back corners of life, and keep such religious silence to the left hand as to the candle-making and starching and scrubbing that has been accomplished by the right hand? Why do they skulk away when a neighbor chances to discover them dusting carpets or cleaning silver, as if they had been caught in the perpetration of one of the seven deadly sins? Why do they air their hours of idleness so ostentatiously, at windows and in fashionable parks, with the self-satisfied look of those who would say to the whole world, "Look at me, if you please—*I* am doing nothing?"

The women of olden time did not live under such an intolerable dispensation of gentility. They worked, and they weren't ashamed of it, either. Think of Sarah, the dark-eyed beauty of Mamre, baking cakes for the mysterious angel-visitants who came in the guise of "three men." And she did it gracefully, and well, too, we venture our word! Remember Rebekah, drawing water at the well of Nabor; and pretty Ruth, patiently gleaning in the golden fields of Boaz. If Ruth hadn't worked for her living, do you think she would ever have arrived at the dignity of being Mrs. Boaz? Are we nineteenth-centuryites any better than those lovely mothers of Hebrew kings and princes?

Work! why, people ought to be ashamed *not* to work. They ought to leave idleness to the halt,

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and the lame, and the blind; they should glory in using the talents and strength and ingenuity God has bestowed upon them. And if a woman, finding it necessary to toil for daily food, enters courageously upon a life of labor, the cheerful hand of welcome and encouragement should be extended to her, rather than the averted eye and cold greeting that express estrangement in so much stronger terms than spoken words!

Do we not all work? all of us, at least, who deserve the name of humanity? And whether our toil is wrought with brain, fingers, or feet, what matters it? "Work is worship," says a proverb that is older than the oldest of us, and we believe in it. And not until life's sunset is very near at hand do we want to leave off "working for a living."

PLAIN WORDS WITH THE BIG BOYS.

BY REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Come, boys, let us have a few plain talks—not sermons, nor lectures, nor essays, nor treatises, but *talks* with such big boys as may want to take part in them. The Big Boys are not all dead yet. True, some of them have turned into "*gentlemen*" before their time; and there are others who will look off in another direction if they hear anybody calling "Boy!" It is no disgrace to be, or to have been, a boy; and the male human being who tries to jump into manhood, skipping the *boy* part of his existence, is sure to make a stilted entrance into a sort of foppish gentility, in which the fine *gentleman* is so much thought of that the true *man* is forgotten.

Our talk just now will be about

"WHAT ARE YOU GOOD FOR?"

I was talking with a rich man about his son, who had asked me to get him a situation as clerk. The old gentleman seemed inclined to say very little about the lad, but remarked, "He won't suit—he won't suit." Anxious to know *why* he wouldn't suit, I asked what was the matter with him. "Matter?" said the old gentleman, "what's the matter with him? Why, he isn't good for anything—that's what's the matter with him; and, I tell you, I wouldn't give sixpence for a wagon-load of such fellows." Humiliating as it was for the gruff old man to growl out such a description of his own son, it was a perfect photograph of the youngster's character. Good for nothing. Educated to look for a fortune at his father's death, but not taught the first particle of duty as to managing it so as to make himself useful with it, the idle fellow was so good for nothing that no decent business man would care about having him in his establishment. But was he not good for anything at all? Yes—he was good for a customer to the dealers in fine boots, hats, and clothing; to the sellers of tobacco, and perhaps of "fancy drinks;" to the men at whose billiard tables he spent his father's money. He could dance nicely; he could take the girls who had no better sense than to go with such an empty-head, to church, to the opera, and to walk along the street. He could gracefully wear an elegant stove-pipe hat, nicely fitting clothes of most fashionable cut, and shiny boots of such exquisite fit as to pinch his toes and raise a larger "corn-crop" on his tender feet than ever he will raise by hand work in tilling the earth, or by brain work in directing others in agriculture. Some day his father will die, and some stupid girl who is looking out for a rich husband, will marry this inefficient bit of humanity, and then they will either "live happily all their days," or else—*not*.

Another case of a good-for-nothing. This morning I heard a feeble, hesitating rap at my study door, like the rap of a beggar, or a man who wants to buy old clothes. As soon as I said "Come in," a shabby-genteel-looking young man meekly stepped in and handed me a well-worn paper. The paper was from a distinguished clergyman, and certified that the bearer, the son of a deceased clergyman, was out of occupation, and, as he unfortunately had never been taught a trade, or any means of earning a livelihood, was now, with his family, dependent on the kindness of those who might give him work, or otherwise contribute to his support. "What kind of work can you do?" "Well, nothing in particular." "What would you like to try? "I don't know." "Is there any kind of business that you understand?" "No." Poor fellow! Wife and two or three children dependent on "his exertions." Mechanics, copyists, laborers, skilled and unskilled, needed, at good wages, in every department of industry; but no place vacant for the man who "don't know how to do anything." Away he goes on his weary rounds, with his thumbed paper, a sauntering monument to the neglect of his parents to teach him, or to his own negligence in failing to learn something to make him a self-supporting member of society. Hardly anybody will turn him away without giving him, at least, a little alms; but what a pity it is that a young man who might be doing something useful, can not, just because he "don't know how!"

These two cases are widely different, but the result is the same. One young man, probably a little dissipated, with the prospect of becoming considerably more so; the other, pious, and, very likely, really doing the best he knows how to do. Put a ship-load of such folks on an island, no matter how fertile, and the whole company would soon starve to death and become food for the more energetic carrion crows.

Now, boys, are *you* good for something useful? What can you do? What are you looking forward to? It may seem fine to be born "with a golden spoon in your mouth!" but if you indolently sit with the spoon there, neither you nor the spoon will make any useful stir in the world, and the world will be no better for your having been born into it. It is a favorite notion of some very large-sized boys, that in our free country one boy has as good a chance of being President as the next boy; which is a correct notion; but it is also true that the boy who neglects advantages and duties in his early life, will be the man who, even if accidentally elevated to the Presidential chair, or any other chair, will find himself fit only for the chairs (tilted up on their hind legs) on which loafers idle their time around a country tavern.

What are you good for? Something useful and noble, let us hope. If you have never asked yourself the question, ask it now. If you have been a "no account" sort of fellow, turn over a new leaf and try to do something, not merely to get enough to eat, drink, and wear, but to honor the God who has made you, and to adorn the nation in which he has placed you.

HELPS AND HINDRANCES.

BY A. A. G.

The road to perfect goodness, like the road to learning, is long and difficult. "There is no royal road to learning," as we have often heard, and there is none to perfect goodness. We reach neither by one desperate leap, nor by one day's fast walking. It is march, march, march—climb, climb, climb, for though we travel *to*, we do not travel *through* an enchanted land. In short, the road is rough and steep and long, and the crowns and harps and sweet resting-places are far out of sight. Consequently, we all find it very hard work to pursue our journey obediently and perseveringly. Even those of us who have grown to be men and women are often overcome with weariness and sleep by the wayside, or frightened by bears and lions turn back and wish we had never started—in other words, wish we had never been born. Seeing how hard and tedious the way is, and how far off the goal is, we soon learn to expect very little of ourselves, and to go forward very leisurely and lazily, but we expect *children* to "mount up with wings as eagles, and run and not be weary, and walk and not faint." We expect *them* to be monstrosities in goodness; and as the athlete uses his muscles until he can almost carry the world on his shoulders, so we demand of them that they shall use all their virtues in the practice of everything good; and if these virtues reach only a diminutive size (and they never grow large in childhood, for time is necessary to the growth of everything), the poor little unfortunates, who have a much more vivid impression of visible than of invisible things, and, therefore, very imperfect ideas of moral growth, are called "naughty boys" and "naughty girls," and straightway admonished by a whipping that they have not attained to the stature of perfect men and women. A strange way this to secure moral development and moral health, but a way that is still taken, even in this day of light and knowledge, by some parents.

They want their children to be good, they say. Well, we will give them credit for being sincere in all they do to make their children insincere. We will allow that they are blind, and do not see that they have joined hands with the prince of darkness to ruin them. But being sincere excuses no wrong, and being blind (when sight may be had) excuses no one from seeing. Every father and mother may see one thing, if they will, and that is that nothing really good ever enters the soul through the *skin*. The hand may be heavily applied, or the whip severely used, but no passage will be made for any of the virtues you can not slap or switch—you can not whip or beat any virtue or any blessing into the soul. You may think you can, father or mother—you may think you can in this way remedy those evils that appeared in your child almost as soon as he was born, but you never can. If you would cure him

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of stubbornness, of disobedience, of selfishness, of lying, and of the many soul diseases that mar the beauty of his opening years, find out *how to do it*, and then *take the pains to do it*.

And first, it would be well to consider that much of your child's inclination to evil he has inherited from you. Are you a man of cold blood? Then those who owe their existence to you will in all probability be like you, unless they have a warm-blooded, loving mother. Are you a man of great secretiveness, concealing much and revealing little? Do not wonder that your boy tells a falsehood to conceal something from you that he is unwilling you should know. Are you naturally selfish and calculating? He will be so too, although it must be allowed that the mother's temperament and character greatly modify the child's, whatever her husband's may be.

Many fathers seem wholly ignorant of the truth of inherited mental peculiarities. They meet a child they have never before seen, and at once know him by his resemblance to his father. They say, "That boy looks exactly like Mr. ——, and I know they are father and son." And yet the faces of that father and son are no more alike than their minds.

The fact of mental resemblances can not be disputed, and it should move every father to compassion. That boy who does wrong so repeatedly and determinedly is pressed down under the weight of a miserable inheritance, and the paternal hand should be outstretched to *lead* him—not to *strike* him. He does not understand anything about inherited pride, or inherited willfulness, or inherited temper, or inherited untruthfulness. He has no idea—poor child—that it would have been much easier for him to be humble, and submissive, and good-tempered, and truthful, if his father had had a more humble, yielding, gentle, frank nature; but you, father, know all about it, or may if you will, and you know that the boy needs all possible helps to goodness. Ponder it well. He needs all possible *helps* to goodness. And can your acts of severity, can the blows you give be aught else but *hindrances*? Can they serve any other purpose than to drive sin deeper into the soul by destroying frankness? How a whipping operates so as to destroy frankness is very evident to a reflecting mind. No child will confess a fault, or any wrong act, which he knows is to be met by the sternest and severest of all punishments—a whipping. When a father punishes a son in that way, and says to him, "Now if you ever do so again I shall whip you severely," that moment the boy's talent for invention is called into exercise. He wants to "*do so again*," and young as he may be, his brain at once begins to work out the problem: "How shall I do that and my father not find it out?" You, father, when you whipped him, and, with a still greater folly, threatened him with another whipping, set him to studying out that question, "How can I do that and hide it from my father?" He succeeded, succeeded perhaps without actually embodying his artfulness in a falsehood. With a certain kind of art he evaded your questions, or with a still deeper art so blinded you that you did not ask any. And you feel much complacency in the wisdom of your administration; but, all unknown to you, the boy is growing old in art. He is using his ingenuity all the time, for "necessity is the mother of invention." You have laid the child under the necessity of deceiving you, and he does deceive you. You may not know it now. You may not know it in years, but by-and-by the seed you have sown will bring the harvest. When you have grown old you may hear that that son is known among men as a "*shrewd, tricky*, business man"—"a man who will make money honestly if he can, dishonestly if he must." And then you may ask yourself, "How can that be? Didn't I often talk to him about the sin of falsehood and all kinds of deceitfulness, when he was a child? Did'nt I punish him thoroughly, not only for lying, but for everything wrong?" Yes, you did, and that's the matter with him. Your *talk* was *good*, but your *punishment* was *bad*. Such an answer as this any man of good sense and discernment can give you, if, in future years, you are compelled to inquire how it is that your son is not candid, frank, ingenuous, and upright in all his dealings with men.

A few rules, made by a man to whom experience gave wisdom, would be a fitting conclusion to this article. "Never whip a child for anything if you would fit him for the life to come, or even for this present life.

Always bear in mind that however high your motives may be, or however free from anger you may be, there is nothing elevated nor elevating in a whipping; that it is, as no other punishment is, the natural expression of anger; that you can not *strike, give blows, beat*, and yet make the impression of gentleness and wisdom and love, that the higher and better punishments always make.

Remember, too, that whipping is a low, rough, coarse punishment, and that the rod develops in a boy, sooner or later, a rough, coarse, and even cruel nature, and makes him secretive, designing, and artful. Lay aside the rod, if you have ever used it, and substitute other punishments, but even those punishments use as sparingly as possible.

Above all, be your boy's companion, be a boy yourself. Enter into his pleasures, take part in his sports. Do not give all of your time to *business* and turn *him* off with only a few minutes of the twenty-four hours. Make yourself attractive to him, and he will see less attraction in wrong-doing. In all the pleasant ways that an ingenious mind can invent, *win him to the right*, and you will meet with far greater success than if you *forbid him to do what is wrong*.

In all your daily life with him, be sunshine and goodness, be love (not *hidden*, but *manifested* love) and sympathy. Being made in the image of God, reflect the image of God, and the child will reflect yours, and will grow up gentle and obedient, loving and truthful.

THE loveliest faces are to be seen by moonlight, when one sees half with the eye and half with the fancy. ——

OUR own hands are Heaven's favorite instruments for supplying us with the necessaries and luxuries of life. ——

"YOUR horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he, "it is a bit too long."

A LETTER FROM UTAH.

"THIS is a great country." It will require a long time to fence it all in. Look at the Rocky Mountains! Look at the great lakes, prairie-land, majestic rivers, beautiful valleys, grand old forests, immense mines of gold, silver, copper, and lead! Look at our oil-wells, and our mountains of iron! Who can comprehend all these? How little, how insignificant, how microscopic each human individual seems when compared with God's universe! Still, each living intelligence is greater than iron, silver, or gold, or mountains, lakes, or rivers. *All* these things are subject to the use of man, intended for his good. Our thoughts were thus started on an "exploring expedition" by the receipt of a letter from the West. We copy:

ST. GEORGE, UTAH, *August* 1, 1866.

DEAR JOURNAL: This place is situated near the junction of the Santa Clara River with the Rio Virgin, about 350 miles south of Salt Lake City, and some eighty to one hundred miles north of the head of navigation on the Colorado. The climate is sultry most of the year—very little snow, some frost for three months, and heat enough in summer to make up any difference, as you will readily acknowledge when I tell you that the mercury has for the last month been ranging between 100° to 110° Fahr.

This is a volcanic region, and, consequently, choice soil for grapes, cotton, tobacco, sweet potatoes, and most sorts of ordinary fruits, vegetables, and cereals flourish first-rate. [Why put in the nasty tobacco?]

If Phrenology could be applied superficially to any portion of the globe, I think this region would be put down for some very remarkable traits of *character*; in fact, we are all *bumps* here—hardly level ground enough in the country to set a school-house. This place, though not five years old, and in an apparent desert, looks beautiful, with its streets one general grove of trees and the acre lots one mass of verdure—gardens, vineyards, and orchards, in which the produce of the tropics vie with that of the cooler north, to produce beauty, usefulness, and luxury. The surface of the whole country looks barren, desolate, and forbidding: precipitous mountains bare of vegetation and covered with a wild confusion of red and black rocks; the valleys generally cut to pieces by the action of water and wind, with huge fragments of rocks lying where the hand of time placed them, and oftimes the soil so impregnated with mineral alkali that, under the rays of a summer's sun, the surface becomes as white as snow. Among the minerals we find here salt, coal, iron, alum, lime, niter, gypsum, cement, and potash; and about 150 miles southwest is situated the celebrated Pahranaget mines, said to be the richest silver mines known on the continent; and south 150 miles on the Colorado there are said to exist rich placers of gold and other minerals. When I commenced I intended to have *set out* some of the figure-heads of our mountains for your consideration, but having span out long enough to get through, I had better defer a description of those and of the petrified trees, and the antiquities of former inhabitants, as well as of the manners and customs of the Mormons, who people this colony. Early peaches and grapes are now in full tide and passing away rapidly.

I ought to tell you how well your excellent JOURNAL is liked and appreciated here, and assure you that as soon as we can *see* enough of those curious greenbacks we read so much about, we are going to send you a good mountain list of subscribers.

Meantime keep doing—go along—get up—and as you are ahead, why, keep ahead, and you shall have our best wishes for more light and great success. ELLIS.

THUS Venus spake: and from her bosom loos'd
Her broidered cestus, wrought with every charm
To win the heart. * * * * *
"Take thou from me, and in thy bosom hide
This broidered cestus; and, whate'er thy wish,
Thou shalt not here ungratified return."

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PORTRAIT OF HON. JAMES L. ORR, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

JAMES L. ORR.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

In this gentleman's organization we have an excellent combination of the vital, mental, and motive temperaments; the vital slightly predominating. He evidently descended from a long-lived stock. There are both great powers of endurance and recuperation. How deep and broad the chest! how large the lungs! breathing, digestion, and circulation are perfect. There is no indication of consumption here; right usage would secure a person with such an organization long life and uninterrupted health.

Let us now look at the head. It is broad between the ears, indicating great executiveness. It is high in the crown, indicating dignity, decision, and will-power. It is full in the perceptive intellect, indicating observation, memory, and a practical cast of mind. It is full in the reflectives, indicating a good degree of originality. It is large in Human Nature, indicating an intuitive perception of the character of others. It is large in Language, rendering him free and even copious as a speaker.

Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Hope, and Spirituality are fairly developed, while Veneration is large. There is sufficient Ideality and Sublimity to give taste and love for works of art and the grandeur of nature; hence he would be fond of poetry, oratory, beautiful scenery, and the like. His social organs, as a group, are large. His regard for women and love for children and home should form leading traits of character. That long, broad, and full upper lip corresponds with large Firmness and Self-Esteem, which are so conspicuous; the prominent chin, with a strong social nature; the nose indicates pugnacity, but is not aggressive. He has large Approbativeness, and an active sense of honor, and is thoroughly self-possessed, self-relying, and self-regulating. He could not be less than a leader among common men.

For a more elaborate statement, see PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, volume xvii., 1858, p. 40.

BIOGRAPHY.

James L. Orr, the present Governor of South Carolina, was born in Anderson District, in that State, May 12th, 1822. He is of Irish descent, and his ancestors originally settled in Pennsylvania. His father was a successful merchant, and gave his children, consisting of three sons and two daughters, a thorough education.

In his eighteenth year the subject of the present sketch entered the University of Virginia, where, after perfecting his classical and scientific education, he studied moral philosophy, political economy, medical jurisprudence, and constitutional and international law. In 1842 he entered the law office of Judge Whitner, and was admitted to the bar in 1843.

He met with immediate success as a lawyer, and at the same time acquired reputation as a politician and a writer by editing the Anderson *Gazette*. His position as an editor and a lawyer, together with a correct deportment, winning manners, and an affable address, secured him great popularity, and made him a general favorite. Connecting himself with the Democratic party, he became in 1844, when only twenty-two years of age, a candidate for the Legislature, and was elected by a larger vote than any other man in the State.

Mr. Orr's career in the Legislature redounded greatly to his credit, and established his reputation both as a debater and as a man of sound sense, discriminating judgment, and honesty of purpose. His greatest speech was made in opposition to what was called "the Bluffton Movement," designed to commit South Carolina again to the nullification of the tariff of 1842. He was known in the Legislature, as in all things, the unflinching advocate of popular rights.

Mr. Orr became a candidate for Congress in 1848, and was elected by a large majority over his opponent, who was also a Democrat and an able and popular man.

On returning to his home in 1851, Mr. Orr found a formidable party organized in favor of South Carolina seceding *alone* from the Union. He warned his people, who had elected secession candidates to the State convention, earnestly and eloquently against this policy, and was largely instrumental in defeating the measure, which was lost by 8,000 majority in the State.

Mr. Orr's popularity and influence in Congress (to which he was repeatedly re-elected without opposition) continued to increase, and in 1858 he was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, in which position he has had few superiors in those qualifications which combine to make an efficient and popular presiding officer.

At the commencement of the troubles which culminated in the late civil war, Mr. Orr opposed, as he had always done, the policy of secession. He believed that there were other and better remedies for the alleged wrongs of which the Southern people complained; but, admitting, as nearly all Southerners did, the *right* of a State to secede, he accepted secession when it became inevitable, and took an active part in the struggle for Southern independence.

When the war closed in the utter defeat of the Southern cause, Mr. Orr was among the first to raise his voice in favor of accepting cheerfully, and in good faith, the conditions which the fortunes of war had imposed, and of manifesting a conciliatory spirit in their intercourse with the Government and the people of the North. His course met the approval of the people of his State, and on the reorganization of the State government, he was elected Governor. His administration has, we believe, met the approval of all parties, his policy being moderate and conservative, but at the same time liberal and in favor of enlightened progress.

He advocated the sending of delegates to the late National Union Convention at Philadelphia, was afterward himself appointed as one of them, and took a prominent part in the proceedings.

Mr. Orr's reputation as a scholar and an orator is inferior only to his fame as a statesman, and he has often been called upon to deliver orations at college commencements and similar occasions, and has always acquitted himself with great credit.

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CHARLES SUMNER.

PORTRAIT, CHARACTER, AND BIOGRAPHY.

PORTRAIT OF HON. CHARLES SUMNER, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

Mr. Sumner stands six feet high, is well proportioned, and weighs not far from one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He has a strong, bony frame-work; but lacks that plumpness and rotundity indicated by a greater development of the vital temperament. Prominent and somewhat sharp in features, he is the same in character. Such a face could not belong to anything less than an original, clear-minded, and executive person. The features indicate activity and an inclination to restlessness rather than to repose. His head is high and long rather than broad. There is a great openness, frankness, and freedom of expression in both head and face. Secretiveness is moderate; Cautiousness is not over large, yet, not deficient; and there is a transparency of expression which invites the reader to look within. He has not a cunning, plotting spirit, but rather a frank and open nature. It is almost without the power of concealment.

See how full and prominent the eye! See how large the perceptive faculties as a class, including Form, Size, Weight, and Individuality! How prominent in Comparison and Human Nature! How large in Order, and in Calculation! This is an organization capable of analysis. Then observe the length of the head from Individuality to Continuity. The length from the root of the nose backward is remarkable; nor is it less conspicuous for its height from base to crown. It is high in Firmness, Self-Esteem, and Approbativeness; full in Veneration, and large in Benevolence. There would be kindness, generosity, and justice combined; but with large Combativeness and small Secretiveness he would be out-spoken, and perhaps lack the policy of Secretiveness and the prudence of Cautiousness.

The brain, as a whole, is decidedly large, measuring upward of twenty-three inches in circumference, of fine quality, sustained by a naturally powerful constitution. He is descended from good stock; of English origin; and is every way well made.

Let us analyze these features. See how prominent the nose! indicating a cultivated and developed mind. Look at the chin, with those strong jaws, indicating ardor, warmth, and power. Look at the mouth; see how full the lips, indicating affection! And notice the length of the upper lip from the nose downward. This is in keeping with the prominent crown of the head, attesting the dignity, manliness, and self-reliance which he possesses. Now observe the eyes. See how expressive—almost speaking—as though the mind was overflowing with thought and sentiment! How easy for such a man to write or speak! There would be thoughts and emotions rather than impulse generated by such an organization. As a writer, how clear and easily understood! As a speaker, how definite, pointed, and emphatic! There is something in this countenance which seems to say, in the language of the prophet Nathan, "Thou art the man!" and his words would carry conviction. There is great concentration here, and he can drive home a nail and clinch it. If his temper be quick, he is not vindictive, and it is controllable. He would not go to great extremes.

Acquisitiveness is moderate; and he would lack economy; being more generous to others than pecuniarily just to himself.

There is great Hope, and he would usually expect the best results, though carefully guarding against dangerous emergencies.

Mirthfulness is not large; and he is the opposite of a fun-loving, rollicking nature. There is weight and seriousness in this expression. We see but little music, save in the play of words, as in oratory or in poetry.

The organization of Mr. Sumner is strongly marked, and may be easily read of all men.

BIOGRAPHY.

Charles Sumner was born in Boston, Mass., January 6th, 1811. His father, Charles Pinckney Sumner, was a lawyer by profession, and during the latter part of his life sheriff of Suffolk County. The son received his early education in the Latin School of his native city, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1830. A year later he entered the law school at Cambridge, where he enjoyed the friendship as well as the teachings of that eminent jurist Judge Story. He was admitted to the bar in 1834, and soon acquired the most extensive practice of any young lawyer in Boston.

At the very commencement of his career as a lawyer, Mr. Sumner became editor of the *American Jurist*, in which his contributions had previously, even while he was yet a student, attracted much attention. He also, at about the same time, published three volumes of Reports of Decisions, known as "Sumner's Reports."

In 1837 he visited Europe, where he remained till 1840, receiving marked attention, not only in England, but in the principal capitals and other cities of the Continent. On his return to Boston he resumed the practice of his profession.

Previous to 1845, Mr. Sumner had taken no active part in politics. On the Fourth of July of that year he pronounced before the municipal authorities of Boston an oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," in which, prompted by the impending war with Mexico, he denounced the "ordeal by battle" as one which ought to give way to peaceful arbitration. This oration attracted much attention, and led to prolonged controversy on the subject of war in general and of the Mexican war in particular.

In 1846, Mr. Sumner made an address to the Whig State Convention of Massachusetts on "The Anti-Slavery Duties of the Whig Party," and not long after published a letter of rebuke to Hon. Robert C. Winthrop for his vote in favor of the war with Mexico. These steps led eventually to the withdrawing of Mr. Sumner from the Whig party, and his association with the "Free-soilers" who supported Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency in 1848.

On the withdrawal of Mr. Webster from the Senate of the United States to take a place in the cabinet of Mr. Fillmore in 1850, Mr. Sumner was nominated for the vacancy, and finally elected, after a prolonged and exciting contest, by a coalition of Free-soilers and Democrats.

His first important speech in Congress was on the Fugitive Slave Act, which he denounced as cruel and tyrannical as well as unconstitutional. In the debate on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, Mr. Sumner took a prominent part. It was his last speech on this subject that so incensed the Southern members, and especially those from South Carolina, and led to the personal assault upon him by one of the latter—Preston S. Brooks—who, on May 22d, 1856, struck Mr.

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Sumner on the head with a cane till he fell to the floor insensible.

The injury thus received was very serious, and resulted in a severe and long-continued disability, during which he spent most of his time in Europe under medical treatment.

In 1860, having recovered his health, he took an active part in the Presidential contest which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln. In the Senate, during the discussions which resulted in the secession of the Southern States, he earnestly opposed all concession and compromise, and early proposed emancipation as the speediest mode of bringing the war to a close.

His course in the Senate since the close of the war has been in keeping with his previous career, and is too well known to need recital.

Mr. Sumner is the author of a work, "White Slavery in the Barbary States," and two or more collections of his speeches have been published. He has the reputation of an able lawyer, a finished scholar, an elegant writer, and an eloquent speaker.

Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—Cabanis.

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—Hosea iv. 6.

PHYSIOLOGICAL NOTES.

MUSCULAR POWER.

Two professors of Zurich have been making experiments on the origin of muscular power, one part of the operations being the ascent of the Faulhorn, a high mountain of the Bernese Alps whose regular slopes suited it to their experiments.

They took very careful note of the food they had eaten, and tested at intervals their liquid excretions, with a view of ascertaining what were the substances oxydized or converted into mechanical work—a question much debated among physiologists and chemists, some contending for albuminized, others for *non*-nitrogenous, substances.

The Professors above referred to, Fick and Wicslesening, conclude, as the result of their experiment and observation, that the oxydation of albuminous substances contributes at the utmost a very small quota to the muscular force, and that the substances which, by burning, generate force in the muscles are really non-nitrogenous, either fats or hydrates of carbon.

The doctrine may be made clear by illustration and explanation.

A bundle of muscular fibers composing a muscle is a kind of machine consisting of albuminous material, just as a steam-engine is made of steel, iron, and brass; and as coal is burned in the steam-engine to produce force, so in the muscular machine fats, or hydrates of carbon, are burned for the very same purpose; and to pursue the simile further, as the substance of the steam-engine oxydizes and wears away, so is the muscular substance worn away, and must be replenished by proper food.

Hitherto it has been supposed, as first asserted by Justus Liebig, that the muscular force was not directly evolved from the supply of food, but from the combustion or "oxydation" of the muscular tissue. This, however, has now been determined by direct experiment to be otherwise, for the amount of "combustion" of the muscular tissue indicated by the amount of nitrogen found in the various excretions, particularly in the liquid matter leaving the body, is too small as compared with its equivalent liberation or expenditure of muscular power, to account for the latter as having its source in the former, *i. e.*, in the muscular combustion. And this crucial experiments show that the source of this force is directly and mainly, if not totally, from the physiological combustion of the food itself. Hence equal quantities of muscle being given in the animal frame, in two cases, the higher the nutrition the greater the capacity of working force.

CURIOUS PHENOMENA IN THE PHYSIOLOGY OF OPTICS.

Some of the phenomena of physiology seem destined to continue to evade our efforts at explanation. Among these are those of a class called "permanent impressions on the retina," first described by Sir Isaac Newton. Dr. Scoresby relates his own experience thus: A hive of bees was just beginning to swarm. I stood looking at the insects as they appeared projected against the bright sky, rapidly coursing hither and thither, appearing much larger in their rapid movements than their true size. As evening came on I was much surprised to see multitudes of large flies coursing in the air. Soon after, I went to my chamber, and before going to rest, I was surprised to see, coursing backward and forward between me and the wall, what I now recognized *as the swarm of bees*. The scene continued to be present so long as I remained awake, and occasionally when I awoke in the night."

The attempt to account for such experiences as those has been made by supposing that the impression on the retinæ is equivalent to the impression of the actinic image on the photographic plate.—(Draper.)

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS ANALOGOUS TO POISON.

In an experimental prize essay, Dr. Parmentier, of Rouen, France, has shown, not indeed the alleged *identity* (which many zealous friends of temperance have often insisted on), but the close *analogy*, between the effects of an admitted poison and those of alcohol.

I. Alcohol is a *special* affection, analogous to lead poisoning.

II. The prolonged presence of alcohol in the stomach produces inflammation of the walls of this organ, and other injurious *lesions*.

III. The gastritis produced by the *frequent* use of alcohol may be either acute or chronic, and may co-exist with ulcer or partial hypertrophy, contraction of the opening of the stomach, or purulent sub-mucous infiltration.

IV. In certain instances of this gastritis, the gastric tubulæ of the stomach form and secrete the purulent fluid either outward into the stomach or into the sub-mucous cellular tissue of the organs.

On the whole, then, both physiological and anatomical observations show that if alcohol is not in strict sense a "poison," it is quite as bad, or even worse than some poisons.

THE NERVOUS-SYSTEM TELEGRAPH.

It has been recently demonstrated, experimentally and indubitably, that though the transmission of sensation is so rapid that the effect seems to be instantaneous with the cause, nevertheless it is not so, and there is in reality an interval of time between the prick of a pin on the foot and the perception of the sensation—an interval so minute, indeed, as to be unappreciable, for no space of time less than the tenth part of a second can be distinguished by the natural powers of man.

By mechanical contrivances and electricity, however, the velocity of nervous agency can be undoubtedly determined.

The nerves of a frog recently killed were excited by secondary voltaic currents, and the contraction of the muscle thereby produced was shown by magnifying the effects, so that in one case a small flay was raised; in another arrangement, the effect was seen by releasing a trigger; and in a third case lines were scratched on a blackened glass, that were afterward exhibited by the electric lamp.

Nerve force is not so very rapidly transmitted.

In a creature so long as a whale, the fact of the harpoon having been thrust into his tail would not be announced in the creature's brain till a second after it had entered, and it requires another second to transmit the force required to move the creature's tail, and enable it to inflict the blow.

THE NERVOUS FORCE NOT ELECTRICAL.

Notwithstanding the supposition ever since the date of the researches of Matteucci, of the existence in the human nerves of a current *identical* with electricity, *Dubois Raymond*, its foremost supporter, has recently made experiments which he acknowledges *disprove* it.

A nerve of the leg of a frog was connected with two electrodes, and the muscle to which it belonged was connected with a disk movable by the shortening or contraction of the muscle; at one part a fine silken thread was placed ready for tying; on sending a current through the nerve, contraction ensued and the disk moved; the ligature was next *tightened*, and the bruised part of the nerve was found to be incapable of transmitting the excited nerve force, and no contraction ensued.

The only inference was, that something did actually travel along the nerve course, but if it had been electricity, the ligature would not have prevented it.

ULTIMATE EFFECTS OF TOBACCO ON EYES AND MIND.

Twenty-eight years of accurate observation have convinced Dr. Sitchell that few, if any, persons can continue to consume (smoke) daily twenty grammes of tobacco without their vision and memory becoming impaired. There are many smokers, he urges, who long resist these consequences; but the pernicious effects, though slow in manifesting themselves, are none the less certain.

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THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Ho, for the land of the myrtle and vine!

THE great tide of emigration has always flowed westward. From Asia to Europe, from Europe to America, from our Atlantic seaboard toward the Mississippi, from the Mississippi toward the Pacific, the current of population has steadily advanced, spreading out laterally, northward and southward, wherever the conditions have favored the expansion and no serious obstacles have opposed themselves to its progress. It has hitherto been turned aside in its southward flow, on reaching the banks of the Ohio, by the artificial barriers of a social and industrial system antagonistic to free labor and human advancement. These barriers have been broken down. Is there now any real reason why emigration should not flow South as well as West?

ADVANTAGES OF THE SOUTH.

Taken as a whole, the West has one advantage perhaps—a more fertile soil; but this is more than counterbalanced in the South by a more genial climate, allowing two or more crops a year; land much easier to clear and to cultivate; and a closer proximity to the great markets of the East. The fact that at the South the whole year can be made available for agricultural labor, the heaviest work of the farm being done in the winter, will be appreciated by Northern farmers whose land is locked up in icy fetters or covered with snow for months together and every operation connected with cultivation suspended. He will also see the advantages of a climate in which green food may be provided for his cows throughout the entire season, and where cattle require, even in winter, only the shelter of a rough shed, instead of the expensive barns so essential in more northern latitudes.

SOCIETY AND MARKETS.

Another, and with many a most important, advantage possessed by the South—we are not speaking of the newer States of the Southwest—is its condition as a long settled and partially improved country, obviating the necessity of the hard, rough, and lonely life of the pioneer, and giving the emigrant, at the outset, the advantages of society and a local market; and these advantages are not counterbalanced, as in the Northern States, by such prices for land as put them beyond the reach of men with small capital.

CHEAP FARMS.

We need not go to the far West for cheap farms when we can get improved plantations at the South in the midst of a region as healthful and pleasant as any in the world, and within ten or fifteen miles of a flourishing city, for from $5 to $10 per acre. But these are *high* figures. There are millions of acres of fresh soil now covered with its primeval forests of long-leafed pine, or with cane-brakes, in the States of Georgia and South Carolina alone, that can be bought for from 50 cents to $1 per acre! And this land, though much of it only moderately fertile, will produce cotton, corn, rice, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, peaches, apples, pears, grapes, figs, etc., and needs only the application of intelligent labor to be soon changed into smiling fields and blooming gardens.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The foregoing remarks are general. A word now to a class—how large a class it is among us here, at the North, we all know, alas! too well—to those predisposed to consumption and kindred diseases. In the piney woods of the South these diseases are almost entirely unknown. Even persons predisposed to them, and to whom every northern winter is pregnant with danger, seldom have such diseases developed in that mild and balmy climate, where they are never compelled to shut themselves up in stove-heated rooms to inhale carbonic acid gas and other poisons, but breathe, at all seasons, the pure air of heaven. With such persons other considerations should weigh little. The South is the place for them, beyond a doubt.

WHY NOT GO SOUTH?

Is there any good reason, we ask again, why the South should not receive its full share of immigration? To give the question a practical and personal application, reader, if you are thinking of changing your location, why not go South?

We anticipate your objections. In the first place, you are afraid the climate will not agree with you.

The process of acclimation is often attended with some constitutional disturbances, but these are likely to be quite as great at the West as at the South. The climate of the Cotton States of the South, excepting portions of the "low country," is far more healthful than that of the North or the West.

THE WHITE LABOR QUESTION.

Secondly, you fear that the "Sunny South" will prove a little *too sunny*—in other words, that you shall not be able to labor under those burning semi-tropical skies.

This is another popular error. The writer of this, a Northern man by birth and education, has followed the plow, used the spade and the hoe, and helped to gather his harvest, working at all hours through the hottest of South Carolina summers, and knows whereof he affirms; and this is no exceptional case. The same has been done by thousands of Northern men. White labor is no new thing in the South. Probably more than a million of bales of cotton were formerly produced every year in the Southern States by the class called "small farmers," mainly by their own labor; and where such farmers employed a negro or two, they always worked in the field with them. The experiment of white labor has already been tried, and has proved a success.

But, thirdly, we are sure, you will ask—and very properly, too—

"IS IT SAFE?

Are not the people hostile? Shall I not be subjected to annoyance and insult if not to personal danger? What is the disposition of the resident population toward Northern people who go there to settle among them?"

DISPOSITION OF THE PEOPLE.

These are important questions, and you are right in seeking explicit answers to them. It is only the fact that the matter has got mixed up with party politics that renders such answers difficult to be obtained. We reply:

1. There are Southerners who are hostile to Northern immigration and dislike to see "Yankees" getting a foot-hold in the South; but they compose but a small minority, and public opinion generally prevents them from manifesting any active opposition.

2. The demoralization caused by the war is even more manifest at the South than at the North, and there are in every Southern State numerous rough, reckless, hot-blooded men (usually found about places where bad whisky is sold) who are ready enough to "pick a quarrel" with anybody, and especially with a "Yankee" or a "nigger," and no one is safe from annoyance and insult among them; but they no more represent the Southern people than our corner-grocery "bruisers" represent New York.

3. As a general rule, the Southern people invite immigration, and welcome those who come among them to settle. Making the usual allowance for exceptions, then, we believe it to be true, that *the citizens of the Southern States are well-disposed toward all settlers who are well-disposed toward them*, and who, like sensible people, manifest a conciliatory spirit and show a decent respect for the opinions and feelings of their neighbors.* Those who go South as *enemies*, and are inclined to "continue the war," will find people there as wrong-headed and as bad-hearted as themselves, who will gladly meet them half-way or more for the fight. Love begets love. Combativeness arouses Combativeness. If you are conciliatory and friendly, you will be met in the same spirit. If you desire to quarrel, you will find it very easy to do so anywhere.

These statements are based on personal observations made in the South since the war, and confirmed by an extensive correspondence with all classes of people there, and are made simply in the interest of truth, and not in that of any party, clique, or company whatever, either North or South. Let them have such weight as they may seem to carry with them.

Autumn is here! The winter is coming! Lovers of sunshine and flowers, of balmy breezes and the music of birds—

Ho, for the land of the myrtle and vine!

D. H. JACQUES,
389 Broadway, New York.

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* The Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle and Sentinel* of August 28th, 1866, has an editorial headed, "Is it Safe for Northern People to Come South?" in the course of which the writer says:

"*We solemnly believe that Northern men are as safe anywhere in Georgia to-day as they are in any district in New England.* If they come here to engage in farming, manufacturing, or trade, they will everywhere be treated with respect and civility. Several have been engaged in trade in this city who were officers in Sherman's army which devastated a large portion of the State, and we have never heard of the least indignity offered them."

Speaking of the advantages of Georgia as a field for immigration, the editor says:

"Lands are cheaper here than *anywhere else in the world*. There are hundreds of plantations now for sale in various parts of the State, for less than it would cost to clear and put the improvements on them."

The *Chronicle and Sentinel* is one of the most trustworthy as well as influential papers in the South, and its statements on these points should have weight with every candid reader.

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NEW YORK,

OCTOBER, 1866.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Foe.*

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DEMOCRACY IN ENGLAND.

DEMOCRACY—Government by the people; a form of government in which the supreme power is lodged in the hands of the people collectively, or in which the people exercise the powers of legislation.—*Webster.*

REPUBLIC—A commonwealth; a state in which the exercise of the sovereign power is lodged in representatives elected by the people. In modern usage, it differs from a democracy or democratic state in which the people exercise the powers of sovereignty in person. Yet the democracies of Greece are often called republics.

MONARCHY—A state or government in which the supreme power is lodged in a single person. Such a state is usually called an *empire* or a *kingdom;* and we usually give this denomination to a large state only. But the same is sometimes given to a kingdom or state in which the power of the king or supreme magistrate is limited by a constitution or by fundamental laws. Such is the British *monarchy.* Hence we speak of absolute or despotic *monarchies*, and of limited *monarchies.*—*Ibid.*

AMERICAN newspapers, American books, American inventions, American letter-writers, preachers, statesmen, and even American traveling lecturers in England have pretty well indoctrinated the people of the mother country with our notions of *self-government!* The "working classes" are beginning to see that they are no less human than "my lord" and "my lady;" that their wants and necessities are nearly the same! Indeed, the "bone and muscle" of old England is no longer without brains. Hitherto the "ruling classes" did the thinking and the boasting, and pocketed the profits derived from the labor of others. One "nobleman" owned the land and *controlled* the services of a hundred men and women, with almost as much authority and right—by inheritance—as a Cuban planter owns the services and the bodies of his slaves. The only real difference was, in the one case, the servants were hired at barely living rates, feeding and clothing themselves most frugally; and in the other case they were owned, clothed, and fed by "my master" or "the governor."

The "working classes"—otherwise the white servants of England, Scotland, and Ireland—have heard, through the agencies above named, that now, in America, "a *man* is a *man;* and that if he be intelligent, industrious, temperate, and honest, and behave himself as well, he *is as good as another.* The accident of birth, be it of high or low degree, makes no difference with the rights, privileges, and opportunities of the American citizen If he be a maniac, an imbecile, or a criminal, he is taken care of in the public institutions. If he be self-supporting, and entitled to all the rights of citizenship, no one can "lord it over him," hold him as a menial, or prevent him from developing into the fullest manhood. Both he and his descendants may aspire to any place of honor and of profit in the gift of the nation.

The "people" of the Old World are getting tired of monarchies, empty pomp, and foolish ceremony. They feel the degradation of being kept down and held in subjection without their consent, and hence they cry out for reform!

Germany, cut up into petty kingdoms, not larger than our counties, owned, managed, and taxed for the benefit of a few sprigs of royalty, now demands to be united and formed into a *republic.*

The Fenians, however badly led, will struggle on for the freedom of Ireland. Ridicule is not argument, and however much those in authority may laugh at the "Fenian farce," we tell them that "*love of home and country is innate,*" no less in an Irishman than in an Englishman; and it is this love of home that begets active patriotism. And where is there an Irishman who would not willingly lay down his life for his country? Crushed, humiliated, ruled by those whom they do not love, there can be no peace till Ireland shall have received her freedom.

And how is it with mother England? Can she hope for blissful repose? Are not the elements working out an inevitable change in her political condition? What mean those Primrose Hill and Hyde Park meetings? Are all the Reform Leagues, Temperance Leagues, Mechanics Associations, Trade Unions, etc., doing nothing? Are their desires, nay, *demands*, to go unheeded? The great middle classes, the immense working classes, are being educated up to the standard of self-government, and they see no need of being taxed so heavily to pay for being governed, and to support an unprofitable nobility. Why should honest John Anderson, Patrick O. Flanigan, or John Smith work, delve, and die in the service of "my Lord Dundreary?" The circumstance of birth gives no man a right to the services of another. The Almighty Dispenser of natural rights intended that all men should have equal rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The stand-point from which we look at man is above that of political expediency; and we affirm, on the evidence of man's organization, that he was intended to be self-regulating, self-governing; that if his services are worth anything to any one, they should be to himself and his family.

Monarchies are human assumptions erected for the aggrandizement of the few at the expense of the many. Has not the time come when they should be put away? Shall men longer bow to selfish man? Is not Republicanism in accordance with Christianity? Do we want other modes? Christianize the world, and monarchies and all arbitrary power will go down! We rejoice at the growth of Christian Democratic Republicanism throughout the world.

PERVERTED ACQUISITIVENESS.

WE demur at the sweeping statement, that "all men and women are thieves and liars," and assert that integrity or sense of justice is as much a human characteristic as is selfishness. Nor do we admit that "all men have their price," that is to say, that all men will yield to temptation to do wrong. It is very true that one may be tempted by a trifle to "go back on his contract;" and if the price of produce changes, he "flies from his agreement," and unless bound in writing or by witnesses, can not be trusted; another may be tempted by a large sum, or deal in shoddy goods; and the best man, it is said, will even steal to save his life or sell himself for an office But this is not so. There are too many who would do any or all these things; but, we take it, there are real Christians among us—honest men, men of purity, intelligence, and unyielding truthfulness. Bad men "judge others by themselves," and make this sweeping slanderous charge. Reader, can you not among your acquaintances call to mind certain persons whom you could most implicitly trust with uncounted gold?—yea, with your very life? Aye, we imagine the response; "My sainted mother never told a lie; my honored father was 'honest as the hills;' my friend So and So could not be tempted by all the wicked spirits of the deep, dark pit." No, it is wrong to hold

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the opinion that "all men have a price," at which they may be tempted to knowingly violate the laws of God or the just laws of the land. Covetousness is common to children, and unless counteracted by higher motives, the child may become *sordid*, than which nothing save crime itself is more to be deplored. Children are expected to resemble one or both of their parents in stature and complexion, then why not in disposition? Would not sordid, selfish, low-minded persons become the parents of children whose *natural* tendencies of character should be the same?

It is well known that during certain periods a mother suffers from an unappeased desire for certain kinds of food, particular articles of clothing and of ornament, which it is said affects the disposition of her unborn child. Fright and fear sometimes cause the most unfortunate results; so does harsh treatment. Think of a drunken brute of a husband committing violence on the person of his wife, the mother of his unborn child! beating, neglecting, starving her! Think you such treatment will not "tell" on the progeny? It is the duty of the "head of the house" to make all necessary provision for coming events; to surround the wife with all necessary comforts, and so, far as possible, with the luxuries of art, music, literature, pleasant society, and thus call into action the better nature of the mother, that she may kindle the sacred flame of love and devotion in the mind of her child.

Our attention was called to this subject by the following police report in one of our morning papers. It is suggestive:

Singular Case of Shoplifting.—A female of unusually respectable appearance was brought before Judge Ledwith yesterday, on a charge of abstracting a hoop-skirt from the store of A. T. Stewart. When presented in court her face was closely vailed. Her attire was of the most comely style, and her general aspect and deportment rather striking for one charged with crime. On putting aside her double vail, at the command of the Court [Approbativeness large], bystanders were impressed with the softness of her features and the thoroughly ingenuous manner in which she comported herself. On being asked what she had to say in answer to the charge preferred against her, she unhesitatingly, but in a subdued voice, replied, "I took the goods." She also freely acknowledged to the officer that she had previously taken a plaid silk dress pattern. [This was the confession of penitence—Conscientiousness.] The accused proves to be the wife of a New Orleans commission merchant, who, with his wife, has been sojourning in New York for a while past. The lady has been in the habit of visiting Stewart's at different times, and suspicion of peculations similar to that with which she now stands charged were formed against her. A watch was set on her movements when she last went there, the result of which was her detection and confession. She was duly committed on a charge of petty larceny, and when the officer signified to her that she must accompany him to the prison cell in the Tombs, she obeyed, as one either totally unconscious of her situation or else carrying within herself a conviction of her guilt, and determined to abide the unpleasant consequences. It was said that her husband was ignorant of the arrest yesterday.

Instances are recorded where the wives of opulent persons have been discovered to have practiced shoplifting systematically for a long time, and it was proved that the ladies, who were in every other respect perfectly unimpeachable, had a mania or species of insanity for stealing articles, oftentimes of the most trifling value, such as a spool of thread or paper of needles, from stores, and they were acquitted on the ground of partial insanity. In some countries this weakness is known as "kleptomania," and is regularly classified among the things that affect a person's responsibility.

[We repeat, there are periods when women have irresistible cravings; when they should be carefully guarded and protected. The above may have been one of these, and this her only fault or weakness. On the other hand, she may have been a thief from inheritance or from acquired dishonesty, and may need the restraint of the prison or the asylum.

Parents can not be too careful in teaching and training their children in matters concerning property, where the feeling of "mine and thine" is concerned. It is possible under right training to make honesty the rule instead of the exception in a community. Do this, and teach all to regulate their appetites, and our prisons would soon be without tenants.

AMERICAN ART.

It has been often remarked by those "who think they know," that the fine arts are *below par* in America; that this universal Yankee nation is too intent upon schemes of gain to bestow more than a hasty passing glance at the purely esthetical; and that artists, whatever their merits, languish unappreciated in unfrequented and unnoticed studios. That such statements are a libel on American taste and American culture is too evident to require a specific reputation. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, ere yet our nationality might be said to have become fairly established in all respects, more regard was, of necessity, paid to the useful and substantial elements of internal growth, and consequently much attention could not be paid to the fine arts. Now, as our country has become politically settled, and the physical sciences are sufficiently advanced to take care of themselves, attention compatible with the age and growth of the United States is paid, and advancement much beyond reasonable expectation has been manifested by American artists. That genius is interwoven with the American organization is undoubted, and in whatever sphere of action the American has felt himself called upon to operate, he has shown great proficiency. After but little experience in the field of letters and in the field of art, the growth of the American mind has wondrously expanded. American inventors and writers, and American painters and sculptors, have emerged all at once, apparently, from obscurity into the sun-light of success, and acquired reputations not merely local but world-wide.

The facility for varied study afforded by American scenery being confessedly even superior to those furnished by the countries of Europe, have tended to hasten the skill of our artists in its development.

In the department of landscape painting America is superior to foreign countries, and European critics have not been slow to acknowledge this fact. The London *Art Journal* says in a recent number, "America has long maintained supremacy in landscape painting—perhaps, indeed, its landscape artists surpass those of England; certainly we have no painter who can equal the works of Church; and we are not exaggerating if we affirm that the production under notice (The Land of the Lotus Eaters, by R. S. Duncanson) may compete with any of the modern British school. * * * * They (American artists) have in their richly gifted "world" natural objects in such incalculable variety that every student may be made a painter who looks on nature with an eye ever so little educated by art. Go where they will, over their boundless forests and everlasting prairies, they find themes for the pencil. It is not, therefore, surprising that we find the artists of America contending successfully in a special department of art with those of Europe; nor that recent "importations" from that country into this have raised our expectations very high as to their future."

That American art, too, is appreciated by Americans is evident from the fact that many of our wealthier citizens have at great cost made private collections of rare and excellent works of art, fitted up galleries for their special arrangement, and in many instances thrown them open for general exhibition.

The works of some of our best artists have been sold at almost fabulous prices, realizing even at auction five thousand dollars and upward for a single picture.

The productions of Cole, Church, Wier, Duncanson, Greene, Bierstadt, and Gifford rank with those of the first artists of the age.

Considering, then, the youth of American art, and the wonderful advancement already made, we may safely predict a most brilliant future for the "New World" artists.

It is customary for those of our artists who are able, after a course of study in their own country, to visit Europe and "finish" their education at the feet of the great masters. There, by the contemplation of the glories of nature under Italian skies, and of the art brought near perfection under circumstances most favorable, the mind and the imagination are expanded and enabled more completely to realize the intermingled glories of the natural and ideal. The harmonious and exquisite coloring of the old artists affords them a study of the niceties and capabilities of art, and the scenery of their own country with all its varied tints and changes of landscape permits the utmost license in color and unbounded *abandon* of inspiration.

Additions to Our Cabinet.—We have a cast, taken after death, from the head—and the thumbless right hand—of Pagner, the low, miserable murderer of the Dessing family.

Also a cast from the head of Cram, recently executed in Joliet, Illinois, for the murder of the warden of the State prison in that place. It is the type of a low, bad man. This cast was taken by Mr. I. S. Palmer, and kindly presented to us by him, for which he has our thanks.

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SOCIAL SCIENCE.

There have been experiments for bettering the condition of society from the time of Confucius to the present day. Various systems, such as Polygamy, Monogamy, Celibacy, have each been tried—indeed, are still being tried—in our very midst. We have had Cabetism, Shakerism, Fourierism, Mormonism, Communism, and more than a thousand different religious creeds—near three hundred among Christians—all looking to the improvement of society. Whence this great diversity of opinion? Correspondents ask us to explain this on scientific principles; they believe Phrenology capable of giving a solution of these differences, and explaining *why* one is a Roman Catholic, another a Protestant, a Shaker, or a Mormon; and we are furthermore requested to describe the different creeds, systems, and modes of life pursued by different bodies or societies. We have referred to the celibate Shakers, in previous numbers of this journal, in general terms, giving something of their peculiarities. We propose to describe—psychologically, if not physiologically—in an early number, the Mormons. *Why* do such numbers from all parts of the world flock to Utah? Are those people different from others in organization?

Our agency was solicited, not long ago, to obtain for the extensive publishers, the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, Scotland, an account of a socialistic body of people in the heart of New York, known as the Oneida Community, something of whose doings had been heard of in the old country. Just now we learn that the editor of a London journal is visiting America for the special purpose of writing up an account of the socialistic communities of this country, but more especially the Mormons, the Shakers, and the Oneida Community. As journalists, aside from the phrenological aspects of the question, we feel in duty bound to keep our readers informed of what is going on in the world in matters social, educational, religious, and political; not as partisans—for we are *above* party; not as sectarians—for man is superior to creeds; not in the interest of class—for all mankind are God's children. In our present number we have selected for analysis and description Mr. Noyes, the founder of the Oneida Community. A more original character could scarcely be found. In connection with his biography we give as full an account of his work as our space will admit. We leave criticism for the reader. At present, our business is to describe rather than to criticise, blame, or praise. Each reader will judge for himself. That our description will be read with interest we do believe, for, to most readers, it tells of "something new."

Mrs. Saturn, one of the ladies-in-waiting upon the sun, is said to have been the first lady that wore hoops. High authority for the fashion, that; and the way men have been gazing at them for ever so many years shows that they admire them.

Girls are like peaches; the nearer they are ripe the more they blush.

WILLIAM HARVEY.

William Harvey had all the qualities of the close, calculating, critical observer. His perceptive-intellectual faculties were greatly predominant, which allied with large Constructiveness, Comparison, and an intense mental or nervous temperament, rendered him quick and keen as a diagnostician. Observe carefully the range of faculties over the eyes, how very marked in outline—Size, Weight, Color, Order, Number, all large. Locality and Comparison were evidently very large, and rendered invaluable service in the prosecution of his professional labors. The organs of the upper side-head, especially Caution, appear to have been large. That Caution was strikingly influential is evident from the fact that more than ten years elapsed, after his great discovery, before he published it to the world. All this interim he was studiously engaged in anatomical investigations for the complete demonstration of the blood problem. The pamphlet which he published with the announcement of his discovery is still preserved as unsurpassed for the clearness and perfection of the proofs presented. He was a man of facts—peculiarly gifted for realizing the material and practical. The organs of the crown and top-head were well developed. Firmness is well indicated, so are Conscientiousness and Human Nature. He also could not have been deficient in shrewdness, economy, and policy as the lateral organs which inspire those qualities are well indicated. The physiognomical organ of discovery is strikingly shown in the length or bulge of the septum of the nose. His temperament was exceedingly sensitive and susceptible, what is generally known as "high-strung." Quick to receive impressions and to perceive relations, his mind was ever on the wing and almost sleepless. The deep, intense eyes and the whole face indicate the active, earnest, wide-awake, thorough-going man, the man to do—to work.

William Harvey, M.D., to whom the merit of discovering the circulation of the blood is due, was born at Folkestone, in Kent, England, about the year 1578. His education was thorough and adapted to that profession which his name adorns. After graduating from Caius College, Cambridge, he traveled extensively in Germany and France, and subsequently took up his abode in Padua, Italy, where he attended a medical school whose reputation was among the highest in Europe at that period. Fabricius ab Aquapendente, an authority of importance among anatomists even at this late day, was then an instructor in the school of Padua. In 1602 Harvey returned home and commenced to practice as a physician in London. A few years sufficed to give him eminence in his profession. In 1615 he was appointed professor of anatomy and surgery to the Royal College of Physicians. Shortly after this preferment the announcement of his wonderful discovery was made. We can not now enter into a detailed explanation of the points involved in this discovery, as it would require illustrations and an extended review of the opinions formerly held respecting the action of the heart. Any good work on anatomy will furnish sufficient information on the subject. In brief, we may say that Harvey demonstrated, for the first time, the double function of the heart in propelling the blood from its left side through the arteries, and in receiving the blood back through the veins to the right side, whence it is forced into the lungs for purification. The discoverer, notwithstanding the reputation he had already earned, like most historical benefactors of mankind, was for nearly twenty years after the announcement of this invaluable fact assailed by every species of calumny and opprobrium. He, however, survived the dastardly attempts of his invidious foes to ruin him, and lived to see his view universally accepted by physicians. Harvey was physician successively to James I. and his son Charles I., and died in 1657, at the age of seventy-nine, surrounded with honors and wealth. In stature he was short, even diminutive, with a countenance strikingly expressive. There is an account afloat that he destroyed himself by an over-dose of opium to subdue the pain occasioned by an attack of gout, to which he was frequently subject; but this story is discredited, as it is well ascertained that he died from a shock of paralysis.

A CONTRAST.

MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

On another page we have placed a representative man from Massachusetts, and another from South Carolina, side by side. Partial observers would look for a marked contrast between the organizations of men representing interests so different, and they would find differences; yet we note also a few similarities. Both are men; both are scholars and representative gentlemen. Whence the difference? and what is there to prevent them living together in harmony?

When little children—brothers and sisters—fall out and quarrel, the sensible mother may correct each and require them "to kiss each other and make up;" and, though they may be unlike in disposition, it is found that they need not be incompatible with each other.

As phrenologists, we look at a man as such rather than as a partisan, and try to take an impartial view of those who are described. Are we not all accountable to the same High Court, and what have we to gain or lose by aggravating party spirit and engendering bad blood? If gentlemen in hot debate are sometimes led to make a hasty and provoking remark, why should they not settle their own differences in a Christian spirit? And why may we not base our legislation upon principles of justice and mercy? In a republic like ours, we seek to choose men to manage our affairs who will do it most wisely and best for us, in the interest of the people. They are the servants of the people, not their masters. It should be their business to cause peace to reign throughout rather than anarchy and war; and we look forward hopefully to the time when good men, who are self-poised, shall be selected to make laws for the regulation of those who can not regulate themselves. When intelligence, temperance, and religion shall prevail, we shall have good laws and ready obedience to them. Men who can not regulate themselves are certainly unfit either to make laws for others or to hold responsible positions in the community. Let us have none but good men to rule over us.

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OUR TERMS FOR 1867.

They are fixed. They are to be the same as now. No abatement, no increase. Two dollars in greenbacks—no torn or counterfeit fractional currency should be sent—will pay for the Phrenological Journal and Life Illustrated from January, 1867, to January, 1868. Our club rates also remain the same, namely, Five copies, $9; Ten copies, $15; Twenty copies, $30, and a copy of "New Physiognomy" as a premium, value $5; Thirty copies, $45, and a student's set, value $10; Forty copies, $60, and a student's set with "New Physiognomy," value $15; Fifty copies, $75, and $20 worth of our own publications as a premium; One Hundred copies, $150, and $50 in our publications as a premium. Additions to a thousand at the same rates.

Clubs may be made up at one or a hundred different post-offices, but should be sent in before or as near the 1st of January as possible, up to which date these terms will hold good.

If persons prefer, they may remit $9 for one copy for five, or $15 for ten, years, instead of so many copies for one year. We will credit for the full time paid at these rates. Premiums will be sent as per order, by post or express, at the cost of the receiver. The postage on "New Physiognomy," when prepaid, is 50 cents. The larger premiums, including books or busts, must go by express. We are now ready to record new names or re-enter present subscribers on our new books for 1867. Who shall be first on the new list?

PRIZES—PREMIUMS.

CAMPAIGN FOR 1867.

New Inducements. We come into the field thus early in order to give our friends and co-workers ample time to talk up the matter; for their clubs; and be ready to begin their subscriptions with the new year. "Delays are dangerous." "Procrastination is the thief of time." "Now is the day, and now is the hour" to put a good resolution into action. If you have been pleased with the Journal; if you have wished your friend or neighbor to enjoy its perusal; if you have thought of asking him to join you in a club, this is, perhaps, the best time to name the matter to him. Ask him to think of it a day or two, if not prepared to subscribe now. It is not for us to describe the merits of the Journal here. You know all about it. If you think it worth the effort to form a club, it is enough for us to suggest it, and you will do it. It would be affectation in us to appear indifferent to the kind exertions of our friends, however limited, in the matter of extending the circulation of our Journal. We feel deeply, profoundly grateful for every word spoken in behalf of the cause we advocate, and especially in the support of the Journal which is the medium through which our principles are disseminated. No one, therefore, should hesitate about coming up to the help of the cause. Every additional reader is an additional recruit to be sent "to the front" for the support of the truth.

But, to make it "pay" to work for the Journal, we have concluded to give sewing machines, knitting machines, washing machines, pianos, melodeons, and such other things as all will consider useful or beautiful, as follows:

For One Thousand Dollars, we will send Five Hundred copies of the Journal to Five Hundred new subscribers a year, and one of Steinway and Sons' best Rosewood Seven Octaves Pianos—manufacturers' price, $625.

For Four Hundred Dollars, Two Hundred Journals to new subscribers, and one of Grovestein & Co.'s best $250 Pianos.

For Two Hundred Dollars, One Hundred copies of the Journal to new subscribers, and one of Mason and Hamlin's Fine Octave Cabinet Organ—price $120.

For One Hundred and Fifty Dollars, One Hundred copies of the Journal, and a Set of Forty Portraits, intended for Lecturers on Phrenology—value $30.

For Eighty Dollars, Forty Journals a year, and one of the New Breech-Loading Rifles, called the Thunderbolt—value $25.

For Seventy Dollars, Thirty-five Journals to new subscribers, and either Wheeler and Wilson's, Weed's, Wilcox and Gibbs', or the Empire Sewing Machines, or Dalton's Knitting Machine, as may be preferred—$55.

For Forty Dollars, Twenty Journals a year, and one of Doty's Washing Machines—value $15; or, if preferred, one of the Universal Clothes Wringers with Cog Wheels—price the same. Every house *ought* to be furnished with these labor-saving machines.

It is scarcely necessary for us to describe at length the merits of the premiums we offer. Suffice it, the Pianos and Melodeons are among the best; the Sewing Machines have a world-wide reputation; the New Sporting Rifle is the best gun we ever saw; the Washing Machine and the Clothes Wringer are the best of the kind.

Our lady patrons will prefer musical instruments or household utensils; while men, in the new Territories or on the frontier, where there is game, will prefer the Thunderbolt. Each may choose, and in any case get "a good thing."

Failing to obtain the full number of subscribers to make up a club for either of the premiums, we will accept the amount and number of names sent at the same rates, and receive cash to balance. In such cases no effort, though but partially successful, will be lost. We wish the agent to be liberally remunerated for his services; though many will work *gratis* for the good they may do.

PHRENOLOGICAL INSTRUCTION.

There is in this country a prominent dentist who instructs those who are practicing the art, yet are not fully qualified to do so. His brethren of high-standing take him to task for it. His argument is this: "Those men are bound to practice dentistry. This we can not help. Now the question is, whether they shall be properly instructed and raised to a respectable standing in the art, whether they shall be thoroughly taught the science of their profession, or whether they shall go bungling on, doing bad work, and thereby misleading and injuring the public."

We believe this to be a good argument, and that the attempted repudiation of third-rate dentists by the first-class will have the effect, perhaps, to enlighten one person in a thousand, and thus save them from the bungling mal-practices of the uncultured; but this does very little toward curing the evil.

The plan our friend proposes will take these third-rate dentists, teach them how to do good work, and place them perhaps in the second class, greatly to the advantage of their customers, to themselves, and not to the disadvantage of the first class. The public does not discriminate. A man puts up his sign as a dentist, a customer gets a job done badly and feels inclined to curse the whole fraternity, the best with the worst.

In like manner the profession of Phrenology will be followed by not a few, whether they understand it properly or not; and as nearly all beginners adopt the title of "Doctor" or "Professor," and advertise boastfully for their lectures and examinations, thus giving the public great expectations, if they make mistakes, they bring Phrenology, as a science, into disrepute, and with it all who practice it.

Men frequently come to us and say, "Professor Dobson made an examination of my head, and did not agree with Professor Hobson; now I have come to see how you will describe me." If Hobson and Dobson are bound to practice Phrenology, and they have had less opportunity to study and to become well informed on the subject than is requisite, why should not even they be trained and educated, so that when they appear before an audience their lectures shall be sound and their examination correct? Thus the labor of every good phrenologist, like the labor of every good dentist, will give credit to the subject and pave the way for its diffusion throughout the land, while the blunders of an uncultured one will bring all into disrepute.

Phrenology is a great truth, and ought to be known and appreciated, and its benefits enjoyed by all. We have adopted a course analogous to that of our friend the dentist, namely, *to give instruction in Phrenology*, theoretical and practical, to those *who desire to adopt and follow it as a profession*—a kind of normal school to fit teachers for teaching. In doing this we certainly are benefiting the public, because the subject will be taught or talked about, whether well understood or not; and if it be improperly taught or applied, the public in that proportion will suffer. Persons who practice Phrenology, if they have but an indifferent knowledge of it, can not become successful in it as a vocation, nor acquire that distinction and respect in the community which all men have a right to desire. Therefore those who would practice the science should seek every opportunity to be qualified for a successful, honorable, and profitable prosecution of it. A physician with a superficial knowledge of medicine would, in the course of years, find out how to treat disease, and become a good physician, to say nothing of the poor patients that had been experimented upon and untimely sent out of life as the price of his instruction. So a phrenologist in twenty-five years, by reading and practice, may acquire a knowledge of Phrenology. But how much better to avail himself of instruction which is within reach, without this long, blundering apprenticeship, and thus be enabled to enter at once upon a pleasant, respectable, and profitable career.

Our second professional class will open early in January next, and those who have a desire to become members of it should make early application. To such as request it, we will send a circular setting forth the topics to be taught, and the terms of tuition for the course of study, and the books necessary to be read.

We desire to see Phrenology in the hands of well-instructed men who can command respect anywhere, and be able to take a good position pecuniarily, and not go, as many have done, through the world with seedy garments, and the meanness of spirit which is born of poverty. Why should not the good phrenologist command respect and win a competency? He does the world more good than ten doctors—why should he not receive at least the pay of one, and as much respect as the best of them?

Concrete for Building.—An ingenious application of the process of molding blocks of concrete for building purposes was patented recently in England. [It was patented in America "long, long ago."] The inventor proposes to erect houses by literally casting them of concrete in the place they are intended to occupy. [Wonderful! How else could we have it?] An ordinary concrete foundation is first laid, and upon the foundation horizontal frames, constructed of boards lined with zinc or other metal, are set up on edge, so as to form a kind of trough for receiving the concrete. By the insertion of suitable cores, holes for the insertion of the joists, or for other purposes, may be molded in the concrete as the work proceeds. The proprietor of the patent is now in Paris superintending the erection of some houses on this principle, and we believe it is the intention of the French Emperor to build some laborers' cottages of this kind at one of the imperial farms. [Sensible French Emperor. It will be a good thing.] The invention will be illustrated at the Paris Exhibition.—*New York Evening Post.*

[Those at all curious in the matter may learn all about it by reading a book we published* a dozen years ago, or less, or by visiting the house we built "near the Lake" Ontario, before our first child was born, and which—house—stands the racket of time and storm equal to brick or stone.]

* A Home for All, or The Gravel—concrete—Wall mode of Building. New, cheap, convenient, superior, and adapted to rich and poor, with illustrations, etc. [$1 50.]

"There's no place like home,"
be it good or bad, cold or warm, dry or leaky.

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MEDICATED SOAP.—What next? We have medicated air-baths, medicated sugar-candy, medicated bitters, and now medicated soap! Messrs. A. A. Constantine & Co., 59 Liberty Street, New York, are introducing what they denominate Persian Healing Soap, highly medicated. In their circular they claim that it is "healing." We supposed that all healing power resided within the living system, and was accomplished through the circulation of the blood; we doubt whether in itself any soap could cause a wound to heal on a dead man. It is also claimed that scrofulous and consumptive persons will add years of pleasure to their lives by using this soap freely once or twice a week! Now we believe in soap; advocate soap; recommend soap; and think there is quite too little used generally; and had thought of asking Congress to pass a law compelling both Congressmen and the people to use soap at stated periods; but we had not supposed that any "medicated soap" possessed all the rare qualities claimed for this. Among other things, that this is one of the best disinfectants, and a good preventive against contagious diseases! Had the proprietors claimed that water would have something to do in the premises instead of giving *all* the credit to the soap, we should have made no remark on the point. For the ladies, it is claimed that the use of this soap preserves the complexion, and makes the skin soft, flexible, and healthy; it removes all dandruff, preserves the hair soft and silky, and prevents it from falling off or prematurely turning gray! *Did you* EVER? Who ever heard before of miracles being performed by soap? We supposed that gray hair was caused by some internal condition of the body or blood. The proprietors do not tell us whether the soap is to be applied outside by rubbing on, or inside by eating, nor what quantity is required to prevent the hair from turning gray. It is still further claimed that it "cures scald head, sunburn, pimples on the face, salt-rheum, cuts or wounds of all kinds, ringworm, tetter, itch, cracked or chapped hands, fungus, proud flesh; will rapidly heal old sores, ulcers, piles, fistulas, and is, withal, an excellent shaving soap!" "It will also keep off flies and musquitoes; and for rheumatic complaints, bathe in warm suds made of this soap." We regret that these gentlemen should have claimed so much for that which seems to us a real good soap with a strong smell of tar. It is sold at a moderate price, which places it within the reach of all who may wish to try it. Certificates are annexed to circulars from druggists, merchants, editors, clergymen, and officers of at least one life insurance company, testifying to the excellence of the medicated soap; but we can not indorse either the claims of the proprietors nor the testimony of those whose names are annexed; they have evidently exaggerated, perhaps not intentionally, the merits of what we do not hesitate to pronounce an excellent toilet soap. But why "pile on the agony" in the hifalutin terms of the quack-medicine men? In this case there can certainly be no occasion for it. The proprietors advertise for agents, whom we wish the best success in placing a box in every family, for its use must do good in the way of increased cleanliness, if in no other.

A LADY TEACHER ON "NEW PHYSIOGNOMY."—We have received the following from one of our New York lady teachers, who thus commends the book:

I write to express my intense appreciation of Mr. Wells' work on Physiognomy. I feel as if I ought not to withhold it. It seems to me one of the most useful works, real practical use, that has ever been published, and to me its greatest beauty is its perfect simplicity; it is within the range of young people, contains much to instruct and entertain, and ought to be a household book. It is not a work to be read in a day, month, or year, and then cast aside, but one to be kept as a continual reference—one to be taken up when you are weary, when the mind needs relaxation, and yet you will gain an immense amount of instruction in this very manner. Surely no one can deny the benefit to be derived from the study of the "Human Face Divine," so called; the amount of divinity often visible, however, may in many cases be reduced to a small fraction. If men could read countenances as books, the number of forgeries, robberies, etc., would be greatly diminished. The work contains more of variety, instruction, and matters of real interest than any I have ever read, containing the same number of pages—just the book to take into the country. You get short biographies of the most noted men in our midst. Indeed, I might give a lengthy discourse upon the various subjects discussed in the work. I can only add that, so far, I have found all that is set forth true, and I may say I have an ample field for observation, having been a teacher for the past fifteen years, and as such have considered it a part of my business to study the characters of my pupils, their individual peculiarities, moral, mental, and physical, for one bears upon another; all go to make up the sum total of each human being—it will not do to take into consideration one without the other. No money would tempt me to part with this book if I could not supply its place.

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts set forth.

"REVELATION AND SCIENCE."

MR. EDITOR: I entirely agree with your far-sighted correspondent, W. H. M., in the first half of his splendid article given in the last (June) number, under the caption "Revelation and Science." Every doctrine of the Bible evidently is written on the broad page of nature, and science can never reveal more than was in the inkstand and pen of God when he composed the song of his own glory, read in ever fresh colors in this marvelous universe of his. Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain from before the foundation of the world, and deep as geology may dig, it will never go beneath any strata where the Christian mind of God had not been crystallized into some physical, tangible form. Only as science, compared with and built on fact, is but of yesterday, and its baptism in the pure fount of revelation is younger still, we must not wonder at the occasional want of data sufficient to solve difficulties arising either in the domains of science alone, or when compared with the revealed thought of God.

Yet, while entirely believing with your correspondent that revelation is but the complement of nature, and that creation and all events, both physical and moral, are but intended by successive stages to disclose the invisible things of God, I beg to differ from him in two particulars.

1st. In his symbolizing the book of Revelation beyond what is plainly meant as parable or metaphor. In this (the literal) way alone much is gained for the rational conception of a religious system that had to be developed by successive stages. Thus none can doubt but Abraham, ready to sacrifice his only begotten son, and receiving him back from the dead, is historically a great intellectual aid in believing that Christ was delivered by the determinate counsel of God, and was destined to be the first fruit of the resurrection. The historical barrenness of all the mothers, who expected sons of promise, as Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, etc., is a preparatory step for the unnatural fact—"a virgin shall conceive and bear a son." But I do not wish to enlarge on this head.

2d. I beg to differ from W. H. M. in his position, that "the revelation of the invisible things of God is made in successive stages or steps, *each less clear and bright* than the one preceding." We should naturally expect the contrary, and so in fact it is, at least to my humble conception. The book of nature is evidently not as clear in speaking out the mind of God as the Old Testament does, nor is this more than a "shadow of better things to come" in the New Testament; neither was the faith of Adam as clear as that of Noah, that of Noah as that of Abraham, and so on. On this the testimony of Scripture is beyond a doubt. S. 1 P. i. 10, 11, 12, and parallels.

This is another characteristic of the Deity, the knowledge of which has yet to undergo successive developments, but already so broadly inscribed on the vast page of nature and revelation as to make one wonder how it was possible such an eminent truth should have so long escaped both the votaries of science and theology, and should have but dimly flitted even before the spiritual vision of Emanuel Swedenborg himself.

If there be, and evidently there is, a correspondence between the Deity and the visible universe, there can be no doubt that sexuality is an attribute of God; there is neither plant nor living creature exempt from a sexual mark; there is no mineral without chemical affinity, *i. e.*, a loving attraction to some elect object with which to mate and to produce an offspring resulting from two lives neutralized in one; the existence and moral happiness of the family is inconceivable without difference of sexes—even Shaker felicity requires "brothers and sisters together in a natural family;" how then should it be imaginable that a sexual correspondence in the Deity can be sought for in vain?

Let us see now whether the Book of God does not teach sufficiently the doctrine of divine sexuality, to make us hope it will be further developed, and complete both science and the true knowledge of God in due time.

The Scriptures teach the existence of a divine Father and Son, and it is but following sound reason and everyday experience to infer the being of a maternal capacity, to bring about *in reality* such relationship.

We read: "And God said, Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness. So God created man in his own image, *in the image of God* created he him, *male and female* created he them." No teaching is plainer than this concerning sexuality in the Godhead.

Eve lay in the substance of Adam, near his very heart, and was taken out of man to be the *second person* in this lower universe. And so we read of the spirit of truth "which proceedeth from the Father." I need not say that the ecclesiastical "filioque" has no foundation in Scripture, and much less any correspondence in nature.

This latter coincidence between the human female and the spirit of God is the first revealed germ of truth concerning the character and nature of the second entity in the Godhead, *i. e.*, the *maternal capacity*, and around it immediately cluster a host of detached incidental teachings scattered up and down the bright page of revelation. There is the "spirit of God brooding upon the face of the waters," in a real motherly manner, to inspire with life-heat the chaotic wreck of a previous planet, the dominion of the Prince of this world, ruined by his fall.* Hither belong all the passages revealing the heavenly Jerusalem as a woman, a weeping Rachel, barren, yet afterward becoming the mother of us all, when the Shekinah, the spirit of God, will permanently dwell on earth, *and the whole divine family shall have been revealed*, the Father in the Old Testament, the Son in the Gospel, and the Spirit in the Millennial Dispensation.

Is it not true that as we must be born of God and born of the Spirit, so Christ himself was incarnate by the concurring agency of the Father and the Spirit, according to the plain angelic announcement to Mary: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee," and that she was "conceived of the Holy Ghost" (Matt. i. 20.), here fully revealing the maternal capacity in the Godhead, whence, indeed, *Jehovah* says: "As one whom his *mother* comforteth, I will comfort you, and with Jerusalem (the pet name of the divine spouse) you shall be comforted?" The great social principle of conjugal faithfulness, occupying a higher place than even filial duty, and which alone can work out the problem of replenishing the earth, is also traced by the Apostle to Christ's leaving both heavenly parents to unite with his earthly bride. "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. *This is a great mystery*, but I speak concerning Christ and his Church."—Paul.

Thanks be to God, that the time approaches when the vail will be removed from our prejudiced minds, and we shall venture to think and speak of the Deity according to the light scientific and biblical research mutually impart to each other. The more this great mystery will be unfolded, the nearer we shall be to the solution of the great difficulties in the way of union between intelligent Trinitarians and those who accuse them of polytheism; and our Romish friends will delight in our acknowledging their "mother of God," though a higher one than Mary. What a flood of light it will shed upon the whole field of science, chemistry in particular! upon religious, moral, and especially the domestic relations, women's rights advocacy, and everything pertaining to cosmopolitan enterprise! Nothing on earth can stand alone, for God never was alone. There is no correspondence to self in heaven; that the family relation is the source of happiness from all eternity, and while all in it are equals, yet even in the Godhead "Adam was first, then Eve."

B. F. B.

* The writer holds that the first verse in Genesis: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," sums up the history of a preceding world. Verse 2, "And the earth became formless and void," etc., states the consequences of Satan's fall. Verse 2 begins the reconstruction through Christ. Geology disinters the débris of the αιον, *aion*, preceding ours, in which there was no man as yet.

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Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL *may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.*]

SHORT SERMONS TO NEWSBOYS, with a History of the formation of the Newe-Boys' Lodging-house. By Charles Loring Brace. New York: Chas. Scribner. 1866. One vol., 16mo. Cloth, $1 50.

How much good these unpretending discourses accomplished in their oral delivery no one can rightly estimate. Doubtless they reached many a heart, won many a soul to virtue and to Christ. Their work will be continued. Wherever they are read they will exert a powerful influence. Here are no long-winded disquisitions on doctrinal points; no elaborate presentations of abstract truths; but a plain, simple setting forth of facts, realities—the living verities of the Gospel. Other preachers, speaking to congregations of older and wiser people, may well take a hint from them, remembering that

Men are but children of a larger growth.

The historical sketch with which the volume opens is replete with interest and instruction.

SPARE HOURS. By J. BROWN, M.D. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. One vol., 16mo. Cloth, $2.

A series of sketches or magazine papers, written in a fresh and lively but earnest style, and full of quiet humor. The first paper, "John Leach" (illustrated), is well worth the price of the book. The portrait, which serves as a frontispiece to the volume, shows us a magnificent development of the frontal and coronal regions of the brain, and the fine, expressive countenance of a refined and cultivated Christian gentleman.

OUR ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY for 1867. Illustrated and enlarged. New York: Fowler and Wells. 12mo, pp. 60. Paper, 20 cts.

This useful publication comes out, in its issue for 1867, enlarged and greatly improved. It is not too much to say of the present number that it contains more valuable and interesting reading matter (copiously illustrated) than can be found anywhere else within the same space or at so low a price. To make this obvious, it is necessary merely to mention the principal papers which make up its attractive table of contents.

In "Hindoo Heads and Hindoo Characters" it is shown that the latter corresponds with the former, and portraits and drawings from skulls are given in illustration.

"About Fat Folks and Lean Folks" gives the cause and cure of obesity and emaciation, and is illustrated with full-length portraits of Daniel Lambert and Calvin Edson.

"Immortality" is an elaborate and able essay on the scientific proofs of a future life. It must attract profound attention.

"Thomas Carlyle" is a brief phrenological and biographical sketch of the celebrated author of "Sartor Resartus," with a life-like portrait.

"How to Study Phrenology" gives some most useful hints to the beginner, with illustrations.

"The Jew" is an ethnological and phrenological view of the Hebrew race, with a portrait of Sir Moses Montefiore.

"The Hottentot or Bushman" is also ethnologically described.

"Probst, the Murderer" (with a portrait), shows how a bad head indicates a bad character.

Next we are told "How to Form Societies," the Constitution, By-Laws, Officers, etc. Also, "How to Conduct Public Meetings."

"Handwriting" is copiously illustrated with the autographs of distinguished persons, and its value as a "sign of character" carefully estimated.

Portraits and sketches of character of Eliza Cook, James Martineau, Dr. Pusey, James Anthony Froude, Thiers, Ruskin, Charles Kingsley, Ira Aldridge, and others are given.

"Shaking Hands" is made to illustrate in a very interesting and satisfactory way the fact that character expresses itself in action as well as in form.

"Bashfulness—Cause and Cure" (illustrated with original designs by Chapman) is worth to any young man or young woman who is troubled with diffidence or timidity and embarrassment in company, more than the price of a hundred "Annuals."

"New York Society Classified" shows us representatives of the Bowery, Broadway, and Fifth Avenue, and describes their respective peculiarities.

A group of "Eminent American Clergymen" presents to us Bishop Hopkins, Dr. Weston, Mr. Beecher, Dr. Bushnell, Dr. Breckinridge, Dr. Vinton, and Dr. John Cotton Smith, with phrenological sketches and biographical notes, etc.

No one certainly will refrain from buying the "Annual" for 1867 through fear that they shall not get their money's worth.

THE FARMER'S RECORD AND ACCOUNT BOOK; with Appropriate Headings and Rulings for recording Business Transactions, embracing Family and Farm Expenses, General Accounts, Date of Bills Receivable and Payable; Names of Employees, when their Services Began, when Finished, Price Agreed upon per Year, Month, or Day, and Entire Amount, etc. Also, the number of acres of each Growing Crop, the Quantity Raised, the Amount Sold, Price per Bushel, Pound, etc., and the Entire Amount of each. The whole so classified, arranged, and consolidated as to present the result of each year's business transactions in the smallest possible compass, and also so simple that the Balance-sheet can be easily and correctly adjusted. Together with valuable Information for Farmers, Tables of Weights and Measures, Rules, and the Annual Report of Income required to be made to the Assessor of Internal Revenue. Designed especially for the use of Practical Farmers. Two sizes—price $5 and $3 each. Address this office.

If the internal—some call it *infernal*, others ETERNAL—revenue shall cause farmers, manufacturers, *all* classes to "keep accounts" of incomes and outgoes, and for what, we think it will be worth millions to the country. The present "slip-shod manner" with many is ruinous. How few there are who know exactly how they stand—whether they are gaining or losing! and how almost universal is the habit of crying "hard times," when, if the great leaks were stopped, all would go well and each have plenty. One "saves at the spigot and wastes at the bunghole," and for want of accurate accounts seems insensible as to the causes of his being forever "short of means" to carry on his work. Another becomes thrifty and forehanded by careful attention to his accounts. Every man ought to have his business so clearly recorded that he can tell in a moment to a fraction exactly what he is worth, what he is making or losing on each particular item, be it grain, fruits, flesh, or other productions. But how few there are who do it. If the book under notice will serve to systematize this thing; if it will enable and induce men to keep accounts, it will, we repeat, be worth millions to our country in dollars; and that which money can not buy, namely, that peace of mind which results from a perfect knowledge of our affairs.

A SAD CASE—A GREAT WRONG! and How it may be Remedied, being an Appeal in Behalf of Education for the Freedmen of Louisiana.

Dr. P. B. Randolph, in a pamphlet of this title, sets forth the need of schools for the freedmen in Louisiana. Having been engaged in the work of educating the negro for some years, he can speak from personal experience. His appeal is indorsed by many men of distinction, whose testimonials in regard to Dr. Randolph's efforts and character form a large part of the pamphlet. Among those whose names appear as approving the enterprise, are President Johnson, Lieut.-General Grant, Secretary McCulloch, Speaker Colfax, and N. P. Banks, and many others.

CANARY BIRDS. A Manual of Useful Information for Bird-keepers. New York: William Wood & Co. 1866. 18mo, pp. 110. Cloth, 75 cents.

A lady who loves birds and *understands* them, has here told the bird-keeper all he needs to know of the origin, varieties, habits, and requirements of the beautiful little captives who sing in our sitting-rooms and boudoirs. "The Canary Finch;" "Cages;" "Baths;" "Food and Water;" "To Teach Young Birds to Sing;" "Diseases;" "Wants of Bird-keepers," are the heads of the principal chapters, and indicate the scope of the little work before us.

THE HAND BOOK OF STANDARD OR AMERICAN PHONOGRAPHY, in five parts—a new edition. By Andrew J. Graham. $2.

This is, as it purports to be, a standard work on short-hand writing. *To any youth* who may possess the art, it is a capital of itself, upon which he may confidently rely for support. It leads to immediate, permanent, and respectable employment. *To the professional man*, and indeed to every one whose pursuits in life call upon him to record incidents and thoughts, it is one of the great labor-saving devices of the age. Mailed from this office on receipt of price.

NEW MUSIC.—Mr. Frederic Blume, publisher, 208 Bowery, New York, sends us "Golden Waves," a collection of Polkas, Waltzes, Schottisches, etc., arranged by Fred Blume, among which are "Three O'Clock," a Galop; "Guards," a Waltz; "Arrah-na-Pogue," a March. Also, a beautiful ballad, "I Can Not Sing the Old Songs," and "The Excelsor Music Book for the Flute."

New Books.

[*Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable and interesting:*]

ROYAL TRUTHS. By Henry Ward Beecher. 12mo, pp. v., 394. Cloth, $1 75.

THE TAXPAYER'S MANUAL, containing the Entire Internal Revenue Laws, with the Tables of Taxation, Exemptions, Stamp Duties, etc., and a complete Alphabetical Index prepared by Hon. George S. Boutwell. 8vo, pp. 180. Paper, 55 cents.

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The Story of a Picture. By F. B. Carpenter. 12mo, pp. 359. Cloth, $2 25.

THE INTERNAL REVENUE LAWS. Act approved June 30, 1864, as amended by Acts of March 3, 1865, and July 13, 1866, together with the Acts Amendatory. With copious Marginal References, a Complete Analytical Index, and Tables of Taxation and Exemption. Compiled by Horace Dresser. 8vo, pp. 228. Paper, 55 cents.

TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI RIVER, giving all the Railroad and Steamboat Routes diverging from Chicago, Milwaukee, Dubuque, etc., together with an account of Cities and Villages, and Objects of Interest on the Route and in the Upper Valley of the Mississippi, with Table of Distances, etc., and a Map and Illustrations. Compiled by J. Disturnell. Sq. 16mo, pp. 84. Flex. cloth, 55 cents.

ECHOES FROM THE SOUTH, comprising the most important Speeches, Proclamations, and Public Acts emanating from the South during the late war. 12mo, pp. 211. Cloth, $1 75.

THE HISTORY OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH from the Beginning, 1854, to the Completion, August, 1866. By Henry M. Field. With Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 367. Cloth, $2.

LLOYD'S POCKET COMPANION AND GUIDE through New York City for 1866-7. 16mo, pp. 150. Cloth, 75 cents.

THE HAND-BOOK FOR MOTHERS; a Guide in the Care of Young Children. By Edward H. Parker, M.D. 12mo, pp. 250. Cloth, $2.

THE LAW OF WILLS, Part II., embracing Legacies, Charitable Trusts, and the Duties of Executors, Administrators, and other Testamentary Trustees. By Isaac F. Redfield, LL.D. 8vo, pp. cxviii., 955. Sheep, $8 50.

A SELECTION OF LEADING CASES on Various Branches of the Law. With Notes by John William Smith, Esq. American Editors, J. I. Clarke Hare and H. B. Wallace. Sixth American edition, from the last English edition. By Willes, Keating, Maude, and Chitty. With additional Notes and References to American Decisions, by J. I. Clarke Hare and J. W. Wallace. In two vols. (bound in three). 8vo, pp. x., 1197, 920. Sheep, $21.

RECENT BRITISH PHILOSOPHY; a Review, with Criticisms; including some Comments on Mr. Mill's answer to Sir William Hamilton. By David Masson. 12mo. pp. 335. Cl. $2.

A TREATISE ON THE ORIGIN, NATURE, PREVENTION, AND TREATMENT OF ASIATIC CHOLERA. By J. C. Peters, M.D. 12mo. pp. 168. Tinted Paper. Cl. $1 50.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN. By Emily Davies. 16mo. pp. 191. Cl. $1 25. (Edinburgh print.)

PEAT AND ITS USES, AS FERTILIZER AND FUEL. By Samuel W. Johnson, A.M. Fully Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 168. Cl. $1 50.

THE HOME LIFE: IN THE LIGHT OF ITS DIVINE IDEA. By James Baldwin Brown. 16mo. pp. 327. Cl. $1 25.

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The Story of a Picture. By F. B. Carpenter. 12mo. pp. 359. Cl. $2.

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To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your* "BEST THOUGHTS" *solicited.*

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, *etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department*—TO CORRESPONDENTS—*and communications for the Editor, must be written on* SEPARATE *slips.*

SPECIAL NOTICE—*Owing to the crowded state of our columns generally, and the pressure upon this department in particular, we shall be compelled hereafter to decline all questions relating to subjects not properly coming within the scope of this* JOURNAL. *Queries relating to* PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, *and* ANTHROPOLOGY, *or the general* SCIENCE OF MAN, *will still be in order, provided they shall be deemed of* GENERAL INTEREST. *Write your question plainly on a* SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER, *and send us only* ONE *at a time.*

THE CRAIG AND NOVELTY MICROSCOPES.—The question is often asked by correspondents, "Which of these two microscopes is the best for general use?" The Craig was first invented, and about 18,000 have been sold. It magnifies from seventy-five to one hundred diameters, and can be very readily used for the examination of liquids, transparent, semi-transparent, and minute objects; but owing to its high magnifying power, and the focus being so near the surface of the lens, it can not be used to magnify large opaque objects. For instance, you can not magnify a whole fly with it, but you can magnify and obtain beautiful views of its feet, wings, eyes, and other parts. One who can appreciate a microscope of high power will be pleased with this, when the price and convenience for using are considered; not that it will accomplish all which can be done by the use of a complicated and expensive instrument in the hands of a skillful operator, but it is so simple, readily used, and shows a multitude of objects so well, that many individuals who are owners of expensive compound microscopes have, after carefully examining this, purchased it, and have expressed themselves highly pleased with it, and it has deservedly obtained an unprecedented popularity.

The frequent calls for an instrument for the examination of living insects, flowers, and opaque objects led to the invention of the Novelty Microscope, which will confine any insect not much larger than a fly within its focus, and enable us not only to view its body, limbs, wings, etc., but also to watch its motions. This microscope magnifies about eight or ten diameters, and can be used for examining objects either too large or too opaque to be seen by the Craig; but, of course, many objects which are too minute for the Novelty can be readily seen in the Craig; so each is alike useful in its proper sphere, the one showing what the other can not.

ETIQUETTE AND GRAMMAR.—The sentence, "I shall be most happy to accept your polite invitation for to-morrow evening" is used in answer to an invitation to spend an evening with an acquaintance. Is it correct and in good taste?

Ans. It is incorrect. The note in which the sentence is supposed to occur conveys the acceptance, and you *are* happy, etc., not *shall be* at some future time. "I accept with great pleasure your polite invitation," etc. Or, more formally, "Mrs. A. accepts with pleasure Mrs. B.'s polite invitation," etc., would be better. See "How to Behave" and "How to Write."

CHEWING THE CUD.—Please explain the manner and reason of an ox chewing the cud.

Ans. Ruminating animals gather up their food rapidly, give it a few cuts with the teeth and swallow it. It goes to an interior receptacle where it is moistened; this is very essential if it be dry hay. When the animal has filled himself, he masticates the food thus stored away in this stomach, raising it cud by cud. When a portion is completely masticated it passes to another receptacle, and the process of digestion goes on. Thus, an ox, if left to himself, will raise and masticate all his food, at least all the hay and grass. If he be pushed and worked hard, and does not have time thus to masticate, he falls off in flesh, his health is poor, his digestion is incomplete. The horse, on the contrary, however, much in a hurry he may be, must masticate each mouthful before he swallows it. A hungry ox let out into the meadow will fill himself in twenty minutes, while a horse would want at least an hour and twenty minutes to take the same amount of grass. The ox, the deer, sheep, goat, chamois, and rabbit being the natural prey of ferocious beasts, are endowed with the extra stomach in which to hastily store away the food without thorough mastication. This may perhaps be regarded as a wise provision of nature, enabling them to sally forth where the feed is plenty, and in a short time fill themselves and retire to a place of safety to ruminate their food at their leisure.

WHY OPPOSED. — A subscriber is distressed on account of the skepticism of certain persons in his vicinity, and appeals to us as follows:

Why do doctors, dentists, etc., oppose Phrenology, and do all they can to overthrow it?

Ans. There are ignorant doctors and dentists, as there are bad ones. Some oppose to show how bold and smart they are, daring to differ with the more intelligent. Besides, it is easier for stupids to reject a new idea than it is to investigate and discover. It costs an effort to learn, to go forward in the march of improvement, to keep posted up in the progress of the world. But it is comparatively easy for some to stand still, pull back, and remain in the dark. One man's cup of knowledge is small, and holds but little, is soon filled, and has no room or inclination for more. He has "got his growth." Another's cup is larger and holds much; it takes almost a lifetime to fill it. His mind seems to remain fresh, vigorous, and *creative* to the last. It is no discouragement to the truth that it is rejected. When it is remembered that *all* new ideas find opponents, and that *most* of the great benefactors and philanthropists have been martyred, we may not even hope that our radical, reformatory, and revolutionary system of philosophy shall be exempt from persecution. Were not many of the apostles of Christianity and the apostles of liberty put to death? Ignorance, bigotry, superstition, with dissipation, selfishness, and imbecility may still be met with, even in this enlightened age. Let us not stop at opposition, but let the light shine everywhere. Light is superior to darkness, and so is knowledge superior to ignorance.

SIZE OF MEN.—The average height varies in different countries. In Scotland, in some parts of the United States—Maine, Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, and Vermont—the height is greater than that of people in Holland, France, and some localities of America. Five feet seven is probably a good average for the people of New England, if we except the States of Maine and Vermont. In limestone countries, of which Vermont is somewhat conspicuous, so also of Tennessee and Kentucky, animals and men have more extent of bony framework than in other localities, and consequently are larger, escially taller.

WHEN TO CLEAN TEETH.—All admit that "acids are the almost exclusive agents in commencing decay in teeth." The action is undoubtedly began in sleep. Through the day a person is occasionally drinking, eating, etc., and acids are continually disturbed in their action, but during sleep they are undisturbed, and (if present) will certainly prey upon the teeth. Therefore, *before retiring* is the proper time to cleanse them, if done only once in a day. This has governed me, and seems so common sense, that I communicate it.

PHYSIC. — Whose pills, or what kind of physic would you recommend to one who requires effectual purging, whose blood is impure, and whose face is covered with pimples?

Ans. We do not use pills nor recommend them to others. Some years ago we had a little experience in tampering or experimenting with drug medicines, and came to the conclusion that they did us vastly more harm than good. We believe, literally, with the old physicians, that "*the less medicine one takes the better;*" consequently we take none at all. Proper food and drink; proper exercise in the pure air; suitable sleep with rest and repose; bathing; with occasional fasting, and a careful observance of the laws of life in all respects—including a proper spirit—will purify the blood, and render the use of pills entirely unnecessary.

You will find any quantity of patent quack medicine liberally advertised in many of the religious and secular newspapers. Editors who publish such matters ought to be able to speak from experience.

AGES TO MARRY. — What reasons are there against the marriage of persons whose ages differ more than five years up to ten or twelve years?

Ans. Men should not wait before they marry until they are thirty-five years old; then they will not desire a woman so much their junior. Men should marry early enough so that they may live to help bring up their children. Young women do not *choose* old men for husbands, and if they can get eligible young men they always take them. If young men would be industrious and save their money and not smoke, drink, and drive fast horses, and keep fast company, they would have the means at twenty-five to marry and set up housekeeping comfortably. The ruinous notion that men must get rich before they marry, lays the foundation for the too common discrepancy in the ages of men and their wives. Young blooming women do not feel satisfied with old men, and a world of jealousy and misery is the result.

SATAN. — Does Phrenology teach the existence of Satan?

Ans. So far as Satan is the representative of abstract evil, or the malign spirit of perverted human passions. Cautiousness and Conscientiousness cry out against him. On the other hand, the organs of Veneration, Spirituality, Conscientiousness, Benevolence, and reason proclaim a holy, just, merciful, good, and wise God, who is the ruler of all, blessed forever.

BASHFULNESS.—Can you tell me what will aid me in overcoming bashfulness? If you can, I should be very much obliged to you; it is above all other things a continual source of annoyance and vexation, as a person with no confidence in themselves can not appear even as intelligent as they really are.

Ans. See "The New Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy for 1867."

TOPEKA.—You should read our circular, "Mirror of the Mind." Sent on receipt of stamp.

QUALITY. — How do you judge of the quality of the brain? Can it be done with any degree of certainty by a person with but little experience?

Ans. We judge an orange or an apple by the skin; a side of leather by the "grain" and fiber. Wool is coarse or fine, and the quality of cloth to be made depends on the *quality* of the wool. The hair on our head indicates the quality of the skin. And as we find the skin, so we find bone, muscle, nerve, brain. Is not this sensible?

PHONOGRAPHY. — The best way to learn it is to read the elementary books; become familiar with its principles, and then commence practice by copying the characters, writing out the lessons, and so forth.

Personal instruction, written or oral, may be obtained at this office. The charges are $5 for written lessons, or $10 for a course of oral lessons.

TO PREVENT THE HAIR FROM GROWING.—Most young men are ambitious to *cause* the hair to grow, especially around the mouth, etc. They would have whiskers. Lots of sweet cream, bear's grease, hog's lard, and sweet oil are used in vain for this purpose. But here is a young man who wants to know how "to *prevent* the hair from growing down his forehead." He tried shaving, which only made matters worse, and he now wishes "to doctor it off." Alas! there is no remedy. The hair will continue to grow while "life lasts," and even after death. It is related, in "New Physiognomy," that the grave of a woman was opened some forty years after burial, when her hair was found issuing from the coffin, and that the corpse, from the crown of the head to the feet, was covered with a thick coat of hair. So the finger-nails continue to grow some time after death. Believe not the quacks who advertise nostrums to cause the hair to grow or to prevent it from growing. This is a matter in the keeping of Him who created us. He alone can do these things.

THE LOCUST.—Can you give the nature and habits of the locust, and why they return every seventeen years?

Ans. We refer our friend to some encyclopedia or work on natural history. It is a well-settled fact that the destructive locust returns once in about seventeen years. Whether it lays eggs that hatch in so long a time we can not say.

HEADS.—The tape can be drawn around the head closely, and soft straight hair will not make half an inch more size than there would be if the head were shaved. Most heads have hair, so that phrenologists and hatters predicate measurements on heads of hair.

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DIVINING ROD.—Is there any power in the divining rod to indicate the location of water or oil under ground which can not be explained on scientific principles?

Ans. Good people honestly believe that the places to dig wells and to bore for oil can be indicated by a forked green rod in the hands of certain persons. For ourselves, we have not the slightest belief in it. We would not be afraid to wager a good cow that any diviner with his rod, if led over grounds blindfolded where before he had indicated places to dig or bore, the rod will not turn at the same places one time in a hundred.

WRITING VERSES.—W. W. W. We judge from the poem you sent us that you have a talent for writing verses, which you will do well to cultivate; but true *poets*, in the highest sense of the word, are very rare, and we can not flatter you (and you ask not flattery, but the truth) by saying that we think you are one.

MAMMARIAL BALM. — Not having tried it, we can not speak of its efficacy. Plants grow by virtue of nutriment, air, light, action, electricity, etc., so does the human body. Without some or all of these agencies we can not count on growth even in any particular part. It is by the circulation of the blood that organs of the body and faculties of the mind become enlarged. See "Hints Toward Physical Perfection, or the Philosophy of Human Beauty."

FRECKLES—BLOOD—RIFLE. —What is the cause of freckles? [Sunshine on a fair complexion.] And what will remove them? [Skinning.] Is there any kind of medicine that will purify the blood? [No.] How can I get one of Howard's rifles, the "Thunderbolt?" [By sending $25 to this office, the rifle will be sent you by first express.]

POLITICAL.—This being the ninety-first year of American Independence, please inform the readers of your JOURNAL why the present Congress is called the Thirty-ninth Congress?

Ans. The ninety-first year of American Independence counts from the date of the Declaration, viz., 1776, add to this ninety-one years and the result is 1867. A Congress covers two years; thirty-nine multiplied by two amounts to seventy-eight; this added to 1789, the year the first Congress sat under the Constitution, and we have 1867, the present year of our Lord.

FOOD.—Has the practice of eating animal food a tendency to corrupt the mind?

Ans. Yes, if too much be eaten. No, if otherwise. So far as we know, the best men and women of whom we have any knowledge have eaten meat. Christ is said to have eaten meat with his disciples. He certainly gave fish to the multitude to eat. If fish be not meat, it is the next thing to it. Read in the Acts of the Apostles about the vision of St. Peter when he went up to the house-top to pray. Children should eat but little meat; most men eat too much.

HANDWRITING.—"Subscriber" will see the utter impossibility of our even attempting to comply with such a request as he makes. We always notice the handwriting in letters received, and form an opinion with reference to the same, but to delineate the character of each, or even classify them, would consume all our time. The better way will be to send stamp for "The Mirror of the Mind," which explains what is required to have a satisfactory description of character.

UNLUCKY DAYS.—Why is Friday considered an unlucky day?

Ans. It is merely a superstition. Friday is as lucky as any other day. Disasters innumerable may be quoted as having occurred on Friday, so also can an equal number of lucky facts be passed to the credit of that much-abused day. Did anybody ever count up the ill-luck of Monday or Tuesday or any other day but Friday? This idea originated, probably, in the fact that Christ was said to have been crucified on Friday. If it be proper for all the fallen race to make merry at Christmas because Christ was born, why should the day on which he sealed the work of the world's redemption be regarded as an unlucky day? Friday is a good day, and there is more than one "good Friday" in the year.

Publishers' Department.

BOOKS SENT BY POST.—It is a very great convenience for persons residing far from book stores, to be able to order and receive publications by "return post," at a moderate cost for postage. We now send almost daily, to post-offices in all the States and Territories. Old rates—which are but a fraction on the cost of the book—rule, except in Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, Dakota, and New Mexico. To *these* Territories the present rate of postage, owing to the distance, Indian troubles, etc., are rated at letter postage, which is about *one third* in addition to the price of the book. This amount—one third—should, therefore, be added to the price of the book by the person ordering. To all the other States, books are sent at publishers' prices.

THE BOYS. — Some of the "Boys" have taken exceptions to Mrs. George Washington Wyllys' article addressed to them in our May number, and two of them out West have sent us a joint reply, which we are desired to publish. We should be glad to oblige the young men (they don't like to be called "boys"), but to do so we should crowd out other matter of more interest to our readers in general, so we trust they will excuse us; besides, they take quite too serious a view of some of Mrs. Wyllys' rather sarcastic but well-meant remarks.

POSTAGE ON THE JOURNAL. —A correspondent writing from Boston inquires: I would also ask you if I have to pay postage every time the JOURNAL is delivered. You advertise the postage on the JOURNAL to be 12 cents a year; it is very strange I have to pay sometimes four cents. Please inform me if that is right. *Ans.* We do not understand the circumstances of the case—nor *why* the excessive charge. We repeat, the regular legal rate chargeable is only one cent a number —12 cents a year.

WHIPPING CHILDREN.—We print an article by A. A. G. in our present number under the title of "Helps and Hindrances," to which we call attention. We regard the case well stated, though aware that it is only one side of the question. Old-school philosophers believe in whipping; Solomon said something on the point—which may be rightly or wrongly interpreted—in justification of the practice. We think there is too much rather than too little whipping; and, so far back as we can remember, do not recall the occasion when we felt that a flogging would have improved our mind or our morals. Indeed, we think it a most barbarous and degrading practice, against which every manly sentiment revolts. Others who feel differently may whip and be whipped so long as they keep within the law and do not whip to *death*.

A NEW FEATURE. — The publication of ÆSOP'S FABLES, with illustrations, which has given so much satisfaction to many readers, is nearly completed. In casting about for something rich to follow, we decided to illustrate and publish, in the same department, POPE'S "ESSAY ON MAN." Designs by Chapman; engravings to be done on wood by Howland. This is the first attempt—so far as we know —to illustrate, with engravings, that celebrated—may we not say immortal?—poem. It may not appear before January, though the work is now in hand. We shall follow this with other matter interesting to those who may not yet be converted to the truths of Phrenology. Thus we hope to please, instruct, and elevate all who read the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

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ORDERS FOR BOOKS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE JOURNAL should be addressed to FOWLER AND WELLS, New York. Communications for the JOURNAL, with all matters of a personal nature, should be written on separate sheets, and addressed to the Editor.

General Items.

WORDS OF APPROVAL.—It is gratifying to know that our work is approved by good men. We receive many letters similar to the following:

The ennobling and elevating character of the A. P. JOURNAL has won for it a world-wide reputation. If its teachings and principles were practiced universally, the *world* would be greatly improved, both morally and physically. Would that it might be placed in the hands of *every family* in the land. Long life and success to the JOURNAL! S. D. B.

THE JOURNAL.—The AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for August is received, and, as usual, is filled with a hundred good things. We could not do without this great work, and our frequent extracts from it give our readers an idea of its character.—*Jackson (Ohio) Standard.*

"AN ITEM OF INTEREST."—1. Multiply the sum by the days (or *vice versa*, if more convenient); cancel the right-hand figure and divide by 6; the quotient is the interest in *cents*.

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In a former number we gave the above rule, omitting the qualifying clause which accounts for discrepancies which will arise in calculating for longer periods than one or two months, between the interest obtained by this method and the true interest. The exact interest can, however, be obtained by deducting from the result of this process one seventy-fifth.

NITROUS OXIDE.—MR. EDITOR: Will you please correct the error made in your last number in reference to the chemical composition of nitrous oxide. Nitrous oxide or protoxide of nitrogen is composed, as its name implies, simply of one equivalent or atom of nitrogen and one of oxygen, and *not* of NO_4, "one atom of nitrogen and four of oxygen," as stated in your article. Consequently it is *four* removes, instead of one, from "one of most deadly of substances," nitric acid or NO_5. M. ANNA DENSMORE, M.D.

AN ENIGMA. — I am composed of 24 letters:

My 21, 23, 17, 18, 22, 13, 24 is a useful profession.

My 5, 2, 15, 11 can not be bought for money.

My 18, 20, 5, 3, 11, 10, 16 is an advantageous institution.

My 11, 3, 1, 21, 24, 13, 16 is a tree cultivated and for sale at the Lebanon Nursery, Alle. Co., Pa.

My 12, 14, 8, 21, 19 is what the future prosperity of our country must depend upon.

My 7, 8, 3, 6 is the name of a month.

My 4, 9 are the abbreviations of one of the literary professions.

My whole is found on a certain page in the A. P. JOURNAL for the month of August, 1866. T. D. WEDDLE.

ENIGMA ANSWERED. — The answer to the enigma in the September number of the A. P. J. is "Charles Maurice de Talleyrand Perigord, the great French diplomatist. WM. C. VINTON.

[Also correctly answered by S. S., Jr., and others.]

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Business.

[*Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be* LEADED *and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 25 cents a line.*]

THE GALAXY. Vol. II., No. 10. For September 15, 1866.

CONTENTS: Archie Lovell. (With an Illustration.) By Mrs. Edwards. A June Day at Port Hudson. By James Franklin Pitts. Mignonne. By Maria Louisa Pool. Pamela Clarke. By M. A. Edwards. Four British Statesmen. By Richard Grant White. The Elder Booth. By Isaac C. Pray. Too Late. By John Weiss. The Claverings. (With an Illustration.) By Anthony Trollope. Along the James. By John Esten Cooke. The Palio at Sienna. By B. G. Heraldry in America. By W. Charade. By Dr. T. W. Parsons. Nebulæ. By the Editor—containing The French Academy's Prize Theme; Origin of Yankee Doodle; The Voice of the Turtle; The Indian Opathist; Miss Rossetti's Poems.

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ÆSOP'S FABLES.

ILLUSTRATED.

THE KID AND THE WOLF.

A KID that had strayed from the herd was pursued by a Wolf. When she saw all other hope of escape cut off, she turned round to the Wolf, and said, "I must allow indeed that I am your victim, but as my life is now but short, let it be a merry one. Do you pipe for awhile, and I will dance." While the Wolf was piping and the Kid was dancing, the Dogs hearing the music ran up to see what was going on, and the Wolf was glad to take himself off as fast as his legs would carry him.

He who steps out of his way to play the fool, must not wonder if he misses the prize.

THE LION AND THE GOAT.

ON a summer's day, when everything was suffering from extreme heat, a Lion and a Goat came at the same time to quench their thirst at a small fountain. They at once fell to quarreling which should first drink of the water, till at length it seemed that each was determined to resist the other even to death. But, ceasing from the strife for a moment, to recover breath, they saw a flock of vultures hovering over them, only waiting to pounce upon whichever of them should fall. Whereupon they instantly made up their quarrel, agreeing that it was far better for them both to become friends, than to furnish food for the crows and vultures.

THE BOASTING TRAVELER.

A MAN who had been traveling in foreign parts, on his return home was always bragging and boasting of the great feats he had accomplished in different places. In Rhodes, for instance, he said he had taken such an extraordinary leap, that no man could come near him, and he had witnesses there to prove it. "Possibly," said one of his hearers; "but if this be true, just suppose this to be Rhodes, and then try the leap again."

THE BOASTING TRAVELER.

THE MICE AND THE WEASELS.

THE Mice and the Weasels had long been at war with each other, and the Mice being always worsted in battle, at length agreed at a meeting, solemnly called for the occasion, that their defeat was attributable to nothing but their want of discipline, and they determined accordingly to elect regular Commanders for the time to come. So they chose those whose valor and prowess most recommended them to the important post. The new Commanders, proud of their position, and desirous of being as conspicuous as possible, bound horns upon their foreheads as a sort of crest and mark of distinction. Not long after a battle ensued. The Mice, as before, were soon put to flight; the common herd escaped into their holes; but the Commanders, not being able to get in from the length of their horns, were every one caught and devoured.

There is no distinction without its accompanying danger.

THE HEDGE AND THE VINEYARD.

A FOOLISH young Heir who had just come into possession of his wise father's estate, caused all the Hedges about his Vineyard to be grubbed up, because they bore no grapes. The throwing down of the fences laid his grounds open to man and beast, and all his vines were presently destroyed. So the simple fellow learnt, when it was too late, that he ought not to expect to gather grapes from brambles, and that it was quite as important to protect his Vineyard as to possess it.

THE FARMER AND THE CRANES.

SOME Cranes settled down in a Farmer's field that was newly sown. For some time the Farmer frightened them away by brandishing an empty sling at them. But when the Cranes found that he was only slinging to the winds, they no longer minded him, nor flew away. Upon this the Farmer slung at them with stones, and killed a great part of them. "Let us be off," said the rest, "to the land of the Pygmies, for this man means to threaten us no longer, but is determined to get rid of us in earnest."

THE HERDSMAN AND THE LOST BULL.

A HERDSMAN, who had lost a Bull, went roaming through the forest in search of it. Being unable to find it, he began to vow to all the Nymphs of the forest and the mountain, to Mercury and to Pan, that he would offer up a lamb to them, if he could only discover the thief. At that moment, gaining a high ridge of ground, he sees a Lion standing over the carcass of his beautiful Bull. And now the unhappy man vows the Bull into the bargain, if he may only escape from the thief's clutches.

THE HERDSMAN AND THE LOST BULL.

Were our ill-judged prayers to be always granted, how many would be ruined at their own request!

THE BALD KNIGHT.

A CERTAIN Knight growing old, his hair fell off, and he became bald; to hide which imperfection, he wore a periwig. But as he was riding out with some others a-hunting, a sudden gust of wind blew off the periwig, and exposed his bald pate. The company could not forbear laughing at the accident; and he himself laughed as loud as anybody, saying, "How was it to be expected that I should keep strange hair upon my head, when my own would not stay there?"

THE SICK LION.

A LION, no longer able, from the weakness of old age, to hunt for his prey, laid himself up in his den, and breathing with great difficulty, and speaking with a low voice, gave out that he was very ill indeed. The report soon spread among the beasts, and there was great lamentation for the sick Lion. One after the other came to see him; but, catching them thus alone, and in his own den, the Lion made an easy prey of them, and grew fat upon his diet. The Fox, suspecting the truth of the matter, came at length to make his visit of inquiry, and standing at some distance, asked his Majesty how he did? "Ah, my dearest friend," said the Lion, "is it you? Why do you stand so far from me? Come, sweet friend, and pour a word of consolation in the poor Lion's ear, who has but a short time to live." "Bless you!" said the Fox; "but excuse me if I can not stay; for, to tell the truth, I feel quite uneasy at the mark of the footsteps that I see here, all pointing toward your den, and none returning outward."

Affairs are easier of entrance than of exit; and it is but common prudence to see our way out before we venture in.

THE BEES, THE DRONES, AND THE WASP.

SOME Bees had built their comb in the hollow trunk of an oak. The Drones asserted that it was their doing, and belonged to them. The cause was brought into court before Judge Wasp. Knowing something of the parties, he thus addressed them: "The plaintiffs and defendants are so much alike in shape and color as to render the ownership a doubtful matter, and the case has very properly been brought before me. The ends of justice, and the object of the court, will best be furthered by the plan which I propose. Let each party take a hive to itself, and build up a new comb, that from the shape of the cells and the taste of the honey, the lawful proprietors of the property in dispute may appear." The Bees readily assented to the Wasp's plan. The Drones declined it. Whereupon the Wasp gave judgment: "It is clear now who made the comb, and who can not make it; the Court adjudges the honey to the Bees."

THE HOUND AND THE HARE.

A HOUND after long chasing a Hare at length came up to her, and kept first biting and then licking her. The Hare, not knowing what to make of him, said: "If you are a friend, why do you bite me?—but if a foe, why caress me?"

A doubtful friend is worse than a certain enemy: let a man be one thing or the other, and we then know how to meet him.

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THE BOYS AND THE FROGS.

A TROOP of Boys were playing at the edge of a pond, when, perceiving a number of Frogs in the water, they began to pelt at them with stones. They had already killed many of the poor creatures, when one more hardy than the rest putting his head above the water, cried out to them: "Stop your cruel sport, my lads; consider, what is Play to you is Death to us."

THE WOLF AND THE LION.

ONE day a Wolf had seized a sheep from a fold, and was carrying it home to his own den, when he met a Lion, who straightway laid hold of the sheep and bore it away. The Wolf, standing at a distance, cried out, that it was a great shame, and that the Lion had robbed him of his own. The Lion laughed, and said, "I suppose, then, that it was your good friend the shepherd who gave it to *you*."

THE GOAT AND THE GOATHERD.

A GOAT had strayed from the herd, and the Goatherd was trying all he could to bring him back to his companions. When by calling and whistling he could make no impression on him, at last, taking up a stone, he struck the Goat on the horn and broke it. Alarmed at what he had done, he besought the Goat not to tell his master; but he replied, "O most foolish of Goatherds! my horn will tell the story, though I should not utter a word."

Facts speak plainer than words.

THE ANT AND THE DOVE.

AN Ant went to a fountain to quench his thirst, and tumbling in, was almost drowned. But a Dove that happened to be sitting on a neighboring tree saw the Ant's danger, and plucking off a leaf, let it drop into the water before him, and the Ant mounting upon it was presently wafted safe ashore. Just at that time, a Fowler was spreading his net, and was in the act of ensnaring the Dove, when the Ant, perceiving his object, bit his heel. The start which the man gave made him drop his net, and the Dove, aroused to a sense of her danger, flew safe away.

One good turn deserves another.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER MAIDS.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER MAIDS.

A THRIFTY old Widow kept two Servant-maids, whom she used to call up to their work at cock-crow. The Maids disliked exceedingly this early rising, and determined between themselves to wring off the Cock's neck, as he was the cause of all their trouble by waking their mistress so early. They had no sooner done this, than the old lady missing her usual alarum, and afraid of oversleeping herself, continually mistook the time of day, and roused them up at midnight.

Too much cunning overreaches itself.

THE LION AND HIS THREE COUNCILORS.

THE Lion called the Sheep to ask her if his breath smelt; she said Ay; he bit off her head for a fool. He called the Wolf, and asked him; he said No; he tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the Fox, and asked him. Truly he had got a cold, and could not smell.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times.

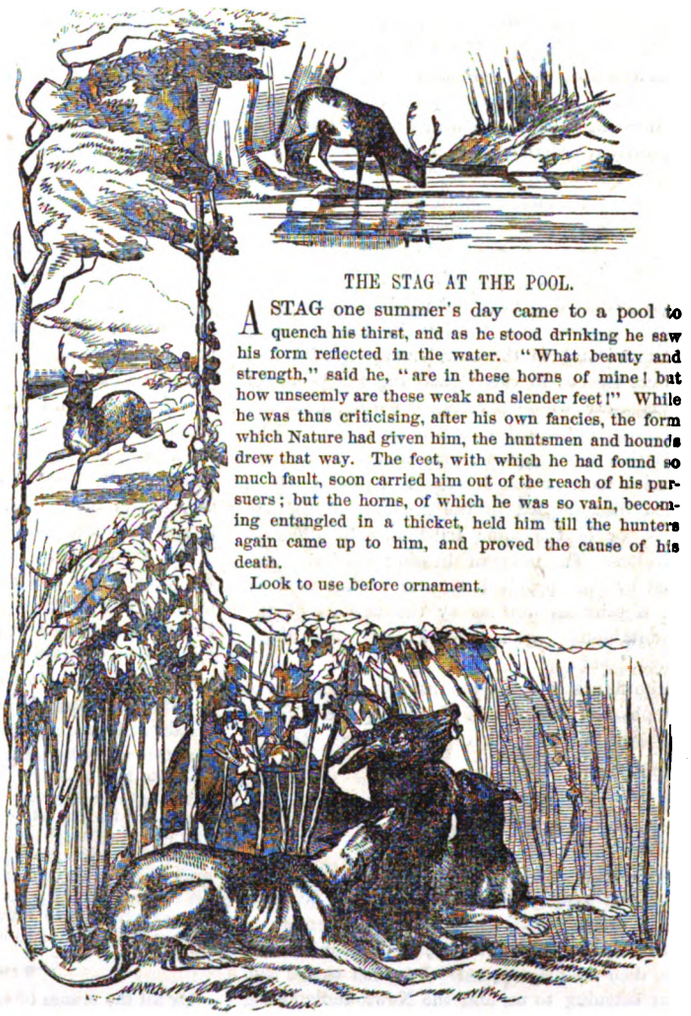
THE MONKEY AND THE FISHERMEN.

A MONKEY was sitting up in a high tree, when seeing some Fishermen laying their nets in a river, he watched what they were doing. The Men had no sooner set their nets, and retired a short distance to their dinner, than the Monkey came down from the tree, thinking that he would try his hand at the same sport. But in attempting to lay the nets he got so entangled in them, that being well nigh choked, he was forced to exclaim: "This serves me right; for what business had I, who know nothing of fishing, to meddle with such tackle as this?"

THE LION AND OTHER BEASTS HUNTING.

THE LION AND OTHER BEASTS HUNTING.

THE Lion and other beasts formed an alliance to go out a-hunting. When they had taken a fat stag, the Lion proposed himself as commissioner, and dividing it into three parts, thus proceeded: "The first," said he, "I shall take officially, as king; the second I shall take for my own personal share in the chase; and as for the third part — let him take it who dares."



THE STAG AT THE POOL.

THE STAG AT THE POOL.

A STAG one summer's day came to a pool to quench his thirst, and as he stood drinking he saw his form reflected in the water. "What beauty and strength," said he, "are in these horns of mine! but how unseemly are these weak and slender feet!" While he was thus criticising, after his own fancies, the form which Nature had given him, the huntsmen and hounds drew that way. The feet, with which he had found so much fault, soon carried him out of the reach of his pursuers; but the horns, of which he was so vain, becoming entangled in a thicket, held him till the hunters again came up to him, and proved the cause of his death.

Look to use before ornament.

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A KAFFIR OF MOZAMBIQUE.

THE MOZAMBIQUE KAFFIRS.

The features of the Mozambiques display the same varieties as in other parts of the African coast. Captain Owen says, "The farther our travelers advanced from the coast, the more they observed the natives to improve in appearance. Of those of Moroora, many seem firmly knit, stout, and elegantly proportioned; some are perfect models of the human form. They go naked, with the exception of a piece of cloth, barely sufficient for decency of appearance. Some have their beard shaved, others only in part, but many not at all. In this latter case, the hair, for it is worthy of remark that they have not wool, grows long, is neatly plaited, and turning in slender curls, communicates to the countenance a wild and savage aspect; in this resembling the people of Madagascar, whose covering is neither wool nor hair, and is dressed in a similar manner. The variation here noted from woolly to merely frizzled hair, or the difference of description, is often disconnected in the accounts of cognate races, or of the same tribe seen by different travelers. The mode of dressing the hair practiced by these people is similar to that used by the Kosahs, as well as by the nations of the mountainous regions, particularly the Mocaronga."

The figure in this page displays a specimen of the physical character of Mozambique Kaffirs; it has something of the negro character, though improved.

DOG STORIES.

The Late Mr. Hudson Gurney's Dog.—One morning, says a correspondent of the Norwich *Argus*, sitting with the deceased gentleman on business, I heard a pattering of feet behind, and the door silently opened. I turned to see who was listening to us, and the Newfoundland dog quietly entered the room, and, standing in the center, looked on me coldly, and on his master kindly. "This," said Mr. Gurney, "is one of my most faithful friends; he has come to pay me his usual morning visit." Turning to the dog, he continued, "I am a little better to-day, but not much; one morning you will miss me—I shall be dead." The dog, as though endowed with human instinct, gave a low moan, and advancing to his master, placed his huge paw, with a gentleness that would hardly have crushed a fly, on Mr. Gurney's knee; that done, he raised himself on his hind legs, and placed the other on Mr. Gurney's shoulder, and, licking his face, seemed to pat him on his back with an expression of countenance which almost said, "Come, come, don't be down-hearted! you are very bad, but you'll get better by-and-by." Mr. Gurney perfectly understood him, since he replied, "It's no use; I tell you I shall die!" The dog moaned again. "And now," continued the owner of Keswick, "you must go, for I am busy with this gentleman." The dog looked at his master, then at me, and then silently quitted the room. A month or so after, Mr. Gurney was a corpse.

Mr. Robert Nash, church-warden of Oxford, England, has a fine black retriever, who regularly goes to the post-office in the village about twenty minutes past seven in the morning, and conveys the letters, newspapers, etc., for his master with unerring precision. The sagacious animal walks straight to the office, and the postmaster or mistress places the letters, etc., on the counter, when he seizes them in his mouth and goes to his master's house, and will not deliver them to any one besides Mr. Nash. If he can not find him at once, he searches the house and premises until he succeeds in doing so. This interesting animal invariably goes from his master's house at a walking pace, and returns with his letters, etc., at a bounding trot, thus showing a good example to human letter-carriers, which they would do well to follow.

Of all the climes of earth, the torrid zone bears the palm.

VIA CRUCIS—VIA LUCIS.

(THE WAY OF THE CROSS, THE WAY OF LIGHT.)

Warrior of life, in thy great battle weary,
Longing to lay thy heavy burden down,
Toil on! Though dark the lonely way and dreary,
Not here, oh, Christian, mayst thou wear thy crown!

Not when the taint of earth will dim its glory,
Nor yet the fires of passion quench its light;
Not when thy heart repeats its daily story
Of strong temptation's power, and sin's sad blight

When the storm-cloud of life hangs darkly o'er thee,
And from the shadow thou dost seek to flee;
Through the long ages that have gone before thee,
Hear what God's ransomed children say to thee!

They who have toiled alone in some mean station,
Seeking to do their heavenly Father's will,
Who never felt a higher aspiration,
Than this—their heavenly mission to fulfil!

And they to whom was given, in full measure,
The richest boons of genius, power, or pride,
"Yet freely laid their intellectual treasure
At the low footstool of the Crucified."

Through the long ages past, 'tis the *same* story
From *all* who've laid life's heavy burden down,
And have gone home to be with Christ in glory—
"Bear the cross, Christian, so shalt thou gain thy crown."

Dot.

Red Snow.—Professor Agassiz, in his excellent and most readable "Geological Sketches," dissipates the popular notion, propagated by Northern travelers, in regard to the "red snow" of the Arctic and Alpine regions. As his explanation of this phenomenon may be interesting to most of our readers, we give it in his own words:

"Sometimes in the midst of the wide expanse one comes upon a patch of the so-called red snow of the Alps. At a distance, one would say that such a spot marked some terrible scene of blood; but as you come nearer, the hues are so tender and delicate, as they fade from deep red to rose, and so die into the pure colorless snow around, that the first impression is completely dispelled. This red snow is an organic growth, a plant springing up in such abundance that it colors extensive surfaces, just as the microscopic plants dye our pools with green in the spring. It is an *alga* (*Protococites nivalis*), well known in the Arctics, where it forms wide fields in the summer."

A wise girl would win a lover by practicing those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have failed.

THE
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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—*Young.*

PORTRAIT OF JEAN LAURENT ANTOINE FOSSATI.

JEAN L. A. FOSSATI, M.D.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

DR. FOSSATI possesses a hardy, compact constitution. In his advanced age, when other men, wrinkled and time-worn, are trembling on the verge of the grave, he shows vigor and youthfulness. And not only is there back-bone and unusual power of endurance in his composition, which a careful and abstemious life has conserved and rendered serviceable to him in old age, but there is in his moral character that steadiness and conscientious adhesion to conviction which constitute the back-bone of true manly character. Besides, the basilar organization generally is developed, giving energy, force, and executive ability as well as prudence and sagacity. His Benevolence is evidently a strong character, and appears in our portrait to be one of the most influential organs of the moral group. Self-Esteem is not deficient, but sufficiently well marked to impart dignity and importance to his movements and accomplishments, and serenity of disposition and self-reliance in his relations with others. Ease in adapting words to the expression of ideas, affability of manner in society, and ability to appreciate the humorous and the facetious are also well marked qualities of his finely organized intellect. The indications of a retentive memory, of a close and critical observer, are also manifest. He is a strongly social man, believing earnestly in, and partaking of, where he can, the enjoyments and privileges of social and domestic life. Home and its associations, whether public or private, are dear to his heart; friends and kindred are necessary to his appreciation of earthly happiness. He would be prompt to redress a wrong; timidity or cowardice are no part of his nature; but probably quickness in taking offense—a too sensitive appreciation of what he might deem an affront—is the chief drawback in his disposition.

BIOGRAPHY.

JEAN LAURENT ANTOINE FOSSATI, patriot, philanthropist, and man of science, was born April 30, 1786, at Novare, a town in Lombardy, where his father was steward of the public hospital.

While young Fossati was pursuing his studies under the tuition of his uncle, the *curé* Ambroise Baliana, and before he was thirteen years of age, the French army occupied Piedmont, in which Novare was included, and proclaimed the Republic. It was then that the young student received his first ideas of liberty and equality—ideas which were at that time everywhere proclaimed with enthusiasm, and, entering even the schools, were made the themes of juvenile composition.

In 1801, Fossati entered the school of philosophy, having passed his examination with distinction. Here he pursued a course of logic, metaphysics, and mathematics, together with a course upon the rights and duties of the man and the citizen, under the instruction of Prof. Silvetti. To these he added, during the second year, general and experimental physics, moral philosophy, and political economy.

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Having decided to adopt surgery as his profession, he entered at once with great zeal upon the necessary course of study in his native town under Professors Branca and Deagostini, with instructions in drawing under the engineer Orelli. He distinguished himself greatly in all these studies, and through the recommendation of his professors, who entertained a great friendship for him, he was admitted gratuitously into Caccia College, Pavia, a favor very difficult to obtain, young men of noble families having the preference.

In 1804. M. Fossati had the misfortune to lose his mother, which, his father having died two years before, devolved upon him, to a great extent, the support and education of five brothers and sisters, all younger than himself, in which work of love, however, he was aided by his generous uncle, the *curé*.

In June, 1807, he received the diploma of Doctor in Surgery, signed by Scarpa, who noticed him particularly among his scholars. His good conduct and the hopes his talents had excited obtained for him the recommendations of the rector Prina and the other professors in favor of his remaining in the college for the study of medicine, an extraordinary favor, accorded to but few students. He remained; and in May, 1808, received a new diploma as Doctor of Medicine, with the highest grades of honor. Having obtained these distinctions, and full of confidence in the future, he decided to establish himself at Milan.

The first years which Dr. Fossati passed in Milan were years of privation, during which he was obliged to sell, little by little, all that he possessed, to enable him to continue the education of his brothers and sisters. He lacked powerful protectors and patrons, and his learning and talents seemed at first to avail little. They could not compete with the influence of nobles and courtiers, which many others—his inferiors in every respect—were enabled to bring to bear for their advancement. Gradually, however, he found friends and patrons, and a career of prosperity and honor seemed open before him, when the revolutionary movements of 1814 and subsequent political troubles resulted in destroying his hopes of an immediate happy future both for himself and his unhappy country. The loss of a brother and a sister, the former of whom died in an Austrian prison, added, at this time, to his misfortunes and his grief.

It might be interesting, if our space would admit, to narrate the principal political events in which Dr. Fossati had a part during the stormy period which closed so gloomily for Italy in 1820, but it will be sufficient to say here that his course was that of an enlightened lover of human liberty, a brave man, and a true patriot.

In 1820, Fossati found himself an exile in Paris, where he was well received by the most distinguished physicians, who recognized him as a large contributor to the reformation of medicine in Italy. It was at this time that he first met with the celebrated Dr. Gall, who, after the usual exchange of compliments, said to him:

"It is absolutely necessary, doctor, that you study my system, and that we become good friends."

They did become friends, and their intimacy ended only with the death of the great founder of Phrenology. Dr. Fossati studied, investigated, and finally unreservedly accepted the doctrines of Phrenology as taught by Dr. Gall, who, it is well known, reposed the most implicit confidence in him both as a phrenologist and physician. The fact that during the absence of Dr. Gall in London in 1825 his patients, as well as the proof-sheets of his great work then going through the press, were intrusted to Dr. Fossati, shows in what estimation he was held by his distinguished friend and teacher.

In 1824, Dr. Fossati, being called to Italy by the death of his uncle, traveled through the country as far as Naples, giving in all the principal universities demonstrations in the anatomy of the brain in accordance with the discoveries of Gall. On his return to Paris in 1825, he decided to make that city his permanent home, devoting himself to the practice of medicine. To enable him to do this, he received a license by ordinance of the king, a distinction at that time accorded to but very few foreigners. Dr. Fossati also obtained from the council of the University permission to institute a course of lectures on Phrenology, a favor the more remarkable from the fact that it had never before been conceded to any one. He opened the course in a lecture which he afterward published.

Dr. Fossati was also one of the editors of the *Revue Encyclopédique*, for which he prepared a large number of scientific articles. During the last illness of Dr. Gall, in 1828, Dr. Fossati was deputed to finish the course of lectures at *l'Athénée* on the physiology of the brain, which the former found himself unable to continue; and after Dr. Gall's death he prepared for the *Encyclopédie Moderne* several papers which the great phrenologist had engaged to write, among which may be named those on *Encephale Folie* and *Organologie*.

Dr. Fossati was one of the principal founders of the Phrenological Society of Paris, of which he was many times elected vice-president, and once president. His great literary and scientific labors and extensive medical practice, however, did not prevent him from taking an active part in the movements of the Italian refugees and patriots for the unity and freedom of their beloved native land, and our respect for him as a scholar and man of science is fully equaled by our admiration of him as a true lover of his country and of human liberty and progress.

Dr. Fossati's principal work on Phrenology, written in French, and entitled *Manual Practique de Phrenologie ou Physiologie du Cerveau*, is one of the best treatises on the subject ever produced in any language—accurate, thorough, profound, and at the same time practical in its teachings and popular in its style. Phrenological students who read the French language will peruse Fossati with equal pleasure and profit, and agree with us in admitting that upon him truly and rightfully descended the mantle of Gall.

Dr. Fossati, although upward of eighty years old, is still living, and in the full enjoyment of health and activity. Besides several works on Phrenology in its relations to society, to education, religion, etc., he often delivers lectures on the science for which he has done so much. Last year he presented to the Municipal Museum of Milan a rare collection of craniological specimens made during a long period of years, and on that occasion he delivered a course "on Comparative Craniology," the introduction to which has been published, and is an admirable production, in which the soundness of his doctrines is only equaled by the boldness with which he dares to attack old prejudices in matters of philosophy as well as of religion. The friends of progress in America send across the ocean to the venerable and brave champion of truth the expression of their sympathies, and their wishes that his life may yet long be spared for the benefit of mankind.

FRIENDS—QUAKERS.

THEIR DOCTRINES, AND OTHER PECULIARITIES.

[SEEKING photographic likenesses of leading members among the Friends, otherwise called Quakers, both in Europe and America, and not succeeding, we applied to a gentleman in Philadelphia—himself a member of that body, and an author—and received the following statement of principles which can not fail to interest the great outside world who are not of this order. In this we get an inside view of the religious belief of the Friends, though we are not likely to get what we asked for, namely, a view of their faces. We may yet take advantage of circumstances and catch their shadows, unbeknown to them, when they assemble in yearly meetings, by the aid of a portable photographic apparatus! If we *will*, how *can* they escape? But read the letter of our Philadelphia correspondent.]

S. R. WELLS—

Respected Friend: In reply to thy request for portraits of leading Friends for publication in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, it must be stated that they can not be obtained. For although many pictures are in circulation of members of the Society who have become distinguished, the genuine Quaker will not allow his likeness to be taken, believing the practice originates in vanity, and savors too much of an idolatry of the creature. It has been the object of their teachings from the beginning, to bring man out of a state of nature into a state of grace, and to suppress, as far as possible, whatever attaches to his soul as a fallen being.

George Fox, the founder of the Society, began to preach in the year 1648, being twenty-four years of age. He says, "I was sent to turn people from darkness to light, that they might receive Christ Jesus; for to as many as should receive him in his light, I saw he would give power to become the sons of God; which I had obtained by receiving Christ. I was to direct people to the Spirit, that gave forth the Scriptures, by which they might be led into all truth, and up to Christ and God, as those had been who gave them forth. I was to turn them to the grace of God, and to the truth in the heart, which came by Jesus; that by this grace they might be taught, which would bring them salvation, that their hearts might be established by it, their words might be seasoned, and all men might come to know their salvation nigh. I saw Christ died for all men, was a propitiation for all, and enlighten-

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ed all men and women with his divine and saving light; and that none could be true believers but such as believed therein. I saw that the grace of God, which brings salvation, had appeared to all men, and that the manifestation of the Spirit of God was given to every man to profit withal."

It is a great cardinal doctrine of the Friends, that the Holy Spirit does at times reveal himself in the heart of man, in an immediate and sensible manner. This is a principle which can not be examined as a matter of curiosity. It can not be tested by any of our philosophical methods, and is beyond the reach of polemical research. But if any one is earnestly endeavoring to live a life of holiness, and his soul is thirsting after the knowledge of God, let him retire into his closet, and, abstracting the mind entirely from external things, let him solemnly dwell upon, and strive to realize in all its fullness, that precept of the Apostle, "men should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us."—*Acts* xvii. 27. The omnipresence of God is acknowledged as an abstract principle. It is far more—it is a great practical truth; and the soul that reverently waits on Him in the belief that he is really near, will after awhile find a new sense awakened within him, through which he will at times recognize the actual presence of the Divine Being, and be favored with a communion which will gradually purify his heart, redeem from the power of evil, and show all matters which concern him as they really appear in the light of truth. Under this influence, a state of freedom from sin is actually attainable, for it is only on condition of repentance and the forsaking of further sin, that we can receive remission of those which are past, through the atoning blood of Christ.

In the great sermon on the mount, our Saviour, speaking of swearing, says (Matt. v. 37), "Let your communications be yea, yea: nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." Under this injunction, the Friends not only decline to take an oath, but feel impelled to apply the principle of "cometh of evil" to other practices also. That of addressing a single person as if he were two or more—a falsehood which no amount of usage can render true—"cometh of evil," having its origin in the wicked pride of sovereigns in arrogating to themselves a superior personality. The calling of others Master (Mister) who are not such, is similar in its character, and is also expressly forbidden by Christ.—*Matt.* xxiii. 8, 9, 10. The practice of calling the days of the week Sunday, Monday, etc., and the months January, February, etc., arose from the appropriation of those days and times to the worship of the sun, moon, and other heathen deities, and therefore cometh of idolatry. The Friends have always believed it right to bear a testimony against the changeable fashions of the world in dress, which foster personal vanity and pride, and draw the mind away from serious things. Their *now* peculiar cut of coat is the same as that worn by respectable people at the rise of the Society in 1650. The Apostle Peter, speaking of the dress of women, says, "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, and of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."—1 *Pet.* iii. 3.

The Friends believe in the divine authenticity of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, but hold that in order to understand them aright, a measure of the spirit which dictated them is necessary. They deny water-baptism, and what are commonly called the sacraments, believing these things have passed away with the dispensation of types and shadows; and their experience proves that an assurance of salvation may be obtained without them. They believe the gospel dispensation is not only one of "glory to God in the highest," but also of "peace on earth," and therefore deny all wars, both offensive and defensive, under the injunctions of our Saviour to "resist not evil," and to "love your enemies"—precepts utterly at variance with the spirit and practice of war. The views of the Friends in relation to ministers differ from those of most other societies. As God alone can know the heart of a congregation, no amount of previous preparation can enable any man to minister to their spiritual wants at the time without an immediate revelation from Him. This being the only indispensable qualification, there is nothing in it to hinder a man exercising this office from gaining his own livelihood in any honest business; so the Friends do not pay their preachers. They believe the most acceptable worship of the Most High is performed in silence. Thus, when they meet together, instead of having a set form of service, they remain quiet, endeavoring to wait on the Lord in the silence of all flesh; that is, while reverently approaching Him in spirit, they try to suppress all worldly-mindedness, and thus perform a sacrifice of self which is well pleasing in the Divine sight. As this exercise is maintained, a time of refreshing will come from the presence of the Lord, and He will make Himself known by the breaking of spiritual bread.

The above are the prominent peculiarities of the Society of Friends, and they will doubtless meet the convictions of many others, for the church of Christ is not confined to any sect, but is taken out of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people.—*Rev.* vii. 9.

Those desiring further information are referred to Penn's Rise and Progress, and to Barclay's Apology.

MINING ON A LARGE SCALE—HEAVY BLASTING OPERATIONS.—The heaviest blast ever discharged on the Pacific coast, was let off in the hydraulic claim of the American Co. on Manzanita Hill, Nevada, a few days since. The Nevada *Gazette*, in speaking of it, says that a tunnel was run into the hill ninety feet, and a cross-cut of sixty feet was run at the end. This cut was closely packed with 510 kegs of gunpowder, each keg having its head taken out. The tunnel was then closely tamped. The entire hill, 150 feet in depth, 200 in width and almost 300 feet back from the front, was lifted several feet in the air and completely broken up ready for hydraulic washing. The cost of running the tunnel, powder, etc., was about $3,000. [It would be interesting to know how much gold or silver was obtained from this big blast.]

FARMERS NON-INVENTORS.

TIMOTHY TITCOMB, in his "Rural Life," says that the improvements made in farming implements have not been made by farmers themselves, but by mechanics and men of science. The reason why the farmer has not been foremost in improving the instruments and methods of his own business is, that his mind has been unfitted for improvement by the excessive labors of his body. A man whose whole vital energy is directed to the support of muscle, has, of course, none to direct to the support of thought.

A man whose strength is habitually exhausted by labor, becomes, at length, incapable of mental exertion, and makes himself nothing more than the living machine of a calling which so far exhausts his vitality that he has neither the disposition nor the power to improve either himself or his calling. A severe and constant tax on the muscular system tends to repress mental development and make life hard, and homely, and unattractive. Now, experience proves that this everlasting devotion to labor is unnecessary; and the farmer who, instead of making himself a slave to the soil, applies his MIND to its study, is a man to be honored. Mind must be the emancipator of the farmer Science, intelligence, machinery—these must liberate the bondman of the soil from his long slavery. Then, indeed, the future, to him, will be full of hope. The plow, under the hand of science, has become a new instrument The horse now hoes the corn, mows the grass, rakes the hay, reaps, threshes, and winnows the wheat; and every year adds new machinery to the farmer's stock, to supersede the clumsy implements which once bound him to his hard and never ending toil. When a farmer begins to use machinery and to study the processes of other men, and to apply his *mind* to farming so far as he can make it take the place of muscle, then he illuminates his calling with a new light, and lifts himself into the dignity of a man.

[The time is coming when mind will direct and *use* the elements of wind, water, tide, and electricity; when CONSTRUCTIVENESS will emancipate muscular slavery and leave man at liberty to study, cultivate all his faculties, and rise into the perfect being God intended him to be. INVENTORS, what are you about?]

STANZAS.

BY REV. EDEN R. LATTA.

TO AN OPENING FLOWER.

As thou, to greet the sun's returning ray,
Thy weeping petals, pretty Flower, dost ope;
So man, of life's commingled ills the prey,
When Sorrow's night has long obscured his way,
Revives again beneath the light of Hope.

TO A CLOSING FLOWER.

As thou at eve dost fold the dainty lid
That shuts thy little cup, with dew-drops wet,
And thus in darkness and in tears art hid;
So man, *frail* man, the storms of life amid,
Yields to despair when Hope's bright star is set.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

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RECOMPENSE.

MORTAL, toil your form is bending;
On your brow's the care of years;
Lines are marked beneath the lashes,
Only made by scalding tears.

You have carried others' burdens,
Though your own did heavy lay;
While your feet the thorns were pressing,
They have trod a flow'ry way.

You have hoped for future blessings,
Toiling on with deepest pain;
While your hands have plowed the furrows,
Others garnered in the grain.

Sorrow's hand hath pressed you keenly,
Wild the throbbing pulses beat;
Yet no kind hand cooled the forehead,
None would stay the tired feet.

But at times the weary spirit
Struggled vainly to be free,
Crying out in bitter anguish,
"Wherefore, Father, must this be?"

Think you He who knows our weakness,
Hath not heard the earnest cry?
That He suff'reth all your labors
To go unrewarded by?

Nay; He noteth all how meekly
You the weary life-lot bear;
Though for his good time he waiteth,
Soon a rich reward's your share.

Toil, and pain, and patient sorrow
Only bring you nearer Him,
When the brow shall be encircled
With a saintly diadem.

In the "home of many mansions"
You shall lay the burden down;
You have borne the cross so nobly,
You shall surely wear the crown. F.

On Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite,
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight;
Lovely, but solemn it arose,
Unfolding what no more might close.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

MAN TRI-PARTITE.

THE languages, literature, and science of the most learned and highly civilized nations of antiquity were imbued with the idea of man's tri-partition into *body*, *soul*, and *spirit*, each distinct in its nature, yet intimately conjoined to make up the whole man.

The same idea pervaded the language, literature, theology, and common life of the Hebrew race. It pervades the Jewish and the Christian Scriptures; it was rife in India when Christ was on earth incarnate, and was not refuted, but *approved*, by him; was taught most distinctly by Paul, in Cor. xv. 1-58, and elsewhere; was enlarged upon and explained by the Christian fathers, and held by the whole Church, during its purest times, till lost amid the ignorance, and gloom, and retrogradation of the middle ages.

The doctrine of a tri-partition of man was then banished from the earth. A bi-partition took its place in all modern theologies and in all translations of the Bible. The Christian world has, in consequence, lost an immeasurably important truth. This loss leads to errors, misinterpretations, and misunderstandings among Christians, almost innumerable. It is the cause of much infidelity among wicked men, and of a great deal of skepticism, sorrow of heart, and mental inquietude among men who are not wicked in any just sense of that term, but are honest inquirers after truth and righteousness of life. It is with the hope of contributing a mite toward the recovery of the lost doctrine of man's tri-partition that I write.

Others may derive their argument from science only, and yet their argument be satisfactory and convincing; for I have no doubt that, while science has already proved many interpretations of Scripture, it will ere long prove all just interpretations of the sacred volume to be God's truth, worthy of God and profitable to man. I write with the solemn conviction, that science and revelation are from the same all-knowing, unchangeable Source, and therefore must agree when rightly interpreted and understood. One can not be antagonistic to the other, but each must, of necessity, be a help to a right understanding of both. While, therefore, others may reason effectively from whatever is yet known of *Physiology*, *Psychology*, and *Pneumatology*, three sciences which go to make up *Anthropology*, the Science of Man, I choose to reason solely from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament.

They ascribe to man a frail, perishable body, doomed to decay and dissolution. They ascribe the same to the brute creation. They also ascribe to both man and brute a "living soul." They represent this living soul in both as the seat of life, of the senses, *seeing*, *hearing*, *tasting*, *smelling*, *and feeling*, and of the lower appetites and passions. So far the parallel is complete. If man is declared to have been made a "living soul," so is the brute. If man loves one kind of food and loathes another, so does the brute. If man loves his friend and hates his enemy, so does the brute. In all the lower instincts, appetites, and passions they are alike.

But, with regard to man, the Bible goes farther. It ascribes to him a *spirit*, with a higher class of attributes than belong to the soul. It nowhere ascribes the spirit, with these higher attributes, to orders of being lower than man. In the *psychical* nature, man is in common with the brute. By virtue of his *spiritual* nature he comes into communion with God. The Bible tells us, "There is a *spirit* in man, and the *inspiration* of the Almighty giveth him *understanding*." It tells us that "man was made in the image of God," but never that the brute was. It informs us that "man was made a little lower than the angels," but never that the lower animals were. Although it alike ascribes a psychical nature to man and brutes, yet how different does it represent them! One, on its sacred pages, if redeemed from sin and won to Christian obedience, is "an heir of God, and joint heir with Christ" to an unfailing inheritance beyond this life; the others are the "beasts that perish." Of one much is required; of the others nothing. To one many promises are made; to the others none. One is accountable to God for his doings; the others not. One is constituted lord of the animate creation; the others are appointed to serve him. And all these differences, I apprehend, are based on the fact, that the one is endowed with a spiritual nature, with high capabilities and with *conscience*, while the others are not.

Conscience is an attribute of the highest element, and not of the lower, in man's nature. The beast has not that highest element; God did not give it to him as to man; did not make him "in his own image;" did not inbreathe, as into man, his own divine spirit; hence the brute, not possessing that highest element of man's nature in which the conscience resides, has no conscience. Judas, we are told, "went and hanged himself." Why? There is no reason to suppose he had intended to bring an ignominious death upon his Master. He had been guilty of a great meanness, but not of a great crime, and he had nothing to fear from the influential men of his country and time; he had done what they regarded an important service; nothing could have pleased them better; and doubtless they would have screened him from punishment; but "he went and hanged himself," and again I ask why? He had broken no law of the Roman empire by informing where his Master was. No punishment was due him from any earthly power; he would have been screened, if there had been. Why, then, did he go and hang himself? Conscience goaded him to the deed. God had breathed in him, not a living soul only, as in the brutes, but a living spirit, a higher element, a breath from his own divine essence, endowed with reason, moral sense, conscience. He was driven to desperation. Thousands have been; and have confessed undetected crime. Judas hung himself for a crime unpunishable by human authority. Who ever heard of a brute crushed by a sense of guilt for an undiscovered or an unpunishable crime? The brute has a body, and a "living soul" to animate it for a time; that body is a perishable *duality*, without moral sense, without high reasoning powers, without conscience. Man has a body, a living soul to animate that body for a time, and an immortal, God-inbreathed spirit, with high reasoning powers, with moral sense, with conscience, with longings for immortality, and with the promise of it.

* Whoever says there is no difference between a man and a brute, and writes it down, writes himself a brute, tramples on revelation, and abhors common sense.

No difference, in the endowments received from the Creator, in the incipiency of life! Then long-eared, say I. None, in the lives here, in the departures hence, in the expectancies at death! "Thou fool," says St. Paul.

CHOLERA, THE MYSTERY OF ITS MARCH REVEALED.—The Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* says: "There is no longer any mystery in the march of this pestilence. It travels with men and with things. Where man and his effects do not travel, there the malady does not show itself." Why, how consoling! The terribly mystery is exploded. It is only where we can live and have our effects along with us that cholera catches and kills us. Where we don't exist, there is positively no danger.

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IMPRESSIONS.

BY HOPE ARLINGTON.

THE foot that leaves its impress in the sand may tread upon the rock and leave behind no trace; but if the rock had language it would have no right to say, "There are no foot-prints anywhere, because *I* can not show them," and the persons who have never experienced the impressions felt by others have as little right to say, "None such exist."

As I shall often have to refer to myself in this article, I will at the beginning apologize to the reader for doing so, by stating that I write, not to prove or disprove what others have said, but only what I "do know," and shall therefore depend entirely upon my own experience for illustrations.

NATURAL INTUITION.

Intuitive perception, a natural faculty of the human mind, given in a greater or less degree to all, is rapidly developed by exercise. When a little child in school one day, I became so absorbed in another study, that a lesson in mental arithmetic escaped my attention entirely, until, to my surprise and regret, the class was called for recitation. Trembling with dread of the failure before me, I took my place.

Just as the reading of the first example ended, and the teacher was looking to the class for an answer, a number suggested itself so forcibly to my mind that I instantly named it, and was rewarded by an approving smile and a "correct" from the teacher. Encouraged by this, I had the result of the second example ready in my mind at the commencement of the reading, and waited anxiously for the time when I could give it. This, too, was "correct," and my whole recitation was a success instead of a failure, gaining for me the approbation of my teacher and the envy of some of my companions. But I could not feel that my honors were rightly gained, and summoning all my courage, confessed to my teacher and classmates that I did not know the lesson and only "guessed" the answers.

My knowledge of mental arithmetic lessons was tested after this. But in later school-life, this faculty of intuition, quickened by exercise, saved me many times, in mathematics especially, when for want of time for analysis a failure seemed near at hand. With the power to throw reason aside, and concentration of thought enough to grasp the first impression that comes to the mind, this intuitive perception will, I believe, always be clear, and the results so reached correct.

"GUESSING" AND LOGIC.

I remember once being asked to "guess" the weight of a small package lying upon the floor. "Twenty pounds" was the weight which instantly entered my mind. But I reasoned, it can not be. I should be laughed at for guessing so much, and concluded to say two pounds. It was a package of shot, and weighed twenty pounds.

IMAGINARY PICTURES.

I have often heard people complain that their imaginary pictures of authors, formed while reading their works, were invariably incorrect, and adduce this as an evidence against the possible correctness of results reached by intuition, or rather against the existence of such a quality in the mind as intuition. The reason is simply that their pictures are imaginary and not intuitive. I know that many minds do not possess intuition enough to understand what it means, and persons with such minds are always ready to deny its existence in others; or, if obliged to acknowledge the presence of something beyond their comprehension, set it down as witchcraft. And even persons possessing this quality to a great extent have been so far mistaken as to consider themselves spiritual mediums when only exercising a God-given faculty of the human mind.

INTUITIVE PICTURES.

There is a broad difference between an intuitive picture and an imaginary one. The one is always an impression upon the mind of something which exists in some form outside of the mind impressed. The other is formed within the mind and has no original; and the person whose mind receives no impression, or, if one be received, does not retain it long enough for an examination, who reads the thoughts of an author, then reasons from these as to the sort of looking person he fancies should write such thoughts, allowing imagination to remodel until the picture satisfies him, will always be disappointed.

Two children, one of whom has large intuition, the other but little, may be asked the same question, and the manner of obtaining the result will be very different. By one an answer will be given almost instantly, without reflection, and will seldom fail of being correct. The other will consider, reason, calculate, and possibly may arrive at the same conclusion. Intuition is the secret of good guessing.

INTUITIVE JUDGMENT.

Those nice and delicate distinctions in complicated questions of right and wrong, which lie almost beyond the reach of reason, are also grasped at once by intuition and approved by conscience. The mind, by intuition, sees qualities as well as forms. It enables us to read the full meaning of the poet in the words he has written.

MENTAL CONCEPTIONS.

The most beautiful poem is trash to him who reads only bare words, and sees not the glorious visions of which the words are but symbols. Had only a faint conception of the wonderful beauty which filled the soul of a Milton entered the mind of the critic of "Paradise Lost," the world would have gained something by never having seen his criticism.

In his landscape the artist sees glory and life never dreamed of by him who thinks it only a "pretty good" picture of mountains, and rivers, and trees. Only such minds as can read through their works the minds of the poet and artist, are fitted to prize, or to praise, or condemn them. It is not the work which impresses us. It is the mind of the author or creator, through the work, and only such minds as can hold direct communion with the mind of the author can justly appreciate his work. And so the higher our conceptions of the beauty that eye hath not seen, the harmony that ear hath not heard, and the perfect love that angels can not fathom, the higher will be our appreciation and enjoyment of the wonderful creation of our Father. The tenderest flower will be—

> "Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
> Communion with his Maker."

FOREBODINGS.

Those impressions received by one mind from another when in immediate association with that mind are very common. Reader, have not you and your friend, after sitting in silence for a short time, often both commenced saying the same thing at the same time? Or has not your friend expressed a thought which was at that moment in your own mind? Or commenced humming a tune of which you were thinking? Is this accident?

There is an old expression, not very refined, but which contains truth, "The de'il is always near when you are talking about him." Have you never found this true in the case of a friend, or one not a friend? (not the de'il). But is it because you are thinking or talking of a person that he comes? No. It is rather because he is coming that you think or talk of him. Your mind acknowledges the approach or the impression of his.

Experiences of this kind are so universal that an illustration is hardly necessary. Now if the influence of the mind of a friend can suggest to your mind the face and form of that friend, can not the influence of the mind of a stranger suggest to your mind the face and form of that stranger? It can, and in my own experience often has.

PROPHETIC IMPRESSION.

Have you never had pictures of faces that you never saw present themselves to your mind? Have you never seen the original of one of these pictures afterward?

Impressions are made in other ways than by direct association of mind with mind. A letter of a stranger has suggested to me, before reading its contents, the face of the writer; an article of clothing, the face of the owner; and from the evidence within myself I can not help believing that matter bears with it something of the influence of mind with which it is associated.

There is still another class of impressions or prophecies which flit through the mind when consciousness is almost lost, when we lie at a point just on the borders of dream-land. From whence these come I can not tell; but this I know, that prophet never told a truer tale than these have told to me. It may be that the mind, fancying itself entirely free, is dreaming out the future. It may be that the good Father who has given to His children so many gifts, differing one from another, has vouchsafed to some even now the gift of prophecy. But it is not too much for me to believe that the mind by intuition is reading the future expression of thought which now exists somewhere in undeveloped form.

I would not have this faculty of intuition developed and exercised at the expense of reason; neither would I have all that is not reason set down as supernatural, having no *natural* claim to a place in the human mind.

When we shall *know* ourselves, when not one of our faculties is perverted, but all used aright, then shall we be drawn near the great Source of our being; then shall we glorify the God who made us.

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Religious Department.

"The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill;
For him the ax be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared;
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite, and lies
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run.
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

FAITH'S RECOMPENSE.

[ONE of our assistants, recently dangerously ill, gives the following versified account of his experience in the bitterest hours of his malady.]

Low on my couch I lay,
Painfully tossing;
Hope shed a feeble ray,
Mockingly cheering.

So thought the watcher pale,
Silently watching,
While night spread her dark vail,
Wearily watching.

Oh! those wild, fitful gusts,
Quivering anguish;
How quick they came and pass'd!
Must I thus languish?

No! hear that voice so sweet,
Soothingly speaking;
Deep in my heart's retreat
Earnestly chiding,

"Fear not, I am with thee."
Heavenly blessing!
"Up, I fast will hold thee,
Faithfully trusting."

How soon I sank to rest,
Agony ending!
Pillowed on that gentle breast,
Peacefully sleeping.

Oh, the great strength received
By those confiding
In the dear Lord, when need
Compels its asking. H. S. D.

389 BROADWAY.

STRONG CHARACTERS.

STRENGTH of character consists of two things, power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence, strong feelings and strong command over them. Now it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things—we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we never see a man in anguish stand, as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with many powers of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself, and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.—*Rev. F. W. Robertson.*

[True. This is the phrenological view of the matter. That furious teapot tempest, by showing such feeling without judgment, justice, or sentiment, is a fair sample of too many selfish cowards. They show great authority where there is no power to oppose. How beautifully the author shows the difference between real strength and weakness; between courage and mere temper; between animal passion and moral sentiment. Reader, do *you* ever fly into a rage, and thus show your enemy where to hit you again?]

THE CHIMES
OF GRACE CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MD.

BY FRANCES A. BAKER.

TO-NIGHT, through memory's open door,
Upon my soul their sweet songs steal;
They gladly come, peal after peal,
And wake dead thoughts to life once more.

They strike the chords deep in my heart,
And while they sing of hope and faith,
My soul grows strong to conquer death,
Or bravely bear in life its part.

And when they gently, sweetly tell
Of that dear home where dwell the blest,
Where all the weary are at rest,
And angels whisper, "It is well,"

I raise an earnest heart in prayer,
That after care and toil and pain,
After life's cold and wind and rain,
I, too, may find a refuge there.

But now their strains more sadly come,
And tears are falling from my eyes,
I, listening, stand beneath strange skies,
And hear them sing of "Home, sweet home."

But though they touch the chords of pain,
And bid the bitter tear-drops start,
I can not shut them from my heart,
I can not bear to lose one strain.

Dear bells! though fate, in many climes,
Should lead my wandering feet to rove;
As long as life shall last, and love,
I still shall hear your ringing chimes.

And oh, God grant, that through each year,
My heart, by right and duty led,
Though darkness gather overhead,
May hear His voice ring out as clear!

QUEER TEXTS.—Clergymen sometimes take queer texts. Thus we read of one who having heard of a slanderous report current to his prejudice, preached a sermon on slander in the morning from the text, "The fool hath said;" and in the afternoon upon "The ass spake." Mr. Adam and Mr. Low preaching as candidates for a charge, Low in the morning took for his text—"Adam, where art thou?" and his competitor followed in the afternoon with a sermon upon the words—"Lo! here am I." The Rev. Paul Hamilton, in leaving Ayr for a new charge at Broughton, rather astonished his lady admirers by a discourse from the text—or more by the text itself—"And they fell on Paul's neck and kissed him." But the most ill-natured of all was that of a clergyman in New Orleans, who, when General Butler visited his church, used as his theme the words—"And Satan came also."

PUBLIC OPINION.

THE necessity of a just public opinion is evident to all; at its bar the delinquent should be rebuked, but in those *mild tones of charity* which enliven hope, prompt reform, and which do not discourage and provoke recklessness nor originate scandal.

A healthy public opinion has for its legitimate province a most delicate yet important task. The gossip of the garrulous and self-righteous often receives this name, but how widely does it vary in its office! It aggravates and inflames rather than corrects the tendencies of the erring.

For instance, a young man takes a mis-step. In how many instances does an unchristian zeal ruin where a judicious kindness might remedy! If he is one whose aspirations are confined to the locality where scandalous report has gained currency and is kept alive by the vindictiveness of a gossiping, mischief-making community (often the case), he concludes from the merciless rigor with which his name is handled and his character aspersed, that he is already ruined; that his aspirations (all that make him manly) must be abandoned; that, in fact, he is deserted by the good-will of his fellows—at least, those whose influence attract him to virtue—and that he can be no worse. In nine cases out of ten he accepts the embrace which is offered by those whose influence is for evil, and seeks to *deserve* the name which an unjust public opinion has bestowed. How many are thus *scourged into vice* by the scorpion tongue of slander! How mercilessly the self-righteous pursue! and how scornfully do they pull aside their skirts when they have fully accomplished their hellish work! "I must be cruel even to be kind." Yes, but the cruelty born of kindness does not torture the victim to despair and then desert him (because, forsooth, the inventions of cruelty are exhausted!), but rebukes through love, chastises with tenderness, and punishes without vengeance. To the measure that you are willing to be "kind" to yourself, be "kind" to others.

Thousands are ruined thus. In one way may such be reclaimed, and in one way may they be made indifferent to this attraction downward: first, through an enlightened and charitable public opinion; and secondly, by instilling aspirations into the minds of the young which elevate above local prejudice—which seek the broad theater of the world.

By no means let the young be too sensitive to evil report, but solace themselves by giving it the blush in the beauty of a virtuous life; be not overpowered by the hypocritical self-righteous, but conquer them.

To the uncharitable I would say, study thyself; look well for the mote in thine own eye, that thou mayest see clearly to pluck the one from thy brother's eye. JOHN DUNN.

BE HONEST.—As one single drop of black ink will tinge and pollute a vessel of crystal water, so one little act of faithlessness may irredeemably poison a whole lifetime of the purest friendship and confidence.

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Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Osborne.*

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Hosea* iv. 6.

MINERAL WATERS.

ARE THEY GOOD TO DRINK?

The best water to drink is clear and soft. With all due deference to the testimony of "learned physicians," chemists, druggists, and others, we insist that *pure* water is every way better to drink than *impure* mineral water. It is only a delusion to run after and guzzle down quantities of bad-smelling and worse-tasting stuff, which no horse, ox, or other animal would touch, merely because it is fashionable.

A circular, just received, describes "The Spencer Mineral Springs, which are four in number; the first being an *Acid-Gas Spring*, and the other three being *Chalybeate Springs*, very rich in salts of iron and alumina. The clear water of the first and second springs, when mingled, instantly act upon each other, forming an opake black fluid. This may show their *strong mineral character*." And this is recommended to invalids to drink; again—

"The *chemical analysis* shows the Acid Spring to have close resemblance to the famous Buxton Springs, England, and Wildbad Springs, on the Continent. The waters are esteemed very valuable in *skin diseases, chronic rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, joint diseases, old wounds, sores, tumors, and diseases of the liver and kidneys.* They certainly stimulate perspiratory and glandular action, and thus remove from the system morbid and poisonous matter." What a whopper! Some will believe, and swallow. We should *prefer pure* water for all the purposes named above. Again—

"The *Chalybeate waters* act by strengthening *the tone of the stomach*, and *enriching the thin and pallid blood of the invalid* with blood corpuscles. The best effects are frequently seen in cases of *anæmia, chlorosis, general debility, chronic dysentery*, etc., by the use of Chalybeate waters. These springs are almost identical with the Chalybeate Springs of Tunbridge Wells, England, except of a lower temperature. For the tired, worn-out, diseased frame of many an invalid, nothing can be better than the tonic waters, pure air [why not medicated air?], generous diet, freedom from care, and beautiful rural quiet of the Home at Spencer Springs. The springs are in a little glen of Devonshire sandstone, at a height of 1,088 feet above the level of the sea."

We were about to exclaim, Oh, bosh! But second thought determines us not to oppose. If stupids *must* dose themselves with slops and drugs, these waters will prove less harmful—we doubt not—than such stuff as the quacks sell at *only* so much a bottle. So go to the springs if you will, but the less mineral water you drink the better. The *other* agencies named may do you good.

A HUNDRED HOURS AWAKE AND WALKING.

The Portsmouth (N. H.) *Journal* says that Mr. John Seaver, of that place, for a wager of $500, last Tuesday commenced walking one hundred miles in as many consecutive hours. How he was affected is thus related:

"On Wednesday afternoon, at the close of the first twenty-four hours, he became weary and felt a stronger disposition to sleep than he afterward experienced. This was driven off, but the effort produced a severe headache, which continued during the remaining days. On Thursday he felt drowsy, but was so excited that he would sit down without napping. Every hour the circuiting the room forty-two times was regularly performed, in times ranging from twenty to thirty minutes. On that morning he began to be discouraged, and expressed a wish to abandon further effort. His advisers persuaded him, and he renewed his efforts, and, as he expressed it, with a determined will to succeed.

"Friday, the third day, he was more wakeful, his nervous excitement having increased—probably by the strong tea which was his only beverage. His head was bandaged, and bathed with rum and alum frequently. He stumbled from weakness and weariness, but got up without help. Saturday, the fourth and last day, was one of weariness, aching limbs, aching head, and prostration. He required to be supported as he went his hourly rounds. In the ninety-fifth hour he fainted and fell. Every hour of the last four he was bathed all over with rum and alum. In the ninety-ninth hour he again fell in faintness. The last hour at length arrived, and with his assistants he completed his forty-two circuits in thirty-three minutes. He now received fresh energy from the idea that he had accomplished his feat, and, unaided, he literally dragged his limbs once more around the hall, to show that he was still awake, and, amid the cheers of a large audience, he retired after nine o'clock."

He did not recover from the sickness that ensued for several days.

[We doubt if he ever fully recovers from this foolish, this *wicked* experiment—in which he literally tempts God to take his life. And for what? A vain boast of a foolish feat. Instead of being applauded, he should have been frowned down or sent to a lunatic asylum.]

CHOLERA.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

Dr. T. S. Bell, an old and eminent physician of Louisville, a man of vast acquirements and wide observation and experience, said, the other day, at a meeting of the Louisville College of Physicians and Surgeons:

The cause of cholera has never risen to any great height perpendicularly, except when it was forced up. Naturally it can not seriously affect the second story of a good house. Heights have always been, when properly guarded, a secure refuge from cholera. Elevated buildings or high walls have been perfectly exempt, while the coterminous places were ravaged. Moscow has been repeatedly invaded in the quarters along the low banks of the Moskwa, but there has never been a case of the disease in the elevated Kremlin. The monasteries, with high walls, in Italy, France, and Spain have, with great uniformity, escaped the disease. The cause of cholera acts alone at night, and upon sleeping persons. No amount of exposure in the worst localities of the disease imperils the wakeful, moving individual. I have seen hundreds of instances of this fact, without one aberration from the statement of the proposition. I have myself spent many a night in these localities during the ravages of the epidemic, and never felt that I was in any peril while I kept awake. So this distinguished practitioner intimates that attention to our sleeping apartments is quite as important as the other precautionary steps which are more frequently urged in the newspapers. Look where you sleep, for it seems that the epidemic is most dangerous when it steals on one "like a thief in the night."

Science and Art.—(Extract from a lecture by the late Cardinal Wiseman on "The Points of Contact between Science and Art.")

"From the time of Michael Angelo, though undoubtedly the feeling is much more ancient, there has been an expression of the thought that the human figure is perfect in its proportions, and that those proportions must have a law.

"Further study, perfected in our days, has shown this to be the case; that the whole of the human figure is ruled by lines, the angles of which are all harmonic—so musical that they may be represented as tonic, and mediant, and dominant, and, in fact, by all other proportions of the vibrative string; therefore, that there is in the proportions of the human frame a harmony—a true, complete harmony. Besides these harmonic angles, the curves which circumscribe subdivisions possess the quality no less than the angles.

"But further still, it is interesting to find that the curve which dominates through the wonderful structure of man, should be that curve which rules the heavens, the ellipse; so that we may say, that the figure which circumscribes the great movements of the heavenly sphere also binds and contains within itself all the graceful actions and the sublime expression of the human frame and countenance."

Medical Temperance Society.—The Philadelphia *Medical and Surgical Reporter* suggests, that at the meeting of the American Medical Association at Baltimore, an American Medical Temperance Society be organized, with branches in all sections of the country, and adds, what no one will doubt, "that our profession see enough of the evils produced by intemperance, to induce them to throw their influence into the scale of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors." They also *feel* enough, it may safely be said. During the sixteen years of our California life, three out of every four deaths among physicians in San Francisco have been occasioned by intemperance.—*Pacific Medical Journal.*

Pretty good authority for the truth of the statement, and pretty good reasons for the proposed step. We have wondered why physicians recommended alcoholic liquors in the shape of bitters, cordials, tonics, made of gin, rum, whisky, brandy, etc., to their patients when it was clear no possible good could come of it; but the fact that they themselves were addicted to the habit explains the mystery. Think of a physician recommending to a nursing mother such slops! In the old country, many women are taught to think they can not give suck to their babes without bottles of ale, porter, beer, or other liquors, as though such substances could be converted into healthy food, blood, bone, and muscle! The appetites of both mother and babe are thus perverted, and a foundation laid for future drunkards. By all means let the doctors form temperance societies, and let no more bitters be given to nursing mothers.

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PORTRAIT OF THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER

The young King of the Belgians exhibits a well-formed organization. He is tall and symmetrical, and has all the elements for a strong character. But he is yet comparatively undeveloped; time, with opportunity, may call out his energies, and he may show superior qualities.

We note first, a long, high, and broad head—very large in the perceptives, well developed in the reflectives, and broad and full across the top. He has large Cautiousness, a good degree of Conscientiousness, Veneration, and Benevolence, with a good deal of Causality, Constructiveness, and Comparison, and is largely developed in Language. With training, he would be eloquent as a speaker, and free and facile as a writer.

He can acquire knowledge rapidly, and impart it freely. He should also be known for ambition, amiability, method, strong, practical common sense, and executiveness. His youthful diffidence and sensitiveness may pass away with age and experience, and we shall yet look to his future with the expectation of finding in him proficient scholarship, sound judgment, and strict adherence to honor and integrity.

Among all the crowned heads of Europe we know of few who are more favorably organized, or who are more capable of usefulness and happiness. If to all his natural capabilities he add the Christian graces, there will be nothing wanting in his character to enable him to secure a leading position among those of his class.

Of Marie, his queen, we may speak unreservedly. She is every way worthy of her excellent husband. She has a most genial expression, a fine intellect, speaking eyes, and loving lips. This is not a voluptuous nature; there is nothing low or gross in her organization; but it is as nearly as possible what one would seek in a companion.

We are struck with the organ of Form. See how broad between the eyes! How large at Order, Size, Weight, and Color! She should exhibit a taste for music as well as great love for art. Ideality, Sublimity, and Imitation are evidently large. But her character would culminate in the affections and in the moral sense. She is as good as she looks, and would be loved by all.

We predict for the Queen of the Belgians a popular and happy future—at least, so far as she may have the direction of affairs. She is of course subject to certain circumstances, for which she can not be responsible. But in her department we have no doubt as to her acquitting herself well. There is just a little of the good Jenny Lind in this organization, though of different stock. There is ardent affection, kindness, strong sympathy, good judgment, truth, sincerity, and a kind of spiritual intuition which foreshadows coming events, and lifts the curtain that hides the future.

We congratulate the King on his good judgment in making so judicious a selection of one of the best of women to become his queen and the mother of his children.

BIOGRAPHY.

Leopold Louis-Philippe Marie Victor was born at Brussels on the 9th of April, 1835. He is the eldest son of the late King Leopold, and has lately succeeded his father to the throne of Belgium under the title of Leopold II.

Leopold I. was elected King of the Belgians in June, 1831, and was inaugurated July 21 in the same year. In 1832 he married the Princess Louise of Orleans, the daughter of Louis Philippe, King of the French, who died October 11, 1850, leaving three children, namely, Leopold Louis-Philippe Marie Victor, Duke of Brabant, now Leopold II.; Philippe, Count of Flanders? and Princess Charlotte, who married the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian of Austria, now of Mexico.

The subject of our sketch has hitherto been known as the Duke of Brabant, and has held the military rank of major-general and honorary colonel of the regiment of grenadiers.

He was married to Marie, Archduchess of Austria, on August 10, 1853, and has three or four children. For the last ten years he has had a seat in the Belgian Senate, where he has taken a prominent part in several important discussions. In 1855 he took part in the debates upon the question of the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation with the Ottoman Empire, and the establishment of a more direct maritime intercourse between Antwerp and the Levant. He is a great traveler, having, together with his wife, traveled over a great portion of Europe, visiting London and Paris on several occasions. Last year he made a tour in the East, proceeding from Egypt to Ceylon, and thence to the different presidencies of the Indian empire, where he showed a great desire for information and an enlightened interest in the civilization of the Asiatic races.

He is connected by family relationships with most of the European dynasties. His relation with the English court is also intimate. His father, Leopold I., married for his first wife the Princess Charlotte of England in 1816; and he was intimately related to Queen Victoria, of whom he was uncle—her mother, the Duchess of Kent, being his sister.

Marie, Queen of the Belgians, is the daughter of the late Archduke Joseph, Palatine of Hungary, and was born in 1836, and was married to the Duke of Brabant—now the King of the Belgians—Aug. 10, 1853.

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LYCEUM LECTURERS.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

THE lecture season is at hand, and the managers of lyceums are making inquiries in relation to the most popular and eloquent men whose names are on the lecture list. Who are they? What subjects have they chosen for their fall and winter work? On what terms can their services be secured? Do they exert a good moral influence? Will it *pay* to organize and sustain literary associations? Are not books, magazines, and newspapers a good substitute for the presence and living voice of the lecturer? These, with many other questions too numerous to mention, are made constantly, and I will endeavor to answer some of them, not in the order in which they are found here, but as they occur to me while I write.

There are but few men familiar with the art of lecturing; it is artistic work, and deserves to be classed with the fine arts. The man who "draws well," night after night—year after year—winning compliments from the critics, and pleasing the most fastidious and scholarly listener, is a word-artist.

Lecturing is not like stump-speaking—not like preaching—not like parliamentary debate. The off hand and careless mode of speech characteristic of the impromptu political or reformatory orator would not suit the nice and cultivated taste of the dainty hearer whose opinion is authority in the lyceum; and the sermon would, in nine cases out of ten, be tinged with a solemn or sectarian tone, unsuited to the genial atmosphere of the lecture-room whose rules are supposed to exclude whatever may be offensive to the religious sentiments of the auditors; and argumentative debate would be dismal entertainment to those who go (as the majority do) to the lecture-room to be entertained, and not to be drilled in lessons of logic. Your smooth-bore may fire heavy shot, but he usually misses the mark; while the well-disciplined lyceum orator wins the battle with his needle-gun of wit, pathos, anecdote, and argument. I can count on the fingers of my two hands most of the popular lyceum lecturers we have in the United States. They are not the most learned—not the most profound men we have. They can not write so well as scores of men who never attempt to speak in public; but they possess the voice, the manner, the command of speech and thought, the imagination, the *viva vis*, the magnetism, the indescribable something which draws the attention of the auditors, as particles of steel are attracted to the magnet.

It is a singular fact, that nearly all the most successful and accomplished lecturers at the North are radicals. A conservative at the West, writing to a literary gentleman at the East for lecturers, said, "All the men you have sent heretofore have been radicals." The reply was, "We have no other kind in the field. At the head of the list of lecturers at the North stands Wendell Phillips, a man of fortune, of culture and leisure. He can afford to stay in his study until he is fully fitted for his task; and he seldom ventures upon the platform until he has carefully thought out his speech or lecture and made himself thoroughly master of its leading idea, if not its language. He is one of the most painstaking of our public speakers; and when he reads, he has an eye to the effort he will make at the mass-meeting or the lyceum. The ease and grace of his manner, the eloquent poise of the man before his hearers, comes of that self-reliance which grows out of a mastery of the subject. He is assured that he will not fail, that he will not falter even, because he has made himself familiar with the question. Naturally plucky, he has added obstinacy to his courage, in the severe discipline of the anti-slavery arena. If his view of a question does not admit of the best argument, he seasons his speech with hot words, as the Spanish cooks temper their soups with hot pepper when there is a lack of meat. Though a gentleman by instinct and education, he will break over the laws of etiquette and indulge in the most provoking personalities when it suits his purpose to give a bad name to an opponent.

PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

He writes but little, because there is no magnetism in types, no voice save the click not heard beyond the printer's case. The white finger, the flashing eye, the impassioned voice ringing out likes the notes of a golden trumpet can never be imparted to the written or to the printed page.

The success of Mr. Phillips as an orator is partly due to his superior learning. He is a cotemporary among the ancients, and an ancient among his cotemporaries. He is a living encyclopedia of facts relating to the issues which form the chief topics of debate. Add to this, his large experience and many years of practice, his careful preparation, his pleasant voice and his fine personal presence, and you have the principal points which make him one of the most polished and charming lecturers in the land.

He is about fifty-six years of age, tall and slender, with a literary stoop—has a large head, bald on the crown, and thinly covered with fine sandy-colored hair on the sides. His forehead is broad and high—his eyes are dark—his nose of the "eagle-bill type"—his lips thin; in a word, his general features indicate the scholar and thinker and orator that he is. He could earn twenty thousand dollars per annum, before lyceums, but he does not respond to one out of a score of the applications made for his services.

Leaving the man of the golden hair and golden speech, I will now refer briefly to the Shak-

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speare of the American pulpit, Henry Ward Beecher. I do not intend to say that the theological thunderer is a poet, and yet the poetry runs through his sermons and lectures as "honeysuckles through a hedge in June." He is a natural speaker. He speaks as the birds sing—as the brooks flow—as the lightnings flash. The tones of his voice, the lights and shadows on his face, the earnest and the emphatic manner of the man attract your notice, and you can not fail to be moved by the sound philosophy, the apt imagery, and the striking originality of his style. The late Dr. Lyman Beecher, speaking of his sons, said, "Edward fires forty-pounders, and woe betide the man he hits. Henry fires grape-shot, and kills the most men." Mr. Beecher is equally interesting and attractive, whether in the pulpit or on the platform. He never sinks the man in the minister, hence his sermons and his speeches palpitate with vitality. Dr. Campbell, of England, the editor of the organ of the Independents, in that country, said, in one of his reviews, that Henry Ward Beecher "is one of three of the ablest and most remarkable preachers in the world."

His church covets his entire service, but he occasionally steps aside from its wishes, and keeps a lyceum appointment, seldom speaking for less than two hundred dollars for the hour's work. He could have an engagement to lecture at that rate every evening in the year, if he would accept it. He is never at a loss to say the best thing in the best manner, at the time he speaks, whether in conversation or in public. Like the vocal statue of Thebes, which emitted music when touched by the rays of the sun, he pours out strains of eloquence when the heart is touched with an appeal for pity, or when justice calls for the rebuke of indignant manhood. Although a little past fifty—in the pulpit he appears twenty years younger. He is somewhat below the ordinary stature, of stout build, and has a full face smoothly shaved, and lit up with large magnetic gray eyes. There are long-faced, straight-laced individuals who would be shocked at his boyish behavior, thinking it beneath the dignity of a clergyman to carry a bundle in the street, to work at the brakes at a fire, to put on skates and cut hieroglyphics on ice. He has the unwasted energy of a man who did not exhaust the resources of health in boyhood, so that, in his own words, if he has "plenty of bread and mutton and sleep, he is equal to his work."

Since the death of Starr King, the Rev. E. H. Chapin is the most distinguished lyceum lecturer within the pale of the "liberal church;" he is graphic, fluent, and forcible. His prose is unrhymed poetry, and when wedded to his rich, deep, mellow voice, it has the charm of music. All are delighted during the delivery of his lecture—always interested, often thrilled, alternately, to tears and laughter. At the moment of inspiration, he sets "the human pulse to music," he makes the heart beat with the noblest purposes, and always with sympathy for struggling humanity. He has just passed the meridian of life, and has grown corpulent, as though the nectar of poesy and the food of the gods were easily digested and good for literary constitutions. Once being asked his terms for a lecture, he replied, "I lecture for F. A. M. E., which being interpreted signifies FIFTY AND MY EXPENSES;" but he now asks one hundred dollars per lecture.

Horace Greeley ranks with the first-class lecturers, and commands his one hundred dollars fee as often as he will consent to speak, and yet Mr. Greeley is not eloquent; indeed, he is a very indifferent speaker, and an intolerable reader, but he is noted, famous as a writer—as the editor-in-chief of the thunderer of America, the *Tribune*. He is the Jupiter Tonans of the press, and his thunder implies lightning—his sheet is a sheet of fire, making moral and political darkness visible. Owing to his temperate habits, and his habit of falling asleep so easily, he grows old slowly. Time deals gently with him; indeed, he is four years on the sunny side of sixty, and there seems to be thirty years of good working life in him yet. Mr. Greeley's voice is semi-feminine, his manner awkward, and he seldom lifts his eyes from his notes or changes the tone of his voice from the commencement to the close of his lecture; yet there are few speakers who can command better "paying houses," few whose services are in greater demand; this is due to his editorial fame, to his political influence, to his unfaltering integrity, and to his wonderful talent—I was about to say genius. His tall form (broadened of late years), surmounted with a large head, bald in front and lightly touched, not with a waterfall, but with a spray or fog of fine hair which streams over his coat-collar—a collar seldom symmetrical—give him a striking appearance. He seems to dress himself as though the wind had the arrangement of his wardrobe; but he has discarded the old white coat and the old white hat, and wears well-made clothes and of the best material, and he can afford it, for he is now a wealthy man. Some books, like acts of Congress, are merely read by their titles and then passed, but Mr. Greeley's books are read and studied, and not passed until they are sifted thoroughly. His "American Conflict" is considered by himself and others as his masterpiece, as the chief work of his life. The coming season will find him in the lecture field, principally at the West, where his unpretentious manner and his opinions are popular.

John B. Gough is an actor and story-teller rather than a debater—that is, he is not a deep thinker, not a logician, not a student, and he lacks the culture of the schools—but he is a capital mimic, overflows with speech, and gives out lightning like a galvanic battery. There is no man in the country who can move an audience to tears and laughter as he can—no man who can entertain an assembly of men, women, and children so many evenings in succession as he can. Now with a touch of pathos dropped into the well of the heart—the water splashes into the eyes—now a ludicrous story, a strange similitude, or a funny gesture provoke irresistible laughter. A cold man sits down before him, and to the astonishment of himself and his neighbors, "a breath of summer floating from the south melts him like snow." This "man wonderful," now about fifty years of age, has some of the indispensable elements of popularity; he is modest, earnest, plucky, and conscientious, and he has a nice sense of the comic and the pathetic, and an imagination which might have flowered out in poetry if he had not been an orator. Three hundred and sixty-five times a year he can get two hundred dollars per evening for his services, but he is discreet and husbands his strength—seldom speaking more than four times a week during the lecture season, and giving himself a broad margin for rest during the summer. He is a pleasant and generous man, and most excellent company in the home circle when he feels at home. He is of medium size, his dark-brown hair is splashed and streaked with the snow which never melts—his eyes are large and sometimes "vivid with light, sometimes soft with rain."

Miss Anna Dickinson is a young woman who owes a part of her popularity to her handsome person. She is rather below the medium stature, and a stoop of the shoulders mars the symmetry of her figure. Her portrait and the picture of Longfellow's Evangeline are almost perfect counterparts. She is a radical of the Garrison type, and does not conceal her convictions in regard to the public measures and the public men of the day. Her caustic lectures draw like a mustard poultice, and she puts the plaster thickly spread on the politician who displeases her, and seems to take delight in his writhing and contortions; and if he leaves his seat to wash it off with water or brandy and water, she throws words and facts at him, and they hit hard as cannon-balls. It is not a matter of suprise that flattery and success have made her rather opinionative and sometimes careless in her statements. She expects from one hundred to two hundred dollars for each lecture, and manages her own business in a manner that would not be discreditable to a business man of some commercial experience. Notwithstanding the occasional flaws in her diction and the provincialism of her pronunciation, she is earnest, honest, natural, hating tyranny and loving justice, and there are times, in her happiest moments, when the hearer can exclaim with the poet,

> "The wind stirs my veins
> With the leaves of the wood,
> The dews and the rains
> Mingle into my blood."

She is only twenty-four years of age, and yet she has won a name that a princess might envy.

Theodore Tilton is a young man of thirty, and ranks among the first as an orator. There is in his speech a happy mingling of the majesty, splendor, and poetry of the old parliamentary debaters, touched with tender sentiment and delicate humor. He scorns manuscript, and knowing that he "can think upon his legs," which lift him a head and shoulders above common men, he ventures to utter his sentiments without notes. I do not intend to say that he shirks the labor of preparation. He is a great reader, a student, a thinker—and acquaints himself well with the issues of the times. He is the editor-in-chief of the *Independent*, a paper of great circulation and influence, and all who read the double-leaded leaders in that sheet will find no lead in their language or sentiment. His blows there fall with the force of Thor when he wielded his thunder-hammer. A critic speaking of his finely finished and touching poem which appeared in the *Galaxy* a few weeks since, pronounced it one of the few things in verse that the world would never forget.

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Mr. Tilton is confined to his editorial tasks, and he seldom can be prevailed upon to deliver a lecture. He is six feet two inches in height, rather slender, but straight and muscular. His head is large and well orbed, eyes large and blue, hair light-brown, inclined to curl, and worn long.

Bayard Taylor is a man of fine physical development; towering above his fellows, he would be recognized as a man of mark in any promiscuous multitude. He has written a few splendid poems and a great number of indifferent ones. His reputation is due chiefly to his sketches of travel. There is a public curiosity to see the man who has made the tour of the world. His lectures are carefully written and exceedingly interesting, but they are delivered with little emotion and less eloquence; he is not, and never can be, an impassioned orator. He has just returned from the far West, and he is now writing letters for the *Tribune*, and occasionally keeping a lecture appointment.

Dr. Holland—Timothy Titcomb—is a lecturer of eminence, gravity, and dignity—rather conservative, and squeamishly nice about propriety. His writings hit the average intellect, and are popular on that account. His poetry, though not of the highest order, often affords touches of true genius. In lecturing, he seldom offends by any bold and startling thrusts at the great vices of society, but he bravely commits himself on the side of human progress, and the auditors are sure to find a nucleus of truth within the nebulæ of his speech. Although he is on the bright side of fifty, he has made his mark and his fortune, and can afford to decline many of the applications which are made for his literary labors. He is almost a perfect type of the American gentleman, and richly merits the honor and the wealth which rewards him for his work.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet, is seldom persuaded to keep a lyceum appointment. He is a brilliant, witty man, and incisive, and crowds more beautiful things within the parenthesis of an hour than almost any other man. He is one of those valuable combinations of talent, learning, and genius done up in a small package. Diamonds are never large as rocks.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is one of the original thinkers of the age. At home and abroad he is acknowledged as a man of more than "continental fame" Original and forcible as Carlyle, he is more elegant and poetical than the gnarled and crooked author of "Sartor Resartus." It is indeed a rich treat to listen to the wise and sparkling sentiments as they come from the heart and lips of Emerson.

The Rev. Mr. Milburn, formerly of this city, now of Chicago, is a conservative in politics. He is known as the "blind man eloquent." It seems as though his physical infirmity is more than compensated by his intellectual vision. He is ready of speech; has a clear, pleasant voice; is exact in his utterance, and his words come "clean cut from his lips." There is also a good deal of tropical heat in his emotion (he is a Southerner), and there are times when his speech culminates in impassioned eloquence.

Southern eloquence usually flows in the channel of politics and statesmanship (there is a difference between the two), hence we seldom hear of distinguished Southerners on the lyceum platform. W. G. Simms, the poet, occasionally reads a poem for the entertainment of friends; and some of the friends of education occasionally give us something in that line when they address the students of colleges. Alexander H. Stephens is one of the most eloquent speakers on the continent. Henry A. Wise, fluent, versatile, and original, is accustomed to literary efforts. The former is to appear before a lyceum at Indianapolis. That we do not get more literary entertainment from such sources is a matter of regret, since the genial and sunny climate of the South is favorable to the growth of that living eloquence which gives us language pulsing with feeling and sparkling with magnetism.

Swinburne, the young English poet, says, "I think the air and face of things here north puts snow at flower-time in the blood, and tears between the sad eyes and the merry mouth in youth's days."

Whether this be true or not, it is certain that Bascom Clay and Patrick Henry were Southerners. Among the clergymen, the lawyers, and statesmen and men of letters at the South there is abundant material for lyceum entertainments.

I must not continue the catalogue, nor exhaust it. These lecturers and others usually treat of live and national topics. They usually exert a good moral influence, standing firmly by the cause of education and whatever pertains to the welfare of the race. It is a noted fact, that in towns which support the lyceum will be found the greatest number of newspapers and the best libraries, and the largest number of men and women of taste and refinement.

Among many others of our foremost public speakers who occasionally lecture before lyceums and with great acceptance are William H. Burleigh, the poet and orator, a ready, off-hand, and eloquent man: he is one of our port wardens; General Schurz, editor of the Detroit *Post;* Frederick Douglas, the colored orator; Mr Taylor, of Chicago; Grace Greenwood (Mrs Lippincott); Josh Billings, of Poughkeepsie; James T. Brady, the eminent lawyer; Dr. Field, the editor of the *Evangelist;* Lieut.-Governor Croo Bross, of the Chicago *Tribune;* Speaker Colfax, General Banks, General Butler, and others.

CAUSES AND PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

The main causes tending to the civilization and consequent advancement of our race, from barbarism to its present attainments, and still pushing forward its destinies to yet higher accomplishments, are not generally understood or properly appreciated. To the farmer, fisherman, and hunter do we owe, of course, our main sustenance (except where spontaneous fruits supply small needs in special localities), but they need stimulating to make their products of any essential general value to our race, beyond supplying their own individual needs. Man, in simply seeking food for himself and family, without some outside stimulus to exertion and to give direction to his energies, through his excited cupidity, would ever remain in a state of mere selfish rudeness. At most, he would exchange a few simple excessive products of his own, with another abundance of some near neighbor, to add by primitive barter to his own variety.

Who thus stimulates man's capacity for progress? Is it not, par excellence, the merchant, from him who spreads his operations over seas and continents, to the comparative local traders in every section of every advanced country? It is they to whom the producers sell their products, thus stimulating the productions, and furnishing in exchange the products of distant localities, natural and artificial, which are the foundation of all social advancement. It is the needs of the merchant which stimulate him to commercial enterprises, in building ships for the conveyance of the products of other climes; to the making of our common roads, railroads, steamboats, and canals to facilitate his operations. He, too, who thus builds warehouses, localizes incipient towns, suited to his conveniences, and by making man gregarious, causes mutual dependence to stimulate each other to the general advancement of the race. The merchants and their co-adjutors, denizens of towns and cities, become, by their free intercourse with their fellow-man, orally and by post (the latter at first instituted for their convenience), the source of interchanged acquirements, the main foundation of our knowledge; the creation and gradual improvement in all facilities of intercourse, including telegraphs; the building of factories; improvements in machinery; humane institutions; laws for the regulation of intercourse between nations; scientific societies, and all the refining embellishments of life, have their beginning and advancement in the needs of the merchant. Gradually through their association with the inhabitants of the rural districts, are the latter brought to appreciate and adopt their advancement in knowledge and refinement. Thus are the merchants and traders, unconsciously, through the stimulus of cupidity, in their chosen pursuits, made the great benefactors and civilizers of our race.

Religion, as often claimed, is not the stimulus which has brought about our existing advancement; as that only, in its highest attainment, is but a wholesome adjunct, dependent, too, for its diffusion upon the merchant and trader; as without their needs, society in the normal rural districts would be wholly without the needed intercourse with their fellow-man, to the end of acquiring such knowledge, by the appliances of the arts, for their dissemination. Even the conveyances of missionaries have been dependent upon the merchants for their facilities; and without the stimulus of mercantile pursuits, would such missionaries have been wholly confined to oral teaching, from one rude hamlet to another, without concert of religious societies to aid them, as such are dependent upon money for their establishment, and money was alone created as an interchange for the needs of merchants.

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

Locust Valley, Queens Co., N. Y.

"Ain't it wicked to rob dis chicken roost, Dick?" "Dat's a great moral question. Gumbo; and we ain't no time to arguefy it now; hand down anoder pullet."

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Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

WOMEN WHO TALK.

BY MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

"As if all women didn't talk!" says the grumbling philosopher who opens this number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

"All women do *not* talk, sir, in spite of your convictions on the subject. They chatter, they gossip; they string together words and sentences innumerable on the slenderest possible chain of an idea; they rattle and run on; but there is not one woman in ten who *talks*. Not that talking is one of the lost arts; we should rather class it among the arts that have never been found! It is altogether a mistaken idea that everybody knows how to talk! Dictionary words and far-fetched expressions do not make a good talker. "Mrs. So and So talks like a book," is a very common expression; but you may observe whenever Mrs. So and So enters a room, a very general edging away—an expression of apprehension—a disposition to shrink from her immediate neighborhood. No doubt she talks like a book; but nobody cares to have a book, in human binding, follow them around and persecute them with unsolicited chapters! We ought to have asylums for people who have such a rabid determination to talk at everybody!

But born talkers—how few there are! People whose words bring up little fleeting pictures in your mind, whose adjectives are always expressive, whose descriptions are like clear photographs, whose ready ideas clothe themselves in words just as naturally as birds settle down into their nests, are they not rare as black swans? And of the few, four out of six are women!

We hear a good deal of satire about "women's gossip." Wherein, may we venture to ask, does it differ from men's gossip? Is it any less censurable to talk of the color of a horse than the color of a dress? Is Jones' folly in mortgaging his place to buy petroleum shares a more allowable topic of discussion than Mrs. Jones' indifferent housekeeping and rebellious servants? Half the women's gossip—we may as well be honest and say two thirds of it—is only second-hand, gathered from the sublime lips of their husbands. "Women will talk." Yes—and men will listen, and laugh, and enjoy the racy malice and highly seasoned comments, and then, ungrateful wretches! turn round and sneer at "a woman's gossip!" Fair play, gentlemen, say we. If you don't like it, why do you expect it every evening with your slippers and your tea? Why do you assume that injured air, and say, "Well, I guess I'll go round to the theater—it's so stupid at home!" when the spicy chalice is not filled for your delectation?

After all, what a wide difference there is between gossip and tattle! Gossip, managed by a skillful tongue (a woman's of course—male gossips are below scorn; *vide* Boswell, Walpole, and Jenkins of the New York press), is just a species of parlor and kitchen history—a *resumé* of every-day events. When it verges on what Mrs. This said and Miss That did, and the personal affairs of the T'other family, it becomes tattle. One is charming and interesting—the other, mere spite, measured off into syllables and sentences!

The chief difficulty is in knowing just how far to go, and when to stop. Unfortunately, there are no gates or hedges or fences laid down on the wide expanse over which a woman's tongue travels. People who talk merely for the sake of talking, can not very well avoid saying a great many foolish things. We can't talk forever about the weather, and the mud, and the last lecture, and the next party; we become personal almost before we know it. And everybody must be aware how very difficult it is to turn conversation out of a personal channel into any other under the sun! How terribly aggravating it is to get people fairly chatting, well out of the dangerous shoal of personality, to congratulate yourself on the successful navigation of Scylla and Charybdis, and then to hear some old lady, whose pertinacity is a matter beyond question, say, "But to come back to Mr. A. and Miss B.!"

Oh, meek Moses! patient Job! we need all all your bright examples to keep us from the depths of despair when that old lady speaks up so distinctly!

Then what *are* we to talk about? Why, anything—everything Do you ever say to yourself, "What am I to *think* about?" Not at all; thoughts come dancing through your mind like an April rivulet; you are never at a loss for unspoken conversation! Just think aloud! "But I can not find words to express all those fancies." That is your own fault. Here are your ready thoughts on one side; and here, on the other, is the whole glorious vocabulary of the English language! You might as well say you can not breathe with a good pair of lungs and plenty of air!

We know women who set little traps about their rooms to catch conversation: vases of flowers—albums of photographic views—the latest published books—shells, and sea-mosses, and curious dried ferns. And they are almost always successful, too, these skillfully baited traps!

Women who talk may be subdivided into any quantity of classes: the old ladies who assert things as if they were reading the Ten Commandments—the women who tell things by detail, *à la* cookery-book receipts—the girls who model their conversation after the last hero of the last sensation novel—the girls who think it "cunning" to intersperse their sentences with the slang you hear at every street corner—the females who keep you standing on the steps while they go into all the particulars of their family affairs—the women who talk round and round a subject in concentric circles until they fairly make your head swim—in fact, we might go on for half a dozen columns instancing the various examples of the class female-talker! May we not hope for an improvement?

If we would only espouse the cause of the plaintiff in the everlasting case of Conversation *versus* Slander—if we would only remember that Things, not People, bear discussion best, how much pleasanter would be the task of listening to women who talk!

JOHN HENRY BENEDICT, SENIOR.

A WEEK ago last night, John Henry Benedict, Senior, came home in a storm from his office, and, after putting away his wet umbrella and taking off his wet coat and wiping his wet hat, seated himself in a large rocking-chair by the fire. To make himself agreeable? No. To read his newspaper in silence. As he long ago found out that no one was comfortable who isn't doing something, he made no delay, but took up his paper at once without stopping to exchange salutations with John Henry Benedict, Junior (he isn't naturally fond of children, especially when they are boys), and began to read

There was perfect quiet for the space of a few minutes, for John Henry Benedict, Junior, was not quite ready for a start, but suddenly, without a second's warning to prepare the nerves of John Henry Benedict, Senior, for what was coming, he dashed around the room at a furious rate. He, as well as his father, long since made the discovery that no one is comfortable who isn't doing something, and as he didn't know how to read, not having attained even to the knowledge of his letters, and couldn't go out-doors because it rained, he concluded to do the next best thing, and seek satisfaction astride of a cane. But this seriously interfered with the satisfaction that John Henry Benedict, Senior, was finding in his newspaper, and at once was issued the command: "John Henry, make less noise, or put that cane up and sit down."

"John Henry," far from being a rebel at heart, tried to "make less noise," but the new and original reins he had manufactured for the occasion made horseback riding doubly attractive, and weak was his poor human effort. He *could not* "make *less* noise." He even made *more*.

Then arose John Henry Benedict, Senior, and with that cool, imperturbable look that says, "When I command, I will be obeyed," speaks out: "Put away that cane immediately, and sit down in that chair in the corner of the room, and don't stir till I tell you that you may. Now, mind me, John Henry, or you'll find I can do something more than talk."

"John Henry" put away the cane and sat down, with the purpose of obedience, but he soon found it not only inconvenient but impossible not to "*stir*," for, like all the human race from Adam's time till now, he was made to take great delight in *stirring*. So he *stirs*, *stirs* round in his chair—then *stirs* out of his chair, and finally *stirs* all around the room, entirely forgetful of the fact that John Henry Benedict, Senior, has threatened to "do something more than talk."

The day of grace is over, for "John Henry" has *stirred—stirred* contrary to his father's expressed will. The newspaper is laid down, and the switch is brought out, "to teach John Henry obedience to *rightful* authority." It was well laid on (John Henry Benedict, Senior, never does anything by halves, and has a great contempt for half of a whipping), and the boy, robbed of his rights and disgraced by a whipping, flew to his mother. With that marvelous wisdom that mothers sometimes possess, she said nothing in blame of the unwise, unreasonable, unsympathet-

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ic father, neither did she utter any reproof or threat to irritate the child still more. She only poured out her love upon him—that love which is at all times healing and health-giving—and stroked his forehead gently with her soft hand, and talked to him in her most winning way about being good. He was not restless under her talk, or impatient at her restraint, for she was "a charmer, charming most wisely." He sat quietly in her lap, and listened to the interesting stories she told him, and laughed and asked questions, and *forgot to do wrong*. The boy was completely under the magnetic influence of his mother, and the evil spirits who were on hand when he was whipped, fled, for they could not work with *a sweet, holy mother*.

That night Mrs. Benedict was obliged to take from John Henry Benedict, Senior, a curtain lecture on—on what? *False tenderness!* She fell asleep hearing him affirm and re-affirm that he "never liked to whip John Henry in her presence, because she always cried, and that that was very bad for a child."

How it is that a mother's tears, expressive as they are of love and sympathy, can hurt a child, he would have been puzzled to tell, but he had obstinately intrenched himself in the belief that punishment ought to be inflicted with a dry eye, and a face in which the offender can not read, "I'm sorry for you." He never thinks of crying himself, when he whips the boy, although it would be a most appropriate and manly expression of sympathy. And, like all coarse, unfeeling men, he "wants no woman sitting by crying."

Alas! John Henry Benedict, Senior, while counting himself wise, is a fool. He thinks that the great evil of the day is the over-indulgence of children, and what little time he has to give to Mrs. Benedict he spends in lecturing her for her "*false tenderness*." He actually thinks her so dangerous to the young, that he wants to set this mark upon her: "*Poison For Children*."

And yet what she really does, in the line of "false tenderness," it would perplex a philosopher to tell. She is not a weak woman. She is, on the contrary, a strong woman, strong in love—strong in her efforts to make the boy good, and strong in the faith that he will yet be good, and that she will yet live to see the full growth and the rich blossoms of what she has sown. She prays and labors and waits, all in true womanly style.

Ah, John Henry Benedict, Senior, well is it for John Henry Benedict, Junior, that he has a mother—a mother whose wisdom will, in some measure, at least, counteract your folly. The boy is doing pretty well; he would still do better if he had a different father. The trouble, oh, unreasonable, unteachable father, is not the over-indulgence of the child. It is the over-indulgence of *yourself*. You want satisfaction from morning to night—satisfaction in your business—satisfaction in social life, in social pleasures—satisfaction away from home, and satisfaction at home, and above all things, the satisfaction of a very quiet time when you sit by the fireside at night, reading the papers. Therefore, poor little John Henry Benedict, Junior, may not caper and dance and prance and kick up his heels. He may not sing and laugh boisterously, but live simply and entirely for John Henry Benedict, Senior.

You are so self-indulgent, sir, that you want all your time. You want to build up wealth, worldly prosperity, fame, a name in the earth; and this requires all your time with the exception of a few minutes which you, now and then, give to your child when you want to talk to him and whip him.

Talk no more about the over-indulgence of the *boy*, but settle it in your mind that the most prolific source of evil in your family is your over-indulgence of *yourself*.

The mother's "false tenderness," about which you make such a hue-and-cry, is a strong tower, into which your child runs, and is safe—safe from many a temptation—safe from many a snare which you in your coldness and severity and unloving ways lay for his feet. Condescend to be like the woman you criticise, and you can then, with skillful hand, help to build up and beautify and perfect the character of that affectionate little boy who calls you father. A. A. G.

WHAT IS AN OLD MAID?—Never be afraid of becoming an old maid, fair reader. An old maid is far more honorable than a heartless wife; and "single blessedness" is greatly superior, in point of happiness, to wedded life without love. "Fall not in love, dear girls—beware!" says the song. But we do not agree with said song on this question. On the contrary, we hold that it is a good thing to fall in love or get in love, if the loved object be a worthy one. To fall in love with an honorable man is as proper as it is for an honorable man to fall in love with a virtuous and amiable woman; and what could be a more gratifying spectacle than a sight so pure, so approaching in its devotion to the celestial? No; fall in love as soon as you like, provided it be with a suitable person. Fall in love, and then marry; but never marry unless you do love. That's the great point. Never marry for a "home" or a "husband." Never degrade yourself by becoming a party to such an alliance. Never sell yourself, body and soul, on terms so contemptible. Love dignifies all things; it ennobles all conditions. With love, the marriage rite is truly a sacrament. Without it, the ceremony is a base fraud, and the act a human desecration. Marry for love, or not at all. Be an "old maid" if fortune throws not in your way the man of your heart; and though the witless may sneer and the jester may laugh, you still have your reward in an approving conscience and a comparatively peaceful life.

For well-to-do old bachelors we have no sympathy. They ought to be taxed nine tenths of all they are worth, to support women and children.

AFTER the capture of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, he was one day standing in the presence of General Washington with his head uncovered. The General politely said to him: "My lord, you had better be covered from the cold." His lordship, applying his hand to his head, replied: "It matters little, sir, what becomes of this head now."

CURIOSITIES OF THE MARRIAGE SERVICE IN ENGLAND.—A clergyman in Hampshire, England, writes: "If you had married as many couples as I have, you would be aware that it is not only when German princes appear at the hymeneal altar in England that novelties in pronunciation occur and foreign matter is introduced into the marriage service. In my parish it is quite the fashion for the man in giving the ring to say to the woman, 'With my body I thee wash up, and with all my hurdle goods I, thee, and thou;' to which strange trio he pertinaciously adheres in spite of all my endeavors to correct the text. One man who could not read, but had taken praiseworthy pains to learn his part beforehand, had perfectly mastered what he was taught, only unluckily his 'coach' had blundered upon the baptismal instead of the matrimonial service, so when interrogated as to taking the woman to be his wedded wife, the bridegroom stoutly affirmed, 'All this I steadfastly believe.' The women are usually better up in this part of the prayer-book than the men; but one day a bride (taught in a government school) startled me by making the extraordinary vow to take her husband 'too 'ave and too 'old from this day fortni't for betterer horse for richerer power in siggerness else to love cherries and to bay.' What meaning this marvelous farrago conveyed to her mind it is beyond the power of mine to imagine."

[Though many can neither read, write, or cipher, they marry, and of course blunder through "the service," as best they may, after hearing—each their part—repeated by one more fortunate. The marriage ceremony among the lower classes in the old country is not unlike that practiced among the freedmen here.]

CHURCH DRESS.

CHURCH dress has reached such an extravagance in our day as to call for public rebuke. It would seem to be in harmony with the life and teachings of Jesus Christ that simplicity be the rule of dress in His courts; instead, however, the elegance of church dress is so great that we must conclude that either vanity finds a school in the church, or the purse rendered consequential in the house of God. Humility is the one great lesson of Christianity—humility in thought and external appearance—but when the church becomes the theater for display and affectation, this lesson, it would seem, is despised.

It is too patent that, in His house, wherein all before Him are equal, there exists an anti-Christ-like caste, the existence of which is evidenced by the extravagance of dress, which gives birth to phariseeism, tyranny, and all uncharitableness.

How much more appropriate in this place is a simple costume, of some modest and chaste color! How appropriate to illustrate that one day out of the seven—"the day of rest"—is indeed devoted to Christian offices, and that one day is selected in which worldliness and the pursuit of vanities are swallowed up in being *honest* to religious professions! Then would we be able to determine (for I only appeal to the serious) who go to "see and be seen," and those who go from compulsion of duty! JOHN DUNN.

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NEW YORK,

NOVEMBER, 1866.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Foe.*

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TAKING SIDES.

IN the discussion of questions, social, religious, and political, one is always liable to take partial views, and ere he is aware of it, become a one-sided partisan. Men of limited knowledge, or those not properly balanced, lacking the faculties of observation, reflection, or analysis, will necessarily form but an imperfect estimate of the whole matter. The abstract thinker takes *one* view; the thoughtless looker takes another; and the two will come to widely different conclusions. The real truth, which neither exactly sees, lies between them. A man of strong practical judgment, educated in the schools of science, philosophy, and experience, one free from prejudice, bigotry, superstition, or party bias, may examine any, nay, all questions, discern the truth and error as they exist, and with his well-adjusted mental machinery separate the wheat from the chaff, and the truth from error. A bigot takes a view so narrow that his opinion is insignificant and counts nothing. A strict partisan strives to make out a case for selfish purposes; putting party above principle, he *warps* the truth and gains his point. Little do these superficial minds realize their littleness. They are not aware that the glasses through which they look are dim with prejudice, colored by superstition, or dark with ignorance. How, then, are we to arrive at the truth? How judge who is who, and what is what? All are not educated; all are not broad, liberal, well-balanced, and comprehensive. But even those of limited capabilities may *know* who is the one thing or the other, and choose their servants, officers, magistrates, teachers, legislators, and preachers accordingly. What of his head? Is it long, high, broad, or narrow? What of his temperament? Is it active, or is it sluggish? Is he executive, or is he "tame?" What of his quality? Is he coarse and flabby, or is he fine and firm? We may "measure the man" and *know* all these things with perfect certainty, as much so, indeed, as we may know the strength, activity, endurance, and disposition of a horse, an ox, or a dog. Then why not *apply* this knowledge? And why not select "the right man for the right place" on scientific principles? Why go on in the old routine practice of "cutting and trying" when, by the application of scientific rules, we may determine results in advance of experiment? It is amusing to hear superficial observers pass judgment on those they meet. One would suppose, at first, that they had illimitable knowledge. They pronounce sentences on this religion and on that—Pagan, Catholic, or Protestant—seeing no difference. So of this or that social compact. And the *only* good thing in the world, the only creed, party, or government of any account is the one which they belong to, or, rather, which belongs to them!

It is true that kindred spirits, persons begotten under similar influences, educated in similar schools, are likely to be much alike in complexion and in character.

"Birds of a feather flock together."

And where the "bell-wether" goes, there goes the flock. A few original, knowing, and designing minds—good or bad—lead the world. And most men "take sides," become partisans, and fail to develop into anything like what it would be possible for them to do.

Old superstition condemns and consigns man to a hopeless, endless perdition, insists on his wickedness and total depravity. Our science indicates his tendencies to both vice and virtue, the possibilities of his improvement and development into what God intended him to be. Let each of us make the most of ourselves and of the life vouchsafed to us. Let each of us endeavor to grasp the whole truth, that, taking an unbiased view, we may be able to judge correctly and take sides rightly.

SOCIOLOGY.

OUR account of the Oneida Community, published in the October number of this JOURNAL, created much interest and elicited many inquiries. We now give an illustrated description of the Mormons—the most numerous body of polygamists existing. Whether or not this people is to go on in the course they have marked out for themselves, or whether a new revelation may be vouchsafed to them in which some modifications shall be proposed, the future will disclose. As to the policy, the right or the wrong, of Mormonism, each reader will judge for himself; and God will judge us all. Whatever is true, right and in keeping with the immutable laws of God and of nature—the spiritual and the natural—will continue to the end of time. Whatever is false, wrong, or in violation of those laws must pass away. Mormonism is a "fact;" polygamy exists; a hundred thousand people accept it, believe in it, defend it. Of their sincerity who can doubt? As to the correctness of their opinions or the truth of their doctrines honest men differ. The general sentiment throughout Christendom is opposed to polygamy. A very small minority practice it. We give an impartial account of its origin, progress, and present condition; with portraits of many of its chief actors and promoters—a sturdy, prolific race. It has been charged that polygamy generates dwarfs, imbeciles, and monstrosities. Our observations fail to confirm these statements; indeed, disprove them. We hear of no deaf, dumb, blind, or idiotic Mormon babies. It is also said that the Mormons are a sensual people. We are credibly informed that sexual disease is unknown among them; that there is absolutely no such thing as licentiousness among the Mormons. When charged with prostitution, the Mormon replies, "Purify the hearts and bodies of your own fallen men and women who throng your streets, before censuring us." It is said that strong, vigorous, robust health is the rule among both sexes in Great Salt Lake City.

So much for the physical; now what of the intellectual and the spiritual? What of their schools and churches? If less attention has been given to these than in older communities, may it not be because of the want of facilities incident to a new country, rather than from a disinclination to encourage the development of the higher nature? We hear much of Mormon temples, churches, tabernacles, etc.; of their immense gatherings for religious purposes; and it must be apparent to all that it is by the religious principle that they are held together—disseminate their opinions. Is this a superstition? a sort of thralldom from which its victims can not get away? Or is it a magnetic attraction—a spiritual aurora borealis which allures and deludes? What is it that from such insignificant beginnings becomes such a power? We may here state that all the Mormon heads we have examined—and we have examined many, including Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and a large number of Mormon missionaries, both in Europe and in America—we have found them to be *large*, considerably above the average, well supported by strong, healthy bodies. Of course these were leaders—representative men—and may be supposed to have large heads, "with something in them." How it may be with the masses we do not know; we infer, however, that great originality, strong sense of liberty, indomitable perseverance, pluck, and executiveness will be found to be leading characteristics, even in the common Mormon. But read the description we give elsewhere, and judge for yourself whether they are fools, fanatics, or philosophers.

Other socialistic communities will be described in the JOURNAL, from time to time.

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MORE TESTIMONY.

"What has Phrenology Done for You?"—I have noticed in your valuable Journal the question, What has Phrenology done for you? Allow me, if you please, to give a few facts concerning what it has done for me; for to state *all* would be impossible, and to give an extended account would probably be wearisome to you.

I am twenty-two years old, an only, though not a spoiled, child, thank God! am five feet eleven inches high, and tolerably well-proportioned, and have generally enjoyed excellent health; have a natural talent for trade, which has been cultivated from infancy, for my father has always kept a retail grocery (but no liquors).

At school I was always at the head of my class, especially in mathematics. When out of school, my time was spent in the store, but I have for the last five or six years had a firm conviction that I am capable of performing more responsible duties than keeping a retail store.

I have often imagined myself in a commanding position, directing this one to do this, another to do that, receiving something from one and giving to another, or, in other words, having a dozen irons in the fire; and with intense pleasure would I follow each in their different duties, and in case of failure, bringing up my reserves, and with unbounded satisfaction following to a successful termination each day's duties.

That there is some such position for me I have no doubt, and if I don't fill it, it won't be because I haven't tried. Why I am so confident of my ability is, that three years ago I started business for myself, with one boy, ten years old, for help. I now employ four grown persons, and manage my business with as much ease as when I had only enough for one to do. I pride myself considerably on the system on which I have conducted my business. At the start I planned a book, had it ruled and bound, in which I have kept a daily account of cash and credit sales, the amount of money paid out, the amount received, and the amount on hand, so that I can compare any day, week, or month with any corresponding period of the two preceding years. I also have kept a strict store and personal expense account, and a pocket diary, in which I have not failed to make an entry every day for two years. Now I think I have come to the point where I can state understandingly *the facts*.

Thirteen months ago, to gratify my curiosity, or rather desire to know whether Phrenology was a humbug, I had my head examined. I had the "Self-Instructor" marked as a chart, and for months, as occasion would permit, consulted the Instructor, and always with benefit. When describing my weaknesses, it was terribly cutting; yet I could not deny *facts*. The conditions marked *strong*, I have used with more confidence; those marked *weak*, I have cultivated; and during the past six months I have improved more, both my mental and physical conditions, than in any two years previous to my examination, for the simple reason that I have lived *understandingly*. I have read a few numbers of your Journal, and from *every one* have received some information which I consider invaluable. Hereafter, every number shall be placed upon my reading-table, with the daily papers, that my customers (mostly students) may have the benefit of it. My neighbor (a dentist) has just laid down a recent number, which he has been reading, and says, "That's a pretty good thing—I believe I must subscribe for it." I hope others will go and do likewise.

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WHAT IS "A LITTLE?"

In one of the scientific periodicals, a correspondent, embarrassed by the instructions for preparing a certain experiment, and for adding "a little" of some particular chemical substance to a solution, asked the editor: "How much is 'a little?'" It was a good question; for there is often too much vagueness in this kind of language, although in most cases it is inferred that an experimenter knows sufficient of his subject to keep clear of any very grave miscalculation. The question is, moreover, useful in another way, drawing our attention to the minuteness of some of the operations of nature, and to the increasing power of ingenious men to measure the degree of that minuteness. We know that gold, for instance, may be beaten into leaves, of which two hundred thousand would go to make up an inch in thickness; that a slip of this leaf, if it could be cut one-hundredth of an inch wide, and then one-hundredth of this slip in length, would still be visible; and thus we should render visible one-*two*-hundred-millionth of a cubic inch of gold.

All the naturalists who are familiar with the microscope, and its teachings in regard to organized structure, claim to know better than the rest of us what is that wonderful thing, "a little." The white cliffs of Albion, that poets and tourists say so much about, and which girt that island so remarkably on the south-east, are composed of chalk, which runs inland through many counties; and the microscope tells us that this chalk is composed almost wholly of shells and corals. The waters which sweep round from Margate to Folkestone are whitened with the remains of these shells and corals; and the ceilings of London are white-washed—nay, if common report is to be believed, London milk is whitened also—by this agency.

Certain little tiny beings called *Diatomaceæ*, which zoologists and botanists are quarreling about (each claiming them as belonging to *their* department of science), are of marine origin, and formed chiefly of silica. Of these creatures, Dr. Hooker says: "The waters, and even the ice of the whole Antarctic Ocean, between the parallels of 60 deg. and 80 deg., abound in them in such countless myriads, that they everywhere stain the surface of a pale ochreous brown color; and they are gradually producing a submarine deposit or bank of vast dimensions, which flanks the whole length of Victoria Barrier (a glacier of ice some four hundred miles in length); and the deposit occupies an area four hundred miles long by a hundred and twenty broad. All the soundings in this deposit—and the lead sometimes sank two feet in it—brought up scarcely anything but diatomaceæ." The reader will, of course, understand that these little creatures are mere atoms of mud or dust, until examined very closely.

Dr. Rymer Jones tells us that, a few years ago, the inhabitants of a certain district in Sweden, possessing but a scanty stock of corn, were in the habit of mixing with their meal a portion of the earth of the district, to supply the deficiency, and that this earth was found to be nutritive. Now, it has long been an acknowledged fact, that animal life can not be sustained by inorganic matter, but how, then, in this case, could such be employed as nutriment? Many microscopes were speedily directed to this inquiry; and on examination, to the astonishment of an admiring world, this earth was found to consist entirely of shells of microscopic creatures; shells as perfect in their construction as they were varied in their beauty. Even particles which can not be seen at all by the naked eye, are sometimes found, on examination, to be beautifully organized plants or animals, as complete in their minuteness as a universe is in its vastness.

AMERICAN INTERESTS IN ASIA.

The project of Dr. Macgowan, of this city, late from China and Japan, of an industrial and scientific mission to various portions of Eastern Asia, continues to receive the support of agricultural and other public bodies. The American Geographical and Statistical Society and the American Ethnological Society have again called the attention of the general government to the subject It is now under consideration by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations and the House Committee on Agriculture.

Few on the Atlantic coast, and not many on the shores of the Pacific, are aware of the importance of American interests in those extensive regions of the Orient, which by the growth of our country have become to us a farther West. Dr. Macgowan's project contemplates the negotiation of commercial treaties with all those countries which yet possess the requisite degree of independence to confer such privileges. At the same time the mission proposes the investigation of the agriculture and arts of Eastern Asia, particularly China, and the transmission of seeds, plants, and animals, the cultivation and propagation of which are likely to add to the valuable product of our farms.

Dr. Macgowan is well known as an Orientalist. He published a newspaper in the Chinese language at Ningpo, where he acted as United States consul. He is the inventor of a contrivance by which the electric telegraph is applicable to the non-alphabetic characters of the Chinese language, and is an authority on matters connected with the politics and arts of China. Since his return to his native land he has delivered lectures on his travels, and is now in the public service, professionally, in connection with the Veteran Reserve corps. His patriotism was manifested before he returned home by the part which he took in Paris when the Americans in that city met to raise a fund for the purchase of Whitworth guns, at the commencement of the rebellion, and by his offer, while in Italy, to the governor of his native State, to act as surgeon to the colored troops, which, according to the accounts then published in Europe, Governor Sprague had then undertaken to raise. The publication of Dr. Macgowan's letter on the subject at that early day served, both in this country and in Europe, to strengthen the Union cause, and to dispel the prejudices against the employment of that agency in the maintenance of our nationality.

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H. C. Kimball.

Lucy Smith,
Mother of Joseph Smith.

D. H. Wells.

Joseph Smith.

David Smith, son of Joseph.

Hyrum Smith.

J. Taylor

Orson Pratt.

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W. Woodruff.

L. Snow.

Orson Hyde.

E. Hunter.

Brigham Young.

J. Young.

C. C. Rich.

A. Lyman.

G. Q. Cannon.

F. D. Richards.

E. T. Benson.

G. A. Smith.

Erastus Snow.

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THE MORMONS.

HISTORY OF THEIR LEADING MEN.

JOSEPH SMITH.

As Joseph Smith and his Apostles have made their mark upon the age, the results which they have brought forth are deserving subjects for the social philosopher, and their individualisms and psychological phases are fitting subjects for the phrenologist. Joseph Smith was the chief Mormon prophet, and founder of that peculiar community over which his successor, Brigham Young, now rules. He was one of those men who are ever and anon startling or offending society with their claims as prophets. Now, while it is too much to ask us to believe in Joseph Smith, we may be allowed to accept him as a psychological problem. We can not call every man an impostor who thinks himself a prophet. Indeed, such often give evidence of their sincerity and earnestness, not only by a life of extraordinary efforts and suffering for their cause, as but few of those who would be considered the saner and more reliable religious leaders ever show, but they have also frequently "sealed their testimony with their blood." Such was the case with Joseph Smith, whose portrait we give, with others, representative of the Mormons. Joseph Smith founded a Church, and fourteen years after its organization was murdered by a mob in Carthage jail, Hancock County, Ill., while under the protection of Gov. Thomas Ford. No Christian—in fact, no man with a humane mind—will justify the murder of a religious leader by a painted, demoniac mob that breaks into a prison of the State and takes the life of men there remaining under the protection of the Governor and his solemn guarantee; while the philosopher, be he Christian or not, will regret it much, knowing that in the minds of his followers such an end to his ministry elevates a religious leader to the dignity of a saint and a martyr. This dignity the majority of us think Joseph Smith unworthy of, while the Mormons think never man so much deserved the martyr's crown. Between these two views of the Mormon Prophet which America has given to the world, it is not our province to decide. Science and social philosophy should merely present facts and data without a bias, and these characters and their works should be treated by us as psychological and sociological problems. That Joseph Smith was a very marked type of those whom we call "seers," there can be no question. We say this independent of his having any mission of a divine nature and authority. It is time that the world should incorporate in its philosophy intuition and the seer-gifts as natural endowments of our race, for a consistent explanation and a solution of strange psychological problems. In some individuals, both male and female, such gifts are very remarkably manifested. Among the highest of these is Emanuel Swedenborg, whom the intellectual in every nation much respect, and upon whom but few would dare to reflect, because he claimed to be a "seer." Should Joseph Smith's work, in the next hundred years, bring forth results in a multiplied ratio to compare with that of the last thirty-six years, why, we may e'en have to rank the Mormon Prophet higher than we are inclined to do now. As it is, the followers of this remarkable man consider him the greatest among prophets and seers. We must let the Mormons have their own conscientious religious views, although we would beg to differ from them and anybody else when their views fit not our own judgment, which in turn we must own to be no more infallible than that of other folk. But we think it a much sounder solution to allow that Joseph Smith had one of the "seer" natures, than to maintain the superficial judgment that he was an impostor, and far more logical to believe him to have been an earnest religious leader than to have been a non-believer in his own mission. Men never accomplish much when they have not unbounded faith in themselves and their "call." Now the Mormon Prophet was like his disciples, eminent for accomplishing a great deal, and making strong impressions upon society. The fact that the astute mind of Brigham Young, and those of many other remarkable and talented men, were fascinated with Joseph Smith is suggestive. We fear that it can not with much sound philosophy be granted that Brigham is a non-believer in the Mormon mission, or he would have never been the Brigham Young that the whole world nearly now knows him to be. In the early periods of their Church, the Mormons all professed more or less to be prophets and seers, and to have the gifts of revelation, unknown tongues, and the power to cast out devils, heal the sick, etc. We can readily believe that in these matters there was some self-deception, and things which would not bear much testing, but still, withal, a vast amount of religious faith and spiritual or psychological phenomena, more easily ridiculed than explained. The metaphysical Hamlet has well said—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Without bringing into our calculation much of supernatural agencies, there is very much of the subtile agencies and methods of man's own wonderful being that none of us can perfectly trace or comprehend. Yet we see them manifested, and they lead us into a labyrinth if we follow them. Surely man is fearfully and wonderfully made, and these men of seer natures are problems that require much examination and revision of our judgments from time to time. Oftentimes we dare neither believe in them nor pass them lightly by. They would throw our practical judgment into anarchy; and even of the Hebrew prophets and seers, St. Paul has acknowledged for them that they saw but "through a glass darkly." The prophet and seer are types kindred to genius, and, like genius, they are incomprehensible to themselves and others. Every manifestation with both classes is an inspiration, or an intuition, or a reflection of something they know not what. They are by no means a perfect race, for when of Esaias it could be admitted that he was a man of like passions with ourselves, it can be readily granted how much prophets of missions and men of genius have marred their missions and work with human passions and fallibilities. The first Napoleon had in him much of the prophet—much of genius, with all its splendor and with all its faults; and it is our opinion that Joseph Smith, as Napoleon the Great, working out his mission, would have made a very striking resemblance to the man who created the empire. Their end also shows some likeness, and the uncle and his mission are re-embodied in the nephew, and the Mormon Prophet has found a new birth in a Brigham Young, with character as marvelous as his own, though with much variation of type. To compare Joseph Smith to Napoleon can not be far-fetched when everybody has spoken of him as the American Mohammed. Had he risen in France, at the time of the French Revolution, and been full of the idea that his mission was to create the empire and reconstruct Europe, he was just the man to have played Napoleon's part. As it was, though he came with a religious mission, to build up a church, his programme was very much a Napoleonic programme. Indeed, it was an enlargement of it, for Joseph had undertaken to reconstruct the world. There was an infinite aim and purpose about the man which was certainly very *taking*, even if we make it to mean no more than infinite ambition. The Mormon Prophet never aimed for anything except it was the highest and the broadest within the reach either of a human or divine ambition. For instance, he could not be satisfied with the heaven of sober and, perhaps, more reverent religionists. The saints, after death, were to be ever traveling upward and onward, and their supreme happiness to consist in creating and peopling worlds; they are in fact to become gods, and do the works of gods. This idea of the "rest left unto the people of God," seems to have been the state and power to do an infinite amount of work. A singular idea of the Christian's "rest" truly; but Joseph Smith was a singular man, and borrowed not his divinity from any theological writer, nor cared much what his views came in contact with. Moreover, this idea of *infinite work* seems to have been infused by the Mormon Prophet into the minds of all his followers. It is the solid part of their faith, and doubtless has tended much to make them what they are. Indeed, they appear to have no conception of religion only in this quality of infinite work. Carlyle's doctrine, that "labor is worship," is truly Mormon, and the worship of the Supreme Being hereafter is in the saints being co-laborers with Him in creating worlds. It may be rather extravagant theology, but it shows the idiosyncrasy of Joseph Smith's mind, and the character of his followers and their religion. Brigham Young, too, seems imbued with the same spirit as his predecessor, though he deals more with the practical matter of "building up the kingdom upon the earth." Joseph Smith was a general as well as a prophet, and it is a curious fact that, after Washington, he was the first man who bore the title of Lieut.-General, which rank he held in the Nauvoo Legion. The title is retained to this day by the chief of the Utah militia, Daniel H. Wells. Joseph Smith would as well fill the character of a general as that of a prophet, and he would have fought his battles like Napoleon, from intuition and inspiration, rather than according to military orthodoxy. Had he been born in the times of the American Revolution, he might have aimed to have been a Washington, for though by his enemies it is said that he was a great sinner, he was certainly a man of great designs and purposes, and the dignity of the cause might have sanctified the man more to our views. Before his death he was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Probably he did not expect to be elected, but it was another of Joseph's assertions of his mission. We have seen the Mormon Prophet during his lifetime at our office. A writer to the New York *Herald* thus describes him:

"Joseph Smith, the president of the Church, prophet, seer, and revelator, is thirty-six years of age, six feet high in his pumps, weighing two hundred and twelve pounds. He is a man of the highest talent and great independence of character, firm in his integrity, and devoted to his religion: in one word, he is *per se*, as President Tyler would say. As a public speaker, he is bold, powerful, and convincing, possessing both the *suaviter in modo* and the *fortiter in re*; as a leader, wise and prudent, yet fearless; as a military commander, brave and determined; as a citizen, worthy, affable, and kind, bland in his manners and of noble bearing."

Joseph Smith had a large brain, a powerful body, an iron frame, an expansive chest, and, therefore, a large heart, strongly marked features, a nose of much character, especially indicative of force and weight, and massive jaws. Strength was his type, rather than delicacy; yet he was a man of great sensibility and powerful feelings, and he took men to his heart somewhat unwisely. Not so Brigham Young. Probably, though he influenced others so wonderfully, he was too much influenced by others, and not improved thereby. He had also a large bony hand, which indicated that he was an image-smasher. We have nothing but a profile of him to present to our readers, but much of the man might be suggested in the full face of his mother, and that of his youngest son, David. He was murdered before he was forty years of age, and he left his work to be carried on by a man no less remarkable than himself, but of a different type. He was born December 23, 1805, at Sharon, Windsor Co., Vermont, and was killed in Carthage jail, Hancock Co., Illinois, June 27th, 1844. Our likeness of him is youthful, perhaps not the worse for that, for he often played with the boys in their games. One day Joseph and the boys were skating pieces of slate on the water, to see who could skate slate farthest, the Prophet or the boys, when brother Hyrum comes along and rebukes Joseph. "A prophet, holding the keys of a dispensation, and skating slate on the water!" "Give over, boys," said Joseph; "we hurt brother Hyrum's feelings." When the boys at any time saw Joseph coming, they hailed him; and he has often had to dismount from his horse to play a game with the boys. Had a knot of them met him on his way to Carthage, and asked Joseph to play a last game with them, he might have consented, and with more feeling than mirth played that last game; but the boys who loved him so much themselves felt too deeply then.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

It is impossible to imagine a man more fitting to succeed Joseph Smith than Brigham Young, and he was as much a necessity to the Mormon mission and programme as Joseph himself. They are as two halves of one whole. Eminently they stand to each other in the two characters of the Prophet and the Fulfiller. It is certainly very remarkable that two such men should come together, and that, moreover, so close in their work that they seem to be not two, but one—as we have said, the two halves of one whole. And hence, also, the character of the Mormon work and the Mormon community bear the same features and relations, for each of these men, the Pro-

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phet and his Fulfiller, have typed the whole with their own character. Hence, though the Mormon Church is but thirty-six years of age, there are two distinct phases of development, both social and religious, represented in it and in its history. They are no longer a people whom we can distinguish as the church with prophets, apostles, revelators, seers, dreamers of dreams, and speakers in unknown tongues; nor can we now, when they offend our judgment and views of what ought or what ought not to be, have the satisfaction of calling them impostors, fanatics, and pretended miracle-workers. All that they ever were of this they are still, but it is in their history of the past. They have, since Brigham Young took the Presidency of their Church, and molded and directed their energies and controlled their forces, been passing through an entirely new phase of character and of religious and social development. He has been transforming the people into his own form and likeness; and they are now so many greater or lesser Brigham Youngs, as they once were so many greater or lesser Joseph Smiths. Brigham is the last man in the world that one could appropriately call fanatic; and we are all more apt to speak of his great executive qualities of mind than his aptitude to imposture. The whole of his presidential ministry and character is entirely free of the elements which make him either an impostor or a fanatic. He never sends out any new revelations, either to his Church or the world, and makes no manifestations of impositions. He makes no pretentions to being a seer or a prophet in the sense that Joseph Smith was, and never claims to be what he does not honestly believe he is. He is the chief apostle of Joseph Smith, and the fulfiller of his mission. This he claims, and he claims to be no more. Of course this, in the eyes of the Mormons, would make him God's vicegerent upon the earth. The ruling power of the community fell into his hands in virtue of his being the chief apostle of the Mormon Prophet, and he carries on the work that was left to him, and consolidates and enlarges it. A very singular fact concerning him is, that he lays down no new programme superadded to that of his predecessor, leaves intact all the organizations and intricate ramifications of the Mormon priesthood, adheres with the greatest fidelity to all that Joseph Smith indicated before his death, or his mission leads to; and neither he nor the rest of the Apostles and Elders undertake, or expect, anything more than they undertook and expected a quarter of a century ago. Their Prophet laid down the entire programme, and founded all the institutions, and left it to Brigham to carry out; and if they are more to-day than at the death of Joseph Smith, it is because Brigham Young has fulfilled more than was fulfilled then; and if he succeeds with his people in accomplishing what the Mormon Prophet laid out in design, and prophesied as the results of his mission, he and his community have enough to do for several quarters of a century to come, and perhaps fulfill the prophecy of John Quincy Adams.

All this is in keeping with Brigham's giving no new revelations, and with our view that they are as the two halves of one whole, and that they sustain in their mission the relative characters of the Prophet and the Fulfiller, and that out of these two characters have grown the two fundamental phases of Mormondom. We are speaking of them purely as pyschological and sociological problems, and not with any reference to the divinity or *non*-divinity of the missions of the two men. The Mormons and their works are facts of the age, and neither the phrenologist nor the social philosopher must condescend to a narrow-minded bias in treating of them. Our functions are those of science, and not of theology—to read the characters of men and explain, or at least show up, the phases of society that grow out of men. The majority thought that when Joseph Smith was killed, the Mormon work would die out. Doubtless that was the expectation that helped much to bring about the tragedy of his end, and it might not have occurred had those guilty of that deed been fully convinced that they were giving a ten-fold life to Mormonism. And so, according to ordinary probabilities, it would have died out or been crushed out, and the Mormon Church scattered to the four winds with the antagonistic agencies around, and the rapid circumstances of the exodus of the people which followed, had not a man arisen fully the equal of Joseph Smith, not like him in type, but his other half, and brought about a new phase in Mormondom. It must be remembered that there were many aspirants who arose for the leadership of the Church, such as the famous Sidney Rigdon, who was supposed by many to have had more right to lead the Church than Brigham Young. It was not remarkable that the chief apostle should take the leadership when the body of the people sustained him, but it was remarkable that he should have been the Brigham Young everybody now knows him to be. That he should have been a man equal to the management and carrying on of such a mission as that of Joseph Smith—that he should have been equal to the task of holding the community together, conducting them through their exodus to the Rocky Mountains, consolidating the impetuous forces and agencies that his predecessor had thrown into the work, building up a powerful territory of the Union, and preserving them through a strange history which takes in such events as an army of the United States being sent against them by President Buchanan, are matters certainly striking. Such a Brigham Young was the last man that any outsider would have predicted would come, and yet he did come. And that the only man in the world to stand so exactly as Joseph Smith's other half, the Fulfiller of the Prophet, should have been so near him, shows something of the seer in placing him there. The man which one would have imagined in such a place, and the successor of Joseph, would have been a prophet, but infinitely less than him in character and force. Had such a man have succeeded to the leadership, the very forces of the Church would have exploded it, and their exodus and subsequent events have broken up or annihilated the community. There are only a few cases in history that show the mission of prophets living and traveling to their issues, after the death of those prophets. The case of Mohammed is one exception, and that perhaps was because it assumed the form of a revolution, and during his life became consolidated into empire, which his warlike chiefs carried on, for then it was another problem. Christianity was the most illustrious case, and it became embodied in the new civilization of the world. Are we about to find in the future that, since the Christian era, Mormondom is the third great case? One feature is that it receives Christ as the great head, and therefore we may expect that its future will not be altogether bad. We understand that some of the Mormons have been troubled over the fact that Brigham Young was not a prophet like Joseph Smith. They might be content that Brigham Young is what he is, for he has won their mission for them, and made their future safe. See the two men who have typed the Mormon work and the Mormon community. Look at Joseph Smith much through his mother, as well as the profile of him that we present in this number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Mark the seeress in her eyes, and the strong character in her face, which in her son left such an impress upon society, and then pass to Brigham Young. He has a splendid head, and is finely organized, with a very happy temperament. There is nothing extreme about it except, perhaps, those magnificent organs of Causality, which give to him his predominant quality, and make him a Moses in the opinion of his people, with the executive, source-finding, and preserving capacity to build his Israel up in the wilderness. As the whole organization of his head is eminently fitted for practical life, extensive business, and the molding of men and means, that large capacity of Causality in him throws the whole of its weight into that direction, rather than into the study of abstract sciences or cloister life. He is made to move in the great world, and to manage it, if he can but put his hand upon it. That he could rule a nation, he has shown abundant evidence, and his vast executive ability is upon everybody's tongue. He can do more than this—he can govern himself; you can see it in his happy constitution and well-preserved body. And in this you can also see the care that he takes with his people, to preserve, enlarge, and keep them alive as a community, the same as he is doing to keep his own body alive to accomplish more of his work. Hence he takes life easy, enjoys it, never rushes, is always consolidating and preserving, keeps all under his control from going before their time, but is always equal to the time when he reaches it. He believes that if he and his people can bide their time, they will win, even when the thunder-clouds are threatening above their heads, and he himself sees not how all the ominous elements are going to clear away.

This was the case in the time of the Utah expedition, sent out by Buchanan. He was as calm as a summer's day, and calculated that if matters could be suspended and the army kept out during the winter, commissioners would be sent, and a reaction would come in their favor. Yet his resolution to consume Utah to ashes, and leave all a desert as he and his people found it, and to make another great exodus of the Church, which they actually did commence, shows the will and lion-like character of the man. But he is the lion that sleeps; he loves best to act the shepherd. He is named by the Mormons "The Lion of the Lord," and he has certainly the lion's face, with an eagle nose, the latter a sign of aspiration and courage. He has made his people great, and under his direction the working classes from the Old World have become well-to-do farmers, merchants, etc. He said once on the stand, that if he was not a prophet, he had been profitable to the people; and it would be simply absurd, as well as unjust, to say that the Mormons have not been all advanced by having Brigham Young at their head. Some men rush on to death that they may live; but he keeps himself and his people alive that they may not die. He is not an aspirant for the martyr's crown. He can wait in patience for the issues of the times, but he keeps at work, and is always active. He has more of the solid English type of character than the fast American; and he lays the foundations of everything as though he designed it to stand forever. He might not be a seer, but he is much of a prophet, and it is derived from the intuitions and workings of his large organs of Causality. He has a far-seeing mind, and his predictions are reliable, for they are based on a sound judgment, much experience, and an extensive knowledge of human nature. He is eminently a man of policy, and takes human nature as it is, and *bends* theology to fit it, rather than aims to make man fit abstract theories, no matter how good in the abstract. If he could not get his people to the prayer-meeting, he would invite them to the dance, and end it with the prayer-meeting. Hence he gives the Mormons a theater and recreation, because he considers them necessary to social life and a healthful state of body and mind. He has a full forehead, much Mirthfulness, large Human Nature and Agreeableness, and is a lover of music. He is very large in Benevolence, has much Veneration, Sublimity, Secretiveness, and Firmness, but is not large in Self-Esteem; yet he has unbounded confidence in his mission and in himself. He always believes he is right, and if he thought he had been unjust, he would make it up ten-fold, though he would not let either fact be known. He loves children and is a father, both to his family and to his people. He could be better led by children than men, for he is impressible and big of heart, and has much tenderness toward those who trust in him; but woe to those whom Brigham Young thought were flattering him, for he is suspicious, hence the child can better speak his trust than the man. He looks down into the heart to read men. Observe his portrait. He has not lost that feature of his character, even while sitting before the instrument for his picture. He never reads the head, he never looks at it. When he is satisfied with the heart, he is satisfied with the man. He has a large chest, broad and full shoulders, as though they were made to carry a kingdom, and in walking, especially when alone with his thoughts and purposes, his head inclines toward his bosom. His heart and his head, in fact, are always meeting. He is about five feet eight, and weighs about one hundred and eighty pounds, looks young, and has an ample supply of auburn hair. His hand is soft and generous physically, and it closes upon the hand that he takes gradually, softly, no impulse, till you are surprised with its warmth and strength. There is much of protection—much of the father in this, though it tells you unmistakably that Brigham Young doesn't take men very readily to his heart or confidence. He has the tenor, not the bass voice—the trumpet voice, which, when he is warm, electrifies an audience. You would not take him for an orator when he is preaching a sermon, though he is always fluent and energetic; but on great occasions, when the man is fully brought out, then you have him. At such times his earnestness, power, the whole char-

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acter of the man thrown into the occasion, make him the equal of any living speaker to move an audience that believes in him. All Mormondom within the compass of his voice, at such times, is stirred to the very soul. He is a type of wonderful character, rather than of genius.

HEBER C. KIMBALL.

This is the man who has stood so closely connected with Brigham Young throughout his life. We give him the third place in the list, for thus it appears to us he so stands as a type of Mormon character. Next to Brigham Young and Joseph Smith, he is the most marked man that the Mormon Church has produced. He may not be as popular and beloved as Joseph and Brigham, but he is scarcely less a character. He is a non-conformist in his qualities of mind, and is, as it were, ever throwing his idiosyncrasies of character into the faces of others. He conforms to nothing—everything must conform to him. He is full of eccentricity and originality. Those who understand him best think most of him, but it is not every one who understands Heber Kimball. In almost everything he is much better than he seems. Brigham Young understands him, and they have walked side by side throughout their life and ministry, and a strong attachment has existed between them. Like Brigham Young, he is one of the first Twelve Apostles of the Mormon Church. There are only four of them left, namely, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, and Orson Pratt. He was chosen by Brigham Young as his first counselor in the new First Presidency, which filled up the organization of the Church and its first quorum, made vacant by the assassination of the brothers Joseph and Hyrum Smith. He is about Brigham Young's own age, both being born, we think, in 1801. He is the man who opened the European mission in 1837, and consequently might be said to be the man who held the keys of all Mormon missions, as the Mormons would say, in "this last dispensation." The keys of the Mormon priesthood, to unlock the nations for the missions of the "Latter-day Saints," are given to the Twelve Apostles, and Heber C. Kimball was the first man called by Joseph Smith to go and unlock the nations. Orson Hyde was called to go with Heber, as his associate, and they arrived in Liverpool with, we believe, the magnificent sum of three halfpence between them, to undertake that great Mormon work in Europe which has sent at least a hundred thousand souls to this country. They first began to preach at Preston, England. Heber preached the first sermon in Preston, in the old Cock Pit, and Wilford Woodruff was the last man to preach in that place, so famous in Mormon history. On their arrival in Preston they were met by George D. Watt, who it is said had dreamed of Heber Kimball, and knew him at once, and he directly received the Mormon gospel, and was the first man baptized in Europe, and was baptized by Heber C. Kimball, thus giving the first fruits of the foreign missions of the Mormon Church to the man before us. On their arrival at Preston a singular incident occurred, which these missionaries took as an omen of their success. At that moment the Temperance Society, which was holding a great day, hung out of the window of the Temperance Hall a flag, with the inscription "Truth is mighty and will prevail!" Whereupon Heber Kimball led off with a great shout of "Hosanna! Truth *is* mighty and will prevail." This is like the man, full of earnestness and enthusiasm. He is the greatest of all the Mormon missionaries, and he manifested much fervor in building up the English mission of his Church. Heber C. Kimball, Wilford Woodruff, and George A. Smith were the men who went to London and built up a church in the British capital. Kimball was just the man to stand up in the streets of London and send out a great cry of his mission to the whole city, and to make his strong nonconformist character felt as he walked through the very streets, and this in fact he did. To this day Heber *works* upon everybody, and does a great amount of preaching. It is almost a pity for the Mormon cause that he is not among the outer nations now. He would probably work upon the people in the British mission that he opened with as much force and success now as he did in his youth. No Mormon besides Heber can bear so powerful a testimony of the Mormon work, excepting Brigham Young, for none else are so thoroughly imbued with it, or so practically familiar with its whole history from the beginning. The building up of a small church in London was found to be a long and a hard work, but even then Heber C. Kimball prophesied that it would become the great capital of the European mission, and from London the work should spread to other nations. This has since been fulfilled, for the London Conference is the all-powerful conference of the British mission of the Mormon Church, and has taken the lead in all the operations of its work in Europe. Touching his prophesying, Heber stands among the greatest of the Mormon prophets, and we are informed that he has made some very remarkable prophecies. Such for instance as in the early history of Utah, when he told the half-clothed congregation, who were destitute of nearly everything, that, right away, they were going to have an abundance of clothing and all those things which they most needed, which were wagons, iron, harness, horses, mules, oxen, and, in fact, trains of merchandise. Heber, soon afterward, was the first man to declare his unbelief in his own words, and to express an opinion tantamount to the fact that he was caught that time. But directly upon this came the discovery of gold in California, and that great rush of gold-finders across the continent, laden down with everything which the Mormons most needed, and by the time they reached Great Salt Lake City, the gold-finders were glad to be relieved of a large part of their trains and freight, even as a gift, or leave them and their animals to perish by the wayside; and thus Heber's prophecy was saved. He might not often be so lucky in the fulfillment of his prophecies as in this fortunate case; but we understand that it is Heber's doctrine, that a man is lucky in prophesying if he hits the mark *exactly* once out of ten times. There is more philosophy in this view than some would imagine. It is a skillful rifleman who can *every time* hit the *smallest speck* on the board, and there are many predictions fulfilled in the spirit of the matter which do not agree *exactly* with a man's wording. Heber C. Kimball stands not as Joseph Smith did to the Mormon Church, as the prophet of a dispensation. His is a face of strongly marked character and peculiarities, and much force of individualism. He has a large head, abundant Causality, the organ of Comparison so prominent that it makes up much of his originality and eccentricity in discourse, plenty of the perceptive faculties, large Cautiousness, Firmness, and Veneration, Benevolence not deficient, though he is careful, and his private affairs, as well as his organization of brain, show that he has much executive ability. He is six feet or more in stature, powerfully built, of the motive temperament, with much iron in his frame and in his character, and he is, in every sense, a pillar in the Mormon Church.

HYRUM SMITH.

He was the second son of Joseph Smith, Senior, and Lucy his wife, and was an elder brother of Joseph the Mormon Prophet. He was born February 9, 1800, at Tunbridge, Vermont, and was assassinated with his brother, June 27, 1844, in Carthage jail, Hancock Co., Illinois. He was the presiding patriarch of the Church, and stood next to his brother, the Prophet, in the quorum of the First Presidency. His father, Joseph Smith, Senior, was the First Chief Patriarch, and Hyrum, as the elder son, succeeded him. It would seem that this office of Chief Patriarch is held by the Mormons as hereditary in the Smith family, falling from the father to the elder sons, and derived from the first Joseph Smith, growing, of course, out of the new revelation and priesthood of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," the name by which it was organized on the 6th of April, 1830. After the death of Hyrum Smith, the office of Chief Patriarch fell to his brother William, who, however, turned aside from the body, and lost both this and his standing as one of the Twelve Apostles. This William Smith, who should have succeeded Hyrum, was one of the first Twelve, and though he turned aside from his office, we know not that he was "cut off" from the body, for it would seem that no matter how much Joseph Smith's family revile Brigham Young, in their jealousy of dynasty, Brigham is more than tender in touching the family of the man who founded the Church he leads. William Smith failing, Hyrum's office of Chief Patriarch in due time fell upon his uncle, John Smith, and at his death it did not descend to the uncle's son, George A. Smith (among our portraits), but to John Smith, eldest son of "Hyrum Smith the Martyr." The son of the man before us, whose portrait stands prominent in our group, is therefore the fourth Chief Patriarch that the Mormon Church has had to preside over the people patriarchally.

The writer from whom we have already quoted, in his correspondence to the New York *Herald*, says, "Hyrum Smith the patriarch, and brother of Joseph, is forty-two years of age, five feet eleven inches and a half high, weighing one hundred and ninety-three pounds. He, too, is a prophet, seer, and revelator, and is one of the most pious and devout Christians in the world. He is a man of great wisdom and superior excellence, possessing great energy of character and originality of thought." We leave our readers to take this for what it is worth; looking at the portrait, however, we would be inclined to say, that is not a bad man. He has, in fact, much the face and head of a gospel preacher. Even the enemies of his brother and the Mormon Church found not much fault in the man; and this is the man who plead for mercy when Joseph was wrathful with his disciples, such as Sidney Rigdon, and would have cast them off but for Hyrum. No man was more attached to a brother, or looked up in one more than he was to Joseph; no man loved a brother more than Joseph did Hyrum. In this, at least, they were worthy examples. In life they were one; in death they were not separated. We give the following interesting account of the assassination, as it is a part of the biographies of three of the men in our group of portraits, and one more who should have been there as the next in calling to Heber C. Kimball:

TWO MINUTES IN JAIL.

Possibly the following events occupied near three minutes, but I think only about two, and have penned them for the gratification of many friends:

CARTHAGE, *June* 27, 1844.

A shower of musket-balls were thrown up the stairway against the door of the prison in the second story, followed by many rapid footsteps. While Generals Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Mr. Taylor and myself, who were in the front chamber, closed the door of our room against the entry at the head of the stairs, and placed ourselves against it, there being no lock on the door and no latch that was usable—the door is a common panel—and as soon as we heard the feet at the stairs' head, a ball was sent through the door, which passed between us, and showed that our enemies were desperadoes, and we must change our position. General Joseph Smith, Mr. Taylor, and myself sprang back to the front part of the room, and General Hyrum Smith retreated two-thirds across the chamber, directly in front of and facing the door. A ball was sent through the door, which hit Hyrum on the side of the nose, when he fell backward, extended at length, without moving his feet. From the holes in his vest (the day was warm, and no one had on a coat but myself), pantaloons, drawers, and shirt, it appears evident that a ball must have been thrown from without, which entered his back on the right side, and passing through lodged against his watch, which was in his right vest pocket, completely pulverizing the crystal and face, tearing off the hands, and smashing the whole body of the watch, at the same instant the ball from the door entered his nose. As he struck the floor he exclaimed emphatically, "*I'm a dead man!*" Joseph looked toward him, and responded, "Oh, dear brother Hyrum!" and opening the door two or three inches with his left hand, discharged one barrel of a six-shooter at random in the entry from whence a ball grazed Hyrum's breast, and entering his throat, passed into his head, while other muskets were aimed at him, and some balls hit him. Joseph continued snapping his revolver round the casing of the door into the space as before, three barrels of which missed fire, while Mr. Taylor, with a walking-stick, stood by his side and knocked down the bayonets and muskets which were being constantly discharged through the doorway, while I stood by him, ready to lend any assistance, with another stick, but could not come within striking distance without going directly before the muzzles of the guns. When the revolver failed we had no more fire-arms, and expected an immediate rush of the mob into the room, and instant death. Mr. Taylor rushed into the window, which is some fifteen or twenty feet from the ground. When his body was nearly on a balance, a ball from the door within entered his leg, and a ball from without struck his watch, a patent lever, in his vest pocket, near his left breast, and smashed it into "pie," leaving the hands standing at five o'clock sixteen minutes and twenty-six seconds—the force of which ball threw him back on the floor, and he rolled under the bed which stood by his side, where he lay motionless. The mob from the door continued to fire upon him, cutting away a piece of flesh from his left hip as large as a man's hand, and were hindered only by my knocking down their muskets with a stick, while they attempted to reach their guns into the room, probably left-handed, and aimed their weapons so far around as almost to reach us in the corner of the room whither we retreated and dodged, and then I recommenced the attack with my stick again. Joseph attempted, as the last resort, to leap through the same window from whence Mr. Taylor fell, when two balls pierced him from the door, and one entered his right breast from without, and

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he fell outward exclaiming, "*O Lord my God!*" As his feet went out of the window, my head went in, the balls whistling all around. He fell on his left side, a dead man. At this instant the cry was raised, "*He's leaped the window!*" and the mob on the stairs and in the entry ran out. I withdrew from the window, thinking it of no use to leap out on a hundred bayonets then around General Smith's body. Not satisfied with this, I again reached my head out of the window, and watched some seconds to see if there were any signs of life, regardless of my own, determined to see the end of him I loved. Being fully satisfied that he was dead, with a hundred men near the body, and more coming around the corner of the jail, and expecting a return to our room, I rushed toward the prison door, at the head of the stairs, and through the entry, from whence the firing had proceeded, to learn if the doors into the prison were open. When near the entry, Mr. Taylor called out, "*Take me.*" I pressed my way until I found all doors unbarred; returned instantly, caught Mr. Taylor under my arm, and rushed by the stairs into the dungeon, or inner prison, stretched him on the floor and covered him with a bed, in such a manner as not likely to be perceived, expecting an immediate return of the mob. I said to Mr. Taylor, "This is a hard case to lay you on the floor; but if your wounds are not fatal, I want you to live to tell the story." I expected to be shot the next moment, and stood before the door awaiting the onset. WILLARD RICHARDS.

WILLARD RICHARDS,

the writer of the above letter, whose likeness we have not been able to procure, was the first cousin of Brigham Young. He is now dead. In Joseph Smith's day he was one of the Twelve Apostles. As seen in the above letter written by him, he was one of the four in that dreadful scene of assassination, and what is very singular, it is recorded of him that he passed through that time without so much as a "hole in his robe," an instance that sometimes men seem to bear a "charmed life," when showers of bullets are hailing around them. He was the first General Historian to the Church, an office which he held till his death, about twelve years ago, in Great Salt Lake City. He was also the first editor and proprietor of the *Deseret News*. When Brigham Young took the presidency of the Mormon Church, he was appointed his "second counselor," and he held many other offices in the community. He is said to have been a "ready writer." His nephew, Franklin D. Richards, among our portraits, succeeded him in the headship of his family.

DANIEL H. WELLS.

This gentleman, whose portrait, a very good one, is before us, holds at the present time the high office of second counselor to Brigham Young, which office and relation to the successor of Joseph Smith was, as we have noticed, filled by Brigham's cousin, Willard Richards. After the death of Willard (the habit of the Mormons seems to be to mark their chief men with their Christian names), Jedediah M. Grant became Brigham's second counselor, and he also held the military rank of Lieutenant-General of the Mormon militia, for Brigham has never aspired to the character of military commander, his type and work being that of the statesman. But Joseph seems to have loved the character of chief general, and even in his "martyrdom" Willard Richards calls him repeatedly, not Prophet, but General Joseph Smith. The first one who next appeared in the rank of Lieutenant-General among the Mormons was Jedediah Morgan Grant, who, dying, was succeeded by the predecessor of Daniel H. Wells, as second counselor to Brigham Young and Lieutenant-General of the militia of Utah. Within about a year he has been elected the Mayor of Great Salt Lake City, which office was previously held by Jedediah M. Grant. He is also superintendent of the public works. He did not come into the Mormon Church during the lifetime of Joseph Smith, though he was an alderman and an influential citizen of Nauvoo. He was at that time called Squire Wells, and this is the case more or less now. After the Church was driven from Nauvoo, and the chief men, "Brigham," "Heber," "Willard," and the rest of the Twelve, had taken the main body of the Church up to Winter Quarters, now known as Council Bluffs, the residue of the people and Nauvoo found their champion in Squire Wells, and he commanded in the famous Nauvoo battle. Before the Mormons could all retreat from their beloved city to follow Brigham to the Rocky Mountains, an armed force bombarded Nauvoo. Three days lasted the Nauvoo war; the city and the Mormons were defended, under the command of Daniel H. Wells, now Lieut.-General of the Mormon militia. They were at last driven out, and Squire Wells, leaving his all like the "Saints," hastened to the winter quarters of Brigham and the main body of the Church, and united his destiny with the modern Israel in the wilderness. These circumstances of the man's keeping out of the Mormon Church so long, though residing in Nauvoo, and at last taking a leading part with them in battle, and afterward uniting with them in the direst extremes of their eventful history, may be taken as a summary of the man's character. Doubtless these circumstances in his history favorably established Daniel H. Wells in the opinion of Brigham, and finally gave him his position as second counselor. He is tall, and has much iron in his frame and character. His nose is large, chin prominent, and all his features the same. His perceptive faculties are very remarkably developed, so much so, that the great predominance of the perceptive brain is observable at a distance. He is eminently practical and executive, but there is not much theory about him, either in religion or statesmanship. He could not understand any complicated psychological phase of the human mind, nor read the secrets of the hearts and characters of men like Brigham Young. He is said to be a man of unimpeached integrity, and no one is more respected as a gentleman in the whole Mormon community. He is well fitted for his office as General, and though there is nothing spunky or combustible about him, he would be decidedly a fighting, not a parlor general.

ORSON HYDE.

We can not speak much of his character from his portrait, for our artist seems to have been inspired with a variable vein when he drew it. But Orson Hyde is the present President of the Twelve Apostles of the Mormon Church. He was one of the first "Twelve," only four of whom, as before observed, now stand, and two of them —Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball—belong to the First Presidency. When Brigham Young became President of the Church, Hyde succeeded Brigham in the Presidency of the Twelve Apostles. He has held many offices among the Mormons, both at home and abroad. A most singular incident in the history of the man is that he was appointed by Joseph Smith to go on a mission to Jerusalem. He went there alone, and upon Mount Calvary offered up a dedication prayer, at this day retained in Mormon history, proposing to take the curse from the Holy Land, and in the course of the ceremony commanding the Jews to gather to their own land and rebuild Jerusalem. All this had no practical reference to the present mission of this "peculiar people," for they believe that God has left the Jews to do their own work, but it is their assertion that the Mormon mission takes in all things, for it is their belief that in this, the "Dispensation of the Fulness of Times," God in them will bring together all things in one in Christ Jesus, both which are in the heavens, and which are in the earth." It is certainly singular that men should go from the West to the East, upon a bare idea, to offer up a prayer and command the ancient chosen race to gather to the Promised Land and rebuild Jerusalem.

PARLEY P. PRATT.

Those of our readers acquainted somewhat with the history and writings of the Mormons and their leaders, might wonder at not finding the famous Parley P. Pratt, accounted one of the greatest of their Apostles, in our category. He is dead, and his portrait inaccessible. He was one of the earliest of the Mormon leaders, and to his preaching and writings is due much of the first success of the faith which he had embraced. Everybody, almost, who reads, has read something of how large a hand Sidney Rigdon had in getting up the Book of Mormon from the Spalding manuscript. In fact, it is the notorious Spalding account of the origin of the Book of Mormon. Now it is certainly unfortunate that those who undertake to expose anything which ought to be exposed are not more careful in their data, for it is easily traceable that Sidney Rigdon was not by any means one of the first members of the Church, and did not join it till comparatively long after the Book of Mormon was known to the disciples and published. It was Parley P. Pratt who visited Sidney Rigdon, for Parley was then a Mormon preacher, and presented Sidney with the Book of Mormon to read. This was the first time that Rigdon saw that book, and Parley P. Pratt was thus the means of connecting Sidney with the Church. It is said also, for the sake of consistency, that Oliver Cowdery, the scribe of the Prophet Joseph, in getting up the Book of Mormon, should have been selected instead of Rigdon in the anti-Mormon tales of the origin of that book. Even the disciples would have had to admit a much greater show of probability, for Oliver Cowdery's name is the chief among the "Three Witnesses" sent forth to the world testifying to having seen and handled the "plates," seen the angel, etc. Cowdery was also the man said to have been ordained by John the Baptist with Joseph Smith to the Aaronic priesthood, and Oliver then baptized Joseph, and Joseph in turn baptized him. The whole Mormon Church and faith rest on this, and Oliver and Joseph were the first two elders; therefore, if there was any fraud, it must have been between them. Parley was one of the first elders and missionaries of this new faith, and his book, entitled the "Voice of Warning," which thousands have doubtless read, was pronounced by Joseph a great standard work of the Church, and it has been treated by the disciples as almost on a par with the "Book of Mormon" and "Doctrine and Covenants." His place in the quorum of the Twelve Apostles was next to that of Orson Hyde. He was one of the first Twelve. "The most eloquent and powerful of all the Mormon preachers," we think, is the opinion which his brethren universally hold of Parley. He was the first editor of the Latter-day Saints "Millennial Star," published in England. He was the author of many poems and much of the L. D. S. Hymn Book, the author of The Key to Theology, and other prose writings. His brain was large and well formed. He was immensely the superior of his learned and thoughtful brother Orson. He was much of the prophet—not wonderful that, for he was a poet—and his large head and intuitive nature made him eminently an idea-creator, and powerful both in speech and writing. His organization led him to the almost exclusive use of Anglo-Saxon words, and this at once suited his strong, nervous flow of ideas and speech, and made his "Voice of Warning" so effectual with the working classes. The Mormons say that book has brought more people into their Church than any other. It deals much with Bible and New Testament subjects, and the fulfillment of prophecy. Parley Pratt saw his fiftieth year, and wrote a short poem, entitled "My Fiftieth Year," in which, as though by presentiment, he seems to take farewell of his earthly work and life. Only a few months after, while traveling through Arkansas on his way to Utah, he was killed by McLean. The case made some stir in the papers at the time, and a lady concerned in the case published a defense of Parley.

ORSON PRATT.

This is the brother of Parley Pratt. He stands now next to Orson Hyde in the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, and he, like his brother, was one of the first Twelve, and, excepting Orson Hyde, the only one of them now remaining in that quorum, Brigham and Heber being in the quorum of the First Presidency. He was very young when he was chosen to it by Joseph Smith. He is the "Mormon Philosopher," but in this he has been misnamed. Let the skillful phrenologist look at all those heads and say who is the Mormon philosopher. It is rather Brigham Young, for he is the man with the great organs of Causality. Orson Pratt is somewhat deficient in the organs of Causality, but he is a profound mathematician, and learned in many sciences, especially astronomy. He is largely developed in the perceptive and knowing faculties, and his memory of facts and data is like a printing-press that sends out sheet after sheet, with only occasionally a letter broken out. He is a great thinker, but his thoughts are all calculations, reckoned up like a sum that two and two make four, etc. If he starts wrong in his calculation, he never gets right, for he simply multiplies figures upon it; his total would be like his premises—false. But he is a Mormon Apostle of the first magnitude, and his integrity, untiring labors, and unflinching fidelity have endeared him to the Mormons, and hold him in their hearts even when they differ from him in judgment. He was the first missionary to Scotland, and after long privation, labor, and endurance, built up the Edinburgh Conference. He has written more pamphlets than any man in his Church, and they have been printed by hundreds of thousands, and circulated through the tract societies of his people. He thinks the world is to be converted by tracts and sermons. Brigham Young thinks that more is to be done by *men* than by books and sermons. He has been several times the President of the European mission, and has been a missionary to Austria. He has been a missionary nearly all his lifetime, and instrumental in bringing many into his Church. He is considered a great preacher and a great theologian, and he has had large congregations, many receiving his testimony because they see that he believes in it and is earnest. There is too much care and thought in the man, as though he felt that the burden of eternity was upon him. At the time of the Utah Expedition, when on a passenger steamer going from the Isle of Man to Liverpool, some infuriated passengers were for throwing him overboard. He held on to the ropes, shrank not, but expressed himself that if it was God's will, he should abide it. His fearless calmness perhaps saved him.

WILFORD WOODRUFF.

This is also a remarkable man in Mormon history. He stands next to Orson Pratt in the quorum of the Twelve Apostles. Excepting Heber C. Kimball, he has no equal in the history of Mormondom in building up the churches in England in the early rise of his people. He in reality has kept most of the history of his Church. Wherever he has been, there everything has been recorded in his daily journals. Wilford Woodruff's journals have become quite a household word among the Mormons. It is almost incredible to believe the number of volumes and the amount of matter contained in those journals. We know a Mormon Elder, from whom we have obtained much information, who has labored eighteen months upon those journals, changing them from diary into regular historical form, and still has nearly ten years to bring up. If the Mormon Church were to lose Wilford Woodruff's journals, it would lose one of its greatest treasures, though much of it now has been incorporated with the General Church History. Everything is there recorded which has taken place and been said in the highest councils and private "circles" of the First Presidency and Twelve Apostles. It would be the best witness that could be handed into court and given to some first-class advocate upon a case involving Mormon interests. His journals are kept in the General Church Historian's office, in iron safes. He has recorded things without knowing at the time whether they were going to be of value or not, and after years have given them meaning and importance. He did not himself scarcely know what was in his journals until

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read to him by his scribe, changed from diary form into large volumes of autobiography, and that, too, in some instances thirty years after the occurrences were recorded. Upon the case of the Mountain Meadow massacre, of which we have heard so much, the gentleman who has recently worked upon those volumes says, "Let any committee of the houses of Congress desirous of examining into that case, and of knowing how much Brigham Young had to do with it, call into court Wilford Woodruff's journals. They would be their best and most reliable witness. Wilford Woodruff was with Brigham in his office when the messenger brought the first news of that dreadful occurrence. The record of his building up the Herefordshire Conference is like a fable. He went to "Froom's Hill," in Herefordshire, one day and began his work, and in six months had built up nearly fifty churches, established the same number of chapels or meeting-houses, and baptized as many ministers and hundreds of members. In fact, he found a circuit called "The Froom's Hill Circuit of the United Brethren," who had broken off from the Methodist body, and he swept them all into his Church—members, ministers, chapels, and all. What could resist that man so fiercely engaged in his work? Though he is now nearly sixty years of age, one could almost venture a prophecy that he is just coming out to do the same work over again, this time in the United States, for this country is just about big enough for that restless worker.

JOHN TAYLOR.

This is the man who was in prison with Joseph and Hyrum Smith, and who received four balls in his body, but recovered, and is still alive and a member of the Twelve Apostles. Had not his watch received one of the balls instead of his body, he would doubtless have been the third "martyr" in that scene of assassination. His is a head and face that will command the respect of our readers. They show character, intellect, benevolence, and the moral sentiments in a good degree. The name that has been given him by the Mormons is the "Champion of Truth," and doubtless he is a champion in the cause of his Church; but if he had more of Wilford Woodruff's wiriness and steam, he would have made even a greater mark in his work than he has. But John Taylor stands in their history as one of the greatest of the Mormon Apostles and pillars of his Church. He has been the editor of the "*Times and Seasons*," in Nauvoo, of the "*Mormon*," published in New York, Speaker of the House in the Utah Legislature, a missionary to England, France, and the United States, and has been much and done much besides.

GEORGE A. SMITH.

This is the cousin of Joseph Smith, and an Apostle. He was in the field as a Mormon missionary in his youth, traveling in his ministry through the United States, afterward a missionary in England, a principal man in building up churches in the Potteries and organizing the Staffordshire Conference, and was one of the three Apostles in laying the foundation of the work in London. He is the General Historian of the Church, succeeding Willard Richards, and Wilford Woodruff is the assistant Historian. He has scribes laboring with him in the Historian's office, but he and Woodruff are the chief officials, for "Church Historian" is one of the great offices of the Church. George A. Smith is a force among his people, and the first politician and diplomatist of Utah. He makes great speeches, but chiefly on political occasions, and has been a foremost man in leading out the settlements, traveling throughout the Territory, urging home development, and returning and relating in public the whole history of the growth of their settlements and everything concerning them in astonishing detail. Upon these reports Brigham administers and gives instructions to all the Bishops in Utah. He is in memory what Woodruff's journals are in record, and even to the standing of a stone by the wayside that he has observed, all is remembered, and not a single thing or circumstance throughout his whole life is lost. George A. Smith is said to have the whole history of the Church in his own mind, in all its details, but, unfortunately for the future, he would carry this mental record to the grave unless extracted by his scribes. Much of the Church history has been made up from George A. Smith's memory, and if there is found any slight difference in incident, dates, or names between his memory and Woodruff's journals, "Wilford," with the greatest assurance that "George A." is right, will, twenty years after the occurrence, alter his journals accordingly. He is the infallible walking history of the Church, from which there is no appeal.

AMASA LYMAN.

This is another of the Mormon Apostles. We gave to him his "phrenological chart" some years ago in Liverpool. He is a large-built man with a splendid head. His ideas are as fruitful and expansive as his beard. There is much of the German idealist about him, and he is full of transcendental thoughts. He is the Mormon Theodore Parker. He could stand in a church in fellowship with Carlyle or Emerson, and they could not charge him with not being universal enough. He believes in the "divinity of the world," perhaps more than in the divinity of the mission of any man, and even Christ himself is only the embodiment of the world's divine mission. Joseph and Brigham are the same, only in a lesser degree. Amasa thinks that the universe of truth is God, and man approximates to Deity as fast as he takes in universal truth. Amasa Lyman is an apostle of universal truth, rather than an apostle of any one Church organization. He is an apostle of the Mormon faith because he thinks that it is expansive enough to take in universal truth. Even God is but a part of it, and Christ a part, and Joseph, Brigham, and Amasa parts, and all mankind parts, the whole universe but parts, and he in his ideas grasping after them all. Church organizations, apostleships, doctrines, forms, and ordinances are only the shell; the kernel of truth is within. Even in the "atonement" he sees Christ, not as a dying Saviour, but the living and ascending Jesus, and his work of redemption will be "finished" when fallen humanity is *redeemed in fact* throughout the world. The Gospel is exemplified in the case of the woman brought to Jesus who had committed adultery: "Thy sins are forgiven thee. *Go and sin no more.*" It is the latter clause which has the weight in Amasa's mind. He is perhaps much too heterodox an Apostle, but the Mormon Church, which has taken in all sects and people of all nations, seems to have gathered into it all classes of minds. He is the most eloquent orator of Mormondom, and has been in the cause from his youth. He is the cousin of George A. Smith, and was chosen as the second counselor of Joseph in the place of Sidney Rigdon, deposed.

CHARLES C. RICH.

He is another of the Twelve, and was chosen by Brigham after the death of Joseph. He is General Charles C. Rich in Mormon parlance, and is well fitted to be a leading member of society. He would be looked up to as a man of unstained character and truthfulness of mind in any society or place. He has a large head, and his ruling Conscientiousness is seen at a glance. We gave him his "phrenological chart" at the time we gave Amasa Lyman his, and "charts" to N. V. Jones, appointed to conduct the emigration that year, and to the editor of the "*Millennial Star*." We had described them as the Mormons say they know them, without ourselves knowing them. Then came from master editor—"These, sir, are Mormon Apostles; this the agent of our great emigration this year. Don't you see you have described our lives and work, and put into our hands testimonies?" We answered much as now, "If you are not good men, God will hold you more responsible for so sinning against your organizations." Charles C. Rich *ought* to be all that his chart makes him, namely, a leading man, a man of known integrity and character, fitted for a general, and a man of pure life. He must answer to God, not to us, for his failings.

EZRA T. BENSON.

He is another Apostle chosen after the death of Joseph Smith. The upper lip in the engraving is not like the original, but taken as a whole the likeness is good. His history and performances of course do not equal those of the more famous of the Mormon Apostles. He has been a missionary; had much to do in the growth of the settlements at home, and is a member of the Legislature of Utah. He is a farmer of substance, and a man of standing in his community.

LORENZO SNOW

Is one of the early missionaries to England, and the first President of the London Conference, and he was very successful in building up the work in London. He was in the field in his youth, twenty-six years ago, and he is still young. He was the one who went to Italy and opened the "Swiss and Italian Mission." He is the brother of Miss Eliza R. Snow, the famous Mormon poetess who, for over thirty years, has held the position of "Church poetess," which is like that held by a poet-laureate of England. Her brother Lorenzo has doubtless much of his sister in him, though he has never written poetry. But he is a lover of poetry, music, good acting, painting, and refinement in general, and so much would touching music affect him that he would very likely weep over a pathetic ballad sung by a Jenny Lind. He is one of the most polished gentleman of his community, and is very courteous and winning in his address.

ERASTUS SNOW.

Another of the Twelve Apostles. He it was who opened the great "Scandinavian Mission," which has grown to be almost the equal of the English mission. He has been on missions to the States, engaged in emigrations, and has presided in establishing Mormon settlements on the route to Utah, for it should not be forgotten that many of those places and cities on our frontiers, such as Council Bluffs, Florence, Omaha, etc., were first established by Mormon emigrations. The Mormons have laid the foundations of several cities that we now call ours. Western America owes much to them. Erastus Snow has presided in establishing some of these "stakes," and he is now presiding over the cotton country in Utah. He published the *Luminary* at St. Louis.

FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS.

This man, before George Q. Cannon, who filled the vacant place made by the death of Parley Pratt, was the youngest brother of his quorum of Twelve, which we suppose stand for the twelve tribes of Israel. He is their Benjamin, and Benjamin's portion was given him of the work. It would seem that he has not lost it, for he is just gone to Europe, where he has already presided over all the European missions three times, and edited the L. D. S. *Millennial Star:* the first time, however, was only of short duration, when Orson Spencer was reported dead, and afterward arrived in England alive. Doubtless he and George Q. Cannon are the men of the future, for both of them are in the prime of life, and both equal to their work. They have, as it is, stood as two great gatherers of the "Saints." The largest emigrations from Europe have been sent home by F. D. Richards and George Q. Cannon. There is no reason why "Franklin" should not do more than he has ever done in the Mormon work. He has been at home growing old for the last ten years.

GEORGE Q. CANNON.

The two youngest of the Twelve are decidedly men of brains. "Franklin" is said to be one of the best of epistolary writers; and George Q. Cannon is the man who always edits his own papers. They may be both said to well represent the one his uncle, Willard Richards, and the other Parley P. Pratt, whose apostleship George Q. Cannon fills. He started, edited, and published the *Western Standard* in San Francisco, Cal.; was previously a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, where he had an excellent opportunity of developing his character and cultivating the virtues of patience and temperance, and fitting himself for his future Mormon work. Until within the last year or two, he has been all his lifetime out on missions, scarcely home even for a few months. This is what it amounts to in being a Mormon Apostle, or prominent man among the "Seventies," and all the Apostles have had years of this in their youth. Brigham and Heber, too, building up their churches, doing their work, and finding the means, while their families at home have been actually suffering poverty in consequence. As they grow older, with multiplied families, the work abroad naturally falls upon the shoulders of such as George Q. Cannon and F. D. Richards. Wilford Woodruff, however, is always an available man, for the wife who has borne the home burden through all his missions is quite able to fill his place, take care of his orchards and farms and manage for his family, were it tenfold more than it is, while Wilford is absent. George Q. Cannon is now resting from his long foreign work, and is in Brigham Young's office as his private secretary. After he was called away from California, he was given the charge for several years of all the emigrations through the States, co-operating with the Presidency of Europe. The "Saints" were always cared for, where George Cannon was in charge. No suffering or want occurs to the emigrants he sends to Utah. "George Q." would not send them if he thought they were going to suffer or lack care. He carries his heart in his face. He presided over Europe and edited the *Millennial Star*, and sent from Liverpool large emigrations.

JOSEPH YOUNG.

This is Brigham Young's brother, the favorite and beloved of all the Mormons. He is to Brigham what Hyrum was to Joseph. He is the beloved brother. Joseph Young was in Canada, preaching the Methodist gospel, when Brigham received the Book of Mormon. Brigham was satisfied, and from that moment it became his mission to make Mormonism in the world what it had become to him. Did he go to Joseph Smith straightway? No; but to Canada, to his brother Joseph Young, to bid him renounce the preaching of the Methodist faith, and follow him. Joseph Young followed his brother Brigham, and became by Joseph Smith's own appointing the President of all the quorums of Seventies, even as his greater brother has become President over all the Mormon Church. Joseph Young is the head of most of the intellect and force of the Church. The tradition goes among the Mormons, that when Brigham Young and his brother Joseph paid their first visit to the Prophet, after they were gone he asked one of his disciples what he thought of those men, remarking, himself, "They are the two greatest men in the world; the time will come when that man Brigham Young will lead the Church." Joseph Young in heart sensibility and spirituality is all that Brigham is in his masterly character. His benevolence is said to be unbounded; he is the man of the people, and pleads for the people and the erring. He carries not the bag, but takes the basket round with his charities, and is poor in consequence; but he is rich in the love of thousands. He is ever wanting to know "what he can do for you."

EDWARD HUNTER.

This is one of the most eccentric but best men in the Mormon Church. He is the presiding Bishop over the whole people. He has a large head, great originality of mind, but there is much irrelevance about the mouth. Every Mormon quotes Edward Hunter's odd sayings with infinite drollery, though there is nothing facetious intended by him. "It beats the devil—it beats the devil!" "Yes, yes, yes; every poor man should have a cow." If you asked him for his daughter, you would probably be answered, "Yes, yes; cattle dying on the ranges. Man came into me last night and said cattle were dying on the ranges very fast." The Bishop would not have enough unkindness to say you should not have his daughter, but this would be enough we should think for any wooer. Upon the subject of the Constitution he says: "Father came in to see me, and said, 'Edward, what do you think of the Constitution of the United States?' 'Too good for a wicked world, Edward—too good for a wicked world.'" He possessed large landed property in Pennsylvania, but gave it all to the Church. He is the third Presiding Bishop, having succeeded Bishop Whitney.

MOTHER LUCY SMITH.

This is the mother of "Joseph the Prophet." Those seeress eyes, that marked countenance, large nose, large mouth, large jaws and chin, show whence Joseph derived his nature and character. She believed in her son, for she believed in herself. She was much his counselor and support, and her faith and prayer in his mind were a tower of strength to him. She was a remarkable woman. Her character need scarcely be commented upon, it is so strongly written in her face. Over the dead bodies of her murdered sons she says, "It was too much. I sank back, crying to the Lord, in the agony of my soul, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken this family?' A voice replied, 'I have taken them to myself that they might have rest.' As I looked

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upon their peaceful, smiling countenances I seemed almost to hear them say, 'Mother, weep not for us; we have overcome the world by love; we carried to them the Gospel that their souls might be saved; they slew us for our testimony, and thus placed us beyond their power; their ascendancy is for a moment; ours is an eternal triumph.'" The father and four brothers all fell directly or indirectly by assassination or broken hearts, but the mother lived ten years after the death of her sons.

DAVID SMITH.

This is the younger son of Joseph Smith—was born five months after the assassination of his father, on the 17th of November, 1844. He is of a mild, studious disposition, and passionately fond of drawing, seemingly to be never so happy as when he has a pencil and paper in his hand. He was, at the time this was taken, about ten years of age, and is now just twenty-two.

CONCLUSION.

THE MORMON COMMUNITY.

It began with six souls, forming the, so styled, "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," on the 6th day of April, 1830, being four of the Smith family and Oliver Cowdery and Martin Harris. Shortly after this, all Joseph's brothers were ordained to the ministry, even to Don Carlos, who was but fourteen years of age, and from these have grown an equivalent to 275,000 souls, for the Mormons are more in number than those on the Church records.

This is explained thus: on those records in Europe, and other missions, there might not be more than 40,000 or 50,000, but these, in their emigrations, would equal 175,000, for their Church takes in the whole of the children, who become members of the Utah community in time, and are really a part of that people, as much as those born in America are Americans. They themselves make the two divisions, Mormons and Latter-day Saints, the same as we would speak of the nation and the church. "All Mormons are not Latter-day Saints," is their saying, meaning there are a majority who are not, excepting in the common cause and destiny of Mormondom. There are in Utah 100,000 souls, and they occupy a territory upon which a nation of 30,000,000 could grow up, equal in numbers to England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. It covers 175,000 square miles. The Mormons have already spread over this territory about one hundred settlements and cities, organized into eighteen counties. Great Salt Lake City has a regular municipal government, with mayor, councilmen, and aldermen. So have all the counties this regular civil government throughout Utah. There are about 7,000 farmers, and altogether (farms, gardens, orchards, and cotton-growing land) there is under cultivation quite 150,000 acres of land. They supply Montana with provisions and an immense quantity of dried fruit. Great Salt Lake City covers an area of six square miles, and contains some 20,000 inhabitants; but the Valley is twenty-five miles across, encircled with a chain of mountains, which would allow a city to grow up there as large as London, with three or four millions of inhabitants; and even if, in the mean time, there were a number of villages to grow up all over it, the Valley is so geographically one that all the suburbs would ultimately be joined into one great city, as with London. There are twenty-one wards already in this city, with a bishop and his council over each. There are the First Presidency of the Church and the Twelve Apostles, whose portraits we have given, and the presiding bishop, Edward Hunter. There are over eighty quorums of the Apostles of the Seventies, making between five and six thousand Apostles who hold the same priesthood as the Twelve, only they are lesser in their quorums—in the First Presidency taking three to form the quorum, in the Second twelve, and in the Third seventy. Over these quorums of Seventies there are seven presidents to each, and over the whole Seventies—these thousands for missionary purposes—there are seven presidents, with Joseph Young, whose portrait we give, at their head. Then there are quorums of the High Priests, Presidents of Stakes, High Councils, and the quorums of the "Lesser Priesthood." These Seventies—these men, Brigham Young is about to send to the nations in hosts to work upon the millions of their families and connections throughout, to carry them as upon their back to their New Jerusalem.

This must conclude our somewhat elaborate account of this most singular people. That an impartial opinion will be formed by the community as to their doctrines, we do not expect. There will be in this case, as in all others, a difference. One will approve the experiment, many will disapprove. One will support it, many will oppose, pursue, and persecute. But the Mormons are used to this, and will, no doubt, accept whatever fate awaits them with a becoming grace.

On Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—*Spurzheim.*

A RACE OF DWARFS.—Some interest has been excited in Tennessee by the discovery of graves from eighteen to twenty inches in length. The recent operations of mining and oil companies have disclosed these curiosities, which it is said contain human skeletons, whose teeth are very diminutive, but evidently those of adults. General Milroy has deposited some of the bones in the Tennessee State Library, but could elicit no information from the inhabitants concerning these Liliputian sepulchers except the fact that a large number of similar graves—perhaps thousands—have been found in the same county, and a like burial-ground is at the mouth of Stone River, near Nashville. They were examined thirty years ago, and excited considerable comment at the time. Here is a rich and wide field for theorists to explore, and it is to be hoped our men of science will look into the matter at once. Are these the remains of the pigmies which we see upon the old Etruscan vases, who waged war against the cranes for many long years, and were finally defeated by their voracious enemies?

[We should be glad to receive skulls of these little people, when we shall be able to throw the light of Phrenology upon the question of who and what they were.—ED. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.]

ADDITIONS TO OUR CABINET.—We have received, from J. N. Hamilton, M.D., of 179 Livingston Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., formerly surgeon on the U. S. ship "Vanderbilt," a human skull, which was obtained while cruising off the coast of Africa in search of the "Alabama." It was found on a small barren island in the Bay of Agra Peguina, on the west coast of Africa, a few hundred miles north of the Cape of Good Hope, and within the limits of Cape Colony.

He describes the country in the interior, as well as on the coast, as an uninhabited waste, but traders have occasionally touched there to traffic with the natives. The cranium, when found, was nearly covered with boards and stone. A large portion of the osseous structure, including the smaller bones, was decayed—dust alone remaining.

[The above is an interesting specimen, evidently of European origin, for which Dr. Hamilton has our special thanks. We have placed the skull on exhibition in our museum. We beg to call the attention of our countrymen traveling abroad to the fact, that they can serve the cause of science by procuring crania—both human and animal—and depositing the same in our cabinet. All such specimens will be duly acknowledged, and placed where they may be seen and preserved.]

"LANGUAGE, LARGE."—This is what a phrenologist would probably say of Herr Szerezel, a young Bohemian, only twenty-three years of age, who is said to speak thirty languages, and to be not only thoroughly conversant with all the languages of Europe, but with those of China Japan, and Malacca. At a meeting, lately held, of the most celebrated linguists of Prague, Herr Szerezel proved, to the satisfaction of his hearers, that he possessed a most intimate knowledge of all the above languages, and especially the Asiatic ones.—*Home Journal.*

OLD AGE.—"There is no delusion more common, even with those who keep old age steadily in view, than that, having made pecuniary provision for its support, all the happiness within the power of mortal effort to secure that condition has been secured. The palpable lesson, to that constantly under view, that, in the unstrung hand of age, wealth loses more than half its potency to minister to enjoyment, should dispel this fallacy at a glance. The happiness of age is not enjoyment, but consolation; and this is the grand item omitted in the provision. To discover what the consolations of age are, it is only required to consider what life is when it reaches that epoch. No longer anticipation, no longer action. These two valuable portions of the inheritance it was born to, it has run through; but it may have been—it should have been—laying up a treasure store which could not be inherited—reminiscence. Therein lies the little reserve of bankrupt life, the modest competency which may carry it in comfort to its end. That is the treasure which alone can compensate for what time has robbed it of; the fund it must be able to draw upon when pains, and infirmities, and weariness demand liquidation—or acknowledge itself beggared. It will be seen that this view involves investment in other funds than the three per cents. as a complete or even adequate provision for age Without venturing to touch here on the prime consolation needful in all stages of life, and indispensable in the last, but treating merely on human means to human happiness, it may be insisted on that in culture of heart and intellect, of faculties and affections, is the main provision to be made for the complacency and gratification of life's declining years."

[Aye, and we go further; we state, on the authority of man's organization, that without a religious trust in Providence—without that spirit of resignation which the culture of the higher nature—the spiritual—there will be no peace of mind, no happiness in old age. Money can never supply the place of a happy trust in God.]

SENSIBLE SIGNS—HOW TO DETERMINE WHERE WATER IS.—A gentleman related his experience in this matter. An Irishman in his employment, in order to ascertain where he ought to dig to obtain water soonest, got a stone and buried it over-night in the ground, next to the hog-pen. In the morning he found it quite moist, but not sufficiently so to suit his fancy. Next night he tried it in another spot, and it was found very wet on the following morning. "There," said Patrick, "you will find water not many feet deep, and plenty of it." Sure enough, in a few days' digging, Patrick confirmed his prediction, notwithstanding the jeers of the workmen, finding a vein which filled the well to overflowing, and rendering it exceedingly difficult to bail out the water so as to stone it. The philosophy of the operation seems to be that as the great evaporation takes place from the surface of the earth during the night, water rises up from the depths below to supply the loss, and accumulates in the vicinity of the stone, often making quite a puddle.—*Am. Inst. Farmer's Club.*

[There must be *something* in it; but we should look for other "indications" before investing largely in "boring" or digging. The above is far more sensible than the crotched-stick or witch-hazel whim.]

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GET READY FOR 1867.

Two dollars in greenbacks will pay for a single copy of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED a year, or from January, 1867, to January, 1868. Our club rates are as follows: Five copies, $9; Ten copies, $15; Twenty copies, $30, and, for premium, a copy of "New Physiognomy," value $5; Thirty copies, $45, and a Student's Set, value $10; Forty copies, $60, and a Student's Set with "New Physiognomy," value $15; Fifty copies, $75, and $20 dollars worth of our own publications as a premium; One Hundred copies, $150, and $50 in our publications as a premium.

CLUBS may be made up at one or a hundred different post-offices, but should be sent in before, or as near the 1st of January as possible, up to which date these terms will hold good.

Premiums will be sent as per order, by post or express, at the cost of the receiver. The postage on "New Physiognomy," when prepaid, is 50 cents. The larger premiums, including books or busts, must go by express or as freight. We are now ready to record new names or re-enter present subscribers on our new books for 1867. Let clubs be made up at once.

ADDITIONAL PREMIUMS.

FOR One Thousand Dollars, we will send Five Hundred copies of the JOURNAL to Five Hundred new subscribers a year, and one of STEINWAY AND SONS' best Rosewood Seven Octaves Pianos—manufacturers' price, $625.

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It is scarcely necessary for us to describe at length the merits of the premiums we offer. Suffice it, the Pianos and Melodeons are among the best; the Sewing Machines have a world-wide reputation; the New Sporting Rifle is the best gun we ever saw; the Washing Machine and the Clothes Wringer are the best of the kind.

Failing to obtain the full number of subscribers to make up a club for either of the premiums, we will accept the amount and number of names sent at the same rates, and receive cash to balance. In such cases no effort, though but partially successful, will be lost. We wish the agent to be liberally remunerated for his services; though many will work *gratis* for the good they may do.

Our object is to induce our friends to place a copy of the JOURNAL in the hands of every family. May God bless the efforts of ALL who work in the interest of humanity.

CONFUSION OF TONGUES.—A distinguished geographer has enumerated 860 distinct languages, and 5,000 dialects in the world. Of these, 53 belong to Europe, 114 to Africa, 124 to Asia, 417 to America, and 117 to Oceanica. This probably does not comprise the whole, for many provinces have a tongue more or less peculiar. In the South Seas it is said that there are little islands close together, the inhabitants of which can not understand each other.

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts set forth.

DRYING UP OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

DOUBTLESS the idea conveyed by the title of this article will be a novel one to many of your readers, but to those whom it may concern, and who are best able to judge of its truthfulness, it is generally believed to embody a melancholy reality. It is now, I believe, about fourteen years since the Upper Mississippi has been regularly plowed by steamboats throughout the season of navigation.

During that time the river has been slowly changing its features in many particulars, until the growing apprehension has finally ripened into a conviction that this portion of the "Father of Waters" is constantly undergoing a process of deterioration. This is no impulsive inference from the phenomena of a single season, but a conclusion reluctantly deduced from years of the closest observation. The most reliable authority as to the truthfulness of this fact is, as a matter of course, that of the experienced steamboat men, who have for season after season navigated these northern waters until every one of the innumerable curves, complications, and peculiarities of the river, and the ten thousand bluffs which rear their rugged outlines in imposing grandeur on either side, have become as familiar to their searching eye as the individuals of their households. It is from this source that we derive the most conclusive of our facts; their uniform testimony being that the Mississippi, or at least the upper portion, is gradually but none the less certainly *drying up*.

This fact has made itself so appreciable this year, that even now, before the season is more than half passed, the packet companies have been obliged to withdraw their larger boats from that portion of the river above the city of Winona, Minn., and to navigate that part by their smaller boats exclusively. This arrangement was made only upon an urgent necessity, and is one of which no one used to seeing the large boats floundering around upon innumerable sand-bars can doubt the propriety. Formerly this was not the case. Ten years ago the largest boats could ascend to St. Paul without difficulty, and avoid intervening obstacles without a fraction of the care which is now requisite.

These are the facts; and as they have attracted considerable notice of late, they have given rise to various embryotic theories, none of which, however, have given a direct and satisfactory account of the causative agencies.

There are none, I presume, who will doubt the fact, that when wild portions of country are appropriated by man and cultivated by the arts of civilization and husbandry, they undergo a very perceptible change in climate, and physical features in general. Such at least is the fact uniformly demonstrated by the history of our own country as the tide of life has flowed westward, and successive States have been founded upon the ruins of primeval nature. The arts of man leave their imprints not only on the earth but in the atmosphere, very frequently working radical revolutions in the entire physical system of a region of country.

Ever since the first settlement of Minnesota these causes have been vigorously at work, and the effects are now becoming very apparent. Fields have been tilled, vegetation increased, groves have been obliterated, and especially in the immense pineries of the North the work of destruction has been prosecuted with effective energy. Unquestionably these changes have affected the climate, and they have accordingly been appealed to by persons endeavoring to account for this diminution of the Mississippi as agencies which have decreased the amount of moisture and the annual quantity of snow and rain. This position upon examination, however, is clearly untenable. Instead of the fall of rain and snow decreasing, the fact is that each successive year witnesses an increase.

Upon the first settlement of this State, its characteristic virtue was the dryness of its atmosphere and the small amount of rain which answered abundantly the purposes of vegetation, the annual fall never being estimated at more than about 27 or 28 inches. This distinguishing feature has, however, steadily become less appreciable, last winter being characterized by the greatest quantity of snow fallen in ten years, and this summer as one of the rainiest seasons ever experienced in the State. Yet in the presence of these data the fact of the unparalleled shallowness of the Upper Mississippi remains undisputed. It is obvious, then, that the phenomenon must be accounted for by causes more indirect than those hitherto advanced, and after careful investigation I am inclined to think it susceptible of a more satisfactory solution.

Instead of attributing it to a diminution in the annual quantity of water, I would ascribe it to the absence of the former economy of nature in the use of it.

The Mississippi, with its source in the extreme north of Minnesota, wends its way southward through vast pineries, and its scores of tributaries, penetrating every portion of the surrounding country as far north as the great continental water-shed near the British boundaries. In former years, these fastnesses of nature nourished and preserved in their strongholds vast quantities of snow until about the first of June, and then yielding to the influence of the summer's sun, the flood-gates were opened and the "June rise" was the effect, which made its appearance with as much regularity as the seasons themselves. Of late years, however, it has been more irregular and has finally ceased altogether, instead of which we have a regular flood in the latter part of April. These facts I conceive will admit of but one conclusion, and that is, not that nature is less bountiful than in the past, but that she is less economical.

Formerly the river received its spring supplies solely from the rain and the melting of the snow in the lower latitudes; by the time they were exhausted, the fields of snow farther north would be gradually opened, culminating, as was before stated, about the first of June, but extending in different degrees through several months, and supplying the river abundantly until some time in September, when the fall rains would partially fill their place, although during the last six or eight weeks of the navigable season the river was always nearly as low as it is this year. *Now*, on the contrary, on account of the very material modification in the temperature—which is universally admitted to have taken place—and the destruction of the pineries, thus leaving the region unprotected from the encroachments of summer, the entire field of the river's supply yields to the vigorous assaults of early spring, and the boundless fields of snow which formerly served as a prolific and gradually developing fountain of supply, now disappear with the spring showers, and after a portion is absorbed and wasted upon overwhelmed areas of land, is precipitated southward in an ungovernable flood about the last of April. This was the exact mode of action this spring, and the low water for the last six weeks is an unmistakable indication that what was formerly meted out by nature as it was needed, is now swept by in a useless torrent or absorbed by vast areas of inundated land, thus leaving the upper river almost unnavigable by large boats after the middle of June.

Upon the facts here set forth you can rely; as to the theory of their causes it may be erroneous, but is the most satisfactory I have yet been able to arrive at.

If the Mississippi is drying up, there is certainly a cause for it, and as there are multitudes interested in the fact, doubtless many will take pleasure in searching for the reason. MÉLANGE.

TO MAKE A CANDLE BURN ALL NIGHT.—I remember seeing, some years since, in an agricultural work, now out of print, an article on "economy of candles," which may be new and useful to many of our readers. When, as in cases of sickness, a dull light is wished, or when matches are mislaid, put finely powdered salt on the candle till it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night, by a small piece of candle.—*Tribune.*

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Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* The Phrenological Journal *may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.*]

Essays on Human Rights and their Political Guarantees. By E. P. Hurlbut, Counselor-at-Law—since Judge of the Supreme Court in New York. With Notes by George Combe, embracing The Origin of Human Rights; The True Function of Government; The Constitution of Government; Constitutional Limitations and Prohibitions; The Elective Franchise; Rights Emanating from the Sentiments and Affections; The Rights of Woman; The Right of Property and its Normal Relations; Intellectual Property. Price, postpaid, $1 50. Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

Why this profound and most valuable work has obtained so small a sale we can not understand. It was first published by Messrs. Greeley & McElrath; republished in Edinburgh, with Notes by Geo. Combe; and then, on its intrinsic merits, by ourselves. This was before the war, and we found but a limited sale for the work. The nation is agitated on questions ably discussed by this author, who takes a phrenological view of things, and who can teach our statesmen what they ought to know. If a copy of "Human Rights" could be placed in the hands of every one of our legislators—State and National—great good would come of it. We still have a part of the edition on hand, which was printed in 1853.

A Practical Treatise on the Diseases of Women. By F. W. Von Scanzoni, Professor of Midwifery and the Diseases of Females in the University of Wurzburg, Counselor to His Majesty the King of Bavaria, Chevalier of many Orders. Translated from the French of Drs. H. Dor and A. Socin, and annotated with the approval of the author, by Augustus K. Gardner, A.M., M.D., Professor of Clinical Midwifery and the Diseases of Women in the New York Medical College, etc. With upward of sixty illustrations. Pp. 669, royal octavo. Cloth, $6. May be had at this office.

This volume is exceedingly rich in the etiology, pathology, and therapeutics of female diseases, embracing, as it does, all the improvements which have been realized in these sciences during the last twenty years. Prof. Scanzoni, in treating on the diseases of women as a specialty, has brought to the task the rare experience of a long series of years devoted to the study of midwifery and the diseases of women in the hospices of Prague and Wurzburg, and his observations and experience, based on physiological and pathological principles, are set forth by him in a very lucid and interesting style. The methodical arrangement of the subject-matter, together with the ample illustrations, and the author's fame, serves still further to enhance the value of the work. The French and American translators also contribute valuable notes, rendering the work of great practical value to the medical fraternity; and as a text-book for students, or as a reliable aid to the busy practitioner and to the accoucher, it is invaluable.

Poems by Elizabeth Akers. (Florence Percy.) Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo. Blue and gold. Cloth. Price $1 50.

In this collection of Miss Akers, more familiarly known to the literary public under the *nom de plume* of Florence Percy, we find much of the sweetness of Mrs. Hemans. The sprightly, joyous, and ardent constitute the main features of the poems, and render them specially attractive. They are all quite brief, but as versified specimens of condensed thought will compare favorably with the minor poems of Whittier. In "A Dream" Miss Akers seems to have attained the climax of passionate sweetness.

The New Orleans Crescent Monthly. A Magazine of Literature, Art, Science, and Society; Wm. Evelyn, Editor. Vol. I., No. 3, September, 1866. 8vo., paper. Price 50 cts.

The literature of the South has received a valuable addition in the *Crescent Monthly*, the third number of which is to hand. Its contents are varied and interesting, among which are articles on "A New Mountain Range," an ingenious article on the Plutonic influences in the Mississippi Valley; "Modern Armies, their Organization and Spirit;" "Dreams;" "Literary Ambition;" "Dahlgren's Raid, his Papers, Death, and Burial," etc., etc., together with an exceedingly spicy editorial *melange*. We dissent from the views expressed by the writer on Modern Armies, who clings to the absurd State-rights notions of Mr. Calhoun and other secesh theorists. America is to be one great, grand union—a power in the world second to no other.

A Yankee in Canada, with Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers. By Henry D. Thoreau, author of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," "Walden," "Cape Cod," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. Cloth. $1 50.

This humorous and decidedly prolific author gives in this, his latest book, his views on Canadian life and the civil policy of New England, especially Massachusetts. His description of a week's tour in Canada is certainly laughter breeding, if not altogether instructive. The Essay on Thomas Carlyle and "Life without Principle," though having very little to do with the title of the volume, are about the most interesting features of it. Mr. Thoreau appears to be a strong admirer of the Scoto-Anglican author.

The Poems of Thos. Kibble Hervey, edited by Mrs. T. K. Hervey, with a Memoir. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. Cloth, gilt. $1 50.

This collection of Mr. Hervey's efforts in verse presents an attractive appearance in its blue and gold binding. Contributor as he was to the London *Art Journal*, his poems may be considered as of no mean order. In fact, for sprightliness and grace, some of his compositions are unsurpassed by any modern writer. Some of his shorter effusions, like "The Shepherd's Grave," "The Lay of the Lowly," and "Beneficence," are gems, and well worth consideration.

The New York *Tribune* has gained over 56,000 new subscribers since the 1st of August, and is still rapidly increasing. Politicians speculate on this fact, and declare that the Radicals are to "sweep the field" in the present elections. We publish the *Tribune* prospectus in our present number, where terms are given.

For 1865, 1866, and 1867.—The Three Illustrated Annuals of Phrenology and Physiognomy, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, for these three years, contain a mass of interesting scientific matter, as follows:

Physiognomy Illustrated; Debate in Crania, a capital thing; A Young Hero; Fighting Physiognomies Illustrated; The Color of the Eye; The Five Races, or Man Illustrated; Great Men; A Word to Boys; Lines on a Human Skull; Palmer, the English Poisoner; Self-Reliance; Our Museum; The Bliss of Giving; An Almanac for a Hundred Years; The World to Come; Signs of Character in the Eyes; Where to Find a Wife; General Information; Andrew Johnson; Abraham Lincoln; Julius Cæsar; Character in the Walk; The Mother of Rev. John Wesley; Character in the Eyes; Practical Uses of Phrenology; Stammering and Stuttering—its Cause and Cure; Lieut.-Gen. Ulysses S. Grant; The Red Man and the Black Man, with Portraits; Heads of the Leading Clergy; Heads of the Most Notorious Boxers; Fate of the Twelve Apostles; Two Qualities of Men; Home Courtesies: Cornelius Vanderbilt; Language of the Eyes; Phrenology and Physiology; Brigham Young, Portrait and Character; Richard Cobden; Phrenology at Home; Major-Gen. Wm. T. Sherman; John Bright; How to Study Phrenology; Names of the Faculties; Hindoo Heads and Characters; Fat Folks and Lean Folks; Immortality—Scientific Proofs; Thomas Carlyle; The Jew—Racial Peculiarities; Civilization and Beauty; The Hottentot; A Bad Head; Forming Societies; Matrimonial Mistakes; Handwriting; How to Conduct Public Meetings; Eliza Cook, the Poetess; Rev. James Martineau; Rev. Dr. Pusey; Froude, the Historian; Thiers, the French Statesman; John Ruskin, the Art-Writer; Rev. Chas. Kingsley; Bashfulness—Diffidence—Timidity; Cause and Cure; Eminent American Clergymen; The Spiritual and Physical; Large Eyes; Ira Aldridge, the Tragedian; Influence of Marriage on Morals; Society Classified, etc. *With more than* 150 *engraved illustrations.* Price for the three, post-paid, only 40 cents. Address Fowler and Wells, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

Chambers' Encyclopedia, a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People, is now fast approaching its completion, and will form of itself, when bound, a complete library of knowledge. Numbers 109 and 110 are to hand, bringing the work down to "Synthesis." Price 25 cts. semi-monthly."

The California Teacher, a journal of School and Home Education, for October, is before us, and furnishes in its rather interesting columns abundant testimony as to the appreciation of educational influences by the people of the "Gold State." The articles published in the "Teacher" have no little merit, and speak well for Californian literature.

The Seventh Annual Report of the Trustees of the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art, presents an interesting exhibit of the charitable work of this institution during the past year. We are sorry, however, that the gallery of paintings has been closed, as it was the only institution of the kind open to the public in our city. The room, however, formerly occupied by the paintings will be used for educational purposes, giving free instruction to those who are disposed to attend. Would that New York had more philanthropists of the school of the founder of this institution.

The Contest: A Poem. By George P. Carr. Chicago: P. L. Hanscom. 1866. Price $1 35.

This is a war poem, in four cantos, describing vividly the historic incidents of our late contest. Canto first portrays the election of President Lincoln; the subsequent rebellion; the massing of the troops; and the conflict. Canto second is devoted to the storming of Sumter. Canto third to the New Orleans expedition. And canto fourth to the Army of the Cumberland. It is a neat volume, and no doubt will prove acceptable to every one who was interested in *the contest*.

New Books.

[*Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable and interesting:*]

Wilhelm von Humboldt's Course of Linguistical Studies. By G. J. Adler, A.M. 8vo. pp. 48. Paper, $1 25.

The Works of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke. Revised Edition. Vol. 8. 12mo. pp. iv., 486. Cloth, $2 50.

Ballads, Lyrics & Hymns. By Alice Cary. Tinted paper. Portrait. 12mo. pp. ix., 333. Cloth, full gilt, $5; plain, $4 50.

Christie; or, the Way Home. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. 300, 312. Cloth, $2 75.

The War-Tiger; or, Adventures and Wonderful Fortunes of the Young Sea-Chief and his Lad Chow. A Tale of the Conquest of China. By William Dalton. Illustrations by H. S. Melville. 16mo. pp. 337. $1 75.

History of the Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D. Vol. 4. England, Geneva, France, Germany, and Italy. 12mo. xxxi., 491. Cloth, $2 25.

Dick Bolter; or, Getting on in Life. 18mo. pp. 196. Cloth, 75 cts.

Paul Blake; or, The Story of a Boy's Perils on the Islands of Corsica and Monte Cristo. By Alfred Elwes. Illustrations by H. Anelay. 16mo. pp. 383. Cloth, $1 75.

England Two Hundred Years Ago. By E. H. Gillett. 16mo. pp. 363. Cloth, $1 50.

The Office of the Holy Communion in the Book of Common Prayer: a Series of Lectures. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D., etc. 18mo. pp. xiv., 354. Cloth, $1 50.

The Golden Ladder Series. By Alice Gray. 6 vols. 18mo. Cloth, uniform, in box, $4. Containing Nettie's Mission, pp. 141; Little Margery, pp. 150; Margery's City Home, pp. 139; The Crossing Sweeper, pp. 144; Rosy Conroy's Lessons, pp. 144; Ned Delan's Garret, pp. 150.

Geographical Series. Primary; or Introduction to the Study of Geography. 4to. pp. 118. Bds. $1 50.

Geographical Series. No. 2. The Earth and its Inhabitants. Common School Geography. 4to. pp. 147. Bds. $2 75.

Key to Guyot's Wall Maps. Geographical Teaching; being a Complete Guide to the Use of Guyot's Wall Maps, with full Instructions for Drawing the Maps in Accordance with Guyot's System of Constructive Map Drawing. 12mo. pp. 116. Bds. $1 25.

Appleton's Handbook of American Travel. The Southern Tour: being a Guide through Md., D. C., Va., N. C., S. C., Ga., Fla., Ala., Miss., La., Tex., Ark., Tenn., and Ky. With Descriptive Sketches of Cities, etc., etc. With Maps of Routes of Travel and Different Cities. By Edward H. Hall. 12mo. pp. xii., 142, 83. Flex. cloth, $2 25.

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THE LITTLE TRAPPER. By W. Heard Hillyard. And other Stories. Illustrated. 16mo. pp. 293. Cloth, $1 75.

THE CANTICLES NOTED, with Accompanying Harmonies. Edited by John H. Hopkins, Jr., M.A., Deacon. 12mo. pp. 111. Cloth, $1 50.

HARMONIES TO THE CANTICLES NOTED, and to the Holy Communion. By John H. Hopkins, Jr. 8vo. pp. 42, 23. Cloth, $2.

SIMPLE TRUTHS FOR EARNEST MINDS. By Norman Macleod, D.D. Cloth, $1 50.

"OMNIPOTENCE (THE) OF LOVING-KINDNESS:" being a Narrative of the Results of a Lady's Seven Months' Work among the Fallen in Glasgow. 16mo. pp. 340. Cloth, $1 50.

DISCOURSES OF REDEMPTION, as Revealed at "Sundry Times and in Divers Manners." Designed both as Biblical Expositions for the People and Hints to Theological Students of a Popular Method of Exhibiting the "Divers" Revelations through Patriarchs, Prophets, Jesus, and his Apostles. Rev. Stuart Robinson. 8vo. pp. 488. Cloth, $3 50.

To our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your* "BEST THOUGHTS" *solicited.*

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS, JOURNALS, *etc., must be written on a sheet by itself. Questions for this department*—TO CORRESPONDENTS—*and communications for the Editor, must be written on* SEPARATE *slips.*

SPECIAL NOTICE—*Owing to the crowded state of our columns generally, and the pressure upon this department in particular, we shall be compelled hereafter to decline all questions relating to subjects not properly coming within the scope of this* JOURNAL. *Queries relating to* PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, *and* ANTHROPOLOGY, *or the general* SCIENCE OF MAN, *will still be in order, provided they shall be deemed of* GENERAL INTEREST. *Write your question plainly on a* SEPARATE SLIP OF PAPER, *and send us only* ONE *at a time.*

ONE-SIDED PEOPLE.—I have noticed, in the portraits of great men, that the face and head are almost always canted to one side; one eyebrow is higher than the other, and the mouth appears to be twisted to one side or distorted, and one shoulder is often more elevated than the other. Are they really so, or do they simply so appear to me? Does Secretiveness tend to make people hold the head to one side?

Ans. A straight face is a rare thing; generally the right side is the larger; this raises one brow, and tends to tilt or twist the mouth. The right side of the brain, the right lung, and right side are usually larger than the left, and the right arm is not only larger, but stronger than the left. Is it because it is used more? Then why is it used more? Why do not men use the left instead of the right, or both with equal facility? In many cases there is too little vitality to feed both hemispheres of the brain, consequently one side, generally the right, becomes the larger. We think men are not right-handed by accident; that it is an institute of nature. Men do not talk and sing because taught to do so. They talk and sing in a particular manner because of instruction and example—but they talk and sing because it is in their nature to do so.

SMALL HANDS AND FEET.—Do all finely-organized persons have small hands and feet?

Ans. No; nor are all persons having small hands and feet finely organized. A coarse man and a fine woman might unite in marriage, producing a child that resembled the father in coarseness, but inheriting a small head and foot, and other delicate features, from the mother. Another might take the fineness of quality from the mother, yet inherit large hands and feet, and other heavy and rugged indications, from the coarse father.

HEADS.—At what age does the head attain its full size?

Ans. That depends somewhat on the constitution of the person. One attains his growth in body and head at 17; another at 27; and another at 37, or even later. Commonly, the head and body attain their size from 21 to 25 years of age.

INCREASE OF BRAIN.—Can a person's head, measuring 21¼ inches, be increased in size to 22½ inches in five years, the person being twenty-five years of age, weighing 165 pounds, and being six feet high? If so, what is the best method of obtaining the desired object?

Ans. We have known individuals to have an increase of brain in ten years from 21¼ to 22½ inches, and the increase occurred after the parties were more than twenty-five years of age. It is not every one who has constitutional vigor enough thus to increase the brain after the body has attained to its full size, but it is not uncommon for the brain to grow until the age of forty-five years. As to the best method of brain growth, it is very simple. Let the health be preserved, the vital conditions kept strong and good. By temperate living and a liberal exercise of the mind—not merely the mathematical or metaphysical, literary or mechanical talents, but also the feelings, the emotions, the sentiments, and thereby the blood will be invited to the brain, and its whole substance will be rendered active, and thus it will be likely to increase in size. A person with but little vitality may use intensely one set of faculties, and through them use up all his vitality, while three fourths of the organs of the brain are inactive. Such a brain may increase in size in the organs that are used, but not in the other organs; indeed, the unused parts may decrease as fast as the portions which are used shall increase; so that the brain, as a whole, may remain stationary, or even become smaller.

DECREASE OF ORGANS.—Do phrenological organs which are large become smaller by disuse or inactivity, so that in after years they would be marked less in a chart?

Ans. The whole brain, a group of organs, or a single organ, becomes smaller in consequence of mental inactivity. Sometimes, after full maturity, inactivity of intellect causes that part of the skull which constitutes the forehead to become thickened; the same would be likely to occur relative to the moral or top-head, of the social or back-head, or of the selfish or side-head. In such cases there would not be a corresponding diminution of the size of the surface. Sometimes, also, organs become uncommonly active, and the skull is rendered thin over the organs, in which cases the organs are really larger than they are indicated. In persons under thirty years of age, the changes in the size and activity of the brain will be, with practical certainty, indicated by the surface of the head. We have a method of determining the relative thickness of different parts of the skull during life, as well as the absolute thickness of the skull in general. This is done by ascertaining the vibrating capacity or tendency of the cranium when the person speaks.

ELECTRICITY, MAGNETISM.—What temperament is most favorable to a large amount of electrical or magnetic power?

Ans. The mental temperament is the basis of this power, but there must be a good degree of the motive temperament to give it strength, and an ample supply of the vital to feed and sustain that power.

WHAT are the characteristics of persons who have Causality, Comparison, Eventuality, Ideality, Conscientiousness, and Cautiousness large, with Individuality full, Veneration moderate, and with the back-head, except Continuity, small?

Ans. We have a basketful of such questions every month. Men sit down and imagine themselves to have a certain class of organs, or they get their heads examined by a phrenologist who knows or does not know much about the subject, and then we are asked to spend an hour studying out and writing the indications from charts thus marked. Such questions are by no means of public interest. Sometimes persons get into a dispute on the subject of mental peculiarities, and in this way expect us to decide their questions. If persons would read the Self-Instructor, they could find out the definition, the uses, and the influences of each one of the faculties, and would be able to draw for themselves a tolerably correct conclusion.

The sketch of the faculties before named shows reasoning power, fair observation, good memory and imagination, integrity and prudence, with less of the social nature; we would say a thinker rather than a doer, and selfish in certain respects. Such a man would sit and read, neglecting his friends and family, at least in the social courtesies which belong to the department of domestic life.

FAITH.—How can the faculty which gives faith be increased?

Ans. The power of believing that which is not proved, or which lies out of the realm of tangible evidence or demonstration, is imparted by the moral sentiments, especially by the faculty called Spirituality, and is susceptible of culture like all the other powers. This is done by the exercise of the faculty, by meditating on spiritual and divine things, a future state, immortality, etc. Avoid skepticism; open the mind to receive impressions, presentiments, and intuitions; try to feel that the spirit of the living God is about you, guiding your affairs and making all things work for your ultimate good.

HAIR.—Does fine hair indicate a fine quality of brain?

Ans. It is one of the indications.

Does any particular color of hair indicate any particular quality of brain?

Ans. No.

Does a full or heavy beard indicate a full development of the mind?

Ans. A full beard indicates constitutional rather than mental peculiarities. It indicates strength, health, vigor, and virility, but we do not regard it as an indication of mentality. We think a goat knows more than a sheep, but not because it has a beard.

THE JEWS.—In your JOURNAL, a few months ago, you had a notice of a weekly Jewish paper, the *Messenger*, I believe. Do you think its teachings and articles would conflict with my convictions as a Christian? You recommended its reading to your subscribers. Do you advise us to read it as containing suitable information?

I should like to know something about the Jews myself. I believe they are wronged by most writers, and I believe even by Mr. Wells in his NEW PHYSIOGNOMY. Do you not think it would be interesting to your readers to publish an article or series of articles in your magazine doing justice to the Jews? INQUIRER.

Ans. We commended the *Jewish Messenger* as the best modern literary exponent of the Jewish doctrines, and as up to the times in the advocacy of art, education, reforms, etc. Christians may read it with the same freedom that they would read anything else for information not in accordance with their faith. The *J. M.* is as liberal as any non-controversial sectarian journal, and *we* find it instructive. In his NEW PHYSIOGNOMY Mr. Wells described the Jews, naming their peculiarities as he sincerely believed them to be, without prejudice and with no other wish than to do them justice. The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is open to any fair writer who may wish to vindicate the truth as he believes it to be concerning the scattered tribes of Israel.

We regard mankind alike, as human beings entertaining different views and opinions according to education, situation, and circumstances; and the Christian, Jew, and pagan are only parts of the human race placed here for a purpose; and when the mission of each shall have been fulfilled, let us hope that it may be well.

Publishers' Department.

ENCOURAGEMENT.—We have recently received the following brief but interesting opinion from a distinguished clergyman who indicates a warm interest in our efforts:

"THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is not appreciated because it is not known. It has a large circulation, but it ought to have one larger. It is a suitable magazine for all classes of people, as its aim is to elevate mankind. The *truth* is presented to the world of readers in an attractive form. In no other periodical of its kind have I seen so much order. 'Order,' it is said, 'is heaven's first law.' It has its faults, but they are *small* ones. The high moral tone pervading every part is worthy of all praise, and should be considered more in the selection of reading matter for the family circle. It has only to be seen to be read. It has only to be read to be appreciated. If it is appreciated, the life will be reformed and the soul brought back to God. A. D."

ONE-ARMED MEN.—It has been suggested that disabled soldiers should have the preference in such public office as they may be qualified to fill. Clerkships in revenue offices, post-offices, etc., can be filled by them. They can also sell tickets at railway stations, receive the fares at toll-gates, ferries, and the like; canvass for new books, magazines, newspapers, sell patented articles, and so forth.

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Those who are capable, may teach, preach, lecture, practice law, medicine, or Phrenology. Some of our most efficient agents are one-armed men. Persons are induced to subscribe for the JOURNAL partly with a view to help the worthy agent, for whom all true hearts feel a real sympathy. We are opposed to all beggars and begging, and only those with a pauper spirit will resort to it. But to work at any useful employment by which to earn an honest living is quite a different matter. Let us help those who try to help themselves.

HOW PROVOKING!—We published a hand-book some time ago, the object of which was to teach those who need teaching, "HOW TO WRITE." We regret all have not read it, or, having read it, neglect its instructive rules. To-day we have received several letters requiring answers "by return of post," when no name, or only the initials, are signed to the letters. One long letter—we like short *business* letters and long *love* letters best—from a good young man, unsophisticated and religious, who asks for a reply, is signed only F. O. P., instead of his proper name.

Now, who is F. O. P., or Fop? And what State claims him? If he were distinguished like U. S. G., or A. L., or B. F., or G. W., or H. G., we might at least "guess" who was meant. But F. O. P. will be obliged to write out his surname in full, in order to be recognized and replied to. Nor will it do for our young lady correspondents to expect answers to Fannie L., Jennie D., or Lizzie C. We must have the name in full, including *Post-Office*, *County*, and *State*. Then we shall be most happy to respond the same day, even by the very next mail.

We have several letters waiting answers, simply for the want of proper addresses, and look daily for a scolding because "my letter was not answered."

ADVERTISING.—Some of our advertisers have done us the honor to state that their announcements in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL have proved more advantageous to them than the same amount expended in any other medium. At most, we can give but a very limited space to advertisers, and this fact makes the space thus allotted all the more valuable. We venture to suggest that proprietors of schools, colleges, merchants, bankers, attorneys, physicians, manufacturers, nurserymen, fruit-growers, booksellers, dealers in minerals, lands, lumber, coal, iron, etc., would find it the best and most profitable journal to place their business before the public. This JOURNAL has a large circulation in this and the old country, among an intelligent, enterprising, "go-a-head" people. "A word to the wise."

AN ANGELL'S RETREAT IN NEW YORK!—Steady, reader, don't get excited. We refer to the hygienic establishment of Dr. E. C. Angell, No. 51 Lexington Avenue, corner 25th Street, New York city, which is called a "SANITARIUM." Dr. Angell is a graduate of Bellevue Medical College, practiced with Dr. Shepherd, on Brooklyn Heights, and is now located in the above fashionable neighborhood, near the classic promenade of the disconsolate Miss Flora McFlimsey, the beautiful young lady who had "*Nothing to Wear*." We wish all Angell's visitors a happy deliverance from every evil to which flesh is heir.

THERE IS STILL ROOM.—The prospect now is, that we shall have a full class in Practical Phrenology, commencing with the new year. Should there be others designing to attend, we shall be glad to hear from them soon. Address this office.

General Items.

HOW COFFEE, CIGARS, LICENTIOUSNESS, AND WOMEN KILL FAST YOUNG PARISIANS.—Call the roll of the "young men of 1830," says a Paris paper, and ask where they are? De Balzac is dead—coffee killed him. Frederick Soulie is dead, the victim of coffee and licentiousness. Eugene Briffant died a madman in the Charenton Lunatic Asylum. Grandville went mad, and breathed his last in a private insane house. Lasally died at the Charenton mad-house, a raving lunatic. Love Weimers died from opium eating and licentiousness. Rabbe, after suffering agony from a loathsome disease, took poison to end his prolonged torture. Alfred de Musey died a victim to the bottle and the cigar. Count Alfred D'Orsay was killed by cigars and licentiousness. Charles De Bernard died from coffee and licentiousness. Henry Beyle died from coffee and women. Hippolyte Royer Collard died from coffee and tobacco. Gerard De Nerval, after oscillation between plenty and want, abstemiousness and licentiousness, went mad and hung himself. All died of softening of the brain or spinal marrow, or swelling of the heart. All mowed down in the prime of life in the meridian of their intellect and fame.

Eugene Sue's name is added to the fatal list. Coffee and women were his ruin. He died away from his friends, away from his family, away from the home he had adorned with such elaborate care, an exile in a foreign land. Who would have predicted such an end to Eugene Sue in 1841, when he was the favorite of Paris, rolling in wealth, coveted by every one, and a dandy of the most aristocratic pretensions?

THE Norfolk (Va.) *Old Dominion* pays us the following compliment:

PHRENOLOGY.—There are two classes of men to be found in every community, viz., those who have brains, and those who live parasitically upon the brains of others. We acknowledge their ownership to be due to a higher power, else, had we the power to gain them, there would be more tickets taken than in the lottery of Fowler and Wells, which figured in this city so far back (and yet in our memory), that delicacy alone induces us to hesitate about naming the year, through fear of exposing our age, a point on which we are particularly sensitive.

The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL of Fowler and Wells to-day appears in elegant style, proving that what was once regarded as a chimera is among the sciences of the age.

Those distinguished professors are kind enough to send us their JOURNAL, which we regard as evincing the triumph of perseverance over irresolution.

In examining this scientific work, we have been impressed by the *heads* of men known to be gifted with master minds. We are not to be told that phrenologists jump at conclusions, or, rather, that they reach their object after time has decided on the abilities of the men whose heads are exposed to our view as sketches.

For thirty odd years this firm has met with success, and the fact, that to-day it occupies one of the most expensive buildings in Broadway [not exactly; though we hope to secure a fire-proof building ere long.—ED.] is evidence that the verdict of the country is in its favor.

In every instance, we have only to examine their charts of the brain, and invariably find that weight avoirdupois of cerebral matter appears wherever real greatness has exhibited itself. It is folly to deride this science. It may not be as exact as the system of Copernicus, but its progress is eminently satisfactory.

To the obstinately incredulous, we reply in the language used once to us by our first commander: "If you can do better, or bring better information than Bowditch has given you for navigating a ship, accept it; but I doubt seriously if any one will be able to overthrow his rules."

ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY FOR 1867, Illustrated. Contains — How to Study Phrenology; Names of the Faculties; Thomas Carlyle; Civilization and Beauty; A Bad Head; Matrimonial Mistakes; Handwriting; Eliza Cook; Rev. James Martineau; Rev. Dr. Pusey; Froude, the Historian; Thiers, the Statesman; John Ruskin, the Art-Writer; Rev. Charles Kingsley; Bashfulness—Diffidence — Timidity, Cause and Cure; Ira Aldridge, the Tragedian; Society Classified. A capital thing—only 20 cents. Address FOWLER AND WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

THE CABLE AND THE CLOCKS.—The inauguration of submarine telegraphic communication by means of the Atlantic cable makes it interesting to inquire into the difference of time in various cities of the Old and New worlds. When it is twelve o'clock high noon at New York, it is fifty-five minutes and forty-two seconds after 4 P.M. at London; fifty-seven minutes and twenty seconds after 6 P.M. at St. Petersburg; seventeen minutes and twenty-four seconds after 7 P.M. at Jerusalem; fifty-one minutes and forty-four seconds after 6 P.M. at Constantinople; forty minutes and thirty-two seconds after 4 P.M. at Madrid; thirty-one minutes and twenty seconds after 5 P.M. at Bremen; forty minutes and thirty-two seconds after 4 P.M. at Dublin; and forty-one minutes and twenty-four seconds after 6 P.M. at Florence. The difference of time between the extreme east and west points of the United States is three hours and fifty minutes. In the China Sea, between Singapore and China, it is midnight when it is noon at New York.

PEARS AND APPLES.—We have been favored by our good friend Morris Baisley, of Westchester Co., N. Y., with a basket of the handsomest fruit—pears and apples—that we have seen this year. Oh, how beautiful! oh, how delicious is ripe, luscious fruit! and it is no less healthful. It must be a perverted appetite and a diseased stomach that can not enjoy with a relish such God-given luxuries as these. Accept our grateful thanks, friend Baisley, for these good gifts.

A NATURAL BAROMETER.—We are indebted to a writer in the *Canada Farmer* for the following:

"I first observed in the rows of young Weymouth (or white pine) trees in my nurseries, that the last year's growth, and all the leaves or spines, stand straight upright in dry weather, and on the least change to rain or snow, the branches bend and the leaves fall back and appear in a dying state, even before the rain or snow commences. When a change comes for dry weather, they all recover again, and remain so until the next change is going to take place, giving the farmer warning in time for him to prepare for it."

Business.

[*Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be* LEADED *and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 25 cents a line.*]

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Extract from editorial in New York *Citizen*, Oct. 6:

"From the rapid improvement which the last few years have effected in the opportunities and facilities of the New York Business College, it is evident that the proprietors are actuated by a laudable ambition to make their institution the best of the 'International Chain,' and, consequently, the best in the world. Their success has given a position and character to the system of business instruction, and we regret to say that too many inferior institutions are reaping golden harvests out of the popularity which Messrs. Bryant and Stratton have created for the profession."

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TO PUBLISHERS. Books for review in the St. Croix COURIER, Calais, Maine, may be left at the house of Dr. McCHESNEY, 43 East Twenty-third Street, New York City. 2t*

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ÆSOP'S FABLES.

ILLUSTRATED.

THE OLD LION.

A LION worn out with years lay stretched upon the ground, utterly helpless, and drawing his last breath. A Boar came up, and to satisfy an ancient grudge, drove at him with his tusks. Next a Bull, determined to be revenged on an old enemy, gored him with his horns. Upon this an Ass, seeing that the old Lion could thus be treated with impunity, thought that he would show his spite also, and came and threw his heels in the Lion's face; whereupon the dying beast exclaimed: "The insults of the powerful were bad enough, but those I could have managed to bear; but to be spurned by so base a creature as thou—the disgrace of nature, is to die a double death."

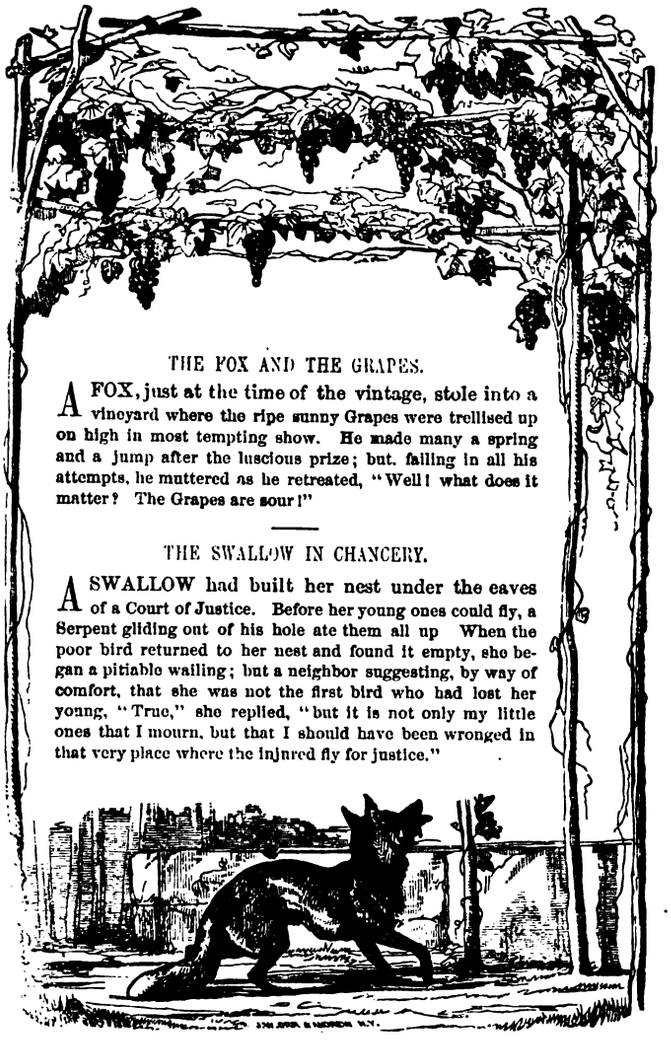
THE THREE TRADESMEN.

THERE was a city in expectation of being besieged, and a council was called accordingly to discuss the best means of fortifying it. A Bricklayer gave his opinion that no material was so good as brick for the purpose. A Carpenter begged leave to suggest that timber would be far preferable. Upon which a Currier started up, and said, "Sirs, when you have said all that can be said, there is nothing in the world like leather."

THE BOY AND THE NETTLE.

A BOY playing in the fields got stung by a Nettle. He ran home to his mother, telling her that he had but touched that nasty weed, and it had stung him. "It was your just touching it, my boy," said the mother, "that caused it to sting you; the next time you meddle with a Nettle, grasp it tightly, and it will do you no hurt."

Do boldly what you do at all.



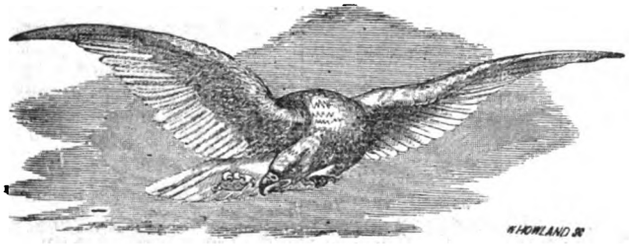
THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A FOX, just at the time of the vintage, stole into a vineyard where the ripe sunny Grapes were trellised up on high in most tempting show. He made many a spring and a jump after the luscious prize; but, failing in all his attempts, he muttered as he retreated, "Well! what does it matter? The Grapes are sour!"

THE SWALLOW IN CHANCERY.

A SWALLOW had built her nest under the eaves of a Court of Justice. Before her young ones could fly, a Serpent gliding out of his hole ate them all up When the poor bird returned to her nest and found it empty, she began a pitiable wailing; but a neighbor suggesting, by way of comfort, that she was not the first bird who had lost her young, "True," she replied, "but it is not only my little ones that I mourn, but that I should have been wronged in that very place where the injured fly for justice."

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.



THE FIGHTING-COCKS AND EAGLE.

TWO young Cocks were fighting as fiercely as if they had been men. At last the one that was beaten crept into a corner of the hen-house, covered with wounds. But the conqueror, straightway flying up to the top of the house, began clapping his wings and crowing, to announce his victory. At this moment an Eagle, sailing by, seized him in his talons and bore him away; while the defeated rival came out from his hiding-place, and took possession of the dung-hill for which they had contended.

A magnanimous man never boasts of his personal achievements. His works speak for him. He gives all the glory, through gratitude, to his Maker.

THE FROG AND THE OX.

AN Ox, grazing in a swampy meadow, chanced to set his foot among a parcel of young Frogs, and crushed nearly the whole brood to death. One that escaped ran off to his mother with the dreadful news: "And, O mother!" said he, "it was a beast—such a big four-footed beast!—that did it." "Big?" quoth the old Frog, "how big? was it as big"—and she puffed herself out to a great degree—"as big as this?" "Oh!" said the little one, "a great deal bigger than that." "Well, was it so big?" and she swelled herself out yet more. "Indeed, mother, but it was; and if you were to burst yourself, you would never reach half its size." Provoked at such a disparagement of her powers, the old Frog made one more trial, and burst herself indeed.

So men are ruined by attempting a greatness to which they have no claim.

THE WOLF AND THE HORSE.

AS a Wolf was roaming over a farm, he came to a field of oats, but not being able to eat them, he left them and went his way. Presently meeting with a Horse, he bade him come with him into the field; "For," says he, "I have found some capital oats; and I have not tasted one, but have kept them all for you, for the very sound of your teeth is music to my ear." But the Horse replied: "A pretty fellow! if Wolves were able to eat oats, I suspect you would not have preferred your ears to your appetite."

Little thanks are due to him who only gives away what is of no use to himself.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE SEA.

A SHEPHERD moved down his flock to feed near the shore, and beholding the Sea lying in a smooth and breathless calm, he was seized with a strong desire to sail over it. So he sold all his sheep and bought a cargo of Dates, and loaded a vessel, and set sail. He had not gone far when a storm arose; his ship was wrecked, and his Dates and everything lost, and he himself with difficulty escaped to land. Not long after, when the Sea was again calm, and one of his friends came up to him and was admiring its repose, he said, "Have a care, my good fellow, of that smooth surface, it is only looking out for your Dates."

THE WILD BOAR AND THE FOX.

A WILD Boar was whetting his tusks against a tree, when a Fox coming by asked why he did so; "For," said he, "I see no reason for it; there is neither hunter nor hound in sight, nor any other danger that I can see, at hand." "True," replied the Boar; "but when that danger does arise, I shall have something else to do than to sharpen my weapons."

It is too late to whet the sword when the trumpet sounds to draw it.

THE FROG AND THE OX.

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Fig. 1.—The Girls Laugh at Them.

THE MILLER, HIS SON, AND THEIR ASS.

A MILLER and his Son were driving their Ass to a neighboring fair to sell him. They had not gone far when they met with a troop of girls returning from the town, talking and laughing. "Look there!" cried one of them, "did you ever see such fools, to be trudging

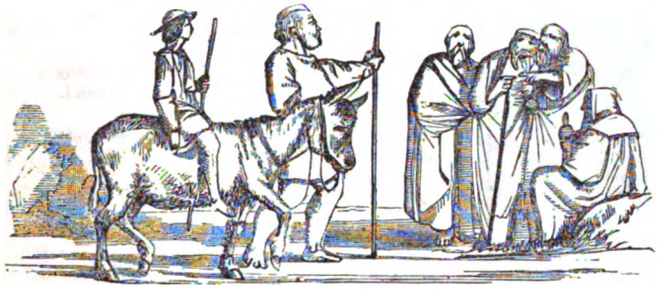

Fig. 2.—The Old Men Point a Moral.

along the road on foot, when they might be riding?" The old Man, hearing this, quietly bade his Son get on the Ass, and walked along merrily by the side of him. Presently they came up to a group of old men in earnest debate. "There!" said one of them, "it proves what I was a-saying. What respect is shown to old age in these days? Do you see that idle young

Fig. 3.—The Women not Suited.

rogue riding, while his old father has to walk?—Get down, you scapegrace! and let the old Man rest his weary limbs." Upon this the Father made his Son dismount, and got up himself. In this manner they had not proceeded far when they met a company of women and children. "Why, you lazy old fellow!" cried several tongues at once, "how can you ride upon upon the beast, while that poor little lad there can hardly keep pace by the side of you?" The good-natured Miller stood corrected, and immediately took up his Son behind him. They had now almost reached the town. "Pray, honest friend," said a townsman, "is that Ass your own?" "Yes," says the old Man. "Oh! one would not have thought so," said the other, "by the way you load him. Why, you two fellows are better able to carry the poor beast than he you!" "Anything to please you," said the old Man; "we can but try." So, alighting with his Son, they tied the Ass's legs together, and by the help of a pole endeavored to carry him on their shoulders over a bridge that led to the town. This was so entertaining a sight, that the people ran out in crowds to laugh at it; till the Ass, not liking the noise nor the situation, kicked asunder the cords that bound him, and, tumbling off the pole, fell into the river. Upon this the old Man, vexed and ashamed, made the best of his way home again—convinced that by endeavoring to please everybody, he had pleased nobody, and lost his Ass into the bargain.

The absurdity of the poor Miller's attempt to please everybody, and the disastrous failure which attended them, furnish an admirable illustration of the action of largely developed Love of Approbation accompanied by a weak judgment, and not sufficiently held in check by Self-Esteem and Firmness. A desire to please is, in itself, highly commendable; but we are called upon neither to act contrary to our own best judgment as to what is right, or to sink our own self-respect under the pressure of public sentiment; and

Fig. 4.—Overloading the Ass.

where widely differing parties and opinions exist and urge our adhesion, any attempt to secure approval and applause from all sides is sure not only to fail in its object, but to earn for us the contempt of every independent and candid person. A man is sometimes justified in being "on the fence;" but to be on both sides at

Fig. 5.—Anything to Please.

once, or by turns, is neither a dignified nor a wise procedure. The Miller, by trying to please everybody, pleased nobody, and lost his Ass into the bargain; and many a good-natured but weak-minded popularity-seeker makes a donkey of himself, by a similar course, and gets laughed at for his pains.

MERCURY AND THE SCULPTOR.

MERCURY having a mind to know in what estimation he was held among men, disguised himself as a traveler, and going into a Sculptor's workshop, began asking the price of the different statues he saw there. Pointing to an image of Jupiter, he asked how much he wanted for that. "A drachma," said the image-maker. Mercury laughed in his sleeve, and asked, "How much for this of Juno?" The man wanted a higher price for that. Mercury's eye now caught his own image. "Now, will this fellow," thought he, "ask me ten times as much for this? for I am the messenger of heaven, and the source of all his gain." So he put the question to him, what he valued that Mercury at. "Well," says the Sculptor, "if you will give me my price for the other two, I will throw you that into the bargain."

They who are over-anxious to know how the world values them, will seldom be set down at their own price.

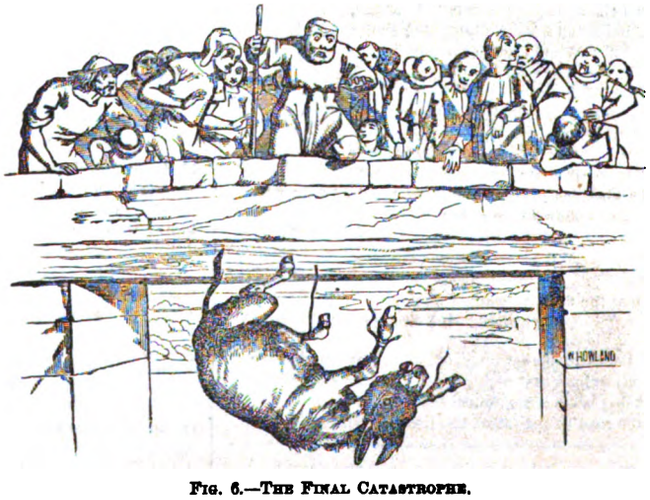

Fig. 6.—The Final Catastrophe.

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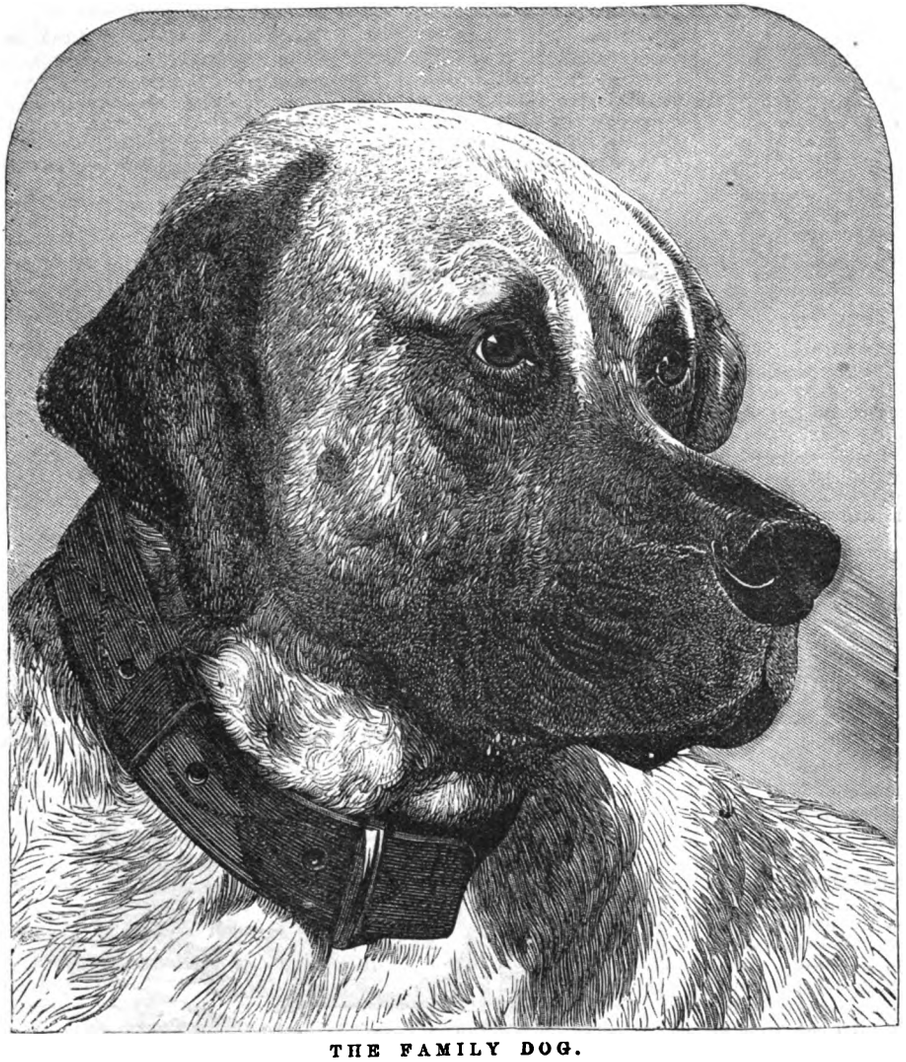

THE FAMILY DOG.

THE FAMILY DOG.*

I AM thinking, to-night, as I lie on the rug,
By the bright flashing firelight all sheltered and snug,
Of the many past days ever which I can gaze
With the pride and the praise
Becoming a family dog.
While piercing winds blow, and half buried in snow,
My old cheerless kennel deserted may go,
I can but recall a bleak night, long ago,
When I was *no* family dog.

'Twas a pitiful flight; unable to fight
The merciless mastiff who conquered me quite,
I was ready to perish with starving and fright,
When, in tones soft and clear,
A new voice caught my ear,
And a kind, coaxing whistle proclaimed a friend near.
How I sprang to the side
Of the tall muffled cloak,
And by barking and fawning
My gratitude spoke,
As in at the door, to wander no more,
I was ushered—the family dog!

Ah! the taste of that bone, which in pity was thrown
For my supper that night, it can never be known
By a dog besides me, unless perchance he
On the road to starvation has traveled with me!

And the warmth of that fire, how it glows through me yet,
As shivering with cold and all glistening with wet
It melted the ice,
Dripping down more and more
From my half-frozen limbs
In a pool on the floor!
And the home I then found, search the wide world around,
Was the one of all others where naught could be found
Save *good-will* for a family dog!

Then it was that I made a sure *vow*, if I stayed
Where such kindness, unasked, to a stranger was paid,
They should never regret
The night we first met,
While I was the family dog!

Little then did I know how I ever could show
A grateful return, or a favor bestow,
But *gratitude ever will watch for a way*,
And so it has often turned out with old Tray.
Fred and Flora well knew
I was faithful and true,
For I carried their basket each morning to school;
And with eager delight
Again hailed them at night,
Their escort as exact as if working by rule.
But my heart trembles still
With an undying thrill
Of joy which no future can ever impair,
At the touch of the collar my rough neck shall wear,
A token of love, which for me they will bear
While I am the family dog.

It chanced on a day,
When, my master away,
With Fred and sweet Flora I wandered in play
To the willow-fringed lake, where a sail they would take,
While the echoes around, with their glee wide awake,
In the sweet childish prattle seemed glad to partake.

Fred loosened the boat from the post on the shore,
And Flora stepped in on its bright painted floor,
When the strange rocking motion upon the clear tide
Alarmed little Flora, who fell from its side;
And the silvery waters
Grew smooth o'er the spot
Where she passed out of sight
With the quickness of thought.
Fred's scream of dismay lingers still on my ear,
As I plunge 'neath the surface so mockingly clear;
But more plainly comes back his wild cry of delight
As I brought his sweet Flora again to his sight,
And bore in my grasp the fair burden I gave
With joy to the hearts I would perish to save!
Oh! the tender caressing!
The warm, earnest blessing!
The patting and hugging,
And little hands tugging
To clasp on the collar I proudly shall wear
So long as the title, then earned, I shall bear—
A grateful old family dog!

Dear Fred! he has gone; and I can not tell why
He should linger so long from poor Flora and I.
I suspect from the wars he will never return,
Though again for his coming we ever must yearn.
But Flora, dear Flora, she clings to me still,
The soul of true kindness and gentle good-will;
And with master and mistress, a trio of friends
Such as Providence seldom to one poor dog sends,
I am more than content—I am happy and free,
And proud, as *a dog of my collar*, should be;
And I have not a doubt,
When my sands are run out,
When old Time, creeping on, shall have measured my years,
In some leaf-sheltered nook they will find me a bed,
With a bit of green turf, and a stone for my head,
Where Flora, at least, may bestow a few tears
On her faithful old family dog.

* We are indebted for the above to that well-known and well-edited juvenile monthly, "MERRY'S MUSEUM."

FOREIGN BODIES UNDER THE EYELIDS.—The following simple method of extracting invisible substances which have become lodged under the eyelid will be found to be of the greatest convenience and efficacy. The lid being seized at its angles between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, gently draw it forward and downward as far as possible, over the lower lid, and retain it there for about a minute. On allowing the upper lid to return to its normal position, the flow of tears will carry off the foreign body, which will usually be found on the lower lid, or one of the lashes, or on the cheek.

THE
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S. R. WELLS, EDITOR,
Is devoted to **The Science of Man**, in all its branches, including PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, PSYCHOLOGY, ETHNOLOGY, SOCIOLOGY, etc. It furnishes a guide in **Choosing a Pursuit**, in selecting a **Wife** or a **Husband**, and in judging of the dispositions of those around us, by the **external "Signs of Character."**
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The Journal.

Man, know thyself. All wisdom centers there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.—*Young.*

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

PORTRAIT OF GUSTAVE DORE.

THIS gentleman, although yet young in years, has already achieved a high position in matters artistic. He possesses a very strongly marked organization. The features, particularly those of the upper half of the face, are very prominent. The perceptive organs, with the exception of Color, the deficiency of which is clearly seen in his portrait, are all very large. Form, Size, Weight, Locality, and Individuality impress the beholder at first sight with their magnitude. The nose is exceedingly well shaped, approaching the Roman type, and indicates a fine development of the mental as well as the physical organization.

He is constituted for a close, critical observer. Whatever interests him, especially if it be connected with his profession, is investigated through and through.

The organs of the side-head are strongly marked. Ideality, Sublimity, Constructiveness, Destructiveness, Acquisitiveness, and probably Tune are large, especially Ideality, which gives that strength and freedom of imagination for which he is so remarkable.

Looking at his portrait, we would consider that Cautiousness was not an influential peculiarity of his disposition. He would be rather inclined to celerity of movement. When interested in any undertaking he would exhibit considerable impet-

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uosity. Destructiveness is evidently one of his most influential organs, giving him that taste and power in portraying the horrible and gloomy which characterize his best productions. He also possesses a good degree of Combativeness, which imparts courage and staunchness to his character. His social nature is strong. He is inclined to be warm and ardent in affection, yet eccentric in its manifestation.

The temperament is such as indicates impressibility, emotion, that sort of a nature which warms up quickly to the affectional.

The organs of the crown and top-head, with perhaps the exception of Self-Esteem, are fairly evinced. He is quick to perceive the character of others, to appreciate the wrongs and distresses of his fellow-men; and where his sympathies are fairly enlisted, he would incline to be munificent in his gifts.

In his opinions he is characteristically decided. He is not known to yield easily his convictions. At the same time, he possesses a considerable regard for the favor of others, looking upon commendation as a necessary adjunct to practical success. The organ of Imitation is well developed. He is both imitative and original. Is an inventor and a copyist, as he chooses. Among his friends he is known for little regard to conventionalism or formality. He is quite free in his language, and quite willing to conform to the circumstances of the hour. As a talker, he is more pointed and ejaculatory than copious. He delineates his ideas on paper rather than expresses them in the garb of words. He speaks rather through the pencil than through the smoothly rippling tongue. He is an event painter rather than a word painter.

His is a delicate and decidedly superior organization; high strung rather than low strung. He lives in the region of the ideal and the imaginative rather than among the material and tangible. His tastes are esthetical, and they give tone to his entire character and movements. He is decidedly a nervous man, as people generally understand the term "nervous." He is emphatically a nervous man, as the term is understood in Phrenology. The nervous or mental temperament predominates over the others. Yet he is well built physically, and can endure much, and may with proper attention keep his brain well supplied with the nutriment which it demands. As our portrait represents him, we would infer that his eyes are of that exquisite character which is so frequently ascribed to poetical and refined natures — dark, lustrous, penetrating; they strongly attract the beholder, and suggest the inward character and aspirational nature of their possessor.

BIOGRAPHY.

Paul Gustave Doré, the present artistic lion of Paris, whose name has become of late as familiar as "household words," was born at Strasburg on the 6th of January, 1833, and is now but little more than thirty-three years old—an age at which but few men have acquired so great fame as he. His father was an engineer by profession, and the earlier years of Doré were passed amid the bold and romantic scenery of the Vosges, the rugged grandeur of which became indelibly impressed upon his mind.

When about eight years of age, a volume of illustrations, by Grandeville, the celebrated French caricaturist, fell into young Doré's hands and awakened the artistic instinct which lurked within him. Thenceforth, child as he was, the pencil was seldom out of his hands. A few months later, several of his juvenile attempts were shown by his parents to Grandeville, who at once recognized the latent genius evinced by them, and advised the parents to allow their boy to receive the artistic training for which he displayed such an extraordinary aptitude. But his parents did not wish him to become an artist.

In 1847, however, young Doré was taken by his parents to Paris, where he became acquainted with Philippon, one of the most noted publishers of the day, who, on becoming aware of the wonderful talents of the would-be-artist, prevailed upon the elder Doré to allow his son to follow the bent of his inclination. But it was not until after young Doré had completed his college education that he was allowed to devote his time unreservedly to the art for which he possessed such a decided taste. This was in 1850, yet so industrious had been the pencil of the artist, that during the three years preceding and the three years succeeding that date he had produced more than a thousand designs, and had been for a time connected with the *Journal pour Rire*, and a frequent contributor to the *Musée Anglo-Français* and the *Journal pour Tous*. Most of these designs were of the French school of caricature, but possessed a style wholly original and wonderfully imaginative, which soon brought them into special notice.

During 1852 and 1853, yielding to the advice of his friends, he exchanged the pencil for the brush, and became an exhibitor at the picture exhibitions. Here the boldness and originality of his works attracted considerable attention; but he felt that color painting was not his forte, and being unwilling to return to caricature, he bethought himself of becoming an illustrator of books. This proved to be the turning-point of his whole career. He produced an illustrated edition of "Rabelais," the success of which decided him in his new vocation. Then came the Crimean war, when the pencil of Doré made its owner's talent and versatility known throughout the whole of the civilized world. His illustrations of the Anglo-French campaign had an enormous sale, their popularity being unbounded. The French were proud of their young artist, and the appearance of a new sketch from his pencil was sure to attract crowds around the window of the Parisian booksellers. With the termination of the war Doré sought new fields of labor. He had learned the full extent of his powers, and with this knowledge came a grand and noble ambition. He resolved to become the pictorial interpreter of the great master-minds of literature. It was a magnificent project, and to an artist less gifted would have proved utterly impracticable. But Gustave Doré is a stranger to the word *impossible*. It is not in his vocabulary. He possesses the power to execute as well as to conceive.

The result of this resolve is seen in the production of illustrations to editions of "The Wandering Jew," "The Contes de Perrault," "Baron Munchausen," "Don Quixote," "Rabelais," "Balzacs," "Contes Drolatiques," "Dante's Inferno," and the Bible, all of which show a versatility of genius unparalleled in modern times.

Gustave Doré first obtained his recognition as an artist of more than ordinary merit by his illustrations to "The Wandering Jew." From that time his progress was rapid, each succeeding work being received with increased favor by the public; and when his latest, and in some respects his greatest, work was published, the enthusiasm of his admirers was literally unbounded. Everybody in France turned Bible-reader in order to understand the great artist. Yet it is said that Doré himself had never read the book before he engaged to furnish a certain number of illustrations for a grand folio edition. He is said to have turned over the leaves of a borrowed copy one day, hastily indicating a subject here and there on the margin, and on setting to work he used these hasty memoranda without troubling himself much about the context. Yet the Bible illustrations, as a whole, are his greatest achievements, although he utterly fails in the conception of the face of the Saviour. But he revels in the horrible. The "Death of Abel," where blood has been shed for the first time, is striking. The murderer leaning against a boldly projecting rock, stares with fixed eyes upon the work of his frenzied wrath, stolid and apparently unconscious of his eternal doom. The "Deluge," of which he presents three series, gives a picture of tragic horror truly appalling. Yet in some of his illustrations he exhibits a delicate eye for beauty, as in the illustrations to the sweet pastoral beauty that is found in "The Meeting of Eleazar and Rebecca at the Well" and "Isaac receiving Rebecca," the first of which overflows with grace, charming sentiment, and Eastern feeling; the second of which is a marvel of beautiful conception and execution, which form a wonderful contrast to the weird epic of "The Wandering Jew," the strange vagaries of "Don Quixote," or the Rembrandt-like gloom of "Dante's Inferno." Here, at one time, he makes the blood run cold with the demoniacal pictures which he presents; at another he will excite unsympathetic laughter or command mere admiration. It is in Dante's Hell that Gustave Doré finds full scope. To give a faint conception of Doré's peculiar genius, we quote from a recent biographer the following ghastly pen-painting of his (Doré's) "Valley of Dry Bones."

"Doré's love of the grotesque and of queer humor occasionally breaks through his enforced decorum, as in his wonderful realization of Ezekiel's vision of the 'Valley of Dry Bones.' It is a ghastly composition. We can almost hear the multitude of bones dash and rattle as they fly together. And it is humorous, too There is seen a bewildered skeleton fumbling around for a missing arm, which a brother skeleton, who was, doubtless, a practical joker in the flesh, hides away from him. One unfortunate creature has let his skull slip through his bony fingers, and grasps blindly after it as it falls. Another, who

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has picked himself entirely up, and put his bones together in complete order, sits grinning horribly a ghastly smile, and poking fun at his less expert companions. In the distance, the rehabilitated skeletons disappear, in long and dim procession, through the dusk of gathering night."

Doré is said to have no eye for color. But he possesses a rarer gift—the power of expressing vast degrees of space with black and white, and of producing, with these simple materials, the impression of color. He is ambitious of becoming a great colorist; but the only specimen of his art in this country, "The Mountebanks," is thought to give little promise of future excellence in this respect.

Doré lives in Paris. He is unmarried, and his mother keeps house for him, in quiet, modest apartments fitted up in true artistic taste. His studio is said to be a perfect museum of costumes, specimens of armor, weapons, and other objects of artist necessity or pleasure. Every Sunday he receives his friends at an entertainment, from which all ladies, except his mother, who presides, are rigidly excluded. The reason attributed for this ungallant treatment of the sex, among whom the artist finds his warmest admirers, is that he is a professed celibate, and refuses to have his peace of mind disturbed. (?) His industry is no less a marvel than his genius. His drawings of all kinds number over forty thousand, and his pencil acquires greater facility every year in transferring to wood or paper the imaginative creations of his fertile brain. He revels in work. His enthusiastic joy in art, it is said, supplies the want of repose. When engaged on some important task that absorbs his mind, he will ply his pencil for days and nights together, with scarcely an interval of rest; and when the work is finished will emerge from his studio with not a trace of weariness on his brow, fresh, affable, and gay, his presence always solicited and always welcome. Doré is said to be an excellent performer on the violin, and is exceedingly fond of music.

The next great task that Doré will undertake, it is said, is the illustration of Shakspeare, to which task he is, no doubt, fully equal. He has a large capacity for dramatic element, and his genius is essentially Shaksperian. All the artistic talent of England combined has failed to produce a satisfactory Shaksperian gallery, and it will be a strange reproach to our transatlantic brethren should the great dramatist find his first graphic illustrator in the person of Gustave Doré.

People long ago must have had an inconvenient time of it. Just think! No railroad; no steamer; no gas; no friction-match; no telegraph; no express; no sewing-machine! Crawling along in stage-coaches; scratching the mast for a breeze; snuffing tallow candle dips; exercising over a tinder-box; waiting for messages; pestering friends to carry packages; puncturing fair feminine fingers with needle-points; with other attendant infelicities—how on earth did they get along? Truly, if our children increase the amount of comfort in an equal degree, with morals to suit, blessed will they be in their generation.

"DON'T TELL ME THE NEWS."

BY FRANCES A. BAKER.

Don't tell me the news! the sad news any more,
  Falling from lips like a knell;
It is the very same story o'er and o'er,
  How they fought and bled and fell—
How our brothers fought, till the death-angel came
  And ended the bloody strife;
How our brothers fell, breathing low a loved name,
  Or a struggling prayer for life;
How they moaned and died on the cold, cold sod,
  Without one token of love,
Not even a drop of cold water—O God!
  And the rain-clouds just above.

A letter! Thank God, he is spared still to me!
  But—look again—what is this?
The writing is strange—he was hurried may-be;
  No, no, this never was his.

Killed! How we start! Our heart stands still in its place,
  Ah!—'twas a ball struck us there;
We grow faint—try to pray, but a white dead face
  Comes between God and our prayer.
Killed! Shot through the heart! Yes, 'tis *his* heart
  They shot through. These arms will fold
His form to this heart nevermore. O the smart!
  How dark it has grown, and cold—
So cold and dark! The world is so cold and dark—
  A dark, cold world at the best.
My heart, like a lone dove lost from the ark,
  Can find for itself no rest—
Can find no rest, no warmth, no love any more;
  O darling, come back again,
Come and take me home to the beautiful shore,
  Beyond this sorrow and pain!

God is just! His mercy endureth for aye,
  And His arm is strong to save;
God is just and merciful, though we should cry
  Till silence comes in the grave.
Though we cry for mercy, for mercy alone,
  And His voice answereth not,
Is God pitiful? we wail out with a moan,
  And fall straight down on the spot.
O the sorest cross to us women is given—
  Our hearts are shot through each day;
They step from the battle-field right into heaven—
  We—we live on. Let us pray!

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

BY JOHN NEAL.

THE EDUCATED AND THE UNEDUCATED.

Who are the educated? And who the uneducated? Are *they* only the educated who have had what is called a liberal education, or, in other words, who have gone through college—no matter where—no matter how? And all others, whatever they may have done, or whatever they may be capable of doing, the uneducated?

If we may judge by what we see and hear every day, when great men, or their doings, are spoken of, such would seem to be the understanding of the people themselves, which is inconsiderate and alarming, if not positively shameful; the understanding not only of the educated, who might be indulged in asserting their prerogative, if they did not thereby degrade and disparage all the rest of the world, but of the uneducated, as they are called, and even of the self-educated—the titantic undergrowth of a rich, deep soil and a "brave neglect."

How often do we hear it said of such men as Benjamin Franklin, or James Watt, or Hugh Miller, or Abraham Lincoln, or Stephen A. Douglas, or Robert Stephenson—all of them "God Almighty's scholars"—men, like Themistocles, who, if they did not know how to play the flute nor make Latin verses, knew how to make a large city of a small one—men who build up, and feed or teach nations, tunnel mountains, and bridge the widest rivers at a cast. "O that they had only been educated!" or, "with such prodigious natural powers, what might they not have been, if, instead of being at best only self-educated, they had enjoyed the advantage of a liberal or finished education," which, considering that, like Adam Ferguson, the great astronomer, they had God for a teacher, seems little better than blasphemy, or downright nonsense! *Only* self-educated! as if all men were not more self-educated than they are anything else! as if education were ever finished, or anything more than begun in this world.

TRUE GENIUS ORIGINATIVE.

Would a collegiate course have uplifted such men to a higher level than they found for themselves, and sat upon, sceptred and throned, crowning themselves as Napoleon did, without the help of man? Are not such helps—to such men—hindrances? Are they, like others, to adopt ready-made theories? to take opinions and convictions at second-hand? and everything upon trust? Are the illuminati of their age, the adventurous and the troubled of spirit, who are kept awake by the "nightmare moanings of ambitious breast," to take upon themselves the prevailing type of their day, without hesitation or inquiry? Are they to grow, if they grow at all, like cucumbers in a bottle? There are minds, which, like Napoleon's, or Shakspeare's, or Lord Bacon's, must be left to ground and root themselves in their own way, or they fall asunder with inward striving, like the great dragon that Daniel destroyed with unaccustomed food.

EDUCATION UTILIZED.

Again, is that education, which addresses itself to a part only of our acknowledged faculties, stimulating a few, while it dwarfs the rest? Are we to have but one standard of excellence? Must all men be mathematicians or linguists—or nothing? Why not insist on their being all painters, or musicians, orators, poets, or chess-players, whatever may be their inclinations, aptitudes, or characteristics? Would it be a whit more unreasonable to require of all students at Yale, or Harvard, or Cambridge, or West Point, a knowledge of mechanics, or of music, than a familiarity with the differential calculus, logarithms, or Latin versification? Alike we all are—but are we so much alike, that any two of us would thrive under precisely the same diet, or the same changes of atmosphere, the same temperature, or the same training?

And after all, is an acquaintance with the dead languages, or with the mathematics, all that is worth living for—all that man was made for? a smattering, I should say, for the little our young men learn at college of Latin or Greek is soon forgotten, and seldom of any use in the business of life, unless, to be sure, in the way of a professorship, or in the business of a tutor. Shall memory continue to be overtasked, only that judgment may be paralyzed and the imagination blighted? What we learn with pain, we forget with pleasure.

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POPULAR SYSTEMS ERRONEOUS.

What should we say of a school where they always bandaged one eye, if not both, or tied up one leg, or carried one arm in a sling? Yet this is just what our systems of education as they are called—*systems* forsooth!—are doing now, and have been doing ever since the world began. Of all the faculties wherewith mankind are endowed by Almighty God, and for the right use of which they are to be answerable here and hereafter, as for so many talents committed to their charge, hardly a tithe are ever recognized by the schools, though acknowledged by metaphysicians and philosophers, among themselves, from the days of Plato and Aristotle, and clearly demonstrated, in our age, by the phrenologists.

Of man's three-fold nature—body, soul, and spirit—of the animal powers, instincts, and appetites, of the intellect or understanding, of the affections, religious and social, of conscientiousness and foresight and veneration, how little has been known, till of late; and how large a portion has been wholly overlooked, or undervalued in all our systems of education!

To say all in a word, the whole man, the concrete man, has never been educated anywhere. Left to himself, he may have had glimpses and glimmerings of the truth, like Harvey, or Galileo, or Fulton, or Arkwright, or Hahnemann, or Gall, or Spurzheim, or Whitney, and other great discoverers or inventors, who would have their own way, in spite of established opinions; but such men are never to be found in the schools. They breathe a different atmosphere, and though not always able to *infer* a safety lamp, with Sir Humphrey Davy, or a mastodon, or an ichthyosaurus, from the fragment of a bone, they have all found out what they were made for, which is the perfection of knowledge. The heavens are round about them, or underneath their feet, instead of being above them, and always out of reach. They believe in God, and not in man. Their footprints are along the outworks and barriers of human knowledge, to be followed by coming generations, who will see that there were giants in our days, as well as in the past. Their instincts are passions—unworldly, though vehement, and their progress, however startling, sure. Their doings are always a part of themselves, and stamped with their several idiosyncrasies, and are never to be counterfeited by inferior natures.

INFLUENCE OF A COLLEGIATE EDUCATION CONSIDERED.

But, if your investigations lead you among those who have had what are called the advantages of a collegiate education, what do you find? Of those, who carry off the highest honors, how very few, hardly one in fifty, are ever heard of in after-life as discoverers, or inventors, or ever greatly distinguished in the professions, or in business, or as leaders; while the great men of the day are generally found to have been, "if not the blockheads of their class," at least the backward and the sluggish, or the wayward and perverse. The great scholars ruin their health over the midnight lamp; while the poor scholars come out of their long and perilous apprenticeship ready to grapple with hardship and to run races with the swiftest; having sound minds, if not learned minds, and bodily health to begin the world with. And why this great difference? The inclinations of these last not having been consulted, their capabilities and preferences not having been considered in their academic course, they have set up for themselves and become at least men, if not scholars.

THE TENDENCY OF MIND UPWARD.

But, from the first, there has always been a tendency toward something better, and though whole generations may have slipped away without a sign for the encouragement of the sage or philanthropist, still there has ever been a yearning that could not be appeased, a mysterious longing for the distant and unattainable, a sort of hungering and thirsting after that righteousness, which befits a man, who would be altogether a man, with every faculty cherished, exercised and carefully unfolded, so that he might do honor to the Creator, and hope to hear the words of greeting at last, "Well done thou good and faithful servant! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

THE WORSHIP OF PHYSICAL SUPERIORITY.

At first, and everywhere, it was man, the animal, that bore sway. It was the animal man, not the intellectual, nor the spiritual man, that was first deified. Priests there were, but they were warrior priests. It was the strong of arm, the swift of foot, and the terrible in strife, that were worshiped and sculptured, and had temples and altars built for them by their fellow-men. He that stood, like Saul among the prophets, head and shoulders above his brethren, was the type of sovereignty—their preappointed chief; and all the education of the age tended, not to the culture of the understanding, not to the purification of man's nature, and still less to the molding of his affections, but solely and exclusively to the strengthening of his bodily powers, and to the hardening of his heart. To forgive was unmanly. To be merciful was to be weak. Only the unsparing and the unrelenting were the godlike. Even Coriolanus lost more than he gained with his countrymen, when he yielded at last to the prayers and tears of his mother and wife, and spared Rome. Had he swept through the city, like Marius, or a destroying angel, they would have remembered only how he had "fluttered the Volscians." The household affections were trampled on, the social sympathies utterly disregarded. The only love they recognized was the love of country, or that which bound together Pylades and Orestes, or Damon and Pythias. It was the self-sacrificing and the heroic, not the tender and compassionate, nor the elevating and humanizing, that found favor with priest and people.

THE CHARACTER OF THE "CLASSIC" AGES.

While here and there a Socrates might rise up, or an Alcibiades, with something of human weakness to recommend or endear him, the great prevailing type was that of the elder Brutus, who, after condemning his two sons to death, stood up before assembled Rome and witnessed their execution without flinching or trembling; or that of Cato, who lent his wife to a friend—the wealthy Hortensius—and when he had done with her took her back and set her up anew among his household gods; or that of the Athenian orator, who urged that if a wife went astray, the husband might have to provide for the children of another man. It was not the loss of her society, nor the loss of her affections, nor the loss of character, nor the reproach brought upon husband or children, that was considered. With him and with the Athenians, whom he represented, it was simply a question of dollars and cents. And these were the Greeks and Romans of whom we have heard so much—that "commonwealth of kings," who "rule our spirits from their urns"—the refined, the *educated!*

At home, like the Spartans, they exercised in heavier armor than they ever wore abroad. Their ponderous shields and glittering spears and brazen sandals, which they wore among their wives and children and slaves, were cast aside when they prepared for battle elsewhere. Then they arrayed themselves, if not "in golden panoply complete," at least in a lighter harness, and combed their perfumed locks, and moved upon the enemy to the sound of flutes instead of trumpets. At home they were despots — abroad, heroes and patriots.

To this education of the animal man succeeded a somewhat wiser and better system. The intellectual part of man's nature began to receive homage. Achilles, and Hector, and Paris—the beautiful, began to give place to Phidias and Apelles, to Plato, and Socrates, and Æschylus, the soldier poet, and Euripides, and Demosthenes, and Thucydides, who became the types of a higher civilization, without allowing the animal nature of man to be lost sight of, since leaping, and wrestling, and foot-races, and chariot-racing, and quoit-pitching were still cherished by the commonwealth, and the Olympian and Isthmian games were still encouraged, so that another third part of man's three-fold nature began to be partially educated. Statuary began to be inspired, architecture to burn with inward fire, like the golden-roofed temple at Jerusalem. The intellect was personified, and the great multitude were no longer carried away by gladiators and prize-fighters, and St. Paul himself might have found an audience, "few but fitting," when he stood upon Mars' Hill, even though he had not fought with wild beasts at Ephesus. They had Apollo and the Muses, Mercury and Jove, Minerva and Venus, and the Graces—embodied intellect and wisdom and beauty and passion and the foreshadowings of serene power. The academic groves were for the abstract man, the intellectual man; the hippodrome, the arena, and the coliseum for the animal man. But nowhere had they ever, nor will they have, until Phrenology and Physiognomy are made a part of our common-school education, a gymnasium for the concrete man—the whole man—for man the microcosm.

A DECAY OF INTELLIGENCE.

That another step was taken after awhile, after many generations had passed away, is true. The great teachers, like Aristotle and Plato, whose disciples, like Alexander, were ready to enter the lists anywhere, to contend for a laurel wreath or a chaplet of oaken leaves, if they could only have kings for competitors—though they would not strive with the people, for any prize—had begun to suspect that man was not altogether animal, nor altogether intellectual; and their

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system, so far as they had a system, was intended to strengthen both the understanding and the body, and sometimes to uplift the soul. This was much, compared with what had been attempted before, but still so far short of man's necessities, that when the next step was taken, a large part of the world went raving mad. Aristotle had been deified; Plato had become a sort of supreme intelligence.

AN OUTCROPPING OF RELIGIOUS ZEAL.

And then both body and intellect were lost sight of, and the spiritual man appeared, rising higher and higher, and looming with more and more of portentous power, as the cloisters and hermit-sanctuaries began to be crowded with the foremost men of their age, like the awful shadow that issued from the casket, sealed with Solomon's seal and then dropped into the sea, which the poor fisherman of the Arabian Nights had unfortunately landed—first a vapor—and then a portent—until the very skies were darkened and the green earth overshadowed by his manifestations. The business of the world stopped. Monarchs came down from their thrones and held a stirrup for the spiritual man, or did penance barefoot, with a lighted taper in their hand, at the bidding of a cowled priest. Emperors and kings, such emperors, too, as Henry IV. and Frederick I., were not ashamed to crawl in the dust before him. But when this great revolution took place, the intellect was dethroned, though what was called learning appeared to be encouraged, at least so far as to give teachers and confessors the mastery of kings and warriors; and men were made to believe that all their bodily powers were so many hindrances to their spiritual growth; and that all their business on earth was to crucify their propensities and affections, and make war upon God's own image—by self-denial and self-sacrifice, even to emasculation.

ORIGIN OF MODERN SCHOLASTICISM.

And this continued until universities and colleges began to be founded, where the sons of wealthy landholders and mighty nobles, who could neither read nor write—men who—

"Carved at their meal
With gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine through helmets barred,"

were desirous that the privileges of their order might be secured and perpetuated forever, through a system of training beyond the reach of plebeians, without regard to usefulness or fitness, which would secure to all who underwent a course of study, the reputation of scholarship, with rank and power both in church and state. If they had instituted professorships of Chaldee or Chinese, if they had lectured upon the pyramids, and the hieroglyphics, or made all their students chess-players, the result would have been just what it is now. They would have been the educated—and all the rest of the world the uneducated—by common consent. They would have gone on strengthening themselves, generation after generation, by granting diplomas, and perpetuating distinctions, until mankind, as now, would have taken all their pretensions upon trust, and consented to be stultified, without protest or inquiry. Half a dozen of the intellectual faculties would have been stimulated, and all the rest dwarfed, while the bodies and souls of the foremost among men would have been utterly neglected, as now.

Is there no help for this? We shall see hereafter.

"Signs of Character."

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—*Spenser.*

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

HERE we have one of the most famous of the Shaksperian characters. It is the one with which the names of Edmund Kean and Junius Brutus Booth have become identified more than those of any of the dead or living actors. Mr. Booth, however, is named more exclusively as Richard the Third; but, doubtless, his greatest triumphs in that character did not more than equal those of Edmund Kean. Booth, perhaps, was not quite the equal of Kean, who had more of that peculiar nature of genius, that Protean power to take his soul from body to body, and put himself in his entirety into many varying characters. His Shylock equaled, if not surpassed, his Richard; yet we can well imagine the judgment, both of analytical critics and the general public, suspended and inclined to veer with every return from the one to the other.

It is said that John P. Kemble, who had held the tragic throne until his matchless rival burst upon the metropolis, being asked if he had seen Kean in Richard, answered, "No; I have seen Richard himself."

Edmund Kean, then, and Junius Brutus Booth may be received as the two greatest embodiments in histrionic personation of what Richard himself was. But let us pass from the conceptions and illustrations of him, to the study of Richard from Shakspeare, the master who created him, partly from the historic original, but largely from his own dramatic mind.

The play of Richard the Third is essentially and strikingly different from Hamlet, both in the texture of the piece and the physical and metaphysical mold of its chief personage.

Richard and Hamlet are antipodes—opposite in their outgrowths of mind and body. Cassius was brought up, in our first article, as the contrast of Hamlet the Dane, in his iron Roman stamina and direct executiveness of character. But Hamlet and Richard have the same great metaphysics forcing out in opposite manifestations, while their physical make-up bears the same strongly marked contrast. Hamlet's growth is natural and happy from birth, and the distemper of his mind is sudden and brief; but Richard, who is the reverse, is morbid from the cradle. Like all heady, overweening cripples, he is daring and malignant, and so accustomed to torture in themselves, as to hold what they inflict upon others in light esteem. Here is a picture of Richard:

But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity.

This is Richard's physical portrait by himself, so strikingly word-painted that an artist could copy it as from a living original.

Here is Hamlet:

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,
* * * * * * * *
The glass of fashion and the mold of form.

What pictures of comparisons! Who would assign to Richard the *rôle* of a lover? Yet take his famous scene with Lady Anne, and the soliloquy that follows:

Was ever woman in this humor won?
(*I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.*)
* * * * * *
I do mistake my person all this while;
Upon my life she finds, altho' I can not,
Myself to be a marvelous proper man.

Mark Antony, though the hero of a tragedy whose very voluptuousness gives it a gorgeous coloring and frenzy of passion, is not so much a type among suitors as Richard. It is Cleopatra that types the play, not Antony. He is *her* demi-god of martial fame and warlike majesty.

But who, of all the characters of the tragedy of Richard the Third, plays the lover? Richard himself—the crooked-back Gloster, "deformed, unfinished" so monstrously throughout, that the "dogs bark" at him as he "halts by them;" he is the ladies' man in the action of the tragic drama. A marvelous type is he in love-making. Hamlet himself, who has given Polonius his evidence of madness from love, who makes *his* "heaven in a lady's lap," and commits abundant extravagance in her grave, is not Richard's match; nor is even the youthful and gallant Romeo himself. Richard can out-charm them all through the very deformities of his mind and body. One is inclined to question Shakspeare's fidelity to nature in making Richard so potent to win a lovely woman, and under the circumstances that he won the Lady Anne; but we are the next moment brought to the subtle consistencies of our great dramatist's conceptions by remembering that the serpent has irresistible charms, and hideousness, a potency mesmeric to the susceptibilities of a beautiful woman, more than to any other. Have we never seen a hunchback with a queenly-looking wife, and wondered? It is true the fascinating poet Pope failed to win his highly gifted "Lady Mary"—his "Sappho." But then he failed because she was Sappho, and not Venus. Lady Wortley Montague was a woman of mind, a model writer, an innovator. She was, moreover, a witty casuist, and could have helped Gloster satirize himself, and have descanted with him on his deformity; and consequently, the charm of hideousness and the witchcraft of his tongue would have been lost upon the woman whom the disappointed Pope called the "Slip-shod Sybil." But Shakspeare has not given Richard such a foil as Lady Montague. Too great a master was he in conception for this. I differ from those surface critics who are ever talking nonsense about Shakspeare's wonderful *knowledge* of human nature, and *observation* of human nature. Doubtless he had observed and knew much. His

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great metaphysical mind was constantly, and perhaps unconsciously, receiving photographs, as it were, of character and individualisms. He had seen like ourselves a hunchback with a beautiful wife; knew that deformity had led beauty to her bridal chamber; but not that alone gave him the subtleties of his conception of Richard, the matchless wooer. More perhaps than any other man, Shakspeare had the sum of human nature within himself. Here was his *knowledge;* here was his source of *observation*. He conceived and brought forth his creatures as a woman her offspring; and if it was a monster, why, then, it was a monster. From observation? from knowledge? Nay! from conception. The wonder is in a nutshell; but critical gossips love to make Shakspeare as great a monster as he has made his Caliban; and one would think that he had gone the world over taking notes of human nature. Shakspeare had Richard in himself, and understood his consistencies in deformity. It is Gloster's deformity that makes all the paradox we see, and the whole action of the play grows out of this. Richard evolves himself and his actions out of his body, upon the deformity of which he takes every opportunity to descant. Shakspeare has worked Hamlet out of the distemper of his mind, Richard out of the distemper of his body. Another feature in the development is, that the idiosyncrasies of the play and his very shaping of the historical action are worked upon a text—Gloster himself. 'Tis not Richard growing out of the play, but the play growing out of Richard; not himself evolved in his actions, but his actions worked upon the pivots of his humps and many deformities. Whatever Gloster might have been physically, and in literal history, he must be in Henry the Sixth and King Richard the Third just what Shakspeare has made him, without the absence of any circumstance or mark of his personal deformity. See the illustrations:

Glo. I'll hear no more. Die, prophet, in thy speech.
[*Stabs King Henry.*]
For this among the rest was I ordained.
* * * * * * *
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither.
[*Stabs him again.*]
I that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Now mark the immediate transition and the association of his deeds with his person and ill-shaped circumstances of his birth:

Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward;
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried,
O Jesus, bless us, he is born with teeth!
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother; I am like no brother;
And this word love, which graybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.

Anatomize the plays of Henry the Sixth and Richard the Third, put all the bits of Gloster's action and development together, and see if you have not the exact counterpart of Richard's personality, with a chain of association of the circumstances of his birth, and his hastening on to the stage of life with his crooked legs foremost. And then his hump, which was ever going like his character, in the opposite direction of his legs!

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.

The fancy of his hunch breaking his own back! It was that all his deformities were signs of his *ordinations*. He is ever using the word "ordained" when speaking of any of them, and all in reference to something they typified in his character and action. He had a shoulder "ordained so thick to heave," but that hunch was a kingdom, and he would heave it, or *it* should break his back. But his kingdom, like himself, was to be monstrously wrought out, and not of blessed issue and fair proportions. The very laying down of his programme of usurpation was upon the basis and principles of his physical malformation. His deformities, and their circumstances, he arranged into an index, and was ever consulting it. From this he drew his conceptions and his promptings. He must have had a large brain and great metaphysical capacities; but he thought not through the organism of his brain, but through the hideous organism of his body. His hump was a mountain of ambition with a kingdom on it; his crooked legs the symbols of his crooked purposes; his teeth at birth plainly signified that he should snarl, bite, and play the dog, and all other signs of his monstrous make-up were to him Nature's evil oracles of his ordinations, which he resolved to fulfill with a hideousness of mind in exact likeness of his body.

See in the following, from Act III., Sc. 2, of Henry the Sixth, how Gloster unfolds himself for the after-action of the two plays, and according to his constant photography of self-deformity of body and mind as the index of development:

Ay, Edward will use women honorably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring
To cross me from the golden time I look for;
And yet between my soul's desire and me
(The lustful Edward's title buried),
Is Clarence, Henry, and his young son Edward,
And all the unlooked-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms ere I can place myself?

This is how Richard, like Hamlet in "To be, or not to be," proposes his subject; and how much like a hunchback he does it. "Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all," is crowded with Gloster's teeth and humps. Now for the development:

A cold premeditation for my purpose!

(His hunch is going one way, and his feet, that came into the world first, going the other.)

Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way.
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keep me from it
And so I say I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.

Another of Richard's crooked bits one may be certain is coming before he reads the text farther.

Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!

Yet Gloster knows better; he is but twisting himself. He is not here wooing the Lady Anne, or he would "take her in her heart's extremest hate," and with no friends to back his suit; "but the plain devil and dissembling looks" win her. He's chasing his humps, and not the Lady Anne, and that's why Gloster has brought up the view of a heaven in a lady's lap, just to heighten their effect; for, like Shakspeare, Richard is a dramatist. He wants them especially now, for all his heaviest arguments he hangs upon them. Of course they come directly after a picture of beauty; and thus we have them in the very next lines:

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved?
O monstrous fault to harbor such a thought!

Think not that Richard has fallen into a vein of sentimental moralizing. Give him not your passing sympathy, that nature has made him up so ungenerously that none may love him. He asks it not. He is in his glory now. He is reaching high for something, and he has climbed his deformities after it. "O monstrous!" is reached; the transition to his climax follows with crooked greatness of character, that is itself a type of his person.

Then since this earth affords no joy to me
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;
And, while I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my misshap'd trunk that bears this head,
Be round impaléd with a glorious crown.

He has it now. He knows he has it. But he has something more to develop, and he starts off in hypocrisy with a lie, that he brings up on purpose to master. How naïvely (no pun upon the word) he opens his counter-subject:

And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home.

But this is only to close with his great master subject, Richard himself:

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry content to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy;
I can add colors to the chameleon;
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and can not get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

As I study this bustling hunchback from the text of two plays, Henry VI. and King Richard

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the Third, both of which are partly blended on the stage, I find myself asking whether or not John P. Kemble did see Richard himself in Kean, or whether Junius Brutus Booth was completely successful as Richard the Third. The great triumphs in the character, won by Kean and Booth, might have been all that we think them to have been, and yet one can not help querying just here, Did they realize all that Richard describes himself in the last passage? There is the text in its fullness and quality in the body of the plays to fill in with personation. Shakspeare has not failed. When does he fail? *His* mind has been characterized as "many-sided," "Protean;" and Richard can likewise "change shapes with Proteus for advantages." Shakspeare seems to have put his mind in its metaphysical force into a Richard to see how it would evolve itself through humps and monstrous concomitants of every kind, and he has made Gloster develop himself with as much artfulness and due progression as though he was the author himself composing the play. No character gave Shakspeare so much of his own scope as a dramatist as that of Gloster, and it takes him through several historical actions to completely bring him out. Shakspeare in himself bears no resemblance to Richard. He is more like Hamlet or the magician Prospero. Yet into which of his characters has he put so much of his dramatic capacity and transmigrative nature as into his hunchback? Our dramatist had a legion within himself. See how he has heaped characters into Richard! All the others of his characters he has created units. Gloster he has made a plural. Would you select him in his scenes with the Lady Anne, then you have him in a marvelous type indeed. Great actors can make their very best hits in those scenes, though of course not manifest their most forceful and exciting action. Our women play Romeo; they even attempt Hamlet; but what woman can play Richard to Lady Anne? Indeed, too often do our star male players burlesque him in it, because they are not equal to the part. Or would you have him in his epitome of compounds, as described in the last quoted passage? Then he is Nestor, Ulysses, Sinon, Proteus, and the master who can "set the murd'rous Machiavel to school." He can smile, and murder while he smiles; cry content at that which grieves his heart; wet his cheeks with artificial tears; frame his face to all occasions; drown more sailors than the mermaid; slay more gazers than the basilisk. He is a more complete Satan than Milton's, though not so much out of a human form, nor extended so hugely into an infinite conception.

Byron, in his "Deformed Transformed," makes Arnold the hunchback say, "Deformity is daring." Richard is *daring* personified." But Arnold the hunchback was a weakling to Gloster the hunchback. Richard would not have changed his body for his desired kingdom. All that he was, and did, and aimed for grew out of his body, and he loved his deformity better than a woman loves her beauty; for as in her loveliness rests her charm and her victory, so in his hideousness were nascent his greatness and daring. He dared to be what he was—dared to be honest to himself and true to himself, for himself was deformity, and he lived up to it with a strange conscientiousness. Impiousness was a species of religion to him. He was of his father the devil, and never at any time disowned his parentage, and his expression "ordained" was never used in hypocrisy; it was ever when he was most earnest.

Let me offer as the closing view the abstract of Richard, from the action and development of three plays. You can not fail to see the *hunchback* Gloster throughout, and note how much like Shakspeare he is working up a drama:

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey.
His sons, he says, will gave their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, *then our weapons shall.*

This is in the closing act of the second part of Henry VI. It is the first time that Shakspeare introduces Richard, and how much you have him at once. His next is characteristic, but pass on to this:

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their 'complices.
Rich. Fye! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.
Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.
Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

No play of words is this; it is the daring of a great deformity in its mastery opening the drama of Richard's ambition—the kingdom for York, for Gloster to reach. The next play opens with York—the "White Rose"—victorious. See how the hunchback comes on in the action. Edward shows his father his bloody sword as proof of his day's work; Montague shows York the Earl of Wiltshire's blood; but this is Richard:

Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
(*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*)

York is led by Warwick to the throne; King Henry enters, and then follows a war of words between the rival houses of York and Lancaster. Here is young hunchback Richard's way of settling a dispute:

K. Henry. When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old,
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

The impetuous hunchback is chasing the diadem, and he can not wait.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

He can not argue, except the argument be like himself, as in the next scene. Henry, as a compromise, confirms to York and his heirs the kingdom after his death. But Richard was more than Louis Napoleon's equal in disposing of bands and oaths.

Scene 2 opens:

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

York enters, and demands the reason of their quarrel, which Edward says is "but a slight contention," and the father asks, "About what?"

Rich. About that which concerns your grace and us,
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
York. Mine, boy, not till King Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edward comes next; and then York, "I took an oath that he should quietly reign;" to which the straight-grown Edward rejoins, "But for a kingdom any oath may be broken; I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year." See Richard in the reverse:

Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
Rich. [Here's his crook'd back at once.]
An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate
That hath authority over him that swears;
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous;
Therefore to arms!

Does Richard in the next reach for Edward or for Richard? Is he not further developing himself and his drama?

And father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I can not rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

He afterward fulfilled it, for Richard never lays out a plot for himself that he does not fill in. His "Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither," in the last act, fulfills it.

York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.

The hunchback is the soul of all. How much "deformity is daring," see in the necessity of taking the field against Queen Margaret.

York. What, with five thousand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

Take the father's description of Richard's conduct in the battle:

York. Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, *Courage, father! fight it out!*
* * * * * * *
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, *Charge, and give no foot of ground!*
And cried, *A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
A scepter, or an earthly sepulcher.

One human love was in his heart. It was for his father. He was not all dross. His lament is fine, but like himself:

Rich. I can not weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart;
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For self-same wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief;
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll 'venge thy death,
Or die renown'd by attempting it.

Richard works up by his impetuous daring the next movement of the great drama, and the house of York is triumphant. He also is afterward more than a match for the king-maker Warwick, when he rebels and turns to the side of Queen Margaret. But pass from Richard's daring and mastery to another of his phases. Here is Gloster, when King Edward is trying to get into the city of York as its duke.

Glos. (*aside.*) But when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make his body follow.

When Edward's throne is established, at the end of the third play of Henry VI., the king presents his son to Richard to kiss:

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Glos. And that I love the tree from whence thou sprangest,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.
(*Aside*) To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his Master!
And cried All hail! when as he meant all harm!

Pass to Richard the Third. To Queen Margaret:

Glos. I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

To call this simple hypocrisy is boyish criticism in an analysis of character. Richard is earnest—earnest everywhere, and honest; but he is always bringing out deformities; and you are likely to get a reverse deformity immediately afterward:

Tell them that God bids us do good for evil;
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

That is it; he is playing the devil for a great earnest end, not the hypocrite, and he is kindly hiding it from others, not himself. Too impious for tame hypocrisy is this:

I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Is not this deformed:

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?
Tyr. I did, my lord.
K. Rich. And buried, *gentle* Tyrrel?

And this:

Strike alarum drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed! Strike, I say!

I have made this abstract of Richard's personality and action to show how much Shakspeare has evolved both on the correspondence of deformities. There is greatness and intensity in physical deformity when a large mind is in the body, and ofttimes goodness blended with the character. But there is the reverse type. Richard knows it.

The famous English critic Hazlitt says to the effect, that any second-rate actor can play the part and rant true Richard. But in this he is mistaken. I hope he did not draw his high estimate of Kean's Richard after this fashion. The character requires finer playing than any of the Shaksperian *rôle*. I have said that the scene with Lady Anne is generally little better than a burlesque upon the part, and if we extend it to the performance throughout, it may not be far wrong. It would be a treat to see a Richard personated in his entirety. One can bear even to see a woman attempt Romeo—aye, not expire at her performance of Hamlet; but Heaven save us from second-rate actors blowing Richard's personality out with ranting chops and manual labor worthy one of our Western "bull-whackers."

As several darkies were passing an agricultural implement store, one of them, pointing to a cultivator, said, "A man kin jist set on that thing and ride while he's a plowin'!" "Golly," replied another, "the derned rascals was too sharp to tink o' dat 'fore the niggers was free!"

JAMAICA GOING TO RUIN.

It is said that the beautiful island of Jamaica—land of sugar, coffee, pineapples, oranges, bananas, etc.—is going into a state of dilapidation; that the abolition of slavery brought ruin on the island.

Recent official returns show that in the parish of Trelawney twenty-six valuable estates have been abandoned during the past fourteen years. The whole number in 1851 was seventy-four; in 1865 only forty-eight.

"Why Jamaica is Poor, and How it May Become Rich," is the title of an essay by Rev. Samuel Oughton, "printed and published by general request" in Kingston. The writer has lived in Jamaica for thirty years, and he attributes the decay of the island chiefly to the want of industrial enterprise, but partly, also, to the neglect of the laboring classes by the government. The remedy, in his opinion, lies in the correction of these principal evils. The Kingston *Gleaner*, commenting upon Mr. Oughton's statements, observes:

"Thousands have lived so long on the bare necessaries of life, and amid discomfort, that they have grown so accustomed to it that, barnacle-like, they will cling to the dirty bottom of a ship, which everybody else thinks is a sinking one! This must be met by the sustained and systematic labor of the government and governing classes; stirred and animated by a firm confidence that the gentle showers, the genial dews, the enlivening sun of Heaven's blessing will not be withheld. [The 'governing classes!' And why not awaken the laboring classes, by permitting *them* to have a voice.] If we can only create or call forth a taste for the artificial wants of a more civilized life, and make our peasantry feel their value, we shall have constructed a bridge by which we may bring them over to that cleanliness, regularity, order, and self-respect which, as a class, they do not seem at present either to understand or care for. We think well of our peasantry, and feel sure that in time they will repay the efforts of the philanthropist. ['Peasantry!' What have they to stimulate or encourage them? Are they not governed by outsiders.] We had once the pleasure of dining with an ordinary laborer of the country. We say pleasure, for it was a pleasure to see a neat house, nicely thatched, floored, and furnitured; a side-board glittered with glasses, and the gold of the mugs shone cheerily, while pictures smiled upon the walls. A ring of Ripley pines inclosed a nicely-kept lawn in front of this mountain home. A white cloth covered a table on which was set out a nice smoking dinner. What this man had actually managed, thousands could accomplish in this land of overflowing natural wealth. But we may be assured of this, in the words of our author, 'That so long as our laboring classes continue to be satisfied with their present condition, and have no ambition beyond the supply of the mere wants of nature, Jamaica can never hope to rise to the level of other nations and people on the earth, nor to enjoy real prosperity or commercial importance."

[How would a little republican democracy suit the natives? If benign English rule so utterly fails, why not try a *better* mode?

Let Jamaica be republicanized, and all her people placed on an equal footing, as here, in the United States, and there would be no more lamenting over the evils of indifference and indolence. Try it. Let the people govern themselves. They have been governed too much.]

THE SUNSET.

Oh, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful gush
Of golden light o'er the sunset's flush!
It is fading now—hush! ah, hush!

Thus fades from us life's golden haze,
And all adown the dusky ways
In rapt astonishment we gaze,

And wonder where have fled the dreams
That, floating cloud-like, brought us gleams
Of all that high and holy seems—

And wonder where the glorious deeds,
That were to fill life's empty needs
With bright eternity's living seeds.

We wonder; ah, but dim at last
The truth comes slowly drifting past,
With anchor lost and drooping mast.

We watch it with a shuddering sigh,
And wait till death doth draw us nigh
To heaven, where youth's dreams never die.

Dreams.—It is not reasonable to suppose, if the mind has no knowledge of futurity when we are awake, that it is endowed with such extraordinary powers when we are asleep. This proposition strongly commends itself to the mind, and few, we think, will consult a metaphysician with regard to its truth. And then, what importance can intelligent men and women attach to the wanderings and fancies of the brain that is, to a more or less extent, affected by the death-like inactivity of the body wrapt up in sleep? What folly it would be to traverse the world of sleep, shut up by a network of a thousand million of dreams, to discover to the mind the inscrutable mysteries of futurity!

Christianity will not have accomplished its glorious work until the boasted intelligence of this age shall have uprooted and overturned the little fabric of superstition in the human heart which remains the silent, mysterious relic of a former age.—*Crescent Monthly.*

[But what of the dreams and dreamers of Scripture? Are they to be ignored? Are not dreams sometimes akin to the prophetic? How is it that the mind, when all awake, fails to recall events which come to us, unbidden, when asleep? It is the experience of many, that lost property is found through dreams. Pocket-books, coats, jewelry, books, accounts, etc., have been stolen or left out of place, and their whereabouts discovered in dreams, when the mind, soul, or spirit seems to have put off or laid the body down to rest,

Will not the editor of the *Crescent Monthly* give us his views on the workings of the mind in dreams? Let us try to solve the mysteries of psychology, biology, magnetism, clairvoyance, spiritism, and so forth. It will not do to *deny* the truth of what may not be easily proved or explained. It is ours to investigate, and try to account for what is.]

Every prayer put forth has its effect on the one who utters it, and so of every curse.

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Our Social Relations.

Oh, happy they—the happiest of their kind—
Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.—*Thomson.*

"BABY HAS DROPPED ASLEEP."

Now Franky, boy, 'tis time for bed;
Put up those books, I pray;
And Katy, dear, those toys of yours
Must all be cleared away.
The clock struck six some time ago,
Sounding through all the room;
And ere it gives us seven, you know,
Father will be at home.

He says there is no place to him
So sweet as this his home;
So sweet that he can never care
Elsewhere for joy to roam.
So let us make it nice and snug,
That he may not complain,
But feel it e'er his guiding-star
Through all the dark and rain.

Now softly, Frank; don't make a noise—
Baby has dropped asleep;
She's been as good as gold all day;
I want her so to keep;
Off with your boots, and say your prayers;
You must be ready quite
To go to bed when father comes,
And you have said "good-night." *Ex.*

THE FALSENESS OF SOCIETY.

BY A. A. G.

It is said by some of the good of our day that the golden age of the millennium is just at hand, that already light is seen breaking in the east, and that soon the sky will be all aglow.

The men who raise "The Last Warning Cry" and point the warning finger are worthy of our highest respect, for they are as sincere as they are persistent; but how to have faith in their faith we know not. We have always supposed that "The Great Preparation" must precede "The Great Consummation," and of that "Great Preparation" we as yet see but little, for only here and there a man—and he is a king among his fellows—dares stand up and be true to his God and himself and those who live with him in what is called society. Now, so long as society is what it is, so long as the men and women who compose it are what they are, we must continue to believe that there is no extensive preparation for the triumphal procession of the true-hearted inhabitants of the other world, and, consequently, that we need not direct our eyes heavenward in the hope, or the fear, of seeing the sky open, and the great uncounted multitude coming through. Geologists tell us that only a hundredth part of the earth's diameter is solid, that all the rest is fire, and that this fire may, at any time, break out and bring the long-expected day. Well, it *may*, but we do not believe it *will*, until there is a "Great Preparation" for it in the hearts of men. We do not believe in universal salvation; but we do believe in the salvation of a great many, and we also believe that if the last day of time should come very soon, there would be comparatively few to rejoice in the dawn of eternity. When society is cured of its sickness and its sin—falsehood—when men and women come to have full faith in each other, and can live together without wearing masks, then we may "lift up our heads, for behold the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

We can not estimate too highly the virtue of sincerity. It underlies all other virtues. It is the foundation of all character, and without it there is no preparation for any world—save one—that God has ever made.

It has lately been argued by some well-meaning men—men whom we suspect of being better than their creeds—that perfect sincerity is an utter impossibility, and also very undesirable. It has been said that a certain amount of deceitfulness is not only very respectable and commendable, but absolutely necessary, in the present state of the world, to bind people together, and make all things run in a smooth, peaceful current.

We are prepared to hazard the assertions that all deceitfulness, whether in homeopathic or allopathic quantities, is as unnecessary and harmful as counterfeit money—that society may be perfectly sincere—that every man may be perfectly sincere — that those who lean on the prop of falsehood will soon find themselves crawling in the dust and keeping company with serpents—that society with no better pillars than lies will soon fall without any Samson to pull it down, and that the world with no braver, truer defenders than lying men will at last be completely conquered by evil spirits. We are prepared to prove that lying is poor policy—that it is not even "profitable for the life that now is"—that it is no railroad over which we may ride swiftly to success and fruition, but the slowest, most wearisome, and most damaging kind of a conveyance to the things that we don't want, and to the place where we don't want to be. We can show by facts—and facts are very obstinate things—that men have been untruthful, in plain Saxon, have lied all their lives, without giving themselves so much as a day's rest in truthfulness, and yet made no money, no fame, no happiness, no nothing by it; or, if they made anything, found that it took to itself wings and went off and did not come back again.

There is nothing more unprofitable than lying, and nothing more profitable than telling the truth, as we will show at our leisure.

Strange it is that with such blessed incentives to truth-telling, as all men have, any should be found arguing for lying, and stranger still that any should believe and boldly say that strict truth is something far in advance of the age, and indeed of that long past age when prophets and apostles declared the will of that great Being whose character is founded in truth.

But so it is. Yes, there are men, actual existences, creatures with minds, and brains for vehicles, who think that the world was too young, centuries ago, and is still too young, to tell the truth, that as little is to be expected of infants in swaddling clothes, so little, in the line of truth, ought to be expected from our young, infantile world.

And yet, in spite of all the babblings of men, it remains true that the path of truth is a path for all men of every age—the present as well as the future—to walk in, and that it is a path of peace.

A very sweet old-fashioned book, too often laid up, out of reach, on the shelf, or bound so handsomely and clasped so tightly that it is seldom opened, settles the question as to the possibility and profitableness of telling the truth. In times, long gone by, the Great Inspirer spake often and clearly on this subject of lying. He did not say to any of his prophets or apostles: "I will keep silent, for men are, and will, for centuries, continue to be in such a low state of moral development, that they will have no power, and feel no moral obligation, to heed what I say."

No, no. He sounded out, "The lip of truth shall be established forever, but a lying tongue is but for a moment."

"Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight."

"He that will love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile."

And among the last words which he prompted John, the Revelator, to speak, are these, and they thrilled the hearts and controlled the lives of thousands, more than eighteen hundred years ago: "And there shall in no wise enter into it [the New Jerusalem] anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or *maketh a lie*, but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

In all these promises for those who will be true, and in all these threatenings for those who will not, is certainly involved the prohibition of lying, and every man is therefore under the strongest moral obligation to speak the truth, to speak it, not simply when men say it is good, worldly policy and perfectly safe to do so, but at all times, when not to do it would be to speak or act a lie.

The sophist may continue to tell us that it is both impossible and undesirable to have an honest heart and a truthful tongue. He may continue to tell us that perfect sincerity would work dire ruin in society, compelling men to express every thought and feeling, to turn their hearts inside out and satisfy the inquisitive, to yield themselves to the scrutiny of all, to use no concealment and wear no vail of secresy, and to expose others as well as themselves to the gaze of the curious. But truthfulness calls us to the practice of no such folly. It only requires us to be true to ourselves and to all men, that we may rise, and help others rise, to the perfection of goodness and happiness. And what it is to be true to ourselves and to all men, love and simplicity will always tell us.

Let no one, then, expect great attainment or great gain of any kind in any of the forms of deceit, or imagine that there is any real advantage to be reaped from a double face or a double tongue. Deceitfulness seldom brings even a present and temporary reward. On the contrary, it brings the very evils we would shun, and the very troubles we would avoid. The experience of the evils of society has satisfied us that the almost universal practice of thinking and feeling

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one thing, and speaking and acting another, has made the deadliest hatreds, the bitterest animosities, and the worst alienations.

Those whom we receive with gracious smiles and complimentary words despise and hate us when they find out, as they always do, sooner or later, that we are not sincere, and that we have been acting a lie. How they learn this it is not difficult to tell. We are so constituted, that what we are not willing to say to a man's face, we will, at some time, be betrayed into saying behind his back. But if we do not proclaim our insincerity in this way, we do in another. There is almost always an indescribable something in the looks and manners of those who are practicing deception. Their kindness, their expressions of interest, their civilities fail to win us, and we feel—we can scarcely tell why—that they are not true friends. We may never have heard of anything they have said against us, but we can not look at them, or listen to them, without the lurking suspicion that they do not feel the friendship they are trying to manifest—in other words, they appear to us deceitful. Consequently we feel uneasy in their presence, and are glad to be rid of them.

It may be they belong to what is thought the better class of deceivers—*wise, Christian* deceivers. Startled by some report, carried around on the tongues of men and women, they thought at first of coming directly to us, to learn the whole truth, but finally concluded to keep silent. Whenever they meet us, they think of what they have heard, but flatter themselves they are doing us no harm, as they neither believe nor disbelieve the strange stories that have been in circulation.

Some of us, no doubt, are on this list of liars, and probably take pride in being liars of good judgment, rare wisdom, and marvelous piety. But our unusual talent for deception and our fine skill in lying have made numerous enemies—and the worst of enemies—and we have had proved to us, not only the fact that we have often made our position in society very uncomfortable, but that we have done our part toward keeping the world out of that state of perfect love and harmony so long predicted.

It is indeed true that society is no better for the false-hearted. We have all, with a few exceptions, deceived and been deceived, and hearts have grown cold, and strong bands of love have been broken, and men have been "hateful, and hating one another."

The spoken falsehoods of the tongue, the unspoken falsehoods of the heart, the silent falsehoods that hide away in smiles, and the falsehoods of various kinds that spread themselves over all the life have been our worst enemies, not our best helpers. They have led us in thorny paths, through deserts where were no springs of water, and up high mountains of difficulty where were no resting-places. Promising us everything, they have given us nothing, and who shall say we owe them anything? Truth, truth alone, is the sure friend and the safe guide, and every man, if he will, may see her beckoning finger and hear her voice saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it." Turn aside, and your way will be rough and wearisome, and you will never know the full richness and sweetness of life. Turn aside, and you will find when you have crossed the river that leads to the other side, that you can not enter in, with the true-hearted, "through the gates into the holy city," for "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or *maketh a lie.*"

THE WIFE'S LAST THOUGHT OF EARTH.

BY JULIA A. BULLARD.

And will his love outlast the grave
That hides me from his sight away?
And will his spirit cling to mine
When severed from this house of clay?

When Death's cold lips have pressed my own,
Till all the bloom of life is fled,
Will he who deepest mourns forget
"The soul that loved him is not dead?"

When I no more these arms may wind
About his neck in soft caress,
Will he be comforted to think
My spirit hovers near to bless?

I know he loves me—know his heart
Will suffer more than tongue can tell,
When snatched from loving friends away,
I bid to earth a last farewell.

He'll miss me when the morning sun
Pours light and gladness on the plain;
He'll miss me when with noontide heat
The "king of day" asserts his reign

When darkness creeps along the vale,
My voice, my step, my face he'll miss;
He'll miss me when the starlight falls,
And dewdrops drink the moonbeam's kiss.

God help him when his grief is new,
To drink the cup and bear the cross;
And as the darkened years roll on,
Assist him, Lord, to bear his loss.

From every wound time plucks the sting;
It always was, and will be so,
And hope springs up in hearts that grieve,
As ivy plants o'er ruins grow.

Will he who vowed to love but me,
Seek solace in another's charms?
And will his heart be warmed by love
When I am locked in Death's cold arms?

I would not have him droop for aye
Above the bed where lies my dust;
I would not live save for his sake;
For him my fears—in God my trust.

I ask him but to think of this,
When happy in love's second bloom—
I loved him with a Christ-like love,
A love that triumphs o'er the tomb.

Wacoota, Minn.

Wonderful.—The human system is like a piece of delicate mechanism; the least clog in the wheels of the machine is felt through the whole apparatus. Even a particle of dust will disturb somewhat the perfect movement of a delicate piece of mechanism. There is no piece of mechanism that can compare with the human frame. How wonderful do all its organs exhibit a perfect action! In every part there is continually going on a gigantic system of labor, absorption, and secretion; the taking in and throwing off; the distribution of nutriment, the elimination of particles; contraction, expansion, and all the principles that operate in the kingdom of Nature are controlled, concentrated, and operated.

PORTRAIT OF LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

THIERS, THE FRENCH STATESMAN.*

Louis Adolphe Thiers, the distinguished French statesman and historian, was born in Marseilles, April 16, 1797. He was the son of a poor workman, but discovering considerable talent, was enabled through some influential relations to obtain a thorough education. He studied law at Aix, but did not follow that profession, preferring the study of history and philosophy. At the age of twenty-four he became known as a first-class journalist, contributing extensively to the leading newspapers and periodicals of the day. The history of the French Revolution, undertaken in connection with Felix Bodin, was completed by him alone in 1827, and attained great popularity. Previous to the accession of Louis Napoleon, Thiers occupied important posts in the government—at one time the premiership of France, and exercised a widespread political influence. After Napoleon III. was declared emperor, Thiers withdrew from active politics and resumed his literary pursuits, which he still industriously prosecutes.

Thiers possesses a head much above the average size; indeed, it is very large for a Frenchman, and being broad and high, gives him character for energy, executiveness, and moral inflexibility. There is more of the Saxon than of the Celt here, so far as the general appearance is concerned. See how snug, compact, and solid the organization! There is solid material here. He should be known for that spirit of decision which can best be defined as sturdy positiveness. The sprightliness and versatility of the true Frank do not enter very largely into his composition. Large Constructiveness, Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, and Caution combine to make him politic, shrewd, guarded, and economical. The forehead is ample, manifesting ability as a reasoner, and breadth of mind sufficient to comprehend large interests. He would rarely lose his own individuality or compromise his special views; in fact, as already hinted above, the tendency is toward dignified reserve and persistency, if not dogmatism. He would "have his own way," at any cost, and be usually in the right.

* From our Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy for 1867.

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PLEASANT MEMORIES.

Words of sympathy and kindness are never forgotten. The memory of them becomes one of the pleasantest incidents in a lifetime; they become part of a man's life. You know the food that we eat becomes assimilated as part of our very being, and so these pleasant memories—so pleasant—they, too, become assimilated as part of our material nature. The heart can not forget them, and they will do one good. Let me say, if there, are any who think themselves too old to learn, let them suspend that judgment for one moment. If you think that a good, kind word can not do any good, suspend that thought forever. It will do good to somebody. It may do good to everybody. Now, if your own impulses lead you to say a harsh word, check it down—check it down—check it down. Say a kind word if it costs you your right hand, or if it costs you your right arm. It will do good—sending the sunbeams into the heart, and becoming assimilated in the future being of the man. Always say the kindly word; and to the young people I would say, if the storm of your present passion tempts you to speak hastily, don't have anything to do with that passion. Say the word of sympathy and love, and it will last. Oh, what pleasant memories it will send all through your future life! J. F. H.

WALKING.

In his article on "Walking," Prof. Smyth has the following somewhat fanciful speculations:

"The tradesman in walking give signs of folding cloth, measuring tape, and taking down bundles. The ponderous arm and heavy fall of his hand betray the blacksmith; and the quick, nervous grasp with which she adjusts her dress, gives unmistakable signs of a factory operative. Travelers who visit the field of Waterloo are accustomed to enter their names in a register. This book has been kept for many years by the same person, and with wonderful accuracy he is able to designate the visitor's nationality simply by inspecting the handwriting. Much more easily can the profession or nation be detected by the gait. The grave Spaniard, the phlegmatic Dutchman, the vivacious and sanguine Frenchman, the reserved and formal Briton, the inquisitive, impetuous, and self-confident American, each betrays the national gait in his style of walking. The sailor rolls when on shore, as if our trim planet sailed unsteadily. The soldier marches even when no longer under orders. The sycophant bends the knee as though every man he meets were a prince. The lawyer steps boldly and patronizingly. The clergyman abstractedly, as if the street were his study, or cautiously, as if mindful of the snares and pitfalls spread for the unwary. The waiting clerk is known by his bows and graceful effrontery. We distinguish the coxcomb by the careful manner in which he drops his foot and picks his way along the street; a watchman, by his heavy, measured tread. Students saunter, school-girls trip, school-boys dally and loiter, children patter, doctors hurry, hunters stride, teamsters trudge, gossips gab, market-women bustle, boatmen shuffle, ghosts stalk, and aldermen strut."

PARTED.

We stood beside the open door,
  Beneath the star-light's gleaming;
The patriot's blue my lover wore,
  His face a cheerful seeming.
He spoke not—but my hand he held
  Reluctant captive in his own;
And in my steadfast eye beheld
  For him no love-light shone.

He spoke not—but the look he gave
  Pierced my heart with sorrow;
For where, I thought, will my lover brave
  Be lying on the morrow?
He loosed my hand—he turned to go,
  "Good-night," he said, "to human ken
The future's hid—but ere the summer's glow
  Perhaps we'll meet again."

A moment more, and I stood alone—
  Alone in the star-light's gleaming;
The cheering warmth from my heart was gone—
  I thought I was only dreaming.
I have loved him not, though dear to my heart
  Is the friend of my early years;
Yet why does the thought of him make me start
  And moisten my eyes with tears?

Days into weeks, and weeks into months
  Slowly and sadly lengthened;
And the friendship of youth, I knew at once
  To love had been nourished and strengthened.
How my sad heart bled that our parting scene
  To him had been so uncheering;
How I longed on his soldier breast to lean,
  And to whisper words endearing.

The summer waned—the autumn came,
  And brought my soldier lover;
His name was bright with a hallowed fame—
  His bier they did uncover.
He spoke not! Oh, night of woe!
  His voice is stilled forever;
The heart lies low whose warmest glow
  For me shall waken never!

Too late! too late! true-hearted one,
  The mourning bow before thee;
Too late, when thy glorious work is done,
  The bitter tears rain o'er thee!
They laid him low in a soldier's grave,
  And bowed in prayer before it;
And now in the early spring-time wave
  The flowers I planted o'er it.

And still I sit in the star-light bright,
  And mourn for the lost forever—
Mourn that the true heart lost to sight,
  Should have sorrowed from mine to sever.
But I patiently bide the coming time,
  When the pains of life are over;
And 'mid joyous strains of a heavenly chime,
  I shall greet my soldier lover.

Pittsburg, Penn. GEO. W. D.

JUDGE NOT THY BROTHER.

How little do we know of what lies far beneath
The cold exterior! An ocean may be surging there;
A hurricane compressed and held in chains;
A world of love, that, unexpressed,
Doth almost tear the heart asunder;
Then judge not thou thy brother,
Though he may seem cold and stern to thee,
For may-be that some disappointment dark
Hath turned the current of his life
Back to himself again, and made
The path he daily treads as though
It were a desert, where silently and all alone
He bears the heavy sorrow that his palsied tongue
Could never breathe to men. No *words*, though mighty,
Can express the *deepest* anguish, for
When the *heart* itself doth speak,
Silence alone can reign.

PHILOSOPHY OF SHAKING HANDS.

There is a philosophy in hand-shaking. It is an indication of character. It gives expression to the degrees in which you are appreciated or esteemed by another. There are a variety of methods of shaking hands, according to temperament, disposition, or occasion.

Some seize your hand with a fervent grasp—one foot extended—and holding your eye with their own. Such is the salutation of the jolly tar, ready to share "the last shot in the locker" with the stranger of the hour. Others, again, seize your hand with as much fervency, and may mean as well toward you; but they do not look directly at you, but past your cheek, with eyes steadily set, as if looking for some undefined ghostliness beyond, and seeming to converse with the same.

Others give too great a show of fervency to the salutation, causing your fingers to tingle with pain; you involuntarily glance at the injured hand, expecting it to have been compressed into one horrid, bruised, extended index finger. Others, again, add to this exhibition of muscular power, by swinging your hand up and down, a sort of imitation that they are about to "pump" you!

A few come so close to you that you can feel their breath upon your face; others seem to be experimenting on the greatest distance at which the salutation can be exchanged. Some daintily offer you the tips of their fingers; it means either that they consider themselves your superior or that they are not disposed to be especially gracious. Others, again, take your whole hand, even endangering the immaculate whiteness of your wristbands.

The most agreeable shake of the hand is that meaning, welcoming grasp, warm but not painful in pressure, which stands guarantee to the sympathetic look and kindly spoken word. The most abominable hand-shaking is that lazy, listless offering, giving no pressure, and averse to receiving any. We have shaken hands with such persons, and the memory of it has annoyed us for an hour afterward. It was like touching a wet dishcloth, or a cold, quivering frog. An embarrassing shake of the hand is, when the party greets you hastily, yet *silently*, as if he felt guilty of boldness, or was not quite sure that he had not been misled by a resemblance. It is as awkward as a pause in conversation.

Perhaps, to young lovers, the quiet, half-unintentional contact of hands is most pleasant—that soft, lingering restlessness—that delicious remaining at love's dictation—that faint attempt at withdrawal, at propriety's suggestion; that electrical thrill of contact which fires the veins, modulates the voice, colors the cheeks, adds a brightness to the eye, and a tremulousness to the lips.

How many men, profound in philosophy, brilliant in scholarship, high in position, have sat for hours in the still moonlight, holding in their hand the soft white hand of a woman? their thoughts idly borne off by a flitting leaf or the thrill of a bob-o'-link! Who can say that they were not all the better for it? Can not the lion be in love?

STACATTO.

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PORTRAIT OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER.

The portrait of the King of Prussia, which we have engraved and here present, shows that the body and brain are above the average size; and the indications favor the inference that he is hardy and long lived.

The vital temperament predominates; he is undoubtedly a good liver, and enjoys the good things of earth. The head is broad above the ears, indicating executiveness and force of character. It is high in the crown and at Benevolence. Cautiousness is moderate, but there is Secretiveness, Acquisitiveness, and a strong practical intellect.

We see no indications of brilliancy. There is something of sternness with a good deal of selfishness, which is somewhat modified by Benevolence. The social feelings are evidently strong. Had his lot been cast in republican America instead of monarchical Prussia, he might have passed for a general, a sea captain, a superintendent of some public work, a banker, a broker, or a wholesale merchant. In either case he would, no doubt, mind his own business, and expect others to do the same. He would be dignified, self-relying, and willful. He probably believes in himself with that comfortable feeling that he inherits a divine right to rule. Take off his trappings and rig him out like a republican, and he would pass for a strongly marked and original character. Better men than he may be found in all countries earning their living by honest toil. But he would not need to occupy a subordinate position, nor become any man's humble servant. He would necessarily do much toward shaping circumstances, and making for himself a good position.

His features indicate observation, thoughtfulness, clearness, and comprehensiveness. That heavy double-chin accompanies a strong vital temperament. That broad head and broad face correspond to that large chest and that powerful vital organization. And, as before remarked, the whole indicates a love for the luxuries of the table and the good things of this world. We see but little of the spiritual or the ethereal; much more of the animal.

Of the Queen, it may be said that she has a very kindly, loving, and intelligent expression. She is doubtless educated, and every way womanly. There is nothing haughty or distant, but rather the opposite—familiar and kindly. If not great, she is, no doubt, good. If not a philosopher, she is certainly not a cipher. She could fill almost any position which a true woman could fill. She is neither ardent nor voluptuous—nor cool and indifferent, but seems to combine all the qualities of kindness, affection, integrity, and devotion. She would win the esteem and regard of all; the envy and hatred of none.

BIOGRAPHY.

Frederick William Louis, the present king of Prussia, was born on the 22d of May, 1797, and is the second son of Frederic William III. and Louise Auguste Wilhelmine Amélie, his queen. He received a careful scientific education, though his boyhood was passed in the most disastrous period of Prussian history, and his youth in that of the great struggle against Napoleon.

While yet young, he was made military governor of Rhenish Prussia, and held the royal commission as king's lieutenant in Pomerania. He was then old enough to know the bitterness which followed the defeats of his father's army at Jena and Auerstädt in 1806, and to share, in some measure, in the triumphs of the war of liberation and the enthusiasm which was kindled by the campaign of 1813-14, when the grand army of Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo, and the French army driven out of the fatherland.

His father, Frederick William III., dying in 1840, was succeeded by Frederick William IV., the heir to the throne. In 1857, Frederick William IV. was seized with a malady connected with temporary insanity, which compelled him (9th of October, 1855) to give up the personal management of affairs, and being without issue, the duty devolved upon his brother, the Prince of Prussia—the present king—to conduct the affairs of the kingdom, and he was made Regent on the 23d of October, 1861. On the death of Frederick William IV., January 2d, 1861, he ascended the throne, and on the 18th of October, 1861, was crowned at Konigsberg, under the title of William I.

Until the time that he became Regent, he observed a scrupulous abstinence from all uninvited interference with the affairs of the general government, but manifested very decided sentiments whenever his opinions were invited by the King. But since his accession to the throne, he has had but a troublesome time of it with his own people. He displayed no ambition to be esteemed a pattern of learning or philosophy, and if he developed anything, it was an inclination to be a prince of Prussia of the school of Frederick the Great. He was placed nominally, though whether by his own consent or not is by no means clear, at the head of a section of politicians called the "Prince of Prussia's Party," which supported the constitution, which has been so often promised, once given, and withdrawn; but it was never considered certain that he would adhere to it on his accession to the throne. He was alternately designated an extreme liberal and a stern absolutist. He has shown himself, since he came forward into public life, to be a cautious and reserved man, who is not anxious to connect himself with any particular abstract doctrines, and he has shown many of those qualities which enable a sovereign in his position to maintain a strong government, while he has exhibited a due regard for the interests of his own country in her relations with the rest of Europe.

In the early part of 1861 he visited the Emperor of the French, the object of which visit was said to be dictated by a policy having for its object the placing of a king at the head of the German powers. At that interview the Emperor frankly admitted that the co-operation of Prussia, and the settlement of the Italian question by the recognition of the kingdom of Italy would be of great value, to which it is stated that the king replied, that until Rome and Venice were annexed to the kingdom of Italy, it would hardly be said to

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have an existence; and that the uncertain state of things in that country obliged Prussia to remain a passive spectator until things were more decided. The state of Denmark, and a treaty of commerce between France and the Zollverein, were also subjects of conversation between the two sovereigns, to which questions he answered reservedly and evasively.

In 1863 came the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, of which we gave a synopsis in our September number, under the head of "The Late European War," which led to the late war between Prussia and Austria, and to the final defeat of the latter, the credit of which belongs rather to Count Bismarck than to William I.

He is now in his sixtieth year, and has not changed much since he was military governor of Rhenish Prussia. He is a soldier, and prone to carry his military instinct into matters political. The absolutist principles he showed as a prince he has endeavored to carry out as a king. It was his pleasure to be regarded as a soldier, and as a soldier he now stands before the world. To aggrandize Prussia, to emulate the deeds of the Great Frederic, are said to have been the ruling passions of the king, and the late conflict shows the immensity of his ambition and his courage as a soldier.

William I. was married 11th of June, 1829, to the Queen Marie Louise Auguste Catherine, who was born 30th September, 1811. She is the daughter of the late Charles Frederick, Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach. She is honorary commander of the 4th regiment of Grenadier Guards. They have issue: Frederick William Nicolas Charles, the crown prince and heir-apparent to the throne of Prussia, born 18th October, 1831, married to the Princess Victoria, of England, January 25, 1858, and Princess Louise Marie Elizabeth, born December 3, 1836, married September 20, 1856, to the Grand Duke Frederic William of Baden

PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

THE OWL WROTE A BOOK.

The owl wrote a book to prove that the sun was not full of light; that the moon was in reality much more luminous; that people had been in a mistake about it, and the world was quite in the dark on the subject.

"What a wonderful book!" cried all the night birds; "and it must be right; our lady, the owl, has such very large eyes, of course she can see through all the mists of ignorance."

"Very true," cried the bats; "she is right, no doubt. As for us, we can not see a blink; the moon and the sun are alike to us, and for anything we know, there is no light in either. So we go over in a body to her opinion."

And the matter was buzzed about until the eagle heard of it. He called the birds around him, and looking down upon them from his rocky throne, spoke thus:

"Children of the light and of the day, beware of night birds! Their eyes may be large, but they are so formed that they can not receive the light, and what they can not see, they deny the existence of. Let them praise moonlight in their haunts; they have never known anything better; but let us, who love the light, because our eyes can bear it, give glory to the great fountain of it, and make our boast of the sun, while we pity the ignorance of the poor moon-worshipers, and the sad lot of those who live in darkness."

[Application: Some men have eyes—faculties—so constructed that all things look blue, and they are sad, downcast, hopeless; others see the red, and they are sanguine, buoyant, jubilant, hopeful; others see only the serious, the grave, and the dreadful; others, the gay, the joyous, the light and trifling. In many, *appetite* colors all things, and a luxurious dinner, with "something to drink," monopolizes. Others, with large Acquisitiveness, see only "the dimes and dollars;" and so on throughout. One is absorbed in works of charity; another, in art, invention, music, poetry, oratory, conchology, astronomy, chemistry, geology, or phrenology. Short-sighted mortals, the best of us can take in but a few rays of light or knowledge—more than the owl, more than the eagle—but no one man can know it *all*. Let us open our minds—every faculty—to all light and truth, and free ourselves from prejudice, bigotry, and ignorance. Let us rise as high in the scale of development as our finite natures will admit.]

An actress connected with one of the theaters, a great favorite, was being complimented upon the blackness of her hair. "Why, it's dyed," she replied, with the amiable frankness of the true artist. "Dyed," replied the other speaker, "why, favorite as you are, you are not yet five-and-twenty." "No," said the lady; "but you know—

"Whom the gods love, dye early."

Paul Denton's (a Texan Missionary) Apostrophe to Water.—"Not in the simmering still, over smoking fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, pure, cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play, there God himself brews it, and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the hurricane howls music; where big waves roar the chorus, 'sweeping the march of God,' there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty: gleaming in the dewdrop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice gem, till the trees seem turning to living jewels; spreading a golden vail over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding bright snow-curtains softly above the wintry world, and weaving the many-colored iris, the seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain of the earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered o'er with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction—still always it is beautiful, that blessed cold water. No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains the liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depth; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of despair."

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NEW YORK,
DECEMBER, 1866.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—*De Foe.*

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VALEDICTORY.

Again the circuit of the revolving years has brought us to the close of a twelvemonth. The year 1866 will soon be numbered among the things that are past; its experiences each individual memory will retain; it has gone freighted with the joys, the cares, and the sorrows of humanity. A brief retrospect of our Journal during the past year is in keeping with the reflections suggested by this season. As we announced in the opening of volume Forty-three that we were determined to fight error, scientific and religious, we trust that the record of our struggle, as contained in the pages successively issued month after month, when considered with fairness, will not put us to the blush. To be sure, we have not altogether avoided the taunt of the caviler, the reproach of the censorious, or the exception of the critical; and we do not expect to so steer our bark as always to avoid the quicksands, the squall, or the breakers. The circulation of the Journal is distributed throughout the entire country, State and Territory; North, South, East, and West have each some share of its teachings. We think, with good reason, that no other monthly publication has a so widely distributed subscription list. If locality, then, has anything to do with difference of opinion, there should be found among the readers of the Journal the greatest diversity. "So much the worse for its success and the brain of its editor," one will say. Yes, tact and talent are indeed requisite to so prepare and print articles intended to convey mental and moral instruction that they will be accepted by readers of diverse religious and political opinions. But the Journal, notwithstanding its widely distributed circulation, and the great variety of character and intelligence to be found among its readers, has been eminently successful, and for the simple reason that it has striven in a straightforward manner to inculcate plain truth, to expose error, and chastise crime. Sometimes an error has been committed, or an inconsistency unwittingly published, but whenever discovered, steps have been taken for its proper acknowledgment and refutation. Experience has conclusively and satisfactorily demonstrated to us that Honesty, *at all times*, is the best policy. Without any desire to glorify ourselves, but merely to offer a single instance of the remote workings of our Journal, we introduce the following letter:

Evansville, Ind., *Aug. 6th*, 1866.

Dear Mr. Editor—I am a constant reader of the American Phrenological Journal, and desire to say a few words concerning it, and the science it so nobly advocates. About two years ago I purchased a copy at a news dépôt. This was not the first copy I ever saw, but it was the first copy that I ever paid much attention to. I took it home and read it through carefully. I found its pages stored with useful information concerning subjects of which it behooves every man, woman, and child to become acquainted. Some of the terms, it is true, were new to me, and therefore I could not fully comprehend their meaning. I knew nothing about the names of the faculties and the location of their organs. But this difficulty was soon obviated by purchasing one of your "Self-Instructors" and a large-sized phrenological bust, which I placed in my study; and whenever I had any leisure time, I devoted it to the study of Phrenology. In less than three months I became familiar with the name and location of every organ; and every day its truths became more and more impressed upon my mind. I have since made many practical observations, both on myself and my friends, and in a thousand cases have I seen the science of Phrenology verified. My occupation is school-teaching, and never could I so fully understand the different dispositions and inclinations of children; never could I so easily and successfully govern a school as since I obtained a knowledge of this important science. Every teacher in the land should make it a study; all young men, and women too, who would have a safe star to guide them through the journey of life; all who would truly enjoy health, wealth, and happiness, should acquire a knowledge of this all-important branch of education.

Respectfully yours, John Witlenbach.

Letters containing encouragement like this are received daily from all sections, and we feel that our hands are indeed "held up" as were those of Joshua in sacred history. In looking over our columns we find many distinguished names among the contributors. Mrs. George Washington Wyllis has quite regularly occupied some space with her racy and well-meant advice to the home circle. Choice gleanings from sermons and special contributions have appeared from time to time, the product of such prolific and well-matured brains as those of Rev. H. W. Beecher, Rev. Alfred Taylor, and J. L. Corning, D.D. Among other writers whose productions add luster to our pages, we make mention of Horace Greeley, who occasionally finds leisure, amid his multitudinous engagements, to say a word in his clear and forcible style to the readers of the Journal; of the Hon. John Neal, another well-known *litterateur*, whose zeal for Phrenology has not declined with advanced life; of the sprightly and absorbing Bungay, and the melodramatic Tullidge.

During the year soon to dawn upon us, we propose, in addition to the above-mentioned, to serve up well-cooked morsels of mental food from the pens of other celebrities. We may promise some sound physiological instruction from Dr. Griscom, of New York; some curious and interesting papers on Ethnological subjects from the well-known traveler and author E. G. Squier, M.A.; and we hope to present other writers of distinction through our pages. The amount of miscellaneous matter touched upon, in many instances affording valuable information, is very large, as any one will readily perceive on comparing our monthly with any of the other simultaneously issued periodicals. The number of portraits and illustrations published in the Journal the past year exceeds two hundred and fifty, the major part of them having been obtained at great expense. It is quite important to successful journalism that a periodical number among its constant contributors those whose names are popularly accounted worthy of the profoundest respect. We have frequently given in our pages articles from some obscure individual which would sustain comparison with those of Emerson, Holmes, or Whipple, and poems equal in beauty of conception to Mrs. Hemans or Whittier. We are thankful for such efforts on the part of this or that obscure individual, and are willing to publish anything of true merit which may edify the reader, notwithstanding the author is entirely unknown.

"Comparisons are odious," and we do not like to institute them with respect to anything in which we are specially concerned, but we will say this, that for amount of readable matter contained within its covers, and for practical utility, the Journal will probably sustain a

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comparison with any of the three-dollar magazines published in this city or elsewhere. As regards illustrations, we print a much larger number than any of the three-dollar monthlies, and at an expense which would astonish our country readers.

We would progress in scientific research, in religious and moral enlightenment, in mental and physiological development, and in everything that tends to make men more manly and women more womanly. If there has been good done in the past through our efforts, directly or indirectly, and we certainly have abundant evidence thereof, we would take it as an assurance and encouragement for further effort, and as a basis for the expectation that the effort will inure to the benefit of mankind. We would do more than heretofore; we would enlarge the borders of our field, and through the increasing circulation of the JOURNAL, the extended distribution of our publications, and the instruction of sincere, earnest men who may go out from us skilled in phrenological science, endeavor to make the world better acquainted with the truths of that science. It is instructive, elevating, spiritualizing, and the more its principles become disseminated among the people, the more complete will be their civilization, for it tends to enlighten the reason, purify the character, develop and improve the physique, the body, and deepen those religious convictions which are founded upon the sure, immutable principles of Divine revelation.

There was a time when we were assailed by the cry of "Infidel, Materialist, Fatalist," but that cry has long been silenced, and minister and layman have come forward with hearty indorsements of phrenological principles as connected with true religion. In fact, we feel that we must stand or fall with that religion which is based on the Bible. So much of it that was once dim and unintelligible to our minds has been cleared up by the application of science; so much of it substantiates what is included among the primary facts of Phrenology, that if the beautiful edifice of revealed religion were to topple over, Phrenology would be buried among the ruins. But we have no fear of such toppling down; we sincerely believe that "the word of the Lord abideth forever," and therefore are secure. Some men, readers of the JOURNAL, deprecate our course in adhering so closely to Christianity. Poor men! they are sadly at fault themselves, and would have us even such as they are, afloat—rudderless. We have but now explained why we cling to Divine revelation, and we are assured that all true men will encourage and sustain us if we strive ever to advance

"Onward, onward, strong and steady,
Heart within, and God o'erhead."

SLEEP—DEATH.

THE human body falls asleep by degrees. M. Cabanis, a French physiologist, says the muscles of the legs and arms lose their power before those that support the head, and these last sooner than those that support the back; and he illustrates this by the case of persons who fall asleep on horseback, or while sitting or walking. He conceives that the sense of light sleeps first, then the sense of taste, next smell, and lastly that of touch.

So in the process of dying, one sense or faculty of the brain at a time lets go of life. Propensities first decline, perceptives next, reflectives next, and the moral sentiments, which put us in relation with the spiritual, last of all. A good man, ripe with years, is not afraid to die. He awaits with perfect trust and resignation—as when we retire at night—the call to his heavenly home, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Let us briefly trace the interesting process of "departing this life."

In natural decay, one of the first indications of waning life is the loss of appetite. The stomach declines food, or throws it off, refusing to digest it. Next a weak or feeble circulation of the blood is noticed. The lower extremities—hands, feet, etc.—become numb or cold for the want of those currents of the warm, nourishing, life-sustaining fluids. If we take no food we make no new blood; and, like a plant without water, must soon droop and cease to live. The next phase observable in the process is in the respiration, which becomes less and less copious and free until it, too, ceases. Digestion suspended, the circulation diminished—confined chiefly to the heart and brain—the ordinary physical activity and energy departed, the body is consequently without vigor, and rapidly losing its accustomed animation. We now come to the brain. Alimentiveness, located nearest the body, in intimate relations with the stomach, has ceased to act, and sleeps, as it were, in death. Acquisitiveness, near neighbor to Alimentiveness, hitherto occupied in getting property and counting gains, unlooses its purse-strings and with open hand divides its property among surviving kindred. The affections—Amativeness, Parental Love, and Adhesiveness—part company with the loved ones; the wife says "good-bye" to her husband, the mother "farewell" to her children—consigning them to the kind care of some trusty friend.

The mechanic throws up his tools and speculates, for the time, on the mechanism of the heavens, the movements of the planets, and the dissolving views of life. The artist sees colors and forms blending into the spiritual as the material form recedes. His mind, with the decay of the body, expands, becomes supernaturally illuminated. All his former efforts and conceptions seem tame compared with the splendors of creative art spread out on the eternal canopy of heaven.

Was the dying man a statesman? Did he study and labor for the advancement and elevation of his nation? In making laws, did he have reference to the good they would do? In short, was he, in the true sense of the word, a real statesman? If so, how different his end from that of the pettifogging politician, who sets men by the ears contending with each other for selfish ends!

Was he a merchant? Did he send his ships to distant seas to transport the produce of his country and bring home the productions of other countries? Was his heart animated by a missionary spirit? If so, notwithstanding he may have acquired great wealth and fame, if his motive was rather to do good than to get money, if he lived in his moral sentiments rather than in the propensities, his last moments in life and his departure hence must be happy.

Was he an author or an editor? Did he make books, newspapers, or magazines? Supposing him to have been blest with large intellectual faculties and with an education enabling him to do this, how did he use these God-given talents? In the interest of humanity and for the edification of society? Did he so write, print, and publish as to make men better for the reading? Or did he cater to passion, to perverted appetite, and thus vitiate the mind of the reader? Were his writings and teachings in keeping with the better part? Did they tend to elevate, sanctify, and spiritualize? If so, happy man! Some write trashy novels; some write what are called "blood-and-thunder tragedies;" some write light and trifling comedy; others write "right." There is something in what is read akin to "food and drink." The mind should be healthfully fed with that sort of mental pabulum which will nourish and sustain it, and bring us into harmonious relations with the higher nature and with God. Contemplate the death of such persons as we have described. Which of them will look back on his life-work with satisfaction? and which will be filled with bitter remorse? not only for lost opportunities, but for the perversion of his own nature and the influence exerted on that of others.

Was he a physician? Did he feel animated by the desire to relieve suffering, to bind up wounds, to perform painful operations that he might prolong human life? Was it with that sacrificing spirit which would incline him to forego personal comfort for public good that he entered upon his professional career? Or was he merely a mercenary quack, feeding on the diseases and sufferings of humanity? In short, was he a true physician? Or was he a remorseless impostor? Did he assume false titles to deceive? Or did he modestly pursue his calling without pretension, without falsehood, and without the hope of greater reward than a reasonable compensation and a conscience void of offense and approved in heaven? Contemplate the death-bed scenes of the true physician and of the charlatan!

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Was he a miser? There are misers, of greater or less parsimony, in every community. It is supposed by many that he is happy in his money; but we do not so think. His higher nature must be perverted to make him sacrifice his sense of all that is good to the "love of lucre;" he neglects wife, children, friends and home that he may accumulate money; and when gotten, he passes sleepless nights in the fear of losing it, and becomes either a fanatic or absolutely insane through dread of coming to want. He loses all trust in God. His hopes are based on material things, of which he must soon let go, and he is, indeed, "all afloat." Contemplate his end. Having neglected and starved his soul, he is "spiritually blind," and goes down to a dark, doleful tomb, beyond which, to him, all is dark or blank. He sees and hopes for nothing. What a dismal picture is the life and death of a miserable miser!

Was he a man of leisure, living an aimless life? Did he inherit the means by which to supply his common wants, and thus was enabled to live an idle life—a life without exertion and without growth or development? What were his motives in living, and of what use to himself or to the world was he? Was he happy? Did he contribute anything to the happiness of others? An aimless life would necessarily lead to a hopeless death. Having performed no real service in this life, buried his talents in the earth, he will find nothing to his credit in the world to come.

Is he a good school-teacher, departing from his pupils with all his work upon him? He sees endless processions of youth, arrayed in spotless white, with open books, drinking in knowledge which shall make them wise and good.

Is he a Christian musician? What throngs of happy voices greet his ear hymning that triumphant song, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!"

Is he a sincere preacher of the blessed gospel? How his heart throbs with gratitude to God that he was the means of turning souls from selfishness heavenward! He will receive his reward.

Is he a benefactor? A philanthropist? Did he assist in building and maintaining school-houses, colleges, churches, hospitals, and asylums! Did he plant trees that others might eat the fruit thereof? Did he open up new territories for settlers? Was he reformatory and progressive, or did he oppose, pull back, and seek only his own selfish ends? What were his motives? These will tell not only on his life, character, and organization here, but on his last moments and on his future.

In conclusion, our organization becomes, in a great measure, what our actions, our thoughts, and our lives make it. If we study we thereby bring into action certain faculties—"talents"—which are increased by use. As it is with the body, the exercise of the muscular system giving development and strength, so the exercise of the intellect, the social and the spiritual faculties also gives development, and largeness, and activity to the faculties just in accordance with their exercise. If permitted to remain without exercise, there is no growth, no character.

Reader, where do you stand? For what are you steering? Where do you expect to "fetch up?" How will it be at the hour of parting with life and entering upon a new existence? As you live, labor, and love, so you will grow, develop, and ripen; and your death will be in accordance with the life you have lived.

STANZAS ON DEATH.

"And this is death!
Say! is it *hard* to die?
Do not the quiv'ring lip, the restless eye,
Tell of the deep, the mortal agony?

One long, deep breath,
One wild, convulsive throe,
And all is still. Still?
Aye, this solemn stillness—
This is DEATH.

The pulse has ceased to beat,
The heart no more sends forth
Its healthful wave—
Stopped by His power,
Who first its motion gave.

Where is the soul?
The immaterial mind
That once gave luster
To this senseless clay?
Say! has it vanished,
Like the viewless wind?

No! It has burst
This mortal chrysalis—
A holy, heavenly thing,
Forth from this dusty ruin
Into life to spring.

'Tis sown in weakness,
But 'twill rise in power;
Earth claims the seed,
Heaven culls the beauteous flower.
Oh! blessed Hope,
That looks beyond the grave—
Oh! wondrous Love,
That thus from Death can save."

HEALTH AT HOME.

The subject of personal and household hygiene is one which directly affects the immediate interests and happiness of every human being. Its importance to the health, longevity, and comfort of every individual will not be disputed, yet, strange to say, there can scarcely be mentioned a subject upon the true principles of which ignorance so generally prevails, or to which so little attention is given.

Regarding instruction on this matter as of the first consequence to the world at large, and being desirous of setting forth correct views respecting it, we are about to issue a series of articles thereon, prepared by a member of the medical profession who has made it a subject of study and practical application for nearly twenty-five years, and whose extensive experience in the treatment of diseases, and also as a writer and lecturer, enables him to present this valuable topic in such a manner as will render it comprehensible by every reader of our Journal. The first article on the subject will appear in an early number.

PHRENOLOGY.

CONSIDERED EXTRINSICALLY—No. 2.

In the first article on this subject, we considered the evidences in favor of Phrenology as arising—from the characters and reputations of its discoverer and elaborator; from the fact that many who at first spurned its teachings afterward became its most sturdy advocates; and from the manner in which it was discovered, viz., *inductively*. We propose now to continue our discussion of the subject, adducing further evidence of a like nature in support of the science.

In the *natural* grouping of the organs on the human cranium, we find forcible testimony to the truth of Phrenology. Dr. Gall made no effort to arrange or systematize his discoveries. When he thought he had carried his investigations, with reference to a certain faculty of the mind, sufficiently far to enable him to locate its organ in the brain, he simply so located it, and stated in his writings the result of his researches. To Dr. Spurzheim is due the credit of reducing the materials gathered by Gall to a specific system or science, and so elaborating it as to render it practically available. But, and the point we would make consists in this, Spurzheim did not make any new arrangement of the organs already discovered so far as their position as mapped upon the skull is concerned, but set off in groups those which belonged to specific classes, as the moral organs, the propensities, the domestic sentiments, etc., and he found the organs already classified to his hand by nature. Benevolence stood in its place next to Veneration, where Gall had found it; so with Conscientiousness, Hope, Firmness, etc. It was not necessary in order to complete the moral group that Benevolence should be moved from some other region of the brain to its present position. The organs of the intellect ranged themselves in perfect harmony around Comparison—the organs of the social nature with beautiful consistency stood around Philoprogenitiveness.

In the groupings of the organs, the considerate will perceive a beautiful harmony and fitness. The animal propensities, those qualities belonging to the lower or sensual part of human character, are at the base of the brain, lowest and nearest the physical or animal man. In front, associated with the chief of the senses, are the perceptive organs, those which are on the look-out. Above these and allied to them are the reflectives. Highest of all are the moral and spiritual organs, those which inspire religious feelings and ally man with Heaven. When we contemplate the wonderful harmony and proportion which we thus find to exist among the organs of the brain, we can not but exclaim with the enraptured psalmist, "How wonderful are thy works, O Lord! In wisdom hast thou made them all."

Again, Phrenology finds much support in the mere mention of the names of some who advocate its claims at the present day. Such for example as Hon. John Neal, of Portland, Me.; Hon. Ezra Cornell, of Ithaca, N. Y.; Horace Greeley, editor of the New York *Tribune*, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Andrew Boardman, Dr. Steadman, Dr. John F. Gray, Dr. Louis F. Warner, Prof. John M. Carnochan, M.D.; Dr. J. V. C. Smith, for thirty years editor of the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal*; Dr. Wm. Halsey, of New Jersey; Prof. Amos Dean, Albany Law School; Wm. Gilmore Simms, S. C.; Rev. Dr. Thos. J. Sawyer, and many others of distinction.

One of the leading principles of Phrenology is, that "size of the head (or the brain), other things being equal, is the measure of power;" and how completely is this demonstrated in daily life, as well as by the historical records of famous men whose portraits are extant! It is impossible even for a skeptic (in Phrenology) to think of Julius Cæsar or Napoleon I., of Aristotle or Franklin, of Bacon or Jefferson, of Shakspeare or Irving, of St. Paul or John Wesley as possessing diminutive

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crania. A large brain is as much a necessary accompaniment of a great intellect as large bone and muscle are inseparable from great physical strength. This principle is too obvious for further consideration.

Every intelligent man, though he may deny it, is to some extent a phrenologist; he draws his inferences with respect to the intellectual caliber of those he meets for the first time from the same cranial indications as the phrenologist does, although he has no substantial reason for his inference, as the latter has. Men read character in the expression and form of the face, and pronounce this or that one a knave or a gentleman in accordance with the impressions derived from a scrutiny of the countenance. The character, all agree, gives form and expression to the head and face. This is, in fact, but a practical belief of phrenological principles.

THE BRAIN THE ORGAN OF THE MIND.

Now it is universally acknowledged by all who have any claim to mental culture, that the brain is the part of the human physiological structure through which the mind acts. Up to the time of the discovery of Phrenology, the discussions of this subject by sages and philosophers were vague and speculative; and even at this late period Phrenology offers the only conclusive demonstration of this great fact. Outside of Phrenology we find men discussing the subject of the mental powers, and referring them, in a most indefinite and inconsistent manner, to the brain. Those generally considered the best reasoners upon the subject have come closest to the doctrines of Phrenology. See what Dr. Watts says in his celebrated treatise on the "Improvement of the Mind." "It is most probable that those very fibers (Phrenology first demonstrated the theory of the fibrous constitution of the brain), pores, or traces of the brain which assist at the first idea or perception of any object, are the same which assist at the first idea or perception of any object, are the same which assist also at the recollection of it; and then it will follow that the memory has no special part of the brain devoted to its own service, but uses all those parts in general which subserve our sensation as well as our thinking and reasoning powers." Whether Dr. Watts was the forerunner of Dr. Gall in Phrenology or not we can not say—but his statements are consistent with our science and very like its reasonings.

Phrenology best demonstrates the fact of the center and source of thought, feeling, and sentiment being located in the brain by pointing out the very organs of the brain which manifest or give expression to thought, feeling, and sentiment according to their development and activity. In metaphysics the nomenclature of Phrenology has been acknowledged invaluable because of the clearness of its distinctions between thought, feeling, and sentiment. The learned Archbishop Whately, whose name is familiar as "household words" to men of cultivated minds, says that even supposing Phrenology to be chimerical, the treatises on that subject would be of great value "from their employing a metaphysical nomenclature far more logical, accurate, and convenient than Locke, Stewart, and other writers of their schools." How much the success which his writings on logic and rhetoric have everywhere met with, especially in being universally received as text-books in the highest institutions of learning, is owing to the archbishop's acquaintance with phrenological teachings we can not say, but will leave the reader to judge—taking the prelate's important statement into account.

How diverse are the feelings and sentiments of a man's character! as widely apart in quality and nature as his different external senses—smell, hearing, or taste; and since one's manifestations of character are so varied and apparently inconsistent, how philosophically and rationally are they explained, and only so explained by the clear principles of Phrenology! In fine, Phrenology has only to be fairly investigated to convince the most determined skeptic. H. S. D.

MISS KATE JOSEPHINE BATEMAN.

This lady has a remarkably compact and vigorous physical organization. We seldom find a person who is so solid and strong, who has so much vivacity and activity. Her temperament is favorable to ardor, intensity, and activity; while the strength of the constitution, the solidity and vigor, give her power; and these temperamental characteristics lay the foundation for what she has been able to do. She never wearies; can work a long time without exhaustion, and is fresh to the last.

The brain is broad at Combativeness and Destructiveness, and these feelings give her a relish for the exhibition of character which is forcible and earnest. She could not enact a tame piece, either on the stage or in her own private character. She has considerable policy; is able to keep her feelings in reserve; but can hide emotion that would be to her disadvantage more easily than she can assume that which does not belong to her.

She has hardly Self-Esteem enough, but her Love of Approbation is large, and she never, with her force of character, will allow herself to break down. Her Firmness is comparatively strong. She is not easily discouraged, because she has strength enough to rise above difficulties. She has strong sympathy; is grateful for favors; seeks to do good; has more honesty than piety.

She has good talent for reading mind, comprehending motive; strangers seem to her luminous; and her first judgment with respect to them is her best. Her fancy to copy is not strong. She can live out her own idea of a subject, but would not feel disposed to follow in other people's footsteps. She walks more naturally when she makes new tracks; and her power of personation comes from her large Perception, from her appreciation of character itself; and she acts best when entirely natural.

The organs which indicate a practical intellect are almost excessively developed. Her Individuality, located just above the bridge of the nose, is immense, and enables her to gather facts, to appreciate what is presented; in short, to see everything almost on the instant.

Her Language is also well developed. That fullness of the eye indicates it; and having a good memory of facts, she carries the whole history of a subject in her mind, and is not easily confused in recalling what she knows, or diverted from any pursuit by confusion. She has literary taste; capacity to gather and hold knowledge, and to use it by either speaking it or acting it, not on the stage merely, but in real life. Her reasoning intellect is fair. She is a critic rather than a logician. She never will be accused of using mellow phraseology, or of being a hypocrite; is not inclined to flatter people, nor to make her own case better than it is. Her faults and defects are just about as well known to her intimate friends as her excellences are. She is strongly social in her disposition; cares less for the home than the friends; where the friends are, there is the home.

Kate Josephine Bateman, was born October 7, 1843, in Baltimore, Md., in that quarter known as Old Baltimore, in one of a row of distorted, queer-looking houses, built by Jerome Bonaparte, overlooking a little stream called Jones' Falls. At that time her parents, who had been for some time on the stage, were not doing active duty in their profession, but afterward, through mercantile reverses, re-appeared on the public stage about the time our heroine had reached her third year. Mr. Bateman, shortly after this, became manager of the Louisville Theater. One evening the play to be performed was the "Children in the Wood." At rehearsal in the morning, the two children who usually played "child parts" were sick, and could not play at night. In the emergency, Mrs. Bateman thought of allowing her two children, Kate and Ellen, to take their places. Accordingly, Kate and Ellen were immediately taught their parts for the night. The *débût* took place December 11, 1846; such was the success of the two children, that the play was repeated the following evening, including the scene of the two children alone in the wood, which is generally left out of the piece. The play was so successfully received that it was repeated for ten consecutive nights. The company then visited Cincinnati, where the same piece was performed, and the success of Miss Kate was even greater than it was in Louisville. During the remainder of the season our heroine appeared as the child in "Pizarro," the infant in "Metamora," and in other characters. So popular did she become with the public, and so much dramatic ability did she display, even at that tender age, that her father was induced to organize a small traveling company for a six months' tour through Indiana and the Northwestern States. Such pieces were produced as would give the little ones every opportunity to display their charming versatility. It was during the season of 1849 that they played their first star engagement as the "Bateman Children," at the Museum, Boston, Mass. Our heroine, when she was six years old, did not confine herself to two or three characters, but emboldened by her success, played Richmond, and Little Pickle. While making a tour through New England, she played the first and second acts of Macbeth, at a town called Portsmouth, N. H. She made her *débût* in this city at the Old Broadway Theater, and fulfilled a highly successful engagement. After this she was confined to a sick bed for several months. Recovering from her sickness, she made a tour of the country, meeting with success wherever she appeared, after which she was taken to England by her father during the great Exhibition of 1851. She was presented to the London public August 23d, at the St. James' Theater, in "The Young Couple," and the last act of "Richard the Third." After a great success in London the company visited all the principal towns in the United Kingdom. In Edinburgh, Mr. Combe, the phrenologist, saw them; and at an interview he predicted a famous career for the subject of this sketch. After a brilliant tour they returned to London, performing at Drury Lane Theater December 27, 1851, before an immense crowd. They left England August 18, 1852, in the steamer Atlantic. Arriving home they appeared at the Astor Place Opera House and the Old Broadway. After another tour South and West, they took a trip to California, returning to St. Louis in 1856, where she made her last appearance on the stage as a child on the 4th of July, at the St. Louis Theater, as King Artaxomines, in "Bombastes Furioso." She then retired from the stage for three years. Re-appeared March 19th, 1860, at the Winter Garden, in this city, as Evangeline, playing a three weeks' engagement. Since then she has appeared as a star in nearly all the principal towns and cities in this country as well as in England. First appeared as "Leah," in Augustine Daly's play of that name, January 19, 1863, at Niblo's Garden, which has been the means of putting more money in her purse and adding more to her reputation than any other piece in her *repertoire*.

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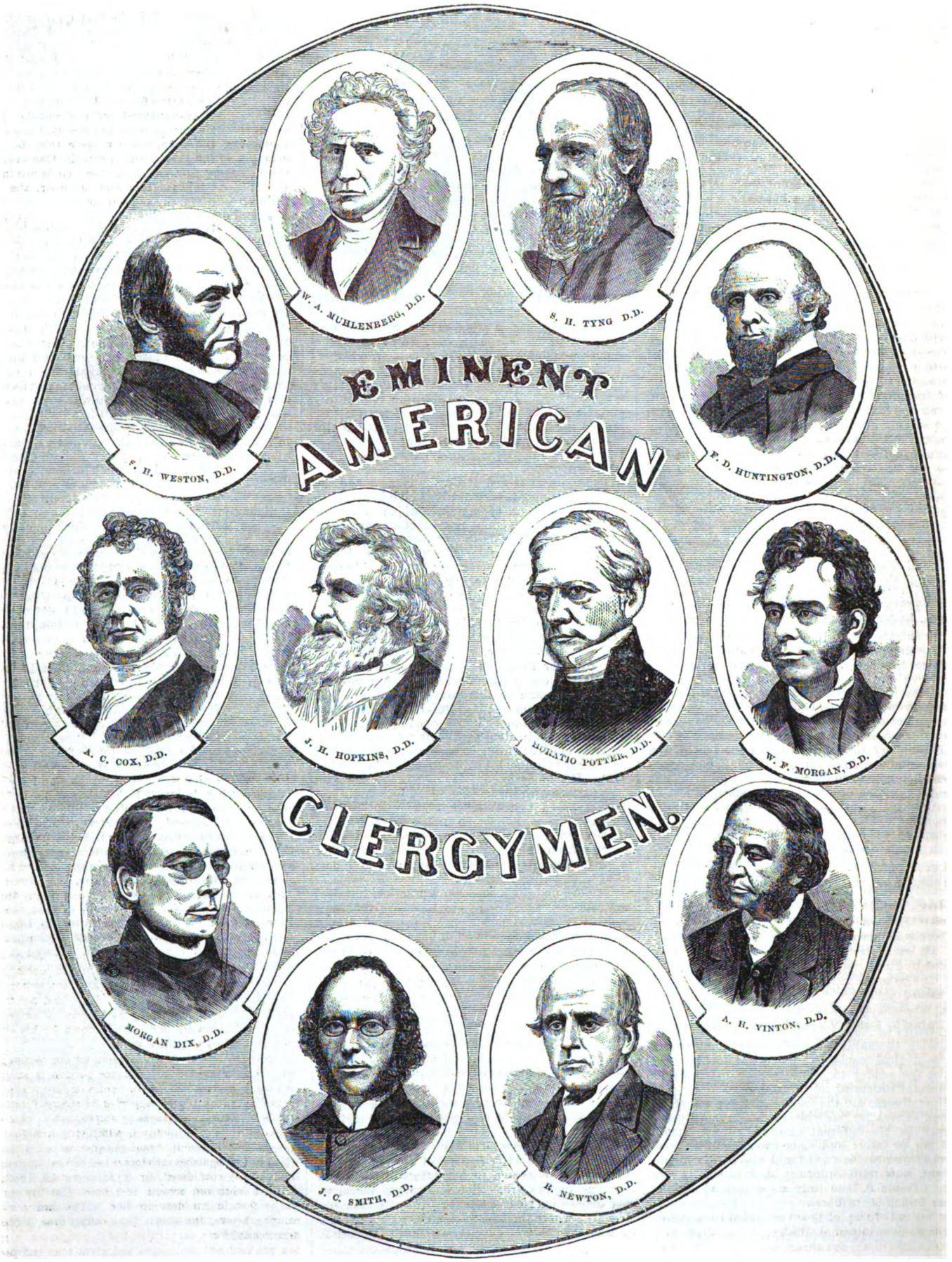

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OUR EMINENT DIVINES.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, WITH PORTRAITS.

In presenting to our readers this second group of portraits and descriptive characters of eminent American divines, it behooves us to say that it is difficult for the phrenologist, in describing their distinguishing peculiarities, to discriminate widely where he has so many individuals belonging to a single profession, especially when those individuals occupy high and nearly equal positions in that profession. In ministerial life the surroundings of different clergymen are peculiarly alike; their duties are in most respects similar, and the influence of those surroundings and duties tends to stamp their features with similar characteristics.

John Henry Hopkins, D.D., Bishop of the diocese of Vermont and the Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, was born in Dublin, Ireland, on the 30th of January, 1792. He came to America with his parents in 1800. His education was liberal, as he was intended for the law, but he entered a counting-room in Philadelphia instead. In 1817, after a failure in business, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in the year following. In 1823 he quitted the practice of law for the ministry, and in 1824 became rector of Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa. In 1831 he accepted a call to Trinity Church, Boston, as assistant minister. Soon afterward, in the spring of 1832, he was elected the first bishop of the diocese of Vermont. This position he immediately took, and at the same time became rector of St. Paul's Church, Burlington. The latter charge he resigned in 1856. As a bishop he is distinguished for the great energy and industry exhibited in building up his diocese. He has also been a diligent writer, both critical and controversial, and probably holds the first position for polemical ability among Episcopal divines.

Bishop Hopkins has a decidedly strong facial configuration, and should be known for his strength of will, tenacity of purpose, and boldness in the expression of his sentiments. He is a man of rather strong likes and dislikes, his first impressions usually controlling to a great extent his views of character and subjects. He is not an unsteady, transitive, fluctuating person, but decided, disposed to carry his point where he can by forcible measures, strong declarations, and convincing argumentation. He possesses considerable policy; he can be easy and frank, or shrewd and evasive. He has, however, considerable respect for public opinion, the claims of general sentiment, but he is far from caring to have his opinions and authority ignored or questioned. In matters pertaining to his profession he shows foresight, steadfastness, and fidelity. Having once taken his stand upon a point of doctrine he would be one of the last men to yield or waver. He is more a Roman than a Greek, and in character lion-like. Possessing a large brain and good physical forces, he is enabled to perform the duties connected with his office, and fully meet the expectations entertained by the laymen of the Church of which he is one of its highest officers.

Horatio Potter, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of New York, was born at Beekman, Dutchess Co., N. Y., February 9, 1802. He was graduated from Union College in 1826, and was ordained deacon in July, 1827, and priest the same year. In 1828 he was appointed professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., where he spent five years, during which time he was invited by Bishop Moore to become his assistant in the Monumental Church, Richmond, Va., but declined. In 1833 he was called to the rectorship of St. Peter's Church, Albany, N. Y., and in 1837 he was elected to the presidency of Trinity College, Hartford, but declined. He received the degree of D.D. from Trinity College in 1838; of LL.D. from Geneva College, N. Y., in 1856; and of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford in 1860. On the death of Bishop Wainright, in 1854, Dr. Potter was chosen Provisional Bishop of the diocese of New York, and was consecrated November 22, 1854; and by the death of Bishop B. T. Onderdonk, on April 30, 1861, he became Bishop of the diocese.

The revered Bishop of New York possesses a genial and benignant countenance. Its expression is in every way calculated to win and attract, not to repel. The features in their development evince maturity of judgment, breadth though not great power of mind, unusual facility in the use of words, a kind and courteous demeanor, and much warmth of sentiment and affection. The appearance of the coronal arch indicates much strength of will and dignity. He is not the one to yield easily an opinion which he has once formed with respect to persons or character, neither is he disposed to form an opinion hastily of a matter of importance, although his intuition is influential. He grasps facts as they exist tangibly, and appreciates the full force of comparative testimony. His character is one which may well command respect and affection; he is the pastor who would take a stronger hold on the hearts of his people than excite their intellectual admiration.

Arthur Cleveland Cox, D.D., Bishop of Western New York, was born at Mendham, N. J., May 10th, 1818. Being the son of a clergyman his mind was early directed in the channel of theology, and after graduating from the University of New York he pursued a three years' course of theological study, and took orders in 1841. He has been settled successively at Morrisania, Hartford, Baltimore, and New York. In the latter place he occupied the rectorship of Calvary Church until his election to the Episcopate of Western New York in 1864. Bishop Cox has written several volumes of religious poems, besides a book of travels in England, and a collection of sermons. Bishop Cox is regarded as the mouth-piece of High-Church Episcopalianism in this country.

The Bishop of Western New York presents a fine exterior, a refined manner. He is, in every sense of the word, a polished divine. Possessing excellent powers of apprehension, he looks upon the world as a world of fact, on which influences must be brought to bear for the accomplishment of desired results. He is not a theorist; not a tame student of the fanciful or sentimental. He does not sit down with folded arms and meditate inertly upon what ought to be. He looks upon the world as it is; thinks of it as it is; and would deal with it as it is, for the purpose of ameliorating its condition. He has a good deal of intellectual versatility. He appreciates the world's opinion, is a man possessed of considerable ambition; he would know and be known. He has strong affections, is a lover of home, and yet a lover of the outside world as well. Indeed, we must regard him as cosmopolitan in taste. His features are impressive. His nose would do honor to the chisel of Praxiteles. He must have buoyancy of nature, agreeableness of manner, and power to please.

Francis T. Huntington, D.D., well known in religious literary circles as a voluminous writer, was born at Hadley, Mass., on the 28th of May, 1819. He is the son of the Rev. Daniel Huntington, the predecessor of Dr. Lyman Beecher in the Congregational ministry at Litchfield, Conn. He was graduated in 1839, at Amherst College, and pursued a three years' course of theology in the Cambridge Divinity School. He was ordained pastor of the South Congregational Society (Unitarian) in Boston, October, 1842, and remained in that connection thirteen years. He then accepted the position of Plummer Professor of Christian Morals and Preacher to the University in Harvard College. In 1860 he avowed the Trinitarian faith, and thereupon resigned his professorship. Soon afterward he was ordained a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and organized the parish of Emanuel Church, Boston. His ministry has been eminently successful. Among his numerous publications the two volumes of sermons entitled "Sermons for the People," "Christian Believing and Living," and a volume of "Grahame Lectures on the Divine Elements of Human Society," may be considered the most prominent. Dr. Huntington is well known as a contributor to many publications, and is perhaps the most voluminous writer in his denomination. He was recently elected Bishop of Maine.

Dr. Huntington has a wide head. The organization being particularly large in that part of the brain which is intimately connected with the physical system, he should be known for a good deal of energy, thoroughness, and executiveness. He should not only be a thinker, writer, and speaker, but also an energetic actor and doer. He believes in thoroughness, in a Christianity essentially practical. He is not one of those tame, passive theologians who appear to appreciate the primary sanctification of faith without its necessary concomitant work, but he evidently appreciates the necessary concomitant, and would show his faith by his works. He has also a very large development of those organs which impart imagination, fertility of invention, taste, and sentiment. He should be powerful and persuasive as an extemporaneous speaker, fluent and easy in language; and he should also exhibit a good deal of warmth in his social relation. Although he belongs to a church which is observant of forms and ceremonials, yet he is not the one to attach to those formalities undue importance, but would aim especially at the utilitarian and essential.

William Augustus Muhlenberg, D.D., great-grandson of Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, father of the Lutheran Church in this country, was born in Philadelphia, Sept. 16, 1796; graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1814; ordained deacon in 1817, and three years afterward presbyter, by Bishop White. He was three years assistant to the rector (Bishop White) of the parish of Christ Church, St. Peter's, and St. James', Philadelphia; six years rector of St. James' Church, Lancaster, Pa. Of the Christian Institute, at Flushing, L. I., which became St. Paul's College, he was principal and rector nearly twenty years. Of the Free Church of the Holy Communion, New York, he was pastor twelve years, and for the last eight years has been pastor and superintendent of St. Luke's Hospital, New York.

The portrait of Dr. Muhlenberg represents a gentleman of earnest, honest feeling; one who would pursue his calling from a strong enduring love of it rather than because he had chosen it and would make the most of the advantages thus secured for personal gratification. The full, broad forehead indicates intellectual vigor, and the steady, calm eyes manifest a nature tranquil, and a spirit dutiful and resigned to the rulings of Providence. Although he occupies a public position of much responsibility, we could not, consistent with the application of phrenological and physiognomical principles, regard the original of this portrait as a person of marked self-reliance or assurance, but as one of retiring manners and unequivocal modesty. The social organization is evidently strong, rendering him appreciative of society and domestic interests. The whole face shows sympathy and practical benevolence.

Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., was born in Newburyport, Mass, March 1st, 1800.. He early manifested a strong intellect, and entered Harvard College at the age of thirteen. In 1817 he graduated, and not having then any special liking for either of the learned professions, engaged in mercantile pursuits. In 1819, however, the current of his mind became directed toward the ministry, and he commenced the study of theology at Bristol, R. I., under the supervision of Bishop Griswold. On the 1st of May, 1821, he took charge of St. John's Church at Georgetown, D. C., and remained there about two years. His next parish was that of Queen Ann's, in Prince George's County, Md., where he continued six years, after which he removed to Philadelphia, to take the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, which had been offered him. In 1833 he left St. Paul's for the Church of the Epiphany, also in Philadelphia. There he remained until 1845, when he was called to the rectorship of St. George's Church, New York, in which connection he still remains. As a speaker and writer Dr. Tyng is remarkable for clearness, force, and polish of expression. He stands among the foremost of extemporaneous pulpit orators, and is well known for his energetic, charitable, and liberal spirit.

A truly fine head is here presented for our contemplation. The great size of the upper portion is at once striking. All the moral organs border on the very large. Large Veneration is well supported by strong Firmness and Benevolence. Firmness is stayed up by Conscientiousness, while Spirituality is sufficiently indicated to give that under-current of calm resignation and patience which so distinguishes the sincere and earnest Christian. Intellectually considered, Dr. Tyng possesses a refined mind—a depth and breadth of reflective ability equaled by few in his denomination. The heavy overhanging brows, the steady penetrating eyes, indicate firmness and force, earnestness and thoroughness. Order is a predominant perceptive, and gives tone and preci-

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sion to the entire character. The organs of the side-head are well developed, particularly Ideality and Sublimity; and although Dr. Tyng possesses a superior degree of taste and sentiment, he is not the one to ignore the utilitarian. A conscientious discharge of duty, and an almost too refined idea of the requisitions of piety, would characterize, in a great measure, his ministerial character. He is essentially an earnest, devoted, and even enthusiastic leader in the Church.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON VINTON, D.D., the well-known rector of St. Mark's Church, New York, was born at Providence, R. I., May 21, 1807. He received his classical education at Brown University, and subsequently studied medicine at Yale College. After practicing as a physician for three years, he turned his attention to the ministry. Having completed a course of theological training at the General Theological Seminary, New York, he was ordained in July, 1835. His first charge was St. Paul's Church, Portland, Me., where he remained but a short time, leaving that place to take the rectorship of Grace Church, Providence. From 1842 to 1858 he occupied the pulpit of St. Paul's Church, Boston, afterward accepting a call from Philadelphia. In 1861 he succeeded the late Dr. Anthon as rector of St. Mark's Church. He has published sermons and addresses from time to time. As a pulpit orator, he is more remarkable for depth of thought, earnestness, and solidity than for any attempt at brilliancy or rhetorical display. His social qualities have contributed in no small degree to his popularity and eminence.

Dr. Vinton, as our engraving shows him, has a head considerably above the ordinary size, and, fortunately, his body is well formed and well sustained by excellent recuperative energies. His head is especially large in the region of Benevolence, from which we deduce the inference that his whole character partakes largely of the philanthropist. His intellect is well balanced and highly cultivated. Agreeableness is evidently a distinguishing trait of his character, imparting refinement to his manner, and in combination with strong Benevolence, a good deal of gentleness. The social nature is warm; his feelings are naturally ardent, giving him a genuine zest for home, domestic associations, and social life generally. The compression of the mouth, as it appears in our portrait, is a little exaggerated. Although a man of an exceedingly genial nature, frank and unassuming, yet he has a well-sustained character for stability. He possesses also considerable esthetic taste, enjoying art, poetry, music, and all that appeals to the finer sentiments.

MORGAN DIX, D.D, was born in the city of New York in the year 1827, and is a son of Gen. John A. Dix. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1848, and from the General Theological Seminary in 1852. His first position was that of assistant to Dr. Wilmer, rector of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia. Subsequently he was elected assistant rector of Trinity parish, New York, and on the death of the Rev. Dr. Berrian, in November, 1862, Dr. Dix was elected to fill the vacant rectorship. He had been recommended by Dr. Berrian as the best man to succeed him. Although comparatively a young man for so responsible and prominent a position, yet his ability and fidelity render him capable of discharging its duties as well, perhaps, as any other clergyman of his denomination.

The Rector of Trinity Church should be known for unswerving loyalty to the denomination or principles of faith espoused by him. It is with great difficulty that he can be made to modify, even but slightly, his sentiments. What he believes, he believes firmly and trusts staunchly. In the well-defined and closely-shut mouth and deep upper lip is seen the man of reliance and power. His perception is well evinced as keen and clear. Distinctly marked among his observing faculties is Order. Precision and regularity should characterize his arrangements, whether literary or secular. His full chin indicates ardor of attachment and emotion, and the strong basilar development shows force, energy, and executiveness. He would be zealous in the promotion of any enterprise which he heartily entertained,

SULLIVAN H. WESTON, D.D., rector of St. John's Church, New York city, was born at Bristol, Maine, October 7th, 1816. He was graduated from the Western University, Middletown, Conn., in 1842, and afterward privately pursued a course of preparation for the ministry. In 1847 he was ordained a deacon in Trinity Church, New York, and priest in 1852. The connection with Trinity parish thus begun has continued to the present time. After the death of Bishop Wainright he became assistant minister of Trinity parish and rector of St. John's Church. He is an earnest, active, even restless, but impressive speaker, and stands in the front rank as an influential and laborious minister.

Dr. Weston has a large brain, and apparently, a well-balanced, intellectual, and moral organization. The perceptive faculties are large, and so are the reflective. He has the ability to gather facts from the material world without, and capacity to adapt them to his purposes and calling. Veneration and Benevolence are large, giving him an insight into and appreciation of the supernal. Spirituality is not so strongly evidenced, rendering him positive, practical, and inclined to be somewhat dogmatical in opinion. He bases his opinions mainly upon experience and observation, and holds them firmly. Language is large, indicating a fluent speaker, the man with ability to enforce his sentiments by the use of forcible and adequate words. He has an unusual amount of force of character, much more than is generally found in a minister of the Gospel. His appreciation of duty, integrity, and propriety may be even rigid. He is inclined to state the truth as he understands and feels it, in clear, precise, and argumentative language, rather than to appeal merely to the emotional or affectional. All the features are striking, indicating the man of mental breadth, observation, fidelity, decision, and executiveness.

RICHARD NEWTON, D.D, was born at Liverpool, England, July 25, 1813; his parents removed to this country when he was ten years old, and settled in Philadelphia. In his sixteenth year he began a course of study for the ministry at the Manual Labor School near Wilmington. In the year 1832 he entered the University of Pennsylvania, and graduated therefrom in 1836. He pursued his theological studies at the General Seminary of the Episcopal Church in New York, and was ordained deacon on the 4th of July, 1839. His first charge was at West Chester, Penn. After laboring there for fifteen months he was called to St. Paul's, Philadelphia, as successor to the Rev. Dr. May. He continued in that pastorate for twenty-two years. In May, 1862, he accepted the rectorship of the Church of the Epiphany in the same city. He has published a volume of sermons on "The Jewish Tabernacle," and a large number of books for children, among which are "Rills from the Fountain of Life," "The Best Things," "King's Highway," "The Giants, and How to Fight Them," "The Safe Compass," etc.

Dr. Newton should be known for his strong intuitiveness. His first impressions of men and things are his best; he is disposed to yield a ready response or assent to them intellectually. He has a broad head in the region of the moral sentiments. His spirit is a soaring one, possessed of considerable ambition, buoyed up by spiritual tendencies. Propensity is not so strong within him. He has strong imagination. As a speaker, he would be apt to clothe his sentiments in the garb of choice and classic language. He is warmly sympathetic, probably even impulsive, in his benefactions; disposed to do good, and a great deal of it, as he has opportunity. He evidently looks upon his profession through the glass of the missionary, and is solicitous to perform his duty as a minister of the Gospel well.

WILLIAM F. MORGAN, D.D., the present rector of St. Thomas Church, New York, was born at Hartford, Conn., December 21st, 1817. He graduated at Union College in 1837, and at the General Theological, Seminary Chelsea, N. Y., in 1840. After being three years in New Haven, as assistant to the Rev. Harvey Crosswell, D.D., he married, and accepted the rectorship of Christ Church, Norwich, Conn. In this connection he was eminently successful, and during his pastorate a new church, equal to any other in New England, was erected, from designs by Upjohn, under his supervision. In 1857 he became rector of St. Thomas Church, and during the same year received the degree of D.D. from Columbia College. His ministry in his present parish has been greatly prospered. A new and magnificent structure is now being built for him on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street, the old church property down-town having passed into other hands and the edifice taken down. Dr. Morgan is at present officiating in Grace Church, in the absence of Dr. Taylor, who is now in Europe, thus acting as pastor of two leading parishes.

In Dr. Morgan's facial expression and general bearing we discern a gentleman of the "rare old school." His mental organization is of a superior type. In manner, though unaffected and even simple, he would exhibit refinement of breeding as engaging as it is admirable. Benevolent and kindly disposed, he would rarely say or do that which is calculated to harm or wound the feelings. He possesses an excellent memory of places and words, and facility in the acquisition of language; is critical and comparative in the cast of his reflective intellect. He evidently makes use of figures of speech, metaphors, and analogies in his sermons. He is appreciative of the higher order of musical harmony, and believes in that music of the spheres which tends to spiritualize the soul. He stands much upon his own center; is not easily influenced by external impressions which are antagonistic to his own individual thought and action. He must be respected and loved by his immediate friends and those who have occasion to come in frequent contact with him, for his disposition is eminently social and lovable.

JOHN COTTON SMITH, D.D., was born at Andover, Mass., August 4th, 1826. He is descended from the old Puritan stock of New England. He was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1847, and next pursued theological studies in the Episcopal College at Gambier, Ohio, for nearly three years. In 1849 he accepted a call to St. John's Church, Bangor, Maine, where he remained three years. Afterward he became assistant minister on the Greene foundation, an endowment of Trinity Church, Boston, a position which he held for nearly eight years. He was then offered the rectorship of the Church of the Ascension in New York city, which he accepted, and now holds. The position he here occupies is one of influence and responsibility. Connected with the church are mission and industrial schools, one of which is located at the Five Points, and is attended by upward of one thousand poor children. Dr. Smith is an able writer, with a refined literary taste and a somewhat forcible style of oratory.

This eminent and rising divine has a head strikingly high and expansive in the forehead, and also quite largely developed in the region of the crown. Consequently, he should be remarkable for Veneration, Benevolence, and Firmness. He is essentially a *moral* man. The sentiments and superior parts of his nature are all-controlling. The breadth of his head indicates a strong appreciation of the ideal, the imaginative. They impart a tendency to enliven his discourses with much of the emotional and thrilling. Self-Esteem is not deficient, yet he is open, free, and versatile. His mental caliber is of no mean order. Every lineament of his earnest face exhibits the close student. He lives mainly in a mental atmosphere, and the physical man not being in first-class condition, he is very apt to consume the vitality furnished by the nourishing organs more rapidly than it can be supplied. This is a strongly nervous temperament—a nature which is active, energetic, go-ahead. More calmness and repose than he usually is inclined to indulge in would be advantageous to him. Although yet young, he may, like other eminent ministers, break down from his excessive mental exertion, unless he avails himself of means for strengthening and establishing his physical powers. His is an original mind, a practical and thorough-going nature.

OUTLINES OF DOCTRINE.

The faith of the Episcopal Church, in all essential particulars, may be found in the brief Apostles' Creed, or the Nicene Creed, the latter being but the former expressed in such language as will more fully emphasize the Divine nature of our Saviour Jesus Christ. The Apostles' Creed is as follows:

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I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth:

And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. *Amen.*

The Nicene Creed can be found in any Episcopal Prayer-Book, immediately following the above. It is the rule that one of these creeds shall be recited by the congregation in the course of public service. The teachings of the Episcopal Church with reference to cardinal questions of orthodoxy, such as the Trinity, original sin, sacramental observances, free-will, etc., are clearly set forth in the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion, which make a part of the Book of Common Prayer.

In matters of faith the Episcopal Church will not be found to differ fundamentally from other orthodox societies, while in the mode of conducting public worship and of internal management there is a wide disparity. Forms of Prayer are prescribed in the Liturgy of the Church or Book of Common Prayer, to be used on the regular occasions of public worship.

The main argument adduced in support of the Episcopal mode of worship is that it promotes concord in the devotional exercises, and enables each person to intelligently and appreciatively follow the minister. The beauty and appropriateness of the service will hardly be called in question by any one who carefully examines it.

The ministry comprehends three orders or grades—the Bishop, the Presbyter or Priest, and the Deacon. The Bishop exercises authority by virtue of his office over a community or diocese of Presbyters and Deacons. In the United States there are one or two Bishops in each State. They ordain Presbyters and Deacons, appoint ministers to vacant parishes when requested, confirm those who have been baptized, determine differences which may arise in congregations, and promote, so far as they may, the spiritual and temporal welfare of the aggregate churches.

The Presbyter or Priest has charge of a parish or congregation, and when regularly instituted or installed by the Bishop, is called "Rector." A Deacon generally takes the part of an assistant to a Presbyter; although there are offices in the daily services and ministration of the sacraments which he can not perform.

Bishops are elected at a convention of the clergy and laity of the vacant diocese, and hold office for life or during good behavior. There are in the United States thirty-four Dioceses, forty-one Bishops, and 2,426 Priests and Deacons.

The government of the Church is representative; *i. e.*, the common or canon laws of the Episcopal Church in the United States are determined by the General Conventions of the whole Church, which are held triennially, and are composed of delegates from the several dioceses.

The distinctions High and Low Church Episcopalianism are referable to their observance of the prescriptions of the Prayer-Book; the former being rather stringent in its obedience to the ritual, the latter admitting of considerable latitude.

Physiology.

A knowledge of the structure and functions of the human body should guide us in all our investigations of the various phenomena of life.—*Chavasse.*

My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—*Hosea* iv. 6.

THE DISTILLER AND HIS GOAT.

BY REV. EDEN R. LATTA.

HERE is a truthful anecdote,
Of a Distiller and his Goat.
Nor is the story simply true;
It gives a needful lesson too;
And those who heed it as they should,
Will find the moral wise and good.
One day the said Distiller thought
To venture an experiment;
And so his honest Goat he caught,
And, asking not the Goat's consent,
He poured a "horn" of whisky down
The poor, resisting creature's throat;
As if *determined* thus to *drown*
The temperance notions of the Goat.
The animal, subdued by force,
Got *beastly drunk*—completely "*shot*,"
And gagged and vomited of course,
Like any other beastly sot.
But soon his Goatship sober grew;
And very much disgusted too;
And *vowed—unlike* too many *men*,
To *never* be made drunk again.
And *thus*—a useful lesson taught,
He never after could be caught.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

A NATURAL LIFE.

BY M. L. HOLBROOK, M.D.

IT is said that all civilized people live an artificial and unnatural life, and we are referred to the wilderness of America or to the wilds of Africa for the only specimens of the natural man. This view of the case is both short-sighted and false. Men, whether savage or civilized, live a natural life when they live in accordance with the laws of their minds and bodies, and an unnatural life when they forget the organic laws which they ought to respect, substituting other laws of their own devising instead. A natural life admits of the highest degree of culture and refinement. A natural man is as much at home in the parlor as in the forest. We speak of the Indian as a natural man, but it is doubtful that he is half so natural in his habits as thoroughly cultivated, civilized men. Is it very natural to sleep in a wigwam, scalp one's enemy, make woman a slave, never think of to-morrow or provide for the future, and know nothing of beautiful homes, social culture, books, art, and science? We must not confound the natural man with rude ferocity, barbarism, ignorance; it is the reverse. Man was made for culture, for growth, for refinement, and it is as natural for him, under favorable circumstances, to take on these conditions as for the bee to store up honey. Indians are not more perfect, physically, than the whites; they have a coarser organization, can not endure work so long, can not bear themselves so manfully and vigorously as their more cultivated brothers. Mr. Barnum recently had a troupe of red men dancing and performing in his Museum, but they had not one fourth the agility, grace, and majesty of physique seen in his white performers. It is quite doubtful if the Indian's mode of life is natural when we take this higher stand-point from which to draw our deductions.

Now let us consider what a natural life demands for its complete fulfillment.

It first demands a healthy birth and a childhood devoted mainly to healthful bodily development; children, more than grown-up people, instinctively turn to the natural instead of the artificial. They seek their mother's breast and protection rather than artificial food and the stranger's care. They are then more sportive, happier, and natural than ever thereafter. They lose much of their naturalness during their education, when mental and physical restraint take the place of healthful, natural growth.

A natural life demands a natural education. All education should be founded on the "natural laws of man." Half the secret of so many artificial lives among civilized races comes from not adapting education to the natural law. It is unnatural to require that a boy or girl shall sit six hours a day in a close schoolroom with the brain constantly on the strain and the body quiet. Educators have heretofore modeled their course of instruction more to meet the demands of society than the fulfillment of their manhood. It would be impossible here to mark out a course of education founded on natural law, but such a course is earnestly demanded by the spirit of the age. But more than all, to secure a natural life requires good habits. It is unnatural to chew tobacco, to smoke, to drink intoxicating liquors, to swear, lie, steal, or live vulgar, sensual lives. It is, on the other hand, natural to be kind, loving, tender, thoughtful of others; just to the world and to ourselves; full of the spirit of growth and progress, and a hater of cant, hypocrisy, and everything mean. It is natural to love fresh air; unnatural to shut ourselves up in closed rooms. It is natural to covet the kisses of the sun; unnatural to live in parlors, with drawn curtain and shutters. It is natural to eat fruit and drink water; unnatural to swallow those drenches, tea and coffee. It is natural to sleep soundly; unnatural to be nervous and wakeful after we retire to our couch for rest. It is natural to clothe ourselves beautifully and healthfully, so every muscle is free to act gracefully and vigorously; unnatural to torture our waists or obstruct the full and free movement of any muscle or limb by restraint. It is natural to be industrious sportive, lively, mirthful; unnatural to be lazy, sad, hypochondriacal. It is natural to love society; unnatural to become a hermit. It is natural to seek the family relation; unnatural to pass through life alone, without family ties. It is natural to be strong, healthy, upright; unnatural to be sick, scrawny, feeble, round-shoul-

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dered, small-chested, rickety. It is natural to seek pure air, a wise hygiene, and to remedy our departures from Nature; unnatural to dose with drugs, pills, powders, and deadly poisons. It is natural to study the arts and sciences, to become familiar with the literature of this and past ages, to learn to "know thyself;" unnatural to excite the mind and debase the heart by constantly pouring over yellow-covered fiction.

A natural life is the most desirable life. It includes all the Christian graces of love to God and man. An infidel is always an unnatural man. He has no faith in God, and we might well say none in himself. There are too many infidels in the world. Every man is infidel so far as he is unnatural, or so far as his life is not in harmony with natural and therefore divine law; for all natural law is divine in origin and in essence.

A great want of the age is instrumentalities to induce the people to live more natural lives. It is the great mystery of creation that we are allowed to live any other; but perhaps it is only because our departures from nature have blinded us so that we can not see. It will be wise for us when we return to nature to seek to learn our relations to her and follow them. It is doubtful if we can accomplish this in any way so successfully for all, as by educating our children to good habits. Now we educate them to such habits as are fashionable, or current, or as suit our own perverted tastes. Shall not all earnest men and women seek this—it is in their power—and add their pens, voices, and influence to secure for the young a more natural education, one that shall lead them to simpler habits, cultivated tastes, and a higher degree of health and perfection of mind and body?

NOTES ON HEALTH.

A French *cuisinier* has given some of the best possible advice as to hot weather behavior, and its value is not alone for a few hot summer days, but "for all (life) time."

In order to keep the body in a healthful condition, meat ought to be eaten at least once a day in summer time. It would be well to vary this programme by taking one meal of fish on every other day.

Fat should be disused as much as possible.

When weary, cold, warm, or exhausted, we drink in preference to eating, because we feel the effect instantaneously; while after eating even the most substantial food, we do not feel the effect for some time.

When exhausted, and when immediate relief is necessary, the best drinks are broth, chocolate, milk, or water sweetened with sugar. It is more than a mistake to drink wines or liquors at such a time; it is really committing slow suicide.

When thirsty, without exhaustion, we ought to drink cold water with a teaspoon; when thirsty and heated, the first thing to do is to dip the hands in cold water, deep enough to cover the wrists.

INVERSE NERVOUS ACTION.

It has always been believed that of the two sets of nerves constituting the voluntary nervous system, namely, sensitive and motor, the former have only been the channel of transmission from without inward, the latter from within outward, conveying mandates to motion.

Vulpian shows by a single experiment that the theory was not true, for he divided *both* the sensitive and motor nerves of the tongue, and crossing them united the ends of the first with the second.

After the union by secondary growth or repair was accomplished, he was unable by irritation of the sensitive nerve to excite motor impulses.

In this instance, the sensitive nerve acted in a direction precisely the reverse of the theory.

The recent experiments of Bart confirmed this by twenty experiments.

He engrafted the tip of a cat's tail into her back, and after the union was completed, severed it completely at its base, so that it hung from its tip and received its nourishment in a direction the reverse of the natural one.

When the sensibility of the tail returned, the sensibility was transmitted from the large end to the tip, in a direction precisely the reverse of the usual.

The theory of motor and sensitive nerves needs revision.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SLEEP.

The great importance of nature's sweet restorer to the weary frame should ever forbid our dissipating the time allotted for rest and repose. Early and regular hours should be preserved, and plenty of refreshing sleep secured. This is an indispensable necessity in order to discharge well the duties and sustain the fatigues and hardships of life. We do not sleep enough. The reply of General Zachary Taylor, who was an eminently practical man, after the battle of Palo Alto, to the many inquiries put by his officers, what was next to be done? is significant on this point: "*Let the men sleep*," was his only answer, and the victory at Resaca on the morrow proclaimed that they had slept well and to a good purpose.

Insanity sometimes follows a sleepless victim. We recuperate and grow best when we sleep plentifully and well. Mothers should never awaken their babes—invalids should sleep, sleep, sleep *all they can*. No one should be deprived of the full measure of natural sleep. "Early to bed and early to rise," etc.

CENTRAL ARABIA.

At the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, recently held at Nottingham, England, Mr. W. G. Palgrave, the Arabian traveler, gave an interesting account of his observations in the interior of Arabia, from which we condense the following interesting particulars in regard to the geography and ethnology of that country.

The people inhabiting the northern part of that country, he describes, have a perceptible affinity to the Jewish or Semitic type, with which they believe themselves to be connected through Ishmael. The southern population are more an African than an Asiatic race. These two races are at continual enmity with each other. The northerners still belong to clans or tribes, while the southerners possess the elements of monarchy and aristocracy, and, to a certain extent, feudal municipal institutions. The north are strict in all that appertains to faith, while the south have an established form of religion or prejudice, and might rather be classed as free-thinkers. Their languages are totally different, indicating two distinct races; while the Bedouin Arabs belong to neither community, but are the gipsies of African society.

Central Arabia is a comparatively barren country, supplying pasture enough for the want of its inhabitants, and no more. Its wealth consists in its breeds of sheep and breeds of horses, which latter, although few in number, are still the finest of uncultivated races. In the eastern and southern parts of Arabia is a rich and beautiful country. The northern Arabs, though with many excellent qualities, great hospitality, and signal delicacy of feeling, he believed to be, like their country, unimprovable. Records long anterior to the time of Mohammed showed them to be identical in condition then with what they were in the present day. The south, on the contrary, was highly improvable in its condition; a country well-watered, an Indian climate, a soil of immense fertility, joined to a race of less actual attainments than the northern, but eminently susceptible of development and culture, and eminently a commercial people. Mr. Palgrave gave some account of the strict northern sect of Wahabees, with whom peculiar exclamations or oaths, and smoking especially, were punishable with death. When last in their country, the ex-treasurer, or secretary of the treasury, was charged with having smoked tobacco within the walls of his own palace, and was dragged out and beaten to death at the door, though the Sultan himself tried to prevent it. [Rather severe on the smokers, though it may not be so bad to put a few to death for smoking, as it would be to permit the entire male portion of a tribe or nation to bring disease and decay on the whole!]

Phonography—A Suggestion.—It is not a little remarkable that an age which has invented steam traveling and the dispatch of messages by electricity should still content itself with a method of handwriting which is laborious and occupies a very unnecessary length of time. We travel six times as fast as our forefathers; we telegraph with the speed of lightning; but our ordinary written language is just as long and tedious as ever it was in days gone by. To men engaged in scientific occupations who have to write much, and whose time is very limited, a common system of abbreviation would prove a great boon. Medical practitioners, for instance, would find it of immense advantage to keep notes of their patients' cases. If the adoption of a system of shorthand could be generally agreed upon, an amount of convenience would be experienced, the importance of which it is difficult to over-estimate.

We are convinced that, sooner or later, a scheme of this kind *must* be adopted. There is no reason why our profession should not assume the initiative in its introduction. It is quite worth the while of members of our profession to look into this, and *for* that reason we have thought a brief reference to it was not out of place in our columns.—*London Lancet.*

[Slow, but sensible, is the *L. L.* In America, many physicians use phonography, employing experts to take down and write out all their important cases; and so of editors and authors who make medical journals and medical books. But we phrenologists claim some credit for giving an impetus to phonography which has made it so popular in this country. We saw its importance, and advocated its claims from the moment our attention was first called to it. We regard it not less important than telegraphy.]

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WHO WANTS IT?

You, reader, want it, for its teachings in the natural history of man. What other journal in America, or in the world, makes any attempt to cover this ground?

Clergymen want it, for its psychological discussions, in which immortality or a future state, growth in grace, the new birth, and the science of the soul are looked at from a new and scientific stand-point.

Physicians want it, for the light it throws on the laws of life, health, and the treatment of disease, insanity, imbecility, idiocy, and crime.

Lawyers want it, that they may learn how to read the characters of client and culprit, select juries, and manage their cases in accordance with justice and common sense.

Statesmen need it, that they may legislate in accordance with the organizations and necessities of their constituents, and for the nation.

Teachers want it, to learn *why* Charles, James, and John differ so widely from Henry, William, and Edward. Why Lilly is so lady-like, and why Ruth is such a romp. Why one takes to this study, and another to that. Why a shake of the head is enough to correct one, and a severe punishment seems necessary in the correction of another.

Editors want it, to keep posted as to the progress the world is making in mental science, recorded in these pages.

The Merchant wants it, to select trusty, capable clerks.

The Mechanic wants it, that he may select apprentices who will excel in his trade, and not bungle in their work.

The Parent wants it, that he may note the natural tendencies in the minds of his children, and the better to direct, govern, and educate them.

Young People need it, to learn how to judge who will make the most suitable matrimonial companions, and that they may the more readily conform to each other, where differences exist.

All want it. There is no human interest this Journal does not touch. Educational, political, social, physical, intellectual, moral, spiritual, the entire ground of man's three-fold nature is covered, and he who would know all that is knowable should read the Phrenological Journal and *try* to know himself.

Opposed.—It has been an "up-hill business" to keep Phrenology alive, and to bring the people to a knowledge of its truth. Prejudice said, "It overthrows existing opinions;" bigotry said, "It clashes with old institutions;" ignorance called it "humbug," and it has been earnestly opposed by them all. A few liberal-minded men heard of it, looked at it, listened to its advocates, read the works devoted to it, saw its beauty, truth, and utility, and joined the few willing workers in making it generally known. But it requires not a little bravery to withstand the shafts of ridicule fired at it, and to defend it against the attacks of its opponents. Like defending one's religious opinions, it is no small matter to stand up in the face of ignorance and proclaim the truth. We have been in the fight so long—under fire for thirty years—that all the opposition in the world could not move us, nor even ruffle our temper. But we are no longer alone. Brave hearts and true stand by us, all around, each armed with *knowledge*, and each enrolled for life.

Friends, let us stand together, work together, fight together, and we shall be strong, irresistible, and must win the battle. Opposition has no terror for those who are in the right.

MORE TESTIMONY.

From a large number of kindly notices and allusions to ourselves and the science we advocate, we select the following. Testimony is sometimes worth publishing, but *non nobis est gloriare*. In one of his practical sermons the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says:

"All my life long I have been in the habit of using Phrenology as that which solves the practical phenomena of life. Not that I regard the system as a completed one, but that I regard it as far more useful and far more practical and sensible than any other system of mental philosophy which has yet been evolved. Certainly, Phrenology has introduced mental philosophy to the common people. Hitherto, mental philosophy has been the business of philosophers and metaphysicians—and it has been just about as much business as they needed for their whole lives; but since the day of Phrenology, its nomenclature, its simple and sensible division of the human mind, and its mode of analyzing it, has brought the human mind within reach and comprehension of ordinary common intelligent people. And now, all through the reading part of our land, it may be said that Phrenology is so far diffused that it has become the philosophy of the common people. The learned professions may do what they please, the common people will try these questions, and will carry the day, to say nothing of the fact that all great material and scientific classes, though they do not concede the truth of Phrenology, are yet digesting it, and making it an integral part of the scientific system of mental philosophy."

Another distinguished clergyman, speaking of the benefits that he had derived from Phrenology, said: "Phrenology has done more for me than has Theology!"

The *West Virginia Journal* thus speaks of the A. P. J.: "We can not speak too highly of the Journal. Commencing with the advocacy of Phrenology, it has extended its field to include the entire field of *self-knowledge*, including mind and body. A regular perusal of this magazine would, we think, by causing us to see and know ourselves as we really are, from many a blunder free us, and teach us how to live."

The Hartford *Daily Post* says: "The Phrenological Journal contains numerous engravings, and is full of instructive and entertaining reading matter. "Man, know thyself," is the lesson the Phrenological Journal persistently urges upon its readers. The variety of its contents, and the able manner in which it often handles the subject it discusses, most of them of a nature of which we should suppose nothing new could at this day be said, tend to make up one of the most interesting and valuable publications that come to our table."

The New York *Daily News* gives the following under the head of "Curiosities:" "Among the objects of interest, to both citizens and strangers, is the Phrenological Museum, on Broadway. In this collection there are heads—plaster casts and real skulls—from all parts of the world; Egyptian mummies, said to be three thousand years old; skulls of thieves, robbers, and murderers; philanthropists, statesmen, and soldiers; poets, philosophers, inventors, and discoverers; together with idiots, and those who have become distinguished for virtues or vices. Messrs. Fowler & Wells have been engaged more than twenty years in collecting this interesting cabinet, which has cost them more than $30,000. With a commendable liberality, they keep it open and free to visitors.

"All works on Anthropology, embracing Ethnology, Phrenology, Physiology, Physiognomy, Psychology, etc., are supplied by these gentlemen, who publish the Illustrated Phrenological Journal. Of the truth or utility of Phrenology each may judge for himself; in this place one may compare 'heads and character' to see how far they agree."

OUR PHRENOLOGICAL CLASS.

At a meeting of the French Academy of Medicine, held not long since in Paris, a distinguished physician objected to the reading of an account of certain experiments and observations which had been made by several eminent physicians in the Parisian hospitals, and stated as the grounds of his objections, that the conclusions obtained by such experiments and observations were in exact conformity with phrenological principles, and that *he* was well known for *his* anti-phrenological sentiments. His objection and intolerant dicta, though strongly urged, were overruled, the paper was read before the Academy, and more evidence to the truths of Phrenology, of an incontrovertible character, placed on record.

In our last professional class was one regularly graduated physician, who, appreciating the value of phrenological knowledge in his calling, had availed himself of our instruction, and thus acquired, in a few weeks, information which would otherwise have required years of reading and experience to gain. Men in professional callings, clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and teachers, find Phrenology of especial advantage, because they are brought into very intimate communication with their fellows, and a correct understanding of individual character is often of grave importance to them. And not only to professional men is a knowledge of Phrenology advantageous, but also to all who have much to do in the way of public dealings, or who come in contact with others in their daily walks. Our intention, however, with reference to the class we instruct in Phrenology is that each member shall be prepared to go out into the world as a lecturer and examiner. No learning, no accomplishment is useless to him who undertakes the laudable work we would give him, while some knowledge of Anatomy and Physiology is indispensable. A man with a good physical and mental organization, a quick and clear perception, and a fair education can become a good phrenologist, and to men of such characteristics Phrenology opens a wide field for usefulness and profit.

Our class is being rapidly filled up; the number of applicants so far is considerable. We trust that if there be any others who contemplate joining it, they will communicate their intention as soon as possible, that we may know on what a scale to make our preparations for their proper instruction.

We need hardly say to the thoughtful and intelligent reader, and in fact we have frequently said it before, that we do not indorse all the theories to which we refer in our Journal. We aim to enlighten society in relation to the religous and social usages that are interwoven with the framework of human life and linked with the customs that obtain in society in different parts of the world, and like the busy bee which finds material for his golden cells in the blossoms of ugly weeds as well as of beautiful flowers, we find that there is something good in almost every phase of human life.

A good head well poised over a good heart will not mistake vice for virtue, and a well-educated conscience will demand equal and exact justice for all, and protest against a violation of the laws of God and man.

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IMPORTANT TO ALL.

Two dollars in greenbacks will pay for a single copy of the Phrenological Journal and Life Illustrated a year, or from January, 1867, to January, 1868. Our club rates are as follows: Five copies, $9; Ten copies, $15; Twenty copies, $30, and, for premium, a copy of "New Physiognomy," value $5; Thirty copies, $45, and a Student's Set, value $10; Forty copies, $60, and a Student's Set with "New Physiognomy," value $15; Fifty copies, $75, and $20 dollars worth of our own publications as a premium; One Hundred copies, $150, and $50 in our publications as a premium.

Clubs may be made up at one or a hundred different post-offices, but should be sent in before, or as near the 1st of January as possible, up to which date these terms will hold good.

Premiums will be sent as per order, by post or express, at the cost of the receiver. The postage on "New Physiognomy," when prepaid, is 50 cents. The larger premiums, including books or busts, must go by express or as freight. We are now ready to record new names or re-enter present subscribers on our new books for 1867. Let clubs be made up at once.

ADDITIONAL PREMIUMS.

For One Thousand Dollars, we will send Five Hundred copies of the Journal to Five Hundred new subscribers a year, and one of Steinway and Sons' best Rosewood Seven Octave Pianos—manufacturers' price, $625.

For Four Hundred Dollars, Two Hundred Journals to new subscribers, and one of Grovestein & Co.'s best $250 pianos.

For Two Hundred Dollars, One Hundred copies of the Journal to new subscribers, and one of Mason and Hamlin's Fine Octave Cabinet Organs—price $130.

For One Hundred and Fifty Dollars, One Hundred copies of the Journal, and a set of Forty Portraits, intended for Lecturers on Phrenology—value $30.

For Eighty Dollars, Forty Journals a year, and one of Howard's New Breech-Loading Rifles, called the Thunderbolt. The best sporting gun ever made—value $28.

For Seventy Dollars, Thirty-five Journals to new subscribers, and either Wheeler and Wilson's, Weed's, Wilcox and Gibbs', or the Empire Sewing Machine, or Dalton's Knitting Machine, as may be preferred—$55.

For Forty Dollars, Twenty Journals a year, and one of Doty's Washing Machines—value $15; or, if preferred, one of the best Clothes Wringers—price the same. Every house *ought* to be furnished with one of these labor-saving machines.

It is scarcely necessary for us to describe at length the merits of the premiums we offer. Suffice it, the Pianos and Melodeons are among the best; the Sewing Machines have a world-wide reputation; the New Sporting Rifle is the best gun we ever saw; the Washing Machine and the Clothes Wringer are the best of their kind.

Failing to obtain the full number of subscribers to make up a club for either of the premiums, we will accept the amount and number of names sent at the same rates, and receive cash to balance. In such cases no effort, though but partially successful, will be lost. We wish the agent to be liberally remunerated for his services; though many will work *gratis* for the good they may do.

Our object is to induce our friends to place a copy of the Journal in the hands of every family. May God bless the efforts of all who work in the interest of humanity.

Incapacity to See Colors.—It is well known that the eyes of certain persons can not take cognizance of certain of the primary colors, as red, etc., etc., and it has long been sought to understand the reason.

Herr Rose, of Berlin, has experimentally determined that in all such cases it is either light of the least or the greatest refrangibility which is imperceptible, *i. e.*, the luminous part of one or the other of the extremes of the spectrum.

Communications.

Under this head we publish such voluntary contributions as we deem sufficiently interesting or suggestive to merit a place here, but without indorsing either the opinions or the alleged facts set forth.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

I can not forbear expressing a few thoughts upon this subject, knowing, however, that they will be deemed by many altogether too old-fashioned for the present time.

Not for the sake of controversy, nor for the purpose of wounding the sensibilities of those who may entertain different ideas, are they offered, but as honest convictions of truth and right.

That any woman should consider herself a slave, debarred from the exercise of any right, because she is not allowed to enter the field of political contest, to have her name associated with the strifes, the conquests, and the defeats of political parties, to have her soul trammeled and worn with the chains of political life, is, to me, as great a mystery as that any should desire this.

That woman is gifted by nature for different duties than those assigned to man can not be denied; yet this does not prove that she is inferior to man, but only asserts her womanhood. If she were a *man*, and possessed even all the qualities necessary in forming a true *woman*, she would be an *inferior man;* and we should never think of embodying the mind of even the best and noblest man we ever knew in our ideal perfect woman. Just so far as man is man and woman is woman, do they rightly influence each other.

"Women govern us." How? It is by those womanly qualities, not possessed by him, that woman influences and governs man, and she surrenders this influence when she lays down her womanhood and tries to be a man.

"On the cultivation of the minds of women depends the wisdom of man," and woman should be so educated as to make this governing influence all for good, for it is exercised in every department of life. When the mind and heart and soul of woman are rightly guided and educated, when she is intellectual, pure, and good, when there is perfection in womanhood, then, and not till then, will there be perfect manhood, and not till there is greater perfection in manhood will there be a change for the better in political institutions.

Female suffrage can not accomplish this, but female *influence*, pure and holy, blessed of God, must do it.

When every young girl feels that there is a sacredness in marriage, and fits herself for the duties of a wife before becoming one; when every wife feels it her duty "to study household good, and good works in her husband to promote," and thinks that "household good" means something more than kitchen drudgery; when every mother feels that the care of immortal souls, that it is her work to fit for high and holy responsibilities on earth, and for a home with God and angels in heaven, is not slavery, then will a new era dawn in the history of the nation.

Let woman see and acknowledge the beauty and harmony of the arrangement which has made her physical inferiority the very root from which spring her virtues and their attendant influences. Removed from the actual collision of political contests, and screened from the passions which such engender, she brings party questions to the test of unalterable principles of reason and religion. She is the guardian angel of man's political integrity, liable at the best to be warped by passion or prejudice, and excited by the rude clashing of opinions and interests.

This is the true secret of woman's political influence, the true object of her political enlightenment.

Said a young statesman to a friend who congratulated him upon his success in a public speech, "I wait to hear what Mary says of it; far better to me is her approval than all the praise of statesmen." And through this man Mary has done far more for the nation than she could ever do through the ballot-box.

A young man surrounded by the dangers of the battle-field and the more fearful moral dangers of the camp wrote to his sister, "If nothing else can do it, your letters will make me strong to resist temptation." Another writes to a friend, "All that I now am that is pure and noble and good, I shall owe to you."

Could woman sacrifice such sacred offerings to her womanhood as these, for the sake of joining the tumultuous throng of election day? For the sake of dropping a piece of paper in the ballot-box, and dropping with it more than one of the jewels that ought ever to crown her brow?

Let woman feel that she *is* governing, that she *is* legislating, that she *is* voting. Let her feel, too, that if laws are corrupt and unjust, there is a failure somewhere in *her* work, and that the weal or woe of the nation depends upon how well or ill she does this work.

Have we not a right to think that the influence of a good and lovely woman hovered about the pathway of that noble senator whose life was so pure, and when the silver cord was loosed, whose soul went away so exultant to its beautiful home?

The acknowledged rights and the privileges of woman in our country are not few. If her soul is filled with "holy thoughts and high," she is free to utter them and give them to the world. If visions of rare beauty float before her eyes, she has the right to make the canvas breathe them forth. And if she sees an angel in the marble struggling to be free, her hands *can* strike its fetters off. She has a right, if she choose, to make literature, painting, or sculpture a life-work; but if she choose to enter into the marriage relation, and God gives her children, she has then her life-work, and all else must be incidental. If *one* must be sacrificed, her children must be the poems of her life; their souls must be the canvas upon which she paints, and they must be the angels that her hands shall render *free*, back to the God who gave them.

Here is the starting-place. The mother must be the *mother*.

FRANCES A. BAKER.

VALUE OF FOREIGN COINS.

The following is "a synopsis of the value of foreign specie moneys in the money terms and gold of the United States," prepared officially at the United States Mint, and used at the Treasury Department in Washington:

Countries.	*Value.*	
Austria	Silver Florin (100 Kreutzers)	$.4803
Belgium	Silver Franc	$.19455
Bolivia	Silver Dollar	$.7804
Brazil	Milrei (1,000 Reis)	$.5415
Bremen	Thaler (72 Grotes)	$.79
Buenos Ayres	See New Granada and Mexico.	
Cent. America	Doubloon	$15.747
	Gold Dollar	$.9842
	Four-Dollar Piece (2 Escudos)	$3 68
Chile	Gold Dollar	$.91275
China	Tael	$1.48
	Mexican Dollar	$1.05
	(The Chop Dollar has no standard value.)	
Denmark	Silver Rigsdaler (6 Marks)	$.5.463
Ecuador	Dollar (8 Reals)	$ 69
Egypt	Piastre	$.05
England	Pound	$4.84
France	Franc (100 Centimes) (gold)	$.193
	(See Belgium.) (silver)	$.19455
Germany	Thaler (30 Groschen)	$.7205
	Austrian Florin (100 Kreutzers) (See Austria.)	$.4803
	Southern Florin (60 Kreutzers)	$.412
Greece	Drachm (100 Lepta)	$.1275
Hamburg	Mark Banco (16 Skillings)	$.3643
India	Rupee (15 Annas)	$.463
Italy	Lira of Sardinia	$.193
	Lira of Florence	$.1636
	Scudo of Rome	$1.05
	Ducat of Naples	$.8274
Japan	Itzebu	$.34
	Mexican Dollar	$1.05
Mexico	Doubloon	$15.747
	Gold Dollar	$.9842
	Silver Dollar	$1.05
Morocco	Bontqui	$2.00
Netherlands	Guilder	$.4085
New Granada	Peso (1-10 of a Condor) in gold	$.965
	in silver	$.973
Peru	Same as Bolivia	
Portugal	Milrei (1,000 Reis)	$1.08
Prussia	Thaler (30 Groschen.) See Germany.	
Russia	Rouble (100 Copeks)	$.777
Spain	Real (100 Centimos)	$.05
Sweden	Rigsdaler-riksmyat (1-4 species Daler.)	269
Switzerland	Franc (100 Rappen.) See France.	
Tunis	Piastre	$.195
Turkey	Piastre (40 Paras) gold	$.0425
	silver	$.043

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Literary Notices.

[*All works noticed in* The Phrenological Journal *may be ordered from this office at prices annexed.*]

The American Conflict. A History of the Great Rebellion in the United States of America, 1860–'65; Its Causes, Incidents, and Results; Intended to exhibit especially its Moral and Political Phases, with the Drift and Progress of American Opinion respecting Human Slavery, from 1776 to the close of the War for the Union. By Horace Greeley. Illustrated by Portraits on steel of Generals, Statesmen, and other Eminent men; Views of Places of Historic Interest; Maps, Diagrams of Battle Fields, Naval Actions, etc., from Official Sources. Vol. II. Hartford: published by O. D. Case & Co. 1866. Sheep. pp. 782.

Many, like ourselves, have doubtless been anxiously awaiting the appearance of this second volume of Mr. Greeley's excellent record of the great struggle between freedom and slavery. The first volume was in the main a retrospect of the antecedent events and predisposing influences which finally culminated in armed insurrection. This second volume, which completes the history, is mainly an account of the various battles, sieges, etc., with their multifold accompanying phenomena, which occurred during the progress of the war. The minor incidents of a campaign are given in a very clear and compact manner, because the author attaches much importance to the influence of minor operations, such as skirmishes, raids, etc., upon the mass of an army, or as we have it in his own words, "Battles are so often won or lost by sagaciously planned movements, skillful combinations, well-conducted marches, and wise dispositions, that I have extended to these a prominence which seemed to me more clearly justified than usually conceded." Hence the volume will be found to contain many brief allusions to small passages of arms, and to what may appear at first sight to be trifling occurrences, but which had an important bearing on the greater circumstances which followed.

The narratives are given in Mr. Greeley's free and generous style, exhibiting far less partiality for his own section and side in the conflict than one naturally would suppose the editor of the leading newspaper in the interest of the so-called "radicals" capable of. In fact, the whole work is written with such an evident regard to truthfulness of statement, both as it relates to the political questions involved and the incidents of the war as it was actually conducted in the field, that it merits more than this passing notice, and will redound in after years to the reputation of the author and to the credit of the literature of 1866.

595 Pulpit Pungencies. New York: Carleton, Publisher, 413 Broadway. Price, $1 75.

This book is intended evidently as a compendium of the facetious sayings of an eminent American divine. It is impossible for us to furnish our readers with even a synopsis of the subjects treated, as many of the quotations are very brief. The idea of presenting in book-form a few of the most brilliant scintillations which flash at times from our most gifted clergymen is a good one, which we hope to see continued; for, to quote a "pungency" from the preface, "I think the minister of God has *carte blanche* liberty to touch men's mirthfulness, even so far as by so doing he can help them toward the right and away from the wrong. And I regard all this superstitious, unsmiling Christianity as a relic of the old vandal times."

Notes on Beauty, Vigor, and Development; or, How to Acquire Plumpness of Form, Solidity of Muscle, Strength of Limb, and Clearness and Beauty of Complexion, by a course of Exercise, Diet, and other Hygienic Means. By William Milo, London. With Notes and Illustrations. Price, postpaid, 12 cts. Fowler and Wells, New York.

Few books contain so much that is really of value in so small a space and for so low a price. As health and beauty are among the most coveted of earthly blessings, we can safely assume that everybody will be glad to have the way to gain and retain them pointed out, as it is in this handsome little illustrated manual.

The Picture of St. John. A Poem. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. $2.

Bayard Taylor's writings are too well known to need any comment. "The Picture of St. John" has only to be read to be appreciated. The poem itself has much sweetness, and an easy flow of the rhythm adopted.

The Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate. Complete. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. Cloth, $1 25.

This "Diamond Tennyson," just published by Ticknor & Fields, may be regarded as a model of beauty, compactness, and cheapness in book-making. It comprises the entire poems of Tennyson, issued in a new form, and at a price which will place it within the reach of all.

We are happy to see in print any edition of a popular author, which is within the means of the lower classes, and this handsome edition of Tennyson speaks well for the business enterprise and liberal-mindedness of the well-known publishers. We trust that complete editions of other authors, both in prose and poetry, will be issued in the same style, so that the poor man, at trifling expense, will be enabled to form a select collection for his own and his family's improvement intellectually.

Character and Characteristic Men. By Edwin P. Whipple. 12mo, pp. 324. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cloth, $1 75.

There are some men, and they would be reckoned among our illuminati, who are ever croaking about a decay of American literature. We do not agree with them; and when we read a book like that of Mr. Whipple's, a book exhibiting a purity of taste and a literary spirit unsurpassed, if equaled, by any late essayist, we are confirmed in our disagreement. Mr. Whipple is a bold and original thinker, and for that reason can be read with profit. The prevailing tameness of modern authorship is of course to be deprecated, but there are American writers who are far above the "soft impeachment," and they preserve the reputation of American literature from a declination.

The essays on Eccentric Character and Intellectual Character are ably written, and show an intimate knowledge of human nature, such as can be acquired only by experience and close observation. The descriptive essays are interesting and valuable as presenting us with actual personality.

The Biglow Papers. Second Series. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cloth. Price $1 50.

It is now more than twenty years since the first volume of the "Biglow Papers" made its appearance, and which at once won its author unabated popularity. American humor was there shown in its genuine character, and from the preface to the English edition we find the following eulogium on its author, then unknown: "Greece had her Aristophanes; Rome her Juvenal; France her Rabelais, her Moliere, her Voltaire; Germany her Jean Paul, her Heine; England her Swift, her Thackeray; and America her Lowell. By the side of all these great masters of satire the author of the 'Biglow Papers' holds his own place, distinct from each and all. The man who reads the book for the first time, and is capable of understanding it, has received a new sensation. In Lowell the American mind for the first time flowered out into thoroughly original genius. For real unmistakable genius, for that glorious fullness of power which knocks a man down for sheer admiration and then makes him rush into the arms of the knocker-down and swear eternal friendship with him for sheer delight, the 'Biglow Papers' stand alone." The present volume is prefaced by a lengthy and admirable introduction, in which the author states his reasons for choosing the Yankee dialect for setting forth his satire, and devotes eighty pages to show the innumerable "Americanisms" which are in common use in different States, and which are certainly very amusing. The contents are varied, including "The Courtin';" "Birdofredum Sawin, Esq., to Mr. Hosea Biglow;" "Mason and Slidell, A Yankee Idyl;" "A Message of Jeff. Davis in Secret Session," etc.

The Words of Jesus. By the author of "The Morning and Night Watches," "The Faithful Promiser," etc. Taken from the last London edition. New York: Tibbals & Whiting. Price 50 cents.

The following statement must be a sufficient recommendation of this little book to those likely to take an interest in it.

A city clergyman called at a book-store to obtain a book as a birth-day present for his wife. Observing an elegant copy of the "Words of Jesus," he purchased and presented it. About three years after, this Christian lady died. On the day of her death she requested her husband to bring her the "Words of Jesus," and on receiving it she said: "I want to present you—my husband—with this book as my last and dying gift." "That dying gift has done me more good than any book except the Bible."

Whitefriars; or, The Times and Days of Charles the Second. By the author of "Whitehall; or Days and Times of Oliver Cromwell." With illustrations designed by Chapin. Published by Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price $1.

This work is said to have achieved a great popularity in England, and certainly it is written in a style most attractive to the novel-reader. Many historical incidents relating to the stirring times of Charles II., especially the conspiracy against the "Merry Monarch" so well known as the "Ryehouse Plot," are woven into the current of the tale with singular felicity. The various occurrences are most startling and absorbing, and the whole book reminds us much of the vein of Ainsworth.

Red-Letter Days in Applethorpe. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. Price $1 50.

The title, "Red-Letter Days" does not indicate fully the contents of this delightful little volume, which is intended for the young folks. It consists of ten pretty little stories, which will be found both interesting and instructive, and no doubt "Red-Letter Days" will win a popularity among its young readers, equal to that which "Summer Rest" has obtained among the authoress' more mature admirers. It is beautifully illustrated throughout, and with its elegant binding is a very attractive volume.

Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy. By Charles Reade. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Paper, $1.

This production of the well-known Reade is in keeping with his other books. The characters represented are mainly such as require vigorous portraiture or strong language, and if in some instances the expressions trend on the indelicate, the very circumstances of those instances appear to indorse the manner of such expressions. We should expect a man of Griffith Gaunt's moral and intellectual composition when influenced by strong emotion or indignation to turn more or less aside from the path of exact gentility or strict propriety. We do not consider the book a great acquisition to our literature, but we think it entitled to as much consideration as is bestowed on most of the novels of the day.

The Life and Travels of Herodotus, in the Fifth Century before Christ. In two vols., 8vo. Cloth, $3 50.

This is an imaginary biography founded on fact, illustrative of the history, manners, religion, literature, arts, and social condition of the Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, Babylonians, Hebrews, and other ancient nations. Very interesting to those who desire information on subjects relating to ancient history.

The Ghost of My Husband. No. 2 of the Sunnyside Series; a striking novel by that well-known author W. Gilmore Simms, has been issued in a form accessible to all by Chapman & Company. Price 20 cents.

The Colloquies of Edward Osborne, Citizen and Clothworker of London. By ye author of Mary Powell. Walter Gibson, Publisher, New York. Price 50 cents.

This is a somewhat interesting narrative of a London apprentice, written in quaint old style. The motive of the author is evidently the inculcation of Christian morality, although some allusions to another denomination are not altogether charitable. The typography and general execution of the work speak well for the publisher.

Our Eternal Homes. By a Bible Student. From the fourth London edition. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 12mo. Fancy cloth, $1 50.

The author of this really charming book seems to have taken a Swedenborgian view of celestial things—finds heaven all around us, and adduces Scriptural statements as authorities. The book is evidently a product of careful research and much reflection, treating of those subjects which are often anxiously inquired into, viz., the nature of death, do the departed forget us? etc. A strong vein of *ultra*-humanitarianism pervades the work.

"Our Young Folks" for November comes from the press of Ticknor & Fields filled with fresh and attractive reading. The illustrations and stories are well adapted to juvenile intellects, and inculcate good morality. Some first-class names are among the contributors. Price 20 cents.

The Atlantic Monthly for November is on our table, and contains a goodly array of mental pabulum. Unterrified by the comments of the *refined* Round Table, it gives an installment of "Griffith Gaunt." The article on "The President and his Accomplices" is somewhat acrimonious, but just indignation may sometimes be allowed to use a severe tongue.

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The Catholic World for November is on our table, and contains, as usual, a very considerable amount of interesting matter, both narrative and philosophical. The literary ability displayed in many of the published articles is certainly of a superior order, and well compensates the thoughtful reader for the time taken up in their perusal. Although our religious convictions do differ from those of the denomination in the interest of which this magazine is published, yet we are generous enough to award it the commendation which is due to the enterprise and ability shown in the manner of its getting up.

History of Rationalism, embracing a Survey of the Present State of Protestant Theology. With an Appendix of Literature. By the Rev. John F. Hurst, A.M., D.D. 8mo, pp. 628. Cloth, $3 75.

The Fourteenth Annual Report of the Young Men's Christian Association of the city of New York for 1865-66, augurs favorably for the success of this excellent institution. Already a Western branch has been established at No. 76 Varick Street, which was formally opened April 2d, and is now crowded nightly by young men, who are overheard to say, "Meet me to-morrow night," not at "The Office," "The Home," "The Study," or other kindred places, but "at the Reading-Room on Varick Street." A charter was granted on the 3d of April, 1866, incorporating the above Association, and it is their intention to erect a building which shall be a center for the good work and an honor to the city; for which purpose two hundred thousand dollars have been already subscribed. The rooms of the Association are at present No. 161 Fifth Avenue, where strangers in the city are always cordially welcomed and placed in the way of future success. The amount of moral good the Association has done in the city of New York, by its counteracting influences, is incalculable, and it should therefore receive the earnest and substantial support of every one.

New Books.

[*Among the late issues of the press not elsewhere noticed in these pages, we may mention the following, all of which may be ordered through us, as in various ways and degrees valuable and interesting:*]

Treatise on Chemistry applied to the Manufacture of Soap and Candles. Being a thorough exposition, in all their minutiæ, of the principles and practice of the trade, based upon the most recent discoveries in science and art. By Campbell Morfit. Illustrated with 260 engravings. The work is nearly out of print, and price fixed at $20. May be had at this office.

Baldwin's Handbook of Central Park. 16mo, pp. xvi., 64. Paper, 25 cents.

Life and Death Eternal: a Refutation of the Theory of Annihilation. By Samuel C. Bartlett, D.D. 12mo, pp. 390. Cloth, $2.

The Base-Ball Player's Book of Reference. Containing the Rules of the Game for 1866; with an Explanatory Appendix; full Instructions for Umpires; Instructions for Scoring, etc. By Chad. 24mo, pp. 76. Flexible cloth, 30 cents.

Daily Communings with God. Selected chiefly from the Writings of Archbishop Leighton. By H. E. C. Cobden. Sixth Edition. 18mo, pp. 95. Cloth, gilt, 90 cents.

The Law and Practice in Special Proceedings, and in Special Cases, including the Provisional Remedies of "Arrest and Bail," "Attachments," and "Claim and Delivery," under the Code of Procedure within the Courts, etc., of the State of New York. With an Appendix of Forms. In Two Volumes. By Charles Crary. Second Edition. 8vo, pp. xxviii., 728; xii., 730. Sheep, $14.

The Name above Every Name; or, Devotional and Practical Meditations for Every Week in the Year, with a Text for Every Day in the Year, on the Scriptural Titles of Jesus Christ. With a List of Three Hundred and Twenty-seven Names of our Saviour. By Rev. S. Cutler. 18mo, pp. viii., 208. Cloth, gilt, $1 50.

Statistical History of the First Century of American Methodism: with a Summary of the Origin and Present Operations of Other Denominations. By Rev. C. C. Goss. 16mo, pp. 188. Cloth, $1 25.

A Practical Treatise on Fractures and Dislocations. By F. H. Hamilton, M.D. Third Edition Revised and Improved, with Two Hundred and Ninety-four Wood-cuts. 8vo, pp. 777. Cloth, $3 50.

The Poems of Thos. Kibble Hervey. Edited by Mrs. Hervey. With a Memoir. 16mo, pp. viii., 437. Cloth, blue and gold, $1 50.

The Law of Torts, or Private Wrongs. By Francis Hilliard. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Two Volumes. 8vo, pp. lvii., 626; xlvii., 721. Sheep, $16 50.

The Cultivation of the Native Grape and Manufacture of American Wine. By George Husmann. 12mo, pp. 192. Cloth, $1 75.

Spanish Papers and other Miscellanies, hitherto Unpublished or Uncollected. By Washington Irving. Arranged and Edited by Pierre M. Irving. Two Volumes. 12mo, pp. xv., 466; 487. Cloth, $5 50.

Last Words of Eminent Persons. Comprising, in the majority of instances, a Brief Account of their Last Hours. Compiled by Joseph Kaines. Cr. 8vo, pp. xv., 393. Cloth, $3.

Copyright and Patent Laws of the United States, 1790 to 1866. With Notes of Judicial Decisions Thereunder, and Forms and Indexes. By Stephen D. Law. 12mo, pp. 264. Half sheep, $3.

Frederick the Great and his Court. An Historical Romance. By L. Mulbach. Translated from the German by Mrs. Chapman Coleman, and her Daughters. 12mo, pp. 434. Cloth, $2 25.

Manual of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. Being an Abridgment of the late Dr. Pereira's Elements of Materia Medica, arranged in Conformity with the British Pharmacopœia, etc., by Frederic John Farre, M.D., assisted by R. Bentley, M.R.C.S., and R. Warington, F.R.S. With Numerous References to the U. S. Pharmacopœia, and many other Additions, by Horatio C. Wood, Jr., M.D. etc. With Two Hundred and Thirty-six Wood Engravings. Royal, 8vo, pp. 1030. Cloth, $8; sheep, $9.

A Yankee in Canada, with Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers. By Henry D. Thoreau. 12mo, pp. 286. Cloth, $1 75.

Architecture, Landscape Gardening, and Rural Art. No. 1, 1867. By George E. & F. W. Woodward. 12mo, pp. 120. Cloth, $1 25.

The See of St. Peter the Rock of the Church, the Source of Jurisdiction, and the Center of Unity. By T. W. Allies, M.A. Third Edition. 18mo, pp. 310. Cloth, $1 25.

English Composition and Rhetoric. A Manual. By A. Bain. American Edition, revised. 12mo, pp. 343. Cloth, $2.

The Art of Amusing. Being a Collection of Graceful Arts, Merry Games, Odd Tricks, Curious Puzzles, and New Charades; together with Suggestions for Private Theatricals, Tableaux, etc., etc. By Frank Bellows. With nearly One Hundred and Fifty Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 302. Cloth, $2 25.

Orthodoxy; its Truths and Errors. By James Freeman Clarke. 12mo, pp. xi., 512. Cloth, $2.

A Practical Treatise on the Physical Exploration of the Chest and the Diagnosis of Diseases affecting the Respiratory Organs. By Austin Flint, M.D. Second Edition, revised. 8vo, pp. 595. Cloth, $5.

False Orthography; or, Companion to the National Series of Spellers and Readers, teaching the Orthography and Meaning of Words liable to be Misspelled or Misused. By W. B. Fowle. 16mo, pp. 144. Bds., 40 cents.

The Teacher's Institute; or, Familiar Hints to Young Teachers. By W. B. Fowle. First New York Edition. 12mo, pp. 258. Cloth, $1 75.

School Government; a Practical Treatise, presenting a thorough Discussion of its Facts, Principles, and their Applications. By F. S. Jewell, A.M. 12mo, pp. 308. Cloth, $1 75.

Treasures from the Prose Writings of John Milton. Portrait. 12mo, pp. viii., 486. Cloth, $2 75.

Nonsensical Rhymes, with Absurd Pictures, in Red and Black. 4to, pp. 94. Bds., $1 25.

Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy. With Illustrations. By Chas. Reade. 8vo, pp. 214. Paper, $1.

Rise (The) and the Fall; or, The Origin of Moral Evil. In Three Parts. Part I. The Suggestions of Reason. II. The Disclosures of Revelation. III. The Confirmations of Theology. 12mo, pp. 311. Cloth, $2.

Character and Characteristic Men. By Edwin P. Whipple. 12mo, pp. 324. Cloth, $1 75.

The New York Speaker. A selection of pieces designed for Academic Exercises in Elocution. By Warren P. Edgarton, Professor of Oratory and Rhetoric. With introductory remarks on Declamation by William Russell. Revised edition. $2.

The Avoidable Causes of Disease, Insanity, and Deformity. By John Ellis, M.D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in the Western Medical College, author of "Marriage and its Violations." Fourth edition. Cloth. Price $2. This is an excellent book, containing valuable information, intelligible to all, in relation to domestic matters.

New Music.—We have received the following pieces of music recently published by C. M. Tremaine, successor to Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, "Bells in Distant Lands," song with chorus, by Henry Tucker, 30 cents. "Banjo Galop," by Mrs. Parkhurst, 30 cts. "Waiting for the Loved One," 30 cts., music by Tucker; and "Beautiful Form of My Dreams," by W. C. Baker and H. P. Danks, 50 cents. These are all superior in their way. "Beautiful Form of My Dreams" strikes us as one of the sweetest songs that has been published the past year or two.

Besides other monthlies already noticed, we have received the following:

The New York Coachmaker's Monthly Magazine for November, which is embellished with several finely executed engravings of carriages. Price 50 cents.

The American Agriculturist, which presents a multitudinous array of articles and items valuable to the farmer, fruit-grower, and florist. $1 50 a year.

The Student and Schoolmate, abounding in juvenile matters. $1 50.

The Home Monthly, a chaste publication for the boudoir. $3.

The New York Social Science Review, a valuable addition to our library, which discusses questions of sociology, political economy in an able and honest manner. The November issue contains articles on "Taxation," "Free Trade," "Prof. John W. Draper," etc. $4 a year.

To our Correspondents.

Questions on "General Interest" *will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify mere idle curiosity. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter. If questions be brief, and distinctly stated, we will try to respond in the "next number." Your* "Best Thoughts" *solicited.*

Kantian Philosophy.—Will you please state the leading points of the Kantian theory? In short, what is it?

Ans. It is a system or theory which owes its existence to Immanuel Kant, professor of logic and metaphysics in the University of Königsberg, in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Our limits will prevent us from giving an explanation of this system in any degree adequate to its importance. Kant sought, by a strict analysis of our intellectual powers, to ascertain the possibility and to determine the limits of human knowledge. He divides the speculative part of our nature into three great provinces — sense, understanding, and reason. One perception of the outward world is representative merely; of things as they are in themselves, it affords us no notice. In order to render human experience possible, two ground forms, under which all sensible things are contemplated, are assumed—time and space. To these he

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assigns a strictly subjective reality. The truth of the fundamental axioms of geometry rests on the necessity and universality of our intuitions of space in its three dimensions—intuitions which are not derived from any one of our senses, or from any combination of them, but lie at the ground and are the condition of all sensible human experience. The understanding, or the faculty which combines and classifies the materials yielded by sense, Kant subjects to a similar analysis. All its operations are generalized into four fundamental modes or forms of conception, which he names categories. These are four in number: 1. Quantity, including unity, multeity. 2. Quality, divided with reality, negation, and limitation. 3. Relation, viz., substance and accident, cause and effect, action and reaction. 4. Modality, also subdivided into possibility, existence, and necessity. These form, as it were, the molds in which the rude material of the senses is shaped into conceptions, and becomes knowledge properly so-called. The categories in themselves are the subject-matter of logic, which is so far forth a pure science, determinable *à priori*. The third and highest faculty, the reason, consists in the power of forming ideas—pure forms of intelligence, to which the sensible world has no adequate correspondents. Out of these ideas no science can be formed; they are to be regarded as regulative only, not as constitutive. The existence of God, immortality, freedom, are the objects after which the reason is perpetually striving, but concerning which it can decide neither one way or the other. Thus far, Kant's system may be regarded as one of pure skepticism. The deficiencies of our speculative reason he conceives to be supplied by the moral faculty, to which he has given the name of practical reason, the object of which is to determine, not what is, but what ought to be. As the former determines the *form* of our *knowledge*, so the latter prescribes the form of our *action*. Obligation is not a mere feeling; it has a pure form, under which the reason is compelled to regard human conduct. The personality of man, which lies at the ground of speculative knowledge, becomes, as related to action, freedom of the will. It is in our moral nature that we must seek for the only valid foundation of the belief in God, the immortality of the soul, and a future state in which the demands of the practical reason shall be realized. (See Kant's Philosophical Works.)

What course of study, or what occupation, will best develop the "*reflective* or *reasoning faculties?*"

Ans. The attention and thoughtful perusal of such books as are written by the best minds of the age. Essays, debates, the French Revolution by Carlyle, Macaulay's Essays, etc., etc. A careful perusal of the columns of the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL will help you to secure clearness of thought and purity of sentiment. But you should not only read, but also converse, and that with persons of highest culture within your reach. Their influence will be to draw you up toward their plane of mental ability.

NERVOUSNESS—DRINK.—1. How can nervousness be overcome? 2. Does the moderate use of ale or beer increase nervousness? 3. Inasmuch as tea is harmful to the nervous system, what drink, in your opinion, would be a good substitute for it?

Ans 1. Some persons inherit nervous susceptibility. It is a fixture in their constitution; and all that can be done is to secure those conditions which are least calculated to irritate and excite nervousness. Nine tenths of that which passes for nervousness is not primarily chargeable to constitutional nervous susceptibility, but is induced by over-work, by dissipation, by sleeping too little, by using tea, coffee, pepper, and other spices, by using tobacco and alcoholic liquors. To get rid of nervousness that has been induced by bad habits, our advice is: quit the bad habits, one at a time, or all together; sleep liberally; keep the passions and the appetites under proper restraint, and you will have as quiet a nervous system as is consistent with your constitution and the way you have used it. 2. The ingredients which make ale or beer an excitant or stimulant are doubtless bad for the nervous system and for the entire man. 3. It sometimes seems ridiculous when we say to persons, "You should not drink coffee, because it sends the blood to your brain and excites your nervous system." "What shall we drink then?—tea?" "No." "Chocolate?" "No." "Well, what then shall we drink?" Our answer is, That which the Creator gives us to drink. What does a man seek to drink when famishing with thirst? Coffee or ale? Not a bit of it. His cry is, "Water, water;" and the water which is contained in various drinks constitutes all that is calculated in them to quench thirst. Coffee is simply water with solids mixed with it—sugar, the coffee bean, and the solid parts of milk—all the rest being water, so that all the drink there is to coffee is water after all. The other solid substances are food and stimulants, nothing more.

PHONETICS.—What is Phonotypy? What is phonetic printing? And what is the phonic and the phonetic methods of teaching the above? I have heard a good deal about the utility of the phonetic method of learning to read, but have never heard just what it is. Webster does not give me much satisfaction. Also, what is Panophonics?

Ans. Phonotypy is a proposed method of printing by which each sound of the voice shall be represented by a distinct letter or type; when printed, it is called phonetic-print. There are thirty-four letters to the phonetic alphabet, and each is pronounced as written. For instance—*langgwidj*, in Phonotypy, would represent language; *akwairment* means acquirement, *iz* for is, and so on. Works on the above can be procured through us. At present, this method of writing and reading is incomplete; but is adopted by some teachers in order to convey the correct pronunciation of words to their pupils. The term Panophonics literally means all sounds, and the gentleman who proposes to publish a work under that title, alleges he has invented a system of signs and their combinations which will represent accurately all sounds in human speech. If so, the system will be valuable as an aid in the acquisition of foreign tongues, and may pave the way to a universal language.

SOLDIERS.—Why is it that all men with high foreheads make good soldiers and our best generals, especially when Inhabitiveness, which gives patriotism, and Combativeness and Destructiveness, which give force and courage, are located in the back-head?

Ans. The ample forehead gives planning talent, and intelligence is useful in the soldier. Soldiers who are ignorant, who are mere machines, are not so effective as well-trained, intelligent men. The large forehead gives intelligence, while the base and back of the head impart the force. A man with a large forehead is just as likely to have good force of character as one with it small.

HISTORY OF THE WORLD.—What is the best general history of the world?

Ans. Smith's Universal History so far as completed is probably the most comprehensive and best. There remain two or three volumes, relating to modern times, yet to be issued before the work is complete.

HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.—Which is the best history of the Great Rebellion according to the price?

Ans. We think Greeley's "American Conflict" the best out. In a matter of that kind, price is of little account. Poor history, like poor butter, is dear at any price.

LANGUAGES.—Is it advisable for a person twenty-five years of age, who is just entering upon a scientific course, to take up the languages, providing he does not want to teach them?

Ans. Yes, by all means. They will always be found useful. Study them, and they will amply repay you for the time you spend.

CHURCH HISTORY.—What is the best history of the Christian Church from the commencement of the Christian era to the Reformation, or to the present time? and where can it be procured?

Ans. There are many good ones. Neander's Church History, which comes down to the eleventh century, is the best so far. Geisler's is translated down to 1648, and Schaff's, of which two volumes will soon appear, comes down to the Reformation. These are all lengthy. Hasse's and Courtesy's Church Histories are brief and condensed. Any of the above works can be procured through this office.

HAIR AND TAN.—1. What is the cause of the hair of the head falling out in immature age? 2. What will prevent it? 3. What will remove tan?

Ans. 1. The falling out of the hair may be occasioned by various conditions of the head, such as dryness of the scalp, unnatural heat, etc. Illness which affects the brain, rendering it unduly excited and feverish, loosens the hair. 2. In order to prevent it, we would suggest that all exciting causes be avoided, and that the head be frequently washed in tepid water and the scalp excited with a brush, not too harsh, two or three times a day. 3. We know of no preparation which will effectually remove tan without injuring the skin. In fact, we don't see the necessity for its removal. We look upon a sun-brown face as an indication of health. We do not admire the death-like pallor which is given to the complexion by a long-continued confinement within doors, remote from the beneficent sunbeams.

OBJECTION TO PHRENOLOGY.—How do you account for the fact that Phrenology has never been introduced into any of our institutions of learning?

Ans. Phrenology has been introduced into institutions of learning, but not to any considerable extent in this country. In Germany and France, distinguished professors of medical science have given much attention to Phrenology, and lecture on the nature and functions of the brain according to the principles of Phrenology. In England and Scotland much interest is manifested in Phrenology by the medical schools. The celebrated Prof. John Mackintosh, of Edinburgh, and Prof. John Hunter, of London, were strong advocates of Phrenology, and instructed their students in its principles. In this country we admit that most institutions of learning do not make Phrenology one of their subjects of instruction, but that is no valid ground for denouncing it as false. Those discoveries in science which have proved the most happy in their influence on mankind in promoting public and private good, were, at their promulgation, met with fierce and even persecuting opposition, and that, too, from the "learned," who should have welcomed them with joy; and for many years they were combated, until all resistance was borne down by overwhelming evidence. It is needless for us to enumerate these discoveries. They stand out distinctly on the page of history a lasting reproach to "learned" illiberality and conservatism. Let your "M. D." read our articles on the Extrinsic Proofs of Phrenology, especially the one in the present number of the JOURNAL, and he will see that our science is deeply rooted in the popular mind, and, in fact, has the countenance and indorsement of some of the best minds in the world, scientific as well as literary. That Phrenology will ere long be admitted into the scheme of public education, we feel assured, for many leading educators are convinced of its importance in imparting instruction to the youthful mind, and are now agitating the matter of making it a matter of study. Physiology has only within a few years been made a subject of instruction in some schools, whereas the importance of a knowledge of that science to the preservation of health has been declared publicly and privately by medicists for hundreds of years. It takes much time for new systems to work their way into general favor. The prejudices of long established usage, and of "pet" theories which men eminent in science entertain, must be overcome—and this is no easy matter, even though the new system be sustained by the most palpable evidence.

COOPER INSTITUTE.—By what means can I gain information respecting the Cooper Institute and the evening schools of New York?

Ans. Address the Secretary of the Cooper Union, Cooper Institute, New York, and he will tell you all about that Institute. Address the Superintendent of Public Schools, or the Secretary of the Board of Education, New York, relative to night schools, and if you inclose a stamp for a reply, you will be likely to get it.

MEMORY.—I am a subscriber and constant reader of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and I wish to ask how I can strengthen my memory?

Ans. We are a little puzzled to know how "a constant reader of the JOURNAL" should not have fallen in with something, either in the answer to just such a question, or the statement in some other form, that memory is increased in strength just as other faculties are, namely, by their legitimate exercise. If one has a constant exercise of Combativeness, the organ will grow; if he has the constant necessity for the use of Firmness, the exercise which he gives it will increase its size and power. Our advice to persons who have a moderate memory is, that they resolve to remember certain things; that they think over at night the leading facts of the day, and, perhaps, tell them to husband, wife, or a friend, and then call up in the morning the facts of yesterday, and at night the facts of to-day and yesterday, and so on through the week; and we venture that by so doing persons will recollect more of a week's life than they ordinarily do of the life of a month. This is a simple and easy method of reaching results, and it is the only legitimate one.

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SOUL AND MIND.—Please tell us the difference between soul and mind, or are the two identical?

Ans. The mind is the intellectual, the knowing power. But this is not the whole of the man. His moral sentiments must be added. These, with the intellect, constitute the soul. We gave this definition once at a lecture when the question was propounded, viz.: "The soul is that which thinks, reasons, and feels moral obligations." Moral feeling and intellect, as we understand them, constitute the features in man which give him "the image of God."

VERDANCY.—What is the meaning of the terms, "The fleshpots of Egypt," and "Let the dead bury their dead?"

Ans. In an ancient work entitled "The Bible," in the book called Exodus, chapter xvi., verse 3, and Matt. viii., verses 21 and 22, answers may be found.

HOW TO CLEAN THE TEETH.—Is it good to use salt to clean the teeth? and if not, what should be used, and where can we get it?

Ans. Use a small tooth-brush with a very little toilet soap, and soft water, morning and evening. For a pick, use a goose quill. We have seen the blade of a pocket-knife used for this purpose! Horrid!

BLIND TOM.—A reader at Beaver, Utah, writes us relative to our description of Blind Tom. We beg to say that Blind Tom has been developed only in one respect, and being partially blind, he does not get the culture of organs which he would with all the senses perfect. His organ of Tune is well developed, though some persons not phrenologists, and perhaps opposers, say the organ is "wholly wanting," which is not true. When all the senses are perfect, and all the organs have a normal chance to be developed, we expect to find the head indicating the strength and natural condition of each organ.

KIDNEY COMPLAINT.—How can I cure a "kidney complaint" of one year's standing?

Ans. There are various kinds of "kidney complaint," and no single prescription will answer for all. If the disease be of an inflammatory nature, take a cool hip-bath, wear the wet girdle occasionally at night, and eat but little sugar and no condiments. You should consult a good physician who can study your habits and constitution.

ACTING.—Do you consider acting a dishonorable business? and if a young man were a natural actor, would you advise him to follow that profession?

Ans. The only way to judge of a subject like the one you propose is to consider how many out of a hundred who are actors are not ruined by the associations which belong to it. Acting *per se* is neither dishonorable nor bad. We have known actors whose characters were untarnished. It is not the personating of Hamlet or Othello on the stage which is in itself wrong and bad. It is the side influences, the whisky, the carousing, the sensuality, which cluster around the stage. We think the temptations there are far greater than they are almost anywhere else, and very few have the moral strength to withstand them. We certainly would advise no one in that direction, except he had the highest order of talent to become an actor, and him we would advise to study law, become a lecturer, or employ his talents in some other direction.

Publishers' Department.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—The work and objects of the JOURNAL must be known to all its readers. Comparatively speaking, more labor, pains, and expense have been spent upon the JOURNAL than any other monthly periodical of the same price. Its engravings cost considerable, as artists of acknowledged ability are employed for the very purpose of securing accuracy. We hope to increase our circulation to fifty thousand, and to do this at no distant date, within the year ensuing.

We point to the JOURNAL of past years as a criterion of what it shall be, with, of course, the addition of new scientific and sociological features, both interesting and profitable.

We seek at all times to make the JOURNAL a periodical worthy of its readers and worthy of the age. We do not believe in sending out, month after month, a publication which shall not have within its covers something new and edifying, the reading of which shall not prove beneficial to the intellect and morality of the reader.

We would like those who have professed themselves deeply interested in the cause of Phrenology and in the dissemination of its principles to bestir themselves, not for our personal sakes, but for the sake of humanity.

We make liberal offers in the way of premiums to those who will procure subscribers. By examining our table of premiums, it will be seen that the articles offered are of practical value, and desirable. We offer inducements to the ladies, to the would-be phrenological lecturer and examiner, to our friends the country boys who appreciate the excitement of the chase, and to our friends the country girls who are not above performing the ordinary duties of the household.

The price of the JOURNAL is low, exceedingly low; in fact, when we consider the labor and expenditure in its getting up, we feel strongly inclined to increase its price. But more of that anon. Our object is to benefit mankind, not to make our publications subservient to merely mercenary views. We certainly would never grow rich on the rates of subscription advertised.

FIELDS FOR PHRENOLOGISTS.—The letters which come to us every day from esteemed correspondents asking us to send competent lecturers and delineators, show, unmistakably, that Phrenology is fully appreciated, not only in the United States, but in Canada and elsewhere; and we hope to see, ere long, those miserable quacks who bring disgrace on a noble science superseded and supplanted. There is room enough for hundreds, yea, thousands of worthy lecturers on Phrenology in America alone. There is a glorious field open now down in the sunny South, from whence lecturers have been so long excluded, and who will now be as warmly welcomed. Commerce is rapidly increasing there, and all the cities will soon, if not already, exceed their former prosperity.

Again, in the "Far West" is a large field. Far out across the Rocky Mountains, "even unto the City of the Saints," the call comes to us for "more help," "more help." California is alive and prosperous, and wherever prosperity goes, there is the field for the phrenologist. Kansas, Nebraska, and Arizona are now alive to their own interests, and if we may judge by the amount of phrenological books that we send to these new Territories, then we can only say that good men should lose no time in getting there. In fact, in every State of the Union good, competent men are needed. Canada also sends us glorious news: "Send us lecturers on your noble science." And even Great Britain, old and pert as she is, offers a cordial hand to all Americans who visit her shores. She is no doubt glad to see us, and we advise our friends to get ready for the campaign and invade her soil with the grand truths of Phrenology, together with the glorious views of equal rights, which her sons are so bravely striving to obtain from their pampered aristocracy. But we need not enumerate every place that occurs to our memory that presents a good field for the phrenological lecturer, and we can only conclude by saying that—

"All the world's a field,
In which to plant the seeds
Of science—that noble plan,
To show "the proper study of mankind is man."

"WHAT CAN I DO BEST?"—Every man, woman, and child wishes to know with certainty in what calling or pursuit in life he can accomplish most, do the most good, obtain a competency, and provide for the wants of himself and others dependent on him. He desires to place himself in that position for which he is by nature and acquirement best fitted, and in which he may, without doubt or experiment, *secure success in life*. Few men in the ordinary pursuits come up *fully* to their *highest capabilities*. It is true that some, by mere accident or good fortune, without definite knowledge of their own powers, stumble upon a situation to which they happen to be well adapted, and in which without a struggle *they rise to eminence*. They are said to be "lucky;" while thousands of others, more highly educated, with force and energy of character, pursue a respectable though irksome course, chosen without regard to their adaptation to it, which brings them "neither honor nor profit." These get a living, while many more drag out an unhappy existence, complaining of their hard lot, and end their days in disappointment, pronouncing "*life a failure*." We have a remedy for this. It is *scientific*, and therefore reliable. By the aid of Phrenology and Physiology the true character, with all its capabilities, may be clearly indicated; the most suitable calling, profession, or occupation to which each person is adapted, and in which he may best succeed, can be clearly pointed out, and *you*, reader, may thus learn "*how to rise in the world*," and make the most it is possible of all your talents.

Parents wish to *insure* for their children all the blessings which judicious training and right direction can secure. By having their characters fully described, and *carefully written out*, they will have a Chart which will serve to keep them in the right direction. *What can I do best?* Can I succeed as an Attorney, Artist, or Author? Bookseller, Editor, or Engineer? A Farmer, Inventor, Lecturer, Manufacturer, Merchant, Orator, Painter, or Sculptor? A Preacher or Physician? A Poet, Sailor, Soldier, or Teacher?

Can it be foretold, with scientific certainty, *what I can do best?* We answer: *By the light of Phrenology, Physiology, and Physiognomy* you may know for a certainty what you are, as compared with others—what you can do best, and how you may turn all your talents to the very best possible use. *Private examinations*, with charts, *and full written descriptions of character* and advice in regard to the most appropriate occupations and pursuits in which you can best succeed; Faults, how to correct them; Health, how to secure and retain it; the Management of Children; Self-Improvement, etc., given daily by Messrs. FOWLER AND WELLS, at their private rooms, 389 Broadway, New York. Cabinet always open, and *free* to visitors, by whom it is constantly thronged.

P. S. Those residing at a distance, who can not call in person, should send stamp, or an envelope properly addressed to themselves, in which we will send the "MIRROR OF THE MIND," explaining how they may have character delineated from photographic likenesses.

SKULL.—Our acknowledgments are due to Mr. James Leach, of Nassau Street, New York, who has presented a skull for our collection, which was taken out of the earth in Nassau Street, where some excavations are going on. The skull evinces a strongly animal man, without much refinement or intelligence, who probably lived many years ago.

MUSIC.—Many persons regret, in mature life, not having taken musical culture when young, as it is not only an accomplishment but a pleasure, and often serves as a means of support. A young lady of our acquaintance in this city, competent to teach on the piano, will instruct pupils at their residences on moderate terms. She will also form a class for beginners at her residence, at eight dollars a term. Her address will be furnished at this office, 389 Broadway.

A NEW MAN IN THE FIELD.—We are glad to hear of the successful débût, as a lecturer and examiner, of Mr. JAMES BURNS, of London. The English papers speak warmly of this new candidate, and from personal acquaintance we predict for him a most useful future. Mr. Burns was the associate and assistant of John B. Gough in his grand lecturing tour through Great Britain and Ireland. He was a member of our private professional classes in London, attended our public lectures in Exeter Hall; and for years he has been a close observer, an attentive reader, and is now a good lecturer and delineator of character.

Mr. HAGGERTY, now in England—formerly from America—is doing good service in the way of disseminating truth in the old country. Old mother England is slow to take in new ideas, and goggles her eyes with prejudice, but can not shut out the light altogether. Americans feel a just pride in taking the old dame by the hand and leading her up to the present advanced position attained by her children of the Western world.

NEW MUSIC.—We must acknowledge the receipt of the following pieces of choice music from Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.: "Hast thou seen the young day blushing?" from Gounod's opera of "Irene;" price 40 cents. RUBY. "I opened the leaves of a book last night;" song by Virginia Gabriel; 30 cents. "When we went a gleaning;" ballad sung by Mlle. Parepa; music by Wm. Ganz; 40 cents. Parepa Valse (waltz); for the piano; by J. W. Turner; 30 cents. Shower Polka, one of the light and elegant traceries; by James W. Colby; 30 cents. La Moisson d'Or, or The Golden Harvest; for the piano, including operatic selections; by H. Alberti; 30 cents.

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THAT NEW RIFLE, THE THUNDERBOLT.—Such improvements have been made by the manufacturers as to compel them to raise the price from $25 to $28. Those who wish this best of all the modern sporting rifles will, therefore, remit to us $28 instead of $25, and the article will be immediately forwarded.

General Items.

INTEREST-ING. — MESSRS. G. T. J. and C. H. D., Primary Teachers, are correct in regard to their interpretation of the statement, "Any other rate of interest may be similarly calculated by adding or subtracting proportionate parts. It would have made the statement in our October issue clearer to have said "adding to or subtracting from" the interest so obtained at six per cent. its aliquot parts according to the rate of interest required. By this convenient process, however, something more than the true interest is found, this excess being equal to about one seventy-fifth of the interest as found.

ANTIQUITY OF MAN. — The State geological survey of California has recently made a discovery that will attract attention all over the world, and become a notable fact in the history of geology. Every person of intelligence is supposed to know that the age of the earth, according to the unanimous opinions of geologists, is not less than a million of years; that there have been successive epochs of animal and vegetable life, the remains of which are found deep in the rocks; that the animals and plants of the earlier epochs differ from those now living on earth; and that, until very lately, nothing had been found to show that man lived on our globe before the beginning of the present era. A few years since, however, some human bones were found in England and France, showing that men lived in these islands in a former epoch, cotemporaneously with the hyena, the rhinoceros, the elephant, and numerous other animals which disappeared from Europe long before the beginning of our historical records. This discovery made a great sensation in the learned world, and was the basis of Lyell's great work on the "Antiquity of Mankind." The ancient human bones of Europe were found in the formation known as the lias; but now a human skull has been found in California in the pleiocene, a much older formation. This skull is, therefore, the remnant not only of the oldest known pioneer of that State, but the oldest known human being.

[Proof, gentlemen, we want proof. Assertion is one thing, proof quite another. We shall be glad to see a human skull a million or even half a million years old.—ED. A. P. J.]

TEN SHILLINGS STERLING.—The price of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1867 has been fixed by our London agents at 10s. This covers postage, freight, etc., and secures a prompt delivery to subscribers. Ten shillings English is about $2 50 in American specie.

LOST !—There is to-day on Blackwell's Island, New York, a man who, a few years ago, was one of the most learned and eloquent, acceptable and promising young ministers in the land. He refused an invitation from the First Presbyterian Church of Troy to settle as a colleague pastor with the Rev. Dr. Beman. He is now a driveling idiot, not by a visitation from God, but through excessive use of alcoholic liquor.

[Nor is this a singular case. Go to our asylums, our prisons, and our graveyards, and count the thousands, just as promising, who are dragging out miserable lives, or have gone down to drunkards' graves.]

SLEEPLESSNESS.—To promote sleep, be regular in all your habits; retire and rise at certain hours; eat very light suppers, or, still better, none at all; do not over-exercise the brain, and especially avoid everything exciting in the evening; take sufficient out-of-door muscular exercise during the day to moderately fatigue you; take a sponge or hand bath every morning and follow it with plenty of friction; upon retiring expose the entire surface of the body to the air for five or ten minutes, and at the same time rub the skin briskly with the hands. If you feel restless during the night, rise and walk about the room in a nude state for a few minutes, at the same time rubbing the body briskly with the hands. When you rise, don't forget to open the bed so as to air it well. Never retire at night with cold feet; warm them by exercise if you can, otherwise by warm water or before a fire, but always warm them in some way.

DR. DIO LEWIS' MUSICAL GYMNASTICS.—This novel method of teaching light gymnastics we had the pleasure of witnessing a few evenings ago at one of the classes of D. U. Martin, M.D., held in Harvard Rooms, corner Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street, New York. The class had only been under training two weeks, and exhibited a degree of proficiency in the performance of various graceful feats and movements which was highly commendable to the accomplished Doctor. These exercises tend not only to promote erectness of form, symmetry of person, skill, activity, energy, endurance, and grace of movement, but as they have a piano accompaniment, educate also the individual musically. They are the poetry of motion with music. They tend to cultivate the organs of Time, Tune, Weight, Size, and Order, and a deficiency in any one of these faculties, especially in the organ of Time, is quickly perceivable and equally ludicrous.

THE HEAD OF RICHELIEU.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Star* says: "The head of Richelieu was separated from his corpse during the first revolution in Paris. M. Fortoul was the first person to whom it occurred to restore the head to the remains of the once mighty Cardinal, but in spite of all his exertions he failed to do so. The present Emperor, with the help of M. Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction, has been more successful, the head having been discovered in the possession of M. Armez, a gentleman of Bretagne, who has presented it to his Majesty. Authentic documents proving its identity have been sent up with it. It appears that the head of the Cardinal was taken by a hosier of the Rue St. Denis during the breaking open of his tomb. The mob got at the coffin, and, trampling upon the embalmed corpse, cut it in pieces. The head was instantly taken possession of by the hosier, who, taking a favorable opportunity, hid it under his clothes, proud and happy to be the proprietor of so valuable a relic. Fearing, however, that it would be found out that he had robbed this treasure, he was suddenly seized with the idea of sawing it in two, so that the face alone is preserved from the forehead to the chin. It is this mask, as it were, that is now at the Ministère de l'Instruction Publique. It is perfectly mahogany in color, the teeth are beautifully white, and the mustache and imperial are of a reddish brown. Philippe de Champagni's portrait, which we have all gazed at in the square room of the Louvre, is proved to be a marvelous likeness—the outline of the features as correct as though it had been photographed."

A RESIDENT in China, by no means enamored of the country, describes it as a country where the roses have no fragrance and the women no petticoats; where the laborer has no Sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the roads bear no vehicles, and the ships no keels; where the old men fly kites; where the needle points to the south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of the head; where the place of honor is on the left hand, and the seat of intelligence is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning; which has a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar.

WHISKERS!—Those wishing a fine set of whiskers, a nice mustache, or a beautiful head of glossy hair will not, if possessed with an ordinary amount of brains, pay away their money for something to put on outside. A lather of sweet cream and a hungry cat will "fix things," at least to the taste of the cat.

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Mrs. H. B., of Rockford, Illinois, writes to Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson: "I send you a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, No. 10,426, to have attached the recent improvements—the improved loop-check, tension, glass foot, new style hemmer, braider and corder. I have used this machine for six years *without repairing*, and in that time it has earned for me a little over $4,000."

Mrs. F. H. F., of Elizabeth, N. J., writes: "I have had one of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines, No. 6,352, for ten years. It has been used by myself, family, and friends constantly, with *no expense for repairs*."

Two hundred and fifty thousand witnesses might be called (the number of machines manufactured by the Wheeler & Wilson Company), but these two testimonials are sufficient to direct attention to a very important particular. Simplicity in the structure of a machine is of prime importance, as regards its comprehension, facility of working, and need of repairs. Friction from complication of parts and movements is sure to work mischief. A sewing-machine should be able to make 1,000 stitches a minute, say eight hours each day. This would give annually about 150,000,000 of stitches, or, in ten years, 1,500,000,000, and of course requires a corresponding number of movements. Hence the bearing and moving points and surfaces should be carefully observed. Are there many points to oil, or is much oil required? If so, the machine will soon want repairs.

In the testimony before the Commissioner of Patents, the witnesses, mechanical experts, well qualified from observation and experience, directed his especial attention to the simplicity of the Wheeler & Wilson Machine and its consequent *freedom from wear and need of repairs*.

John Sibley deposed: I must declare the Wheeler & Wilson to be the most wonderful and comprehensive sewing mechanism ever put into the American market. It is the simplest as well as the most cunning in principle. There is genius and high mechanical ability in its arrangement, and, therefore, it is most *reliable* and *easy to keep in order*. There is a directness of connection between the power and the result, never found by me in the devices of any other inventor, and the mechanical results follow of the highest possible speed, quiet and easy movement, which make it a delight to mechanicians. I think it just to denominate it one of the marvels of the age.

George H. Collins deposed: I have long regarded the Wheeler & Wilson Machine as the most ingenious in plan and the most remarkable in its performance. The wide range of work to which it is adapted, the great rapidity of its movement, and its almost noiseless execution, are due to its peculiar construction. I am satisfied that one of these machines will do eight or ten times as much as can be done by hand, and quite one fifth more than any other two-thread machine will do. *With very trifling repairs it will run ten years.* No machine of equal merit has ever been under my observation.

Charles A. Durgin deposed: I have been familiar with sewing-machines for many years. The Wheeler & Wilson Machines are vastly superior in their adaptation and use upon all classes of work for domestic purposes. One great consideration in the use of sewing-machines is the *expense of repairs*. From the case of all its mechanical movements, the Wheeler & Wilson Machine is subjected to but slight wear, and the expense of repair is very slight in comparison with other machines. I am fully convinced that *they do not cost one fifth* of that of any other two-thread machine.

N. D. Stoops deposed: I have visited all the principal sewing-machine manufactories, and have had the best facilities for finding out not only what was best, but why it was best. The Wheeler & Wilson is the simplest in parts, the most direct, quiet, and rapid in action of any two-thread machine. Other machines can not keep up with it. I now sell all kinds, and sell ten of these to one of any other. Others come back for exchange, with many murmurs and complaints; these never. Once sold, they are gone, and as an article of merchandise they are always salable.

Sewing with a machine is such an advance upon hand-sewing that it should not be surprising to hear any machine commended. Those, however, are best qualified to judge of their comparative value who have tried more than one thoroughly. A machine may, by some peculiarity, be well suited to a special work, and yet poorly adapted to the general purposes of sewing. Many of what are called *selling* points in a machine are simply frivolous, and intended to tickle the fancy of those who are *sold*. It is no great recommendation in a horse for family use that it can walk on three legs; and so useless tricks in a sewing-machine should be ignored. Substantial excellences only can stand the test of time and use. Are the offices it performs useful, and does it execute them well?

Other questions are important. Is the Company honorable and responsible? Are its guarantees well filled? Does it furnish facilities for supplies and repairs? Usually those promise most who intend to perform least. Scores of manufacturers have disappeared and left purchasers of machines with no means of repairs or of obtaining needles and parts of machines, greatly to the detriment of the Sewing-Machine business. See our premium list.

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Business.

[*Under this head we publish, for a consideration, such matters as rightfully belong to this department. We disclaim responsibility for what may herein appear. Matter will be* LEADED *and charged according to the space occupied, at the rate of 25 cents a line.*]

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Furniture and Fixtures	10,000 00
Taxes paid	20,322 24
Specie and Legal Tender Notes	2,767,036 21
Cash Items and Exchanges	718,535 69
Due from Banks and Bankers	1,206,864 60
Contingent Expenses	66,391 28
	$11,645,476 35

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$1,000,000 00
Surplus Profits	315,846 10
Dividends Unpaid	2,490 00
Circulation	945,585 00
Deposits	9,381,555 25
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THE ORANG-OUTANG.

THE CHIMPANZEE.

SOMETHING ABOUT MONKEYS.

Our engravings represent excellent specimens of the orang-outang of Borneo, and the chimpanzee of the west coast of Africa.

A remarkable difference between the orang-outang and man is found in the comparison of their skeletons. The backward position of the parts on the spinal column, on which the skull rests, and the weight of the face, which is thrown forward, require a proportionate development of the upper parts of the spinal column; added to which, the general outward inclination of the bones themselves, as obvious in the bending of the column, requires that these parts should be long and robust. In the chimpanzee these parts are not so much developed, because the spinal column is not so much bent, and the weight of the face is not so oppressive. In the orang, as in man, the ribs are twelve on each side, but in the chimpanzee they are thirteen. The arms reach to the ankle joint. The feet are long and narrow. The height is under five feet.

The most distinguishing faculty in the whole monkey tribe is imitation. There is scarcely anything but what they may be trained to do. It is related that Father Carbasson brought up an orang-outang, which became so fond of him that it seemed desirous of accompanying him wherever he went, and it became necessary to shut up the animal in a house when the service at church was about to be performed. On one occasion the father was surprised and confounded by seeing that the whole congregation were laughing. He severely rebuked them for their misconduct, but to his astonishment and grief they laughed again. In the warmth of his zeal he redoubled his vociferations and his actions, but so far from the desired effect being produced, the laughter now reached its greatest height. The mystery by which he had been so greatly perplexed was not to be unraveled until a friend stepped up to the pulpit stairs and gave him the solution. The orang-outang had escaped from his prison, and following the father to church, had silently mounted the sounding-board above the pulpit, where he lay perfectly still till the sermon was begun. Creeping now to the edge of the board, and overlooking the preacher, he, in the most grotesque manner, imitated all the father's actions, increasing their number and earnestness in proportion to the excitement of the preacher's feelings, and giving to them as they reached their acme the greatest force.

From the narrative of Spencer St. John, a distinguished traveler in Borneo, we clip the following story:

Some years ago a young man was wandering in the jungle, armed with a sumpipan, or blowpipe, and a sword. He came to the banks of a pebbly stream, and being a hot day he thought he would have a bathe. He placed his arms and clothes at the foot of a tree, and then went into the water. After a time, being sufficiently refreshed, he was returning to dress, when he perceived an enormous female orang-outang standing between him and the tree. She advanced toward him as he stood paralyzed by surprise, and seizing him by the arm compelled him to follow her to a branching tree and climb up it. When he reached her resting-place, consisting of boughs and branches woven into a comfortable nest, she made him enter. There he remained some months, jealously watched by his strange companion, fed by her on fruits and the cabbage of the palm, and rarely permitted to touch the earth with his feet, but compelled to move from tree to tree. This life continued some time, till the female orang-outang becoming less watchful, permitted the Murut more liberty. He availed himself of it to slip down the tree and run to the place where he had formerly left his weapons. She, seeing his attempted escape, followed, only to be pierced, as she approached him, by a poisoned arrow. I was told if I would ascend the Padas River as far as the man's village, I might hear the story from his own lips, as he was still alive. [This is an interesting story to tell, but we think it far more romantic than true.] Cuvier says that the chimpanzee lives in troops, arms itself with stones and clubs, and employs them to repulse from its dwelling both elephants and men, and pursues and carries off the negro women. Strange as the latter statement may appear, its truth is asserted by the people of the country. Their strength and courage are indeed extraordinary, and it is very dangerous for persons to pass singly near their places of abode. On one occasion a number of these attacked, overpowered, and were proceeding to take out the eyes of two slaves, when a party of negroes arrived to their rescue.

In Sierra Leone they build huts like the natives; but these are only intended for the females and their young, the males always lying on the outside. If one of them is shot, the rest immediately pursue the destroyer of their companion, and the only means of escape from their vengeance is the surrender of the gun which proved fatal; when, with the utmost indignation, they break it in pieces, and give up the pursuit.

The skin of the chimpanzee is of a yellowish-white color, and is thinly covered with long, black hair in front; but it is considerably more hairy behind. The hair on the head is rather thin; it is thickest on the forehead, and forms whiskers on the cheeks. The skin of the face is whitish, and wrinkled. The ears are very prominent; the nose quite flat; the mouth wide; the lips thin, and altogether destitute of all human expression.

The hair of the orang-outang is of a brownish red color, and covers his back, arms, legs, and the outside of his hands and feet. The face has no hair, except on its sides, somewhat in the manner of whiskers, and a very thin beard. The head is pear-shaped, extending from the chin upward. The eyes are oval, and of a dark-brown color. The nose is confluent with the face, except at the nostrils, which are but little elevated; the mouth very projecting; the lips narrow and scarcely perceptible when the mouth is shut. The chin projects less than the mouth; below it a membrane gives the appearance of a double chin, and swells out when the animal is angry or pleased.

In all matters, except a little matter of tongue, a woman can generally *hold her own*.

Dr. Franklin says that "every little fragment of the day should be saved." Oh, yes, the moment the day *breaks*, set yourself at once to save the pieces.

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